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Ladies Companion and Literary Expositor

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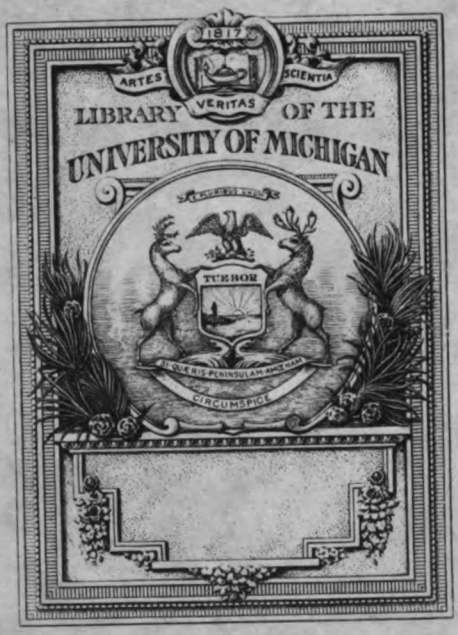

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THE

LADIES' COMPANION;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XIV.

NEW-YORK:

WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

1841.

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INDEX
TO THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME,

FROM NOVEMBER 1840, TO APRIL 1841, INCLUSIVE.

A. Page.

A Commission, (without a Seal,) by Grenville Mellen. 14
A Mother's Last Prayer, by Ann S. Stephens. 27
Athens, and Its Vicinity, in 1835, by J. E. Dow. 34
A Scene in Life, by Park Benjam n. 44
Art and Artists, by H. T. Tuckerman. 77
A Secret. 92
Apology for Cultivating Flowers, by Mrs. Seba Smith. 95
Advice. 128
Autumn Changes, by W. G. Howard. 132
Abbot of La Trappe, by Emma C. Embury. 181
Achillea, by Rufus Dawes. 207
American Indians, by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith. 220
A Brunette, by H. T. Tuckerman. 239
Answer to the Rev. J. H. Clinch's Charade. 268
Arthur Goodall, a Tale, by Robert Hamilton. 239
A Ride to Mount Vernon, by Ann S. Stephens. 291

B.

Birth of the Callitriche, by Frances S. Osgood. 4
Broken Pitcher, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 104
Banks of the Juniatta, by Lewis J. Cist. 142
Blessed Dead, by W. C. Richards. 145

C.

Cemetery of Mount Auburn—illustrated—by Robert Hamilton. 3
Cousin Kate; or, the Widow's Wooer, by Emma C. Embury. 10
Character. 53
Correggio, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 56
Conversation on Periodicals, Tales, and their Authors, by Mrs. Hofland, (*London.*) 123
Contentment, by Samuel Woodworth. 131
Children's Hymn, by Samuel Woodworth. 194
Charade, by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. 195

D.

Dying Boy, the, by Mrs. Seba Smith. 42
Death of Goliath, by Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud. 45
Dark Rolling Eye. 80
Dying Poet, from the French. 207
Diamond Ring, a Tale, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 208
Death of the Godlike, by Grenville Mellen. 253
Desert Horse and his Rider, by Isaac McLellan, Jr. 258
Despondency, by W. Falconer. 268

E.

Editors' Table. 50,100,150,200,250,296
Early Lays, by William Gilmore Simms. 138
Earth and its Destinies, by Grenville Mellen. 121
Enigma, by Samuel Woodworth. 293

F. Page.

Fancies on Fame, by Albert Pike. 41
Fatal Marksman. 113
Forms of the Past, by Park Benjamin. 132
Farewell, by Ann. S. Stephens. 141
Friendship and Love, by Annie Foster. 162,227
Fear. 239

G.

Gulnare; or, the Persian Slave. 139
Giant's Neck, by C. F. Daniels. 187

H.

Holy Land, by H. T. Tuckerman. 26
High Connections, by Frances S. Osgood. 138
Happiness, Lost and Found, by Frances S. Osgood. 226
How should we approach the Lord, by Samuel Woodworth. 240
Human Life. 273

I.

Icilia, a Tale, by Mary Ann Browne, (*England.*) 32
It is not always May, by Professor H. W Longfellow. 118
I shall never forget—set to Music—by J. G. Maeder. 248,249

L.

Lines on an Infant Sleeping. 4
Lines, by Lydia H. Sigourney. 26
Love in a Puzzle, by Miss Caroline F. Orne. 45
Life Insurance, by Emma C. Embury. 72
Literary Review. 48,98,148,198,250,296
Life of Man, by Rufus Dawes. 95
Literature in the Little, by C. F. Daniels. 94
Lend me thine azure Eye—set to Music—by Robert Hamilton. 96,97
Light House, near Caldwell's Landing—illustrated. 103
Lines, by Lydia H. Sigourney. 112
Love and Speculation, a Tale of the days of discounts in New-York, by Epes Sargent. 172
Lays of a Lover, by Park Benjamin. 189
Love's Vagaries, by Miss Caroline F. Orne. 190
Love in a Lantern, by Jesse E. Dow. 222
Lucy Wieland. 237
Lines, by John C. M'Cabe. 294

M.

My Uncle, the Colonel; with the Story of My Uncle's Friend, the Pickpocket, by Professor J. H. Ingraham. 14
Men. 88
Madelon Sante, by Robert Hamilton. 119
Milton, by Rufus Dawes. 126
My Aunt Betsy, a Tale, by Francis W. Thomas. 204
Musings in Solitude, by W. G. Howard. 256

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N. Page.
Night, by W. C. Richards. 44
Northumberland—illustrated—by Robert Hamilton. 203

O.
"Our Library," by Emma C. Embury. 9,71,113,180,241,273
Old Apple-tree, by Ann S. Stephens. 13
Ode to Washington, by Henry B. Hirst. 122
Old Nat, by Francis W. Thomas, 154
On the Human Mind. 184
Old Letters, by Emma C. Embury. 241
Ontwa, an Indian Story, by Isaac McLellan, Jr. 25
On the Death of an Infant, by Samuel Woodworth. 236

P.
Palestrine, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 19
Prophecy, the, by Robert Hamilton. 21
Parting Words, by Susan Wilson. 76
Poverty. 138
Pauline Rosier, a Tale, by Robert Hamilton. 191

R.
Rally, the, by Rufus Dawes. 23
Repkini, the Brigand—translated—by Robert Hamilton. 39
Rose and the Zephyr—set to Music. 146,148
Rigs o' Barley—illustrated—by Robert Hamilton. 154
Ruth Fairfax, a Tale, by F. A Durivage. 213

S.
Stanzas. 8,190
Sin No More, by Samuel Woodworth. 18
Summer Time, by Miss A. D. Woodbridge. 70
Solitary House, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 81
Sketches in the West, by J. H. Ingraham. 91,127,185,231
Stanzas to Night, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 103
Star-Light Recollections, by George P. Morris. 14
Sound of the Bell, by Isaac McLellan, Jr. 143
Summer in the Heart, by Epes Sargent. 145
Stanzas, by F. S. Jewitt. ib
Stanzas, by Ann S. Stephens. 186
Star and the Flower, by Frances S. Osgood. 195
"Sleep on and take your Rest," by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 195
Socrates, by Rufus Dawes. 259
Song, by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith. 282
Spring, by Rev. J. H. Clinch. ib.

T.
The Virgin's Vengeance, by Henry W. Herbert. 23,54,103
The Widow's Oil, by Wm. B. Tappan. 32
Time, by Rev. J. H. Clinch. 39
The Rescue, a Tale of the Revolution, by Robert Hamilton. 89
The Cross, by Frances S. Osgood. 92
The Molten Calf, by Rev. J. H. Clinch. 122
The Contadina, by H. T. Tuckerman. 128
Two Parlors, by Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, *(late Miss Buchanan.)* 133
Thou art alone. 161
To a Withered Rose. 194
Tell me not of Morning Breaking—set to Music. 196,197
The Beguiler, by Park Benjamin. 189
Traveller in the Desert, by Rev. J. H. Clinch. 203
The War-Spirit on Bunker's Hill, by Hannah F. Gould. 221
The White Pine, by Isaac McLellan, Jr. 240
The King's Widow, by Emma C. Embury. 243
Thoughts suggested by seeing a child amusing itself with a harp. 246
The Child Saved—illustrated. 253
The Waltz and the Wager, a Tale, by Frances S. Osgood. 254
The White Bird of Oxenham, by Emma C. Embury. 274
The Legacy Ship; A Sea Story, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 260
The Season is Past, Ellen, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 268
To a Portrait. 280
The Death of a Fawn, by W. C. Richards. ib
To a Young Lady. 282
The Secret Confession, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 283
Theatricals. 49,99,149,199,247,295
The Cossack's Charge, by F. A. Durivage. 289
The Bachelor Reclaimed, by H. T. Tuckerman. 290

U.
Unsummoned Witness, the, by Francis W. Thomas 5,67

V.
Vicissitude, by W. G. Howard 95
Visit to an Illinois Seminary, by Mrs. E. R. Steele. 129
Veneration of the Dead. 144

W.
Woman, by Francis W. Thomas. 141
War Woman's Creek, by A. L. Stimson. 142
Woman. 179
Winter, by Thomas Dunn English, M. D. 196
Wounded Spirit, Rest Thee. 212
Woman, by W. G. Howard. 221

Y.
"Ye Know not what ye ask." 34
You pretty little, giddy flirt—set to Music. 46,47
Young Destructive—illustrated, by Robert Hamilton. 53

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.
THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.
WINTER FASHIONS—FOUR FIGURES.
LIGHT HOUSE, NEAR CALDWELL'S LANDING.
RIGS O' BARLEY.
NORTHUMBERLAND, ON THE SUSQUEHANNAH.
SPRING FASHIONS—FOUR FIGURES.
THE CHILD SAVED; OR, THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

MUSIC.

YOU PRETTY LITTLE, GIDDY FLIRT.
LEND ME THINE AZURE EYE.
THE ROSE AND THE ZEPHYR—
TELL ME NOT OF MORNING BREAKING.
I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

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CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1840.

CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

Among the ancients, we find that the resting place of the dead, was ever considered a subject of great importance, and that the situations generally selected by them, for such purposes, were in the immediate neighborhood of their cities, in fields and in woods, in the excavations of mountains, and by the sides of their principal roads. Accordingly, we learn, that at Athens, a portion of the Academic grove was devoted to this sacred purpose, where the disciples of Plato, contemplated in solitude, the acts of the departed good and great men, and by them, were stimulated to tread in the paths of virtue and renown. It was here, that the trophies of Miltiades were displayed, the sight of which, Themistocles said, would not suffer him to sleep. This portion of the grove, was called Ceramicus, and was laid out into spacious walks, ornamented with trees and flowers. The waters of the river Cephisus, washed its western borders, and in various places were to be seen pillars, shrines, temples and statues of their Gods. The Romans also manifested their respect for their dead, by burying them by the side of the Appian way and erecting monuments to their memories, as also, in the secluded recesses of forests and valleys. The Catacombs of Thebes, were formed in the passes or glens of their thickly wooded hills on the banks of the Nile. Those of Memphis, were situated beyond the Lake of Acherusia, called by the Greeks, the Elysian Fields. The natives of Asia Minor, had their burial places in the vicinity of their cities, where are still to be found, magnificent mausoleums and richly carved sarcophagi. The aboriginal Germans, had woods which were dedicated to the dead and consecrated, by their priests. The Hebrew patriarchs, we are told by the sacred volume, selected groves for the reception of their deceased. Abraham, purchased the field of Ephron, for the remains of Sarah, "and there buried his wife," and where also, were buried, Abraham, Isaac, Rebecca, Leah and Jacob; and in later times, the rich Israelites placed their tombs in the mountains and valleys in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, while it is well known, that at the bottom of Mount Calvary, the holy sepulchre was prepared by Joseph, the Aramathean. In still later times, nay, even at this period, secluded spots are fixed upon by almost every country for the rest of the dead. In Turkey, in the suburbs of the cities, some plain is devoted to this purpose, and it is the custom for the relatives of the departed, to place at the head and foot of the grave, a cypress tree, which, shortly growing to a considerable height, the spot becomes a lovely and sequestered grove; and so sacred are these depositories of the departed, that let whatever changes transpire in the social or political world, they are held inviolate, and worshipped with a holy and superstitious reverence.

All these instances thus adduced, prove the propriety of our burial places being in the vicinity, and not in the heart of our cities, where the repose of the dead is as it were, disturbed by the incessant turmoil and bustle of the world, from which they have laid them down in quiet. How congenial to the feelings of the living mourner must it be, to retire to the grave of a dear departed form—to be screened from the prying eye of curiosity, to be dead to the sound of the thoughtless crowd, to weep in the solitude of nature and hold communion with the spirit of the tomb, and when he returns again to the world, it has for him a brighter and happier aspect from the pleasing though melancholy reflection, that he has laid the offering of his heart on the shrine of the regretted gone.

Mount Auburn, the subject of our illustration, is one of those beautiful places, sacred to the repose of the dead. A want of such a Cemetery, had long been felt in Boston, and frequently occupied the attention of its inhabitants, but a fitting place could never be obtained until 1830, when Dr. Bigelow, and his associates, purchased from George W. Brimmer, Esq., the present grounds, which then bore the name of "*Sweet Auburn.*" It consisted of, originally, about seventy two acres, but has since, we believe, been much augmented. It lies on the south side of the high road leading from Cambridge to Watertown, about four miles from Boston, and was formerly known by the name of Stone's Woods, having, shortly after the settlement of Massachusetts, come into the possession of a family of that name. The principal eminence in the plan is called Mount Auburn, and is one hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of Charles River. From here the most magnificent view is to be seen—on one side is the City connected at its extremities, with Roxbury and Charlestown, the windings of the Charles River, with plains and variegated fields in the back ground, and the blue hills of Milton in the distance. To the eastward, the village of Cambridge, and Harvard College, are situated, and to the north lies the beautiful lake of water, known by the name of Fresh Pond, while in every direction of the landscape, gentlemen's seats, cottages and snowy villages are scattered. The view of the Cemetery, as seen in the plate, is taken from that part of the grounds known by the name of Forest Pond, one of the most delightful places in this "Field of Peace." The solemn beauty which on all sides pervades it, and the unbroken silence that reigns around, almost reconcile the meditative spirit to that bourne "from which no traveller returns." The grounds of the Cemetery are laid out in intersecting avenues, which are gravelled and planted on each side with flowers, trees, and ornamental shrubs. We believe that in no part of the world is there a receptacle for the dead that can compare with Mount Auburn. Unequalled in its situation, rich in its natural advantages and adorned

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with the most choice specimens of art, it is a spot that must ever command the admiration and gratitude of all hearts, for those individuals who have so beautifully contrived to make the couch of death a garden of beauty; where, in the words of the orator, who consecrated the ground, "Spring will invite hither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage; and Autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science, will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes, and pride as it 'sees what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,' will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame." R. H.

THE BIRTH OF THE CALLITRICHE;

OR, WATER-STAR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Nothing in them, that doth range,
But must suffer a sea-change,
Into something new and strange."—*Shakspeare.*

'Tis night—and the luminous depths of Heaven,
With urns of fire, are lit,
Each borne in a viewless spirit's hand,
Who lightly floats with it.

And Dian—the queen of that graceful train,
Sails by in her silver shell,
While softly rises the choral strain,
With a rich and joyous swell.

Now, voice by voice, they are dying away,
'Till all, save one, are still,
And that sings on with a cadence glad,
Like the gush of a rippling rill.

It comes from one of the beauteous seven,
The Pleiades pure and bright,
Who keep more fondly than all in Heaven,
Unstained their urns of light.

She sings, as she bends o'er her burning vase,
And she sees, in the wave below,
Her beaming smile, and her form of grace,
And her soft hair's golden flow.

But hark, a voice from the waters clear,
And the pleiad leans to listen,
With a glowing cheek, and a charmed ear,
And eyes, that tenderly glisten.

"Daughter of light!
I pine, I pine!
By day and night,
For thy smile divine!

Oh! radiant maid!
My dwelling share!
Our nymphs shall braid
Thy shining hair.

And I will keep
Thy star-urn pure,
While thou shalt sleep,
In joy, secure.

Where stately stands
My coral hall,
On golden sands,
Thy feet shall fall.

From rosy shell,
Thy rosier lip,
Where dimples dwell
Shall nectar sip;

And the tremulous play
Of purest pearls,
With a pale soft ray,
Shall gem thy curls.

Oh, the wave is fair
And mild and blue,
As the azure air
Thou wanderest through!

Then loveliest far
Of Atlas' daughters,
Bless, with thy star,
Our limpid waters!"

Mild and sweet was the lay of love,
Upborne on the balmy air,
And the Pleiad stole from her bower above,
To gaze in the waters fair.

Ah! fatal gaze! for so fondly smiled
Those eyes from the stream below,
She plunged, and the lamp of her heavenly life
Went out, in its vase of snow.

But light, to the element's edge, sprang up
A starry shape in bloom,
A strange wild flower, in a fairy cup,
That shone in the water's gloom:

And they say, the penitent Pleiad's tears
Still feed that star of the wave,
As of old, her smiles, in holier spheres,
To the Urn, their pure light, gave.

LINES ON AN INFANT SLEEPING.

The sunbeam of the morning
Is shining on thy face;
Thy beauty more adorning—
While not one cruel trace
By sorrow's hand is printed;
But a smile there sweetly plays,
On cheeks by roses tinted;
While innocence displays
Its calm of holy feeling.
Oh! lovely, hallowed sight,
And thy balmy breath is stealing—
Through lips all ruby bright.
Thy little hands lie nerveless;
A heaven doth round thee shine,
Oh! God to know such moments
Once, once were also mine. R. H.

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THE UNSUMMONED WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Some years since, when I was in the practice of the law, one morning, just after I had entered my office—I was then an invalid on two crutches and not a very early riser, so what clients I had, were often there before me—some few moments after I had ensconced myself in my chair with my crutches before me, like monitors of mortality, I heard a timid rap at my door. Notwithstanding I called out in a loud voice, "come in," the visitor, though the rap was not repeated after I spoke, still hung back. With feelings of impatience and pain, I arose, adjusted my crutches under my arms, and muttering not inaudibly my discontent I hobbled to the door and jerked it open.

The moment the visitor was presented to my vision I felt angry with myself for what I had done, and the feeling was not relieved, when a meek and grief-subdued voice said,

"I am very sorry to disturb you, sir."

"No," said I politely, for it was a young and beautiful woman, or rather girl, of certainly, not more than sixteen, who stood before me, "I am sorry that you should have waited so long. Come in, I am lame as you see, Miss, and could not sooner get to the door."

Adjusting her shawl, which was pinned closely up to her neck, as she passed the threshold, she entered, and at my request, and not until I had myself resumed my seat, took a chair. I observed it was a fine morning, to which she made no reply, for she was evidently abstracted, or rather embarrassed, not knowing how to open the purpose of her visit.

The few moments we sat in silence I occupied in observing her. She had, I thought, arrayed herself in her best clothes, anxious by so doing to make a respectable appearance before her lawyer, and thereby convince him that if she could not at present compass his fee, he could have no doubt of it eventually; though it was also apparent to me that in the flurry of mind attendant upon her visit and its consequence, she had not thought at all of adding to her personal attractions by so doing.

That consideration not often absent from a woman's mind, had by some absorbing event been banished from hers. She wore a black silk gown, the better days of which had gone, perhaps, with the wearer's. Her timid step, had not prevented my seeing a remarkably delicate foot encased in a morocco shoe much worn and patched, evidently by an unskilful hand—I thought her own. And though when she took a seat, she folded her arms close up under her shawl, which was a small one, of red merino, and, as I have said, pinned closely to her neck, it did not permit my observing that her hand, though small, was gloveless, and that a ring—I thought an ominous looking ring—we catch fancies we know not why or wherefore—begirt one of her fingers. In fact when she first placed her hands under the shawl, she turned the ring upon her finger, may be unconsciously.

On her head she wore a calash bonnet, and as I again interrupted the silence by asking, "Is it the law you seek so early, Miss?" She drew her hand from beneath her shawl, and removing her bonnet partly from her face so as to answer me, she revealed as fair and as facinating features as I ever remember to have seen. Her hair was parted carelessly back over a snowy forehead, beneath which, a lustrous eye black as death and almost as melancholy, looked forth from the shadow of a weeping-willow-like lash. A faint attempt to smile at my question discovered beautiful teeth, and I thought, as she said the simple "yes, sir," that there must be expression in every movement of her lip.

Observe, I was an invalid, full, at this very moment, of the selfishness of my own pains and aches—which, though not of the heart, and it would be difficult to convince a sick man that those of the body are not greater, notwithstanding which my attention was at once arrested.

"This is Mr. Trimble," asked she, glancing at my crutches as if by those appendages she had heard me described.

"That is my name," I replied.

"You have heard of Brown, who is now in—in jail, sir," she continued.

"Brown, the counterfeiter, who has been arrested for a theft," I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I have repeatedly heard of him though I have never seen him."

"He told me to say, sir, wouldn't you go up to the jail and see him about his case?"

Brown's case, from what I had heard of it was a desperate one, but not knowing in what relation the poor girl might stand to him, I shrunk from saying so, though I feared it would be useless for me to appear for him, I therefore asked her,

"Are you his sister?"

"No, sir."

"His wife?"

"No, sir, we are cousins like, and I live with his mother."

"Ay, is your name Brown?"

"No, sir, my name is Mason—Sarah Mason."

"Where's Mrs. Brown, Miss Sarah?" I asked.

"She is very sick, sir, I hurried away just as she got to sleep after morning—I have walked by here very often, and I thought, sir, you might have business out, and not be here to-day—do go and see him, sir."

"Why, Sarah, to speak plainly to you, I am satisfied I can be of no service to him—he is a notorious character, and there have been so many outrageous offences lately committed, that if the case is a strong one, there will be little hope for the prisoner, and Brown's case, I understand, is very strong. I am told, that after they had caught him in the woods, as they were bringing him to the city, he confessed it."

"My, my, did he, sir," exclaimed Sarah, starting from her seat and resuming it as quickly.

"Yes, I think I overheard one of the constables say so. There are no grounds whatever in the case, for me to defend him upon. I can do nothing for him, and should get nothing for it if I did."

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I said this without meaning any hint to Sarah, but she took it as such and replied:

"I have some little money, sir—only a few dollars now," and she turned herself aside so as with delicacy to take it from her bosom, "but I shall have some more soon. I had some owing to me for some fancy work, but, when I went for it yesterday, to come and see you, they told me the store keeper had failed and I've lost it."

As she spoke, she held the money in her hand which she rested in her lap, in a manner that implied she wished to offer it to me, but feared the sum would be too small, and a blush—it was that of shame at her bitter poverty—reddened her very forehead. I could not but be struck with her manner and as I looked at her without speaking or attempting to take the money, she said after a moment's pause:

"It's all I have now, sir, but indeed, I shall have more soon."

"No, no, keep it. I do not want it," said I, smiling.

Instantly the thought seemed to occur to her that I would not accept the money from a doubt of its genuineness, as Brown might have given it to her and she said:

"Indeed, sir, it is good money, Mr. Judah, who keeps the clothing store gave it to me last night—you may ask him, sir, if you don't believe me."

"Don't believe you! Surely I believe you—Brown must be a greater scoundrel than even the public take him for, if he could involve you in the consequences of his guilt."

"Sir, sir—indeed he never gave me any bad money to pass—I was accused of it, but indeed, I never passed a single cent that I thought was bad."

"Well, Sarah, keep the money—do not for your own sake on any consideration pass any bad money—go first and ask some one who knows whether any money you may have is good, keep that."

"But, sir, will you see him," asked she imploringly.

"Yes, I will, and because you wish it; I cannot go this morning, I shall be engaged. This afternoon I have some business at the court house, and I will, on leaving there, step over to the jail."

"Please, sir, to tell him," she said, hesitatingly, "that they won't let me come in to see him often. I was there yesterday but they wouldn't let me in—on Sunday, they said they would, not 'till Sunday—please, sir, tell him that I will come then."

"I will, Sarah," I replied; "and if you will be at the jail at two o'clock this afternoon, I will contrive to have you see Brown."

She thanked me, repeated the words "at two o'clock," and again pressed the money on me, which I refused, when she withdrew closing the door noiselessly after her.

She had not been gone more than half an hour, when a gentleman entered who was about purchasing some property, and who wished me, previously to his closing the bargain, to examine the title. He wanted it done immediately, and in compliance with his request I forthwith repaired to the recorder's office which stood beside the court house.

I was then in the practice of the law in Cincinnati. My office was two doors from the corner of Main street, in Front, opposite the River, where I combined the double duties of editor of a daily paper, and lawyer. From my office to the court house, was as the common people say a "measured mile," and nothing but the certainty of the immediate payment of my fee, in the then condition of my arms and health, *versus* pocket, (the pocket carried the day and it is only in such cases that empty pockets succeed,) nothing but the consideration in the premises induced me to take up my crutches, and walk to the court house. After I had examined the title, I determined as it would save me a walk in the afternoon, to step over to the jail which was only a square or so off and see Brown. I did so, and at the gate of the jail found seated on a stone by the way-side, Sarah Mason, who had instantly repaired thither from my office, resolving to wait my coming—not knowing as she told me, but what I might be there before two.

I entered the jailer's room, in which he received constables, visitors, knaves previous to locking them up, lawyers, etc., and handing a chair to Sarah, desired him to bring Brown out in the jail yard, that I might speak with him. While he was unlocking the grated door of the room in which Brown with many other criminals was confined, several of them—who were also clients of mine, called me by name and made towards the door, with the wish each of speaking to me about his own case, perhaps for the fiftieth time. As soon as Brown heard my name he called out—

"Stop! it's to see me, Mr. Trimble has come—here Jaw-bone Dick, fix that bit of a blanket round them damned leg irons and let me shuffle out. Mr. Trimble came to see me"—controlled by his manner, for he was a master spirit among them as I afterwards learned, they shrunk back, while Jaw-bone Dick, a huge negro, fixed the leg irons and Brown came forth.

He had a muscular irony form of fine proportions though of short stature. His face was intellectual with a high but retreating forehead, and a quick bold eye. His mouth was very large, displaying simply when he laughed his jaw teeth, but it was not ill shaped and had the expression of great firmness when in repose, with that of archness and insinuation, generally when speaking. He gazed on me steadily for an instant after he had passed the threshold of the door into the passage, as if he would understand my character before he spoke. He then saluted me respectfully, and led the way into the back yard of the jail, which is surrounded by a large wall to prevent the escape of the prisoners who at stated periods are suffered to be out there for the sake of their health, and while their rooms are undergoing the operations of brooms and water. Kicking as well as his fetters would allow him, a keg that stood by the outer door, into the middle of the yard, Brown observed:

"Squire, it will do you for a seat, for you and I don't like to talk too near to the wall—the proverb says that stone walls have ears, and those about us have heard so many rascally confessions from the knaves they have enclosed that I don't like to entrust them—with even an innocent man's story—'twould be the first time they've heard such a one, and they'd misrepresent it into guilt."

The jailer laughed as he turned to leave us, and said:

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"Brown, you ought to have thought of that when the chaps nabbed you—for you told them the story, and they not only have ears but tongues."

"Damn them, they gave me liquor," exclaimed Brown, as a fierce expression darkened his face, "I don't think a drunken man's confession should be taken, extorted or not."

As the jailer turned to lock up the yard with the remark to me, of "Squire, you can rap when you have got through,"—I told him that it would save some trouble to him, if he would let the girl in his room who was a relation of Brown's see him now. After a slight hesitancy he called her, observing, it was not exactly according to rule.

"It's Sarah, I suppose," said Brown, taking a station by my side with folded arms and giving a slight nod of recognition to the girl, as in obedience to the jailer's call she entered the yard—"You'd better stand there, Sarah," he said to her, "'till Mr. Trimbell gets through with me." He then remarked in an under tone to me, "It's no use for her to hear our talk—plague take all witnesses any how."

Eyeing me again with a searching expression, Brown, as if he had at last made his mind up to the matter, said, "I believe I'll tell you all, squire—I did the thing."

"Yes, Brown, I knew you did," I replied; "the misfortune is you told it to the officers."

"Yes—that's a fact. But maybe you can lead the witnesses on the wrong scent if you know just how things are—couldn't you?" I nodded, and he continued "I boasted when they got me, considerable, but the fact is that I got the money—I was in the Exchange on the landing where I saw a countryman seated who looked to me as if he had money—I contrived to get into conversation with him, and asked him to drink with me, he did so, and I plied him pretty strong. The liquor warmed him at last, and he asked me to drink with him, I consented, and when he came to pay his bill, he had no change, and had to dive into a cunning side pocket in the lining of his waistcoat to get out a bill, though he turned his back round and was pretty cautious—I saw he had a good deal of money. I got him boozy, and when he left, I dogged him. He was in to market and had his wagon on the landing not far from the Exchange. He slept in it. He not only buttoned his vest tight up, but his overcoat tight over that, and laid down on the side where he hid away his rhino. Notwithstanding this," continued Brown, and he laughed at the remembrance of his own ingenuity, "I contrived to make him turn over in his sleep, and cut clean out through overcoat and all, his pocket with its contents—three hundred dollars. I had spent all my money at night with him. In the morning my nerves wanted bracing, and what must I do but spend some of his money for grog and breakfast. The countryman immediately went before a magistrate—described me as a person whom he suspected. The officers knew me from his description, and though I had left Cincinnati and got as far as Cleves, fifteen or eighteen miles, they followed so close on my track as to nab me that very day. I had been keeping up the steam pretty high along the road—they traced me in that way—and full of folly and the devil, for the sake of talking and keeping off the horrors I made my braggs, and told all. I suppose my case is desperate."

I told him that I thought it was.

"When I think of my old mother!" exclaimed he, passing his hand rapidly across his brow—he then beckoned Sarah to him and I walked to the farther end of the yard so as not to be a listener. Their colloquy was interrupted by the jailer coming to the door. When I left him, Sarah followed me out, and after requesting me to call and see him again, she took a direction different from mine and I went to my office.

The grand jury, of course, had no difficulty in finding a bill against Brown, and the day of his trial soon came. The countryman was the first witness on the stand. It was amusing if not edifying to observe the smirk of *professional* pride on the countenance of the prisoner, when the countryman recounted how he carefully buttoned up his coat over his money and went to sleep on that side, and awoke on that side—the right one—and found his pocket cut out with as much ingenuity as a tailor could have done it. I tried to exclude the evidence of Brown's confession from the jury on the ground that it was extorted from him, but that fact not appearing to the court they overruled my objection, and the facts of the case with many exaggerations were narrated to them by the officer who arrested the prisoner, as his free and voluntary confession. I had scarcely any grounds of defence at all. I tried to ridicule the idea of Brown's having made a confession; and presented the countryman in an attitude that made him the laughing stock of the jury and audience—but though it was evident to them that the countryman was a fool, it was not less apparent I feared, that Brown was a knave. I had some idea of an *alibi*, but that would have been carrying matters too far. I, however, proved his good character by several witnesses. Alas, the prosecuting attorney showed that he was an old offender, who had been more than once a guest of the state's between the walls of the penitentiary. The prosecuting attorney in fact, in his opening address to the court and jury, attacked Brown in the sternest language he could use. He represented him as the violator of every sound tie—and of hurrying his mother's grey hairs to the grave. At this last charge the prisoner winced—I saw the lightning of his ire against the prosecutor flash through the tears of guilt and contrition. When I arose to address the jury in reply, Brown called me to him and said:

"Mr. Trimbell, you know all about my case—you know I am guilty—but you must get me off, if you can for my old mother's sake. Plead for me as if you were pleading for the Apostles—for the Saviour of mankind."

That was a strong expression to convey to me the idea that I must speak and act to the jury as if I held him in my own heart, guiltless—was it not?

Poor Sarah, was a tearful witness of his trial. She was spared however, being present when the verdict was rendered. The jury retired about dark; with the agreement between myself and the prosecutor that they might bring in a sealed verdict. I told Sarah for the sake of

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saving her feelings before the court adjourned, that they would not meet the next morning until ten o'clock.—They met at nine, and before she got there, their verdict of guilty was recorded against the prisoner.

As they were taking Brown to the jail he asked me to step over and see him, saying that he had a fee for me. I had been unable to get from him more than a promise to pay before his trial. I, of course, gave that up as fruitless, and appeared for him on Sarah's account, not on his own, or with any hope of acquitting him. I therefore was surprised at his remark and followed him to the jail. He was placed in a cell by himself—the rule after conviction—and I went in with him at his request and we were left alone.

"Squire," said he, with more emotion than I thought him capable of; "I don't care so much for myself—I could stand it, I am almost guilt-hardened—but when I think of my mother—oh! God—and Sarah, she has been as true to me as if I were an angel instead of a devil—but she wasn't in court to-day."

"No," said I; "I told her the court would not sit until ten o'clock. I saw how deeply she was interested, and I saved her the shock of hearing your guilt pronounced in open court."

"Blast that prosecuting attorney," exclaimed Brown, gnashing his teeth, "why need he go out of the case to abuse me about my mother, before Sarah—I'd like to catch him in the middle of the Ohio swimming some dark night—if he didn't go to the bottom and stay there it would be because I couldn't keep him down. But Squire, about that fee—you trusted me, and as you are the first lawyer that ever did, I'll show you that I am for once, worthy of confidence. Over the Licking river, a quarter of a mile up on the Covington side—you know Squire, the Licking is the river right opposite to Cincinnati, in Kentucky—Well, over that river, a quarter of a mile up, you will see, about fifteen feet from the bank, a large tree standing by itself, with a large hole on the east side of it. Run your hand up that hole, and you will take hold of a black bottle, corked tight—break it open. In it you will find fifteen hundred dollars—five hundred of it is counterfeit—the rest is good. Squire, it is your fee. Your character and countenance is good enough to pass the whole of it."

I bowed to the compliment which Brown paid my "character and countenance," at the expense of my morals and said, "you are not hoaxing me, I hope."

"I am not in that mood, Squire," replied the convict, and asking me for my pencil, he drew on the wall a rough map of the locality of the river and tree, and repeated earnestly the assertion, that he himself in the hollow of the tree, had hid the bottle. I left him rubbing the marks of his map from the wall, determined at the first opportunity to make a visit to the spot. The next day my professional duties called me on a visit to another prisoner in the jail, when Brown asked through the little loop hole of his door, if I had got *that* yet.

"No, Brown," I replied, "I have not had time to go there."

"Then, Squire," he exclaimed, "you are in as bad a fix as I am, and the thing's out."

"How so," I asked—I began to suspect that he thought I had been after the money, and that he was forming some excuse for my not finding what he knew was not there.

"You see me, Squire, without a coat, my hat's gone too, Job Fowler, the scoundrel—he knows about that bottle—he was taken yesterday out of the jail to be tried just as they brought me in, I thought though my respectable clothes hadn't done me any good that they might be of service to him, as his case wasn't strong and every little helps out in such cases, as they help the other way when the thing's dark, so I lent them to him. He was found not guilty, and he walked off with my wardrobe, so the jury, damn them, aided and abetted him in committing a felony in the very act of acquitting him from one, and by this time he's got that money. Never mind we shall be the state's guests together yet, in her palace at Columbus."

What Brown told me with regard to the bottle and Job Fowler, was indeed truth.

Job was acquitted in Brown's clothes, and he walked off in them, and wended instantly to the tree beside the Licking, where he found the bottle, which he rifled of its contents without the trouble of uncorking it. Mistaking the bad money for the good, he returned instantly to Cincinnati, and attempted to pass some of it. The man to whom he offered it, happened to be in the court house, a spectator of his trial. His suspicions were aroused. He had Mr. Job, arrested, and on him was found the fifteen hundred dollars. A thousand dollars of it were good, but I got none of it, for the gentleman from whom Brown and Fowler together had stolen it, was found.

The very day that Brown was convicted, and Job acquitted in the former's clothes, he was arrested for passing the counterfeit money. A bill was found against him that morning. He was tried that afternoon and convicted, and the day after, he and Brown, handcuffed together, were conveyed to the penitentiary. F. W. T.

To be concluded.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN BY THE GRAVE OF A GIRL WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE.

GREEN, green waves, the summer above thy lone pillow,
And clear fall the flakes of the soft sunny sky;
And mournfully twines the silver leaved willow
Its arms, o'er the brook that thy mansion flows by.
The south sighing zephyr all laden with roses,
The hum of the bee from the heath's purple bloom;
The song of the bird as its love it discloses—
Are the minstrels of nature that hallow thy tomb—
As the eagle when reft of its sky cleaving pinions,
Soon dies in the link of captivity's chain;
Or the wild flower that loatheth the garden's dominions
Pines, withers, and falls from its birth-giving plain;
So the arts of the villain caused thee to languish,
And hopelessly pine on thy young blighted stem;
The scorn of the world, thy heart storms of anguish
Soon scattered thy blossoms thou once beauteous gem.
Sleep on in thy loveliness, flower of the mountain,
Soft be thy rest—the chrystalline dew
Send its mild lucid tears from each star-weeping fountain
To nurture thy heath couch—poor maiden, adieu!

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"OUR LIBRARY."—No. I.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

PART SECOND.

By the time my present lucubrations reach thee, gentle reader, the soft breath of autumnal gales will have ceased to sweep over the gorgeous foliage of the woods, the bright leaves will be strewn thickly upon our path, the luscious fruits that now load our vines will have vanished, and the biting blasts which winter sends to warn us of his coming, will sound mournfully amid the naked trees of the forest. Thy summer wanderings will then be at an end, thy peregrinations will at last tend homewards, and the cheerful fire will gladden the eyes, and the old accustomed seat, will receive the idle pleasure-seeker and the weary traveller. After contemplating the works of God in the wide-spread field of his bounty which the *country* presents, thou wilt have returned to dwell amid the works of man in the crowded city, the busy village, or the bustling household. The brief breathing-time which thou hast snatched from amid the turmoils of existence, will be past, while the cares and the pleasures, the business and the follies of active life will again demand thy thoughts. The multitude who have wandered off, like sheep, into green pastures, will now do homage to their gregarious habits by returning within the fold, and society will once more gather its scattered flock.

Did it ever occur to thee, friend reader, to reflect upon the number of *small sins* which prevail in that same magic circle we call society? I mean sins 'unwhipt of justice'—sins against one's neighbor—sins apparently of so trifling a character as to be passed over without reprehension, and yet sufficiently serious to affect the happiness of some precious human heart. Did'st thou ever sit as a spectator amid life's gay scenes, and watch the persons who passed before thee like the motley groups of a puppet-show, after thy keen eye had discovered the strings which governed and directed the changing figures? If so, thou hast seen many a 'small sin' committed—many an evidence that our neighbor is not as dear as ourself. Among the chief of such offences—nay, I know not but I might say the very *first* among them, is that pleasant mode of killing time known in society by the name of '*Flirtation*,' Viewed in its external aspect, this sin against one's neighbor, appears only like a desire of making one's self agreeable, and many a one has fallen into it unawares, while merely seeking passing amusement. Few unthinking persons can believe that pride, vanity, selfishness and hypocrisy, all assist more or less, in the conduct of what is termed '*a harmless flirtation*,' while the pangs of hope deferred, the strings of wounded affection, and the utter heart-crushing of disappointment are often its results.

> "Men have died, and worms have eat them,
> But not for love! * * *

Says the poet of human nature: the saying is often quoted by those who class the affections among the weaknesses of humanity and deride the sympathy of hearts; but they might be answered in the words of one not less skilled in the love of suffering:—

> "The heart may break, yet brokenly live on!"

That which was begun in *mirth may end in madness;* for the heart which has suffered the disappointment of its early affections, never regains its former child-like healthfulness. 'Sorrow' must always be knowledge. Sometimes it imparts good, and we become purified from many an earthly taint beneath the ministration of affliction;—sometimes it awakens the soul to evil thoughts, and the bitterness and malevolence of later life may flow from the tainted fountain of early disappointment. But in all cases, it plants the seeds of distrust. The trustful temper—the confiding faith which knew no guile, and feared no evil, is gone for ever, when we have once suffered from deceit. New affections may be awakened in the bosom—affections far stronger than the youthful phantasy which first called forth the music of the passions—but the undoubting faith in others, which was so sweet in early life, can never return. We no longer pour out the full tide of confiding tenderness into the heart of another. A vague fear, a dimly shadowed remembrance which takes the form of a presentiment of future ill, checks the fond accents ere they form upon the lips—we utter our *thoughts*, but repress our *feelings*—because, we have been taught *to doubt*. A young fair girl, a creature of surpassing loveliness and gentleness, acknowledges, that when presented to a gentleman, her first thought is, "how can I best please him and make myself an object of especial interest to him?" She avows herself at once a coquette, and abuses to purposes of mischief the gifts which God has bestowed upon her for good. When a man distinguished for some peculiar graces of mind, or person, or manner, sets himself to the task, not of pleasing generally in society but of winning the especial regard of various individuals of the gentler sex, he acts a part equally contemptible, and it is to be regretted that the English language affords no stronger epithet for him than that of a '*male flirt*.' Now, is there no vanity in the thoughts, no selfishness in the purposes—no hypocrisy in the conduct of such persons? To occupy a worthy station in society—to make one's self agreeable, which is a duty no less than a pleasure—to symphathise in the joys and sorrows of our fellow beings—all this is right, and may be done with the utmost truthfulness. But the spirit of coquetry is very different from the spirit of brotherly-kindness, and while one produces none but the best results, the other always leads to evil. Were I so disposed, I could tell some tragic tales from real life, as corroborative of my remarks. I could tell of many a gentle heart chilled into early death, or, worse perhaps, withered into the living lifelessness of coldness, distrust, indifference, by some such sin. But thou wouldst accuse me of donning too sombre a garb, gentle reader, were I to appear before thee with all the sad remembrances with which the experience of many of earth's weary ones have gifted me. Listen then to a tale of common life, where the light and shade are seen by turns, even as they fall upon our daily path, when we walk beneath the sunshine and cloud of an April morning.

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COUSIN KATE; OR, THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"—*Shakspeare.*

"It is vain to attempt deceiving myself any longer, I am certainly growing old," thought Harry Wilder, as he plucked several intrusive grey hairs from his well-trimmed whiskers; "I am in admirable preservation—my teeth are fine—my hair still luxuriant—my eyes undimmed, yet as Hook says of that everlasting juvenile, Count D'Orsay—

"Years may fly on the wings of the hawk, but alas!
They are marked by the feet of the crow."

My cotemporaries have grown old and grey, their children have shot up into men and women, and when I appear among the young people of the present day, there is always some meddling fool disposed to *chronologise*, and to trace back some forty or 'by 'r lady,' fifty years. The ladies are quite too familiar with me;—they don't hesitate to ask favors from me, to pay compliments to me, and to accept my services on all occasions. It is a bad sign—women don't admit *young* men to such privileges, and I am fast becoming one of the *favored* tribe of 'old bachelors.' Heigh-ho!—I wish I had married ten years ago. There was little Agnes Morton—but no, she has become an arrant shrew, and scolds from morning to night—I am glad I escaped her:—the stately Sophia Danvers—pah! she is as old as my mother now: pretty Mary Winton—why she looks now like a creole fattened on Gumbo soup:—How many such women have I courted and really fancied myself half in love with. After all, I never loved any one half so well as I did sweet cousin Kate; by Jupiter, but she was a lovely creature at seventeen—with her deep, grey eye, and rose-bud mouth—a being half shade, half sunshine—with the strong feelings of a woman and the joyous fancies of a child. I ought to have married that girl:—what a shame that she should have sacrificed herself to that superannuated General Baynton:—yet he was a fine specimen of the old American gentleman, stately and punctilious in his politeness, but never forgetting the slightest claim upon his attention. I dare say he made an excellent father to his young bride, and cousin Kate must feel doubly orphaned by his death. I wonder if she remembers our early flirtation:—she must now have arrived at that awkward corner in woman's life when she is obliged to count *thirty*. She is almost too old for me, for as I approach the ugly milestone which bears the unsightly L, and speaks too plainly of the downhill road, I seem to affect the youthful of the opposite sex. But will *they* affect me? that is a question to be considered. Kate must still be handsome—she is rich too—no trifling consideration by the way. Baynton left her his whole fortune, and with her beauty she will not lack temptations to a second marriage. She must have acquired some skill in nursing during her five years bondage to an old husband and that is another advantage, for these cursed fits of the gout make me feel the want of 'gentle ministration.' I have a great mind to pay her a visit. Her husband has been dead two years, and she is still living in the seclusion of her elegant mansion in ———, so there is as yet no danger of rivals. September is a pleasant month to spend in the country—there is capital shooting in the old general's grounds:—by Jove, I'll go, who knows but I may start some game worth hunting."

Such were the reflections of a "*ci-devant jeune homme*," a selfish votary of fashion, who having wasted his best years in folly was now suffering from the aching void and weariness of heart which, sooner or later, makes the punishment of all such spendthrifts. A fine person, a quick wit and an elegant tongue, had been his recommendations when he first entered society; need I add that he was every where successful? But all men have some peculiar talent, and Harry Wilder was no exception to the rule. His genius lay not in science, nor in the belles lettres, nor yet in music or the fine arts, but in an especial faculty for '*flirtation*.' The moment he addressed a lady, there was a softening of his voice, a gentle drooping of his fringed eyelid, a tender earnestness in his language, which was perfectly fascinating to a young and uninitiated girl. Nay, even practised coquettes were found to feel the effect of his fascinations. Other men might be more intellectual, more amiable more disinterested in their attentions, but none had the winning ways of Harry Wilder. There was an indescribable softness in his manner which led each woman to believe that she was the especial object of his secret affection. If I were desirous of teaching men the true secret of attracting the kindly feelings of the young and unhackneyed heart of woman, I should express it in one word: *Deference*. I mean not a servile submission to the caprice of a spoiled beauty, but a deference of manner joined to independence of thought and opinion. A sudden change from the bold careless tone with which a man addresses his own sex to subdued gentleness of demeanor the moment he accosts a woman—the soft cadence of voice, softened by her presence and for her sake—are the highest compliments which can be paid the gentle sex, and by refined minds are always appreciated. Those delicate attentions are like the minute touches on a picture, they can scarcely be defined, yet their effect is immediately perceptible. They seem like a tribute of respect paid to the sex, as to a purer order of beings, and they differ most widely, I am sorry to say, from the manners now generally in vogue among young gentlemen. However, it was the secret of Harry Wilder's success, and he availed himself fully of his power. Many a young heart might date its first knowledge of disappointment from the hour when the music of Harry Wilder's voice first awakened it to consciousness—many a fair cheek has brightened beneath the impassioned glances of his downcast eye, only to grow pale in solitude over the contemplation of hope deferred:—many an unsophisticated mind has learned its first lessons in deception from the sweet words which said so much and meant so little.

The estates of the deceased General Baynton were situated in the loveliest part of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. A lawn, some ten acres in extent, and studded with every variety of American forest trees, surrounded the mansion, while through the many vistas which had been skilfully opened, the graceful windings

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of the river were visible from every window. The house itself, built of stone, in the substantial fashion of a century since, and adorned with a stately portico and colonade, formed a striking and noble feature in the landscape. No alteration had been made in it since its erection, excepting the substitution of large French casements, in place of the small diamond-paned sashes which formerly admitted a dubious light; but this change had been so judiciously managed that all appearance of incongruity was avoided, and the heavy lintels and deep embrasures of the windows rather added to its antiquity. It was a lovely spot, and as Harry Wilder rode slowly through the long avenue of superb elms which led to the abode of his widowed cousin, he did not wonder that she should prefer the seclusion of such a home to the frivolous amusements of a town life.

Harry Wilder had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception at "Baynton." Cousin Kate was kind, cordial and lady-like, and although he would have been better pleased if she had been a little less self-possessed, yet his vanity led him to conclude that this was rather the effect of pride than indifference. Indeed it was surprising, how rapidly his mind accumulated evidences of her early attachment to him. "She certainly was in love with me ten years since," said he to himself; "I suspect that pique had more to do with her marriage than any other feeling, unless indeed she was influenced by his enormous wealth. Well, she is a true woman—she has gratified her ambition, and now I will give her a chance to consult the dictates of affection." Such had been his reflections while travelling towards Baynton, and by the time he arrived there, he had actually reasoned himself into the belief that he had but to sue and all would be settled to his satisfaction.

Mrs. Baynton was just at that age when beauty has arrived at full maturity. With a figure almost fairy-like in its proportions, a complexion of that rich creamy whiteness, which the slightest flush of color would spoil, lips of velvet softness, eyes of the deepest blue, and a profusion of pale, brown hair, she was indeed one of the most beautiful of women. Her neat half-mourning garb, worn without other ornament than a simple jet cross suspended from her snowy neck, seemed to add to the chaste loveliness of her appearance, and Harry Wilder, man of the world as he was, looked almost with wonder upon the delicate, spiritualized beauty of his once merry, rosy-cheeked cousin. Placid, cheerful, and intelligent, she charmed him by her powers of her conversation, even while she overawed him by the gentle dignity of her manners. He marvelled at his own feelings when he found himself listening day after day, with renewed pleasure, to one who possessed none of the brilliancy and piquancy of character which he had long admired in women.

Weeks passed on, and Harry Wilder was still lingering at Baynton. Fishing and shooting, riding on horseback with his pretty cousin, exploring the curious relics of olden times with which the mansion was stored, or delving into the rich treasures of the fine old library, afforded a variety of resources which might well satisfy even the wearied votary of excitement. But he sought something beyond amusement. His feelings had become deeply interested in the beautiful widow, and all that yet remained of his wasted affections, were offered up on the shrine of her loveliness. Years had passed since the period when he had beguiled a summer in the country by carrying on a 'flirtation' with his cousin; during all that time he had not seen her, first from a consciousness of wrong inflicted upon her, and afterwards from perfect indifference. He listened to the tidings of her marriage with a shrug and a sneer, and thought no more of it until recent uncomfortable symptoms of old age, recalled to his remembrance the image of one whom he thought so well worthy of the honor of his hand. It may be doubted, whether he would have discovered so many charms in Mrs. Baynton, had he found her surrounded by the evidences of poverty, instead of the appliances of wealth; for there are few gems so bright as not to appear more brilliant in a rich setting, but certain it is, that he was little prepared for such a perfect development of female loveliness as he found in his half-forgotten relative. He had gone through life, beloved, rather than loving—exciting regard but bestowing none—gaining affection, but giving in return only a cold sentiment, which partook far more of the nature of gratified vanity than of attachment; until now, in the autumn of his days, he was glad to grasp at even the unsubstantial shadow of love. Alas! an unsubstantial shadow, is all that such spendthrift hearts can ever possess. As the magicians of old were wont to raise a 'spectre of the the rose' from the warm ashes of the consumed flower, so the spell of beauty may call up the ghost of passion in the seared bosom, but it will be at best but a shadowy semblance of affection. It were easier to gather up the scattered leaves of a faded flower, and bind them again into an unfolded bud, than to awaken true and lasting tenderness in a heart whose best affections have been wasted on every passing fancy, like incense flung upon the winds.

Our 'hero of a thousand loves,' had a most decided liking for his cousin. He liked her appearance, for she was very beautiful—he liked her mode of life, for it was magnificent—he liked her fortune, for it was enormous, he liked her cheerfulness of temper and mental graces, for they contributed to his amusement. But all his reasons for liking her were purely and entirely selfish. There was no devotedness of thought, no sacrifice of individual feelings in his regard. No one loves truly without being sensible that the happiness of the beloved object is far dearer than his own; and, Wilder's passion could scarcely bear such a test. He was impressed with the idea that the pretty widow could materially increase his enjoyments and *therefore*, he determined to offer her his hand. Yet he was not quite satisfied with Mrs. Baynton's conduct towards him. He could not deceive himself so far as to believe that his presence was essential to her, and in fact, he was conscious that she was quite independent of him. She had a certain round of duties which she performed as rigidly as if her cousin had not been with her to claim her attentions. The poor pensioners on her bounty were daily visited—her class in Sunday school was not forgotten—she never, in

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a single instance, omitted her regular attendance at church; in short, Harry thought she gave far too much attention to such unworldly matters. He began to fear she was 'falling into fanaticism' as he styled it, and when he calculated the large sums which she annually expended on benevolent objects, he felt there was no time to be lost in checking such profusion. What! spend money on churches and charities, when it might purchase so many of the luxuries of life!—it was utterly preposterous: the man of fashion could not understand it. There were a few other annoyances which he determined to be rid of, as soon as he was the husband of Cousin Kate. He did not like her associates;—there were several old women with whom she was an especial favorite, and they paid awfully long visits—the young ladies were not much more agreeable to him, for they seemed quite indifferent to the fascinations of the semi-centennial beau. But the severest trial to his temper, was the presence of the clergyman of the parish. Mr. Lee was a small man, rather round shouldered, and not particularly graceful. The feminine beauty of his mouth, his brilliant smile and his fine forehead were all that redeemed his countenance from positive ugliness. He was near-sighted and wore glasses—he was bald and wore a wig—and to make matters worse, he was some fifteen years younger than the elegant Mr. Wilder. Shy and reserved in general society, Mr. Lee was like an inspired being when in the pulpit. The constraint which gave a degree of awkwardness to his ordinary manner, vanished before the grace of eloquence, and the lips which uttered in faltering accents the language of worldly wisdom, seemed touched with a live coal from the altar, when they discoursed of the mysteries of christianity. All his genius, and it was great—all his learning, and it was manifold—all his imagination, and it was multiform, were consecrated to the service of his Maker. He was no 'carpet-knight,' to bandy jest with silly maidens—but a warrior of the church-militant—never throwing off the panoply of his vocation, and never forgetting the meekness which is the true weapon of faith. He was the almoner of much of Mrs. Baynton's bounty. His position as pastor of the church to which she had attached herself, rendered his visits to her a matter of duty, and she had a peculiar faculty for placing the shy student at perfect ease in her presence. Wilder despised him for his religion, and disliked him on account of his influence with the widow.

"Here comes that eternal parson Lee, again," exclaimed Wilder, impatiently, as he looked from the casement one evening; "do look, Cousin Kate, how he shambles up the avenue; upon my word it would be doing him a kindness to make him attend a few militia drills. How can you tolerate such a bear?"

A slight flash mounted to her cheek, as she replied—"It is not always in an alabaster box that the most precious odors are enclosed, cousin Harry;" then, with a smile, she added, "would you have me eschew the society of all those who have been less highly favored by nature than the present company?"

Wilder bowed to the compliment as he resumed—"they will spoil you, Cousin, in this dull palace; you were not meant to wither in such an atmosphere of fanaticism; you must revisit the gay scenes of the city, and you will find, on your return, that this *unlicked cub* will be as intolerable to you as he now is to me. I detest *cant*."

"So do I," said Mrs. Baynton, quietly, "but I do not know that it is more to be despised than *slang*—both are revolting to good taste."

"A man can be fashionable without imbibing the slang terms of any set, Cousin Kate."

"I believe it, Harry, and a woman can also be religious without dealing in cant. Do you find Mr. Lee intrusive in his opinion?"

"Oh, by no means; he seems almost to lack the gift of speech until your presence inspires him with courage and eloquence. You must really be careful, Madam Baynton, or you will make the poor fellow quite in love with you, and it would really be a sin to flirt with so innocent a victim."

"Do you think so," said Kate, while an arch smile dimpled her round cheek, "well, if Harry Wilder preaches against flirtation, either the world is reforming, or else—growing older."

* * * * * *

It was the afternoon of a glorious October day, the sun was verging towards the west, and the richly-tinted clouds were gathering around him as if to curtain his repose beneath their gorgeous drapery. The foliage wore the many-colored hues of our beautiful autumn, while the soft grass was yet as bright in its emerald green, as if it had just sprung up beneath the warm gales of spring. The lofty hills were clothed in their dun evergreens, while the bright river glittered in the distance like molten gold beneath the evening ray. The cousins were seated in the deep embrasure of the western window in the library, and the time, place and circumstance seemed so favorable to his purpose, that Wilder resolved, ere the sun sunk beneath the horizon, Kate Baynton should be his affianced bride. With the tact in which he was so well practised, he directed the conversation, until amid reminiscences of early days, and half-uttered expressions of purest emotion, he thought he perceived the favorable moment. Harry Wilder did not throw himself on his knees—men don't do such things in our days;—but with a manly tenderness and earnestness that almost surprised himself, he offered her his heart and hand. There are, probably, no two women who act alike in such circumstances. The feelings regulate the conduct so entirely at such a moment, that all rules, however rigidly enforced by careful mamas, are quite forgotten. But Wilder was scarcely prepared for such perfect self-possession as Cousin Kate exhibited. It is true a deep flush mounted to her cheek and brow, as she listened to his protestations, but ere he had closed, her face was again colorless and calm. Quietly extricating her hand from his grasp, she looked full in his face, and said "before I answer you, Cousin Harry, I have a long story to tell; will you listen to me now?"

"This instant; let me know my fate at once!"

Kate smiled faintly at his earnestness, as she said, "Some twelve years ago, I was the orphan daughter of a widowed mother, with but one other relative in the

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world, and that was my Cousin Harry. You were then an invalid, and when change of air was recommended to you, it was sought in my mother's house, where you were treated as a son and a brother. I was then just seventeen, a child-like, unsophisticated girl, with a heart full of warm feelings, and a mind totally unsuspicious of deception. I fancied I loved you as a brother, and had you not breathed into my ear the language of passion, I should have continued to look upon you as such. You first taught me that there were affections stronger than the ties of blood, and from that moment my nature was changed. I thought of you by day—I dreamed of you at night—every thing I did was with reference to your approbation—every word I uttered was moulded to your model of elegance. To please you, became the aim of my whole life, and *you knew it*, for I was too guileless to conceal my sentiments from such a practised eye as yours. Do you remember our parting—my passionate grief, and your tender remonstrances? well, that is past. You had taught me to love you, Harry, but you had taken care not to commit your honor to my keeping. You had not actually talked to me of marriage, therefore you were a man of honor; there is no penalty inflicted on him who *only* breaks a heart. Nay, do not interrupt me, I have not yet done. Had I been living in the gay world, I might have sought forgetfulness amid the dissipations of society, but I was simple and country bred; I could not dissimulate—I lacked the worldly wisdom I have since acquired. I waited long for your return, but at length I fell into an illness, which brought me to the brink of the grave, and change of scene was deemed necessary for me. We were not rich, and, as economy forbade us to seek a costly abode, we found a home in this part of the country. A pretty cottage, close to the grounds of Baynton, received us, and it was there I first became acquainted with Mary Baynton, the invalid daughter of the General. Our acquaintance quickly ripened into friendship, for Mary was, like myself, an orphan, and as her sole surviving parent was her father, she needed womanly sympathy even more than I did. Naturally of a feeble constitution, Mary was gradually sinking under the insidious attacks of consumption, and I was not slow in discovering that she looked upon death without the terrors so natural in one of her youth and beauty. My own past experience—for I had grown wise from suffering—led me to conjecture the cause. She had bestowed her affections unworthily, and, with a romantic sensibility too often found combined with weak health, she cherished a hopeless attachment which was wasting her very life. On all other subjects, there was perfect confidence between us, but on this she was silent until a few days before her death. I had attended her through her painful illness, and watched the struggles of her enfeebled mind, as well as the pangs of her suffering frame. But it was not until she had striven long that she could put away the thoughts of earthly love; then, when life was fast ebbing in her young veins, she gave me a packet of papers. 'Read them, after my death, dear Kate,' said she—'read them, that you may pity as well as condemn me. I know that you think I have wickedly and foolishly dissolved the pearl of health in the cup of tears, but read these letters, and you will not wonder so much; then burn them, and let all trace of my folly vanish from the earth.' She died, Cousin Harry—I saw the grave close over one of the loveliest and gentlest of human beings, and, when time had softened my first grief, I read the papers entrusted to me. Your changing color tells me you know *whence* they came. You are right—they were *your* letters—letters filled with protestations of tenderness, concealed under a flimsy veil of platonism and friendship. It had been another of your '*pleasant flirtations;*' amusing to you, no doubt, but fatal to her.

"The death of my mother soon followed that of my friend, and I was left alone on earth: I had no relative save he who had forgotten me. General Baynton loved me for his daughter's sake; he sought to adopt me that I might fill her place, and be the prop of his old age, but the world—the *fashionable* world, Harry, would not allow such an innocent connection. There were venomed hints, vague insinuations, a shrug of the shoulders when the plan was spoken of, or a raising of the eye-brow when we walked out together, which galled my proud spirit. To ensure me a peaceful home, the noble-hearted old man at length offered me his hand. I understood and appreciated his motives; the world sneered at his adoption of a daughter, but could not blame his choice of a wife, and with the most tender filial regard for him, I became his bride. For five years I had the satisfaction of knowing that I contributed to the happiness of one of the best of God's creatures; but alas! I could only smooth his passage to the grave."

"And can you not forgive my past errors, dear Kate?" asked Wilder; "cannot the devotion of my future life make amends for the unstable fancies of my youth?"

"Cousin Harry, when I burned the letters which my unhappy friend entrusted to me, I burned with them all traces of your pretended affection for me. I watched them as the flame crept over the sonnets, the notes, the withered flowers, the lock of soft dark hair, once so fondly preserved as memorials of my sunny days; and even as the fire consumed them from my sight, so did the burning shame of your treachery efface all trace of my early folly from my heart. I shall never love now as I could have done, had you never crossed my path. Reason and judgment tell me that it is wisest and best for woman to surround herself with those duties which Heaven seems to have alloted her, and I do not mean that the indurating lava which has laid waste my heart, shall close over all the fresh-springing feelings that are natural to the soil. Respect for lofty excellence, esteem for noble qualities may lead me into a second marriage, but not one spark of *early affection* lies hid beneath the ashes of my *early hopes*. Harry Wilder, I once loved you with all the intensity of a first affection, but you may take my confession as the strongest of all proofs, that I love you no longer. There is no tenderness in my look—no faltering in my voice—no resentment in my heart. Indifference, perfect indifference is all I can now feel for the being whom my fancy once clothed with all the attributes that could adorn humanity. The only

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feeling of woman's weakness, which still lingers about my heart, is the pleasure I now experience in listening to your tardy avowal of love, and in *rejecting* your offered hand."

—

Spring had scarcely unfolded her tender buds, when the mortified and vindictive suitor received a packet from his latest 'ladye-love.' It contained a large piece of bride's cake, and two cards tied with silver riband. '*The bear*'—the 'unlicked cub' had won what the elegant Harry Wilder had sought in vain; and the noble qualities of heart and mind which distinguised '*that eternal parson Lee*,' had made him the happy husband of Cousin Kate.

A COMMISSION, [WITHOUT A SEAL.]

GIVEN TO A LADY ON HER FIRST

PILGRIMAGE TO NIAGARA.

—

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

—

"The ladye then said to the bard she should doubtlesse essaye to travele down the cataract, in spite of its quicknesse—for she was much convinced, that, wishing to dye—[which thing seemed marvellous strange to the poet]—she could not find a more beautiful quietus."

FAIR lady! when beside the vasty fount
Of the great waters thou shalt bow thyself,
And give thy soul to homage and to prayer—
When thou shalt feel thy spirit answering
To some great hist'ry of unfathom'd seas
Sent thund'ring from their caverns—let there come
One mem'ry of the bard who prays thee now,
To light the angel lustre of thine eye,
As it gleams o'er the billow and the bow.

I stood within that bow—and, as I bent
Over the dim Charybdis that it span'd,
A ruby, all imperial as thy lip,
Leapt from my quiv'ring hand—rung at my feet,
And bounded to the billow and the foam!

And, Lady, thou hast whisper'd me thy foot
Shall tread that rainbow pathway! Be it thine
To snatch, again, that ruby from the deep,
Out of its misty sepulture. Be thine
To add new glory to its star-like beam,
By giving its proud lustre to thy hand.

And wear it in thy palaces. For thou
Shalt not find death within that shadowy home
Of the great surges—but shalt tread the halls
Of the white spirits that amid their gems
Pass on their fairy pilgrimage. Not thine
Shall be forgetfulness beneath the bow—
But thou shalt float, queen of the under sea,
And ever, in dominion beautiful,
Live, a new Undine of thy tributary waves!

Saratoga, August, 1840.

MY UNCLE, THE COLONEL,

WITH THE STORY OF

MY UNCLE'S FRIEND, THE PICKPOCKET.

—

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," CAPT. KYD," ETC.

—

MY uncle, the colonel, was a handsome bachelor of forty, and a lustre over, and lived in hired "lodgings" in Liberty Street. He chose this street on account of its name, wishing thereby to illustrate his own liberty from the *vinculi matrimonii*. For the same reason his landlady was an old maid. My uncle had many peculiarities. My uncle, the author of "Howard Pinckney" would have called him a "character!" One of his most marked peculiarities was a constitutional fear of the female sex. It was genuine *fear*. *He was afraid of them* just as children are intimidated by strangers. In walking the streets he would *shy* away from the path of an elderly personage of the sex, and almost leap into the gutter if he unexpectedly met a pretty black-eyed maiden. Boarding-schools were his horror. He would go round three squares to avoid passing one, and an advancing group of misses of "sweet sixteen," tripping laughingly along to school, would drive him down the first by-street. "Stewart's," in Broadway, was his terror. Once his way was blocked up there by a bevy of beauties, chatting, and ever taking leave, and stopping to chat again, again to take leave. His first impulse was to turn back, but three lovely girls were coming directly behind him! He would have darted into the first store, but it was thronged with ladies! In despair he waved his gold-headed cane to an advancing omnibus. It drove to the curb-stone. His foot was on the step, his hand upon the side of the entrance.

"Go on!" cried the freckled-face ticket-boy.

My uncle, at this instant, made a desperate and successful leap backward. There were five females and three babies in the omnibus!

"Stop! the gem'man's out!" cried the boy, pulling the bell. "No, go on! He don' wan' ride—he's flunk!" growled he, as Jehu whipped up his high-ribbed steeds. My uncle succeeded in gaining the Park side of Broadway, and eventually in reaching his lodgings.

Of all things, he most disliked to have a pretty woman look at him with any attention. Thrice he changed rooms on this account. In the first instance, in the front window of the house next to his own dwelling, there was for ever seated a young lady, not very pretty, but very vain and bold, before whose unwinking eyes he had to run the gauntlet from the moment he closed the street door 'till he got out of sight, and from the moment he came in sight, 'till he was safely sheltered with the door closed behind him. He bore until the first of May, and then finding *that* family were not going to move, moved himself. From these rooms he was driven by a saucy, laughing, handsome chambermaid opposite, who, it seemed to him, had nothing to do but to look out of the upper windows into his own, and watch him whenever he went out or came in from the street. In the end she drove my uncle away, and so he came to Liberty Street. Nearly opposite his rooms was a row of ware-houses, from the sheet-ironed plated windows of

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which he had no danger to apprehend; and the mayor and one of the aldermen living within a door or two, he felt he had nothing to fear. It is true, since occupying these rooms, he had once caught a glimpse of the face of a very pretty girl between the Venetian blinds of a window which startled him not a little (for he had, as he thought, previously well surveyed the neighborhood) but not discovering her a second time, his apprehensions, which had began to take the alarm, subsided. Venetian blinds made him nervous! He felt, while walking through those streets mostly composed of private dwelling-houses, as if passing between masked batteries. It was sufficiently dreadful to be stared at openly by female eyes, but the bare idea of being the object of concealed glances, he could with difficulty endure. It put him into a perspiration. My poor uncle, the colonel! It was constitutional with him. His heart, too, was large and generous—the best woman in the world would have been honored and happy in its love.

My uncle had a great horror of being suspected of being a rogue! With the exterior of a respectable middle-aged gentleman, slightly distinguished by the high air of the "old school," possessing a handsome fortune, and holding a highly honorable position in society, he was, singularly enough, constantly in fear of being taken for a pickpocket, a counterfeiter, or, more latterly, for a defaulter. He never met "Old Hays," without suddenly turning pale, and looking so very like a rogue, that were it not for the undoubted gentlemanly air and address inherent in him, and not to be mistaken, he might have had the honor of cultivating that gentleman's acquaintance. Once, indeed, to his utter consternation and vivid alarm, the High Constable fixed on him his keen, penetrating glance with such a look of suspicion, that my uncle did not leave the house again for several days. He never passed the Egyptian tombs; nor sailed by Sing-sing or Blackwell's Island without a sinking of the heart. In travelling, this apprehension of being taken for a rogue was most active. At one time, he used to wear a costly watch, a massive gold chain across his vest, a diamond broach, and a rich signet ring, all of which, in the cars, or on steamers, he anxiously displayed, so that no one might suspect him of need, and of having a design upon their pockets. But having learned that such lavish display of jewelry was characteristic of finished rogues, and that the gamblers at Vicksburg might have been hung in the gold chains they wore about their necks, he at once laid them aside, and henceforward was as destitute of ornaments as a Methodist divine. Lucklessly, this amiable sensitiveness of my uncle, on one occasion, was seriously tried.—He was passenger on one of the North River night boats from Albany to the city, when, just before her arrival, at seven in the morning, a gentleman on board announced the loss of his pocket-book, containing bank notes to the amount of eight thousand dollars. My uncle was on the promenade deck when the rumor reached him. He became as pale as death, and looked on every side as if seeking a way of escape. The boat was brought to, men were posted at the various avenues of the boat, a police officer was sent for, and an individual search of the passengers began! At length the searching-committee ascended to the upper deck. Besides my uncle, there were five or six other gentlemen there, one of whom, a well-dressed gentleman of high-toned manners, observing his pallid looks, approached him as the search was going on below, and said, sympathizingly,

"My dear sir, I see by your countenance you have the pocket-book, but I will not betray you."

"I, sir—*I*—God forbid. No, sir—no!" gasped my uncle.

"I see how it is with you, my dear sir; but don't let them search you. They have no right to search any gentleman."

"Search me! Suspect *me*—ME, of being a pickpocket! I have feared this all my life!"

"Take my advice; do not let them search you."

They shall not search me! no! I, Colonel Peter Treat, a pickpocket, sir! I will blow out my brains! I pick a pocket for eight thousand dollars, sir! I have checks for twice that sum in my own pocket-book! See there, sir!" and my uncle, with the energy of despair, fear and grief, took out his pocket-book and displayed them. *I*, a pickpocket, sir!"

He returned his book to his pocket, and buttoned up his coat. "They shall not search me!" he said, resolutely.

"No, sir. It were as well to be guilty as to be suspected. What is a man's fair character good for if it will not protect him from insult at such a time as this?" said the stranger, indignantly.

"True, sir! You speak very truly, sir. I like your sentiments, sir. I should be happy to know you better, sir! There is my card, sir—Colonel Peter Treat, sir! No. ——, Liberty Street."

The searchers for the lost pocket-book soon afterwards ascended to the upper deck, and the stranger walked carelessly towards them as if intending to pass by them and go down.

"Stay, sir, if you please," said the captain of the boat. This gentleman here has lost his pocket-book, and that it has been cut from his pocket is plain, because the lining of the pocket is also cut out. Of course we cannot suspect you, sir; but every gentleman among those who are strangers to him, will certainly wish to place himself *above* suspicion. I need not, therefore, ask you, sir, if you will permit yourself to be searched."

"I had the vanity to suppose, sir," said the stranger, smiling blandly, "that my personal appearance and address would have been a garantee for my honesty. Is that your pocket-book, sir; or are the contents yours, sir?" he asked, turning his back towards my uncle, as he took out and opened a large red pocket-book.

"No, sir."

"You may search me farther, officer," said the stranger, with complacency.

The search of his person proceeded, and then the captain, Gil Hays, the officer, and the loser, passed on to the others, while he disappeared below. My uncle, in the meanwhile, by his evident desire to avoid them, attracted the sharp eye of the officer, who, from his very

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singular conduct, set him down in his heart as the pick-pocket, and kept his eye upon him. He hurried over the search of the remainder, and walked towards my uncle, whispering in an undertone to the gentleman with him,

"He has it on my life!"

His pale face and rigid features, on which sat mingled despair and resolution, were certainly very much against my uncle. The fatal moment to which his spirit seemed, for years, to have looked forward, had now arrived. He sat like death as they approached.

"Your pardon, sir but we must be allowed to search you," said the captain, with far less courtesy than he had used to the other—for most convincingly was my uncle's appearance against him.

"Are you the captain of this boat, sir?" he demanded, with the pride of a true but sensitive gentleman at such a crisis.

"I am, sir. And for the honor of it, must take the liberty to see that its character does not suffer through rogues. Will you suffer yourself to be searched, sir?"

"Searched! Rogues! Sir, I will not be searched. I am no rogue! No, sir! Am I not a gentleman? Do I not look like one? Have I any gold chains, rings, or diamond pins about me? Look at me, sir! I am a gentleman of honor and respectability. As my friend, who just left me, remarked, what is character if it will not protect its owner at such a time? Sir, I am indignant—I am grieved! I shall never feel that I am a gentleman after this, my birth and character not having been sufficient to protect me from suspicion."

My uncle spoke with feeling. His pride of character was wounded. The officer, nevertheless, was inexorable, and would have forcibly searched him, when the loser interfered.

"I am satisfied," he said; "the gentleman has had injustice done him, and I shall not let the search proceed."

My uncle breathed again. His pride of character was spared. *He could yet respect himself!*

"But, sir, I am not satisfied," said the captain, and my uncle's heart sunk below zero. "The honor of my boat has been injured, and must be redeemed by the proof that you have really lost a pocket-book. This is no trifling matter, sir."

"I will not sacrifice my self-respect by letting any man search my pockets for the honor of twenty steamboats, sir," now spoke my uncle resolutely.

Hereupon, the captain was about to search him *vi et armis*. when several New-York gentlemen who had heard the dispute from below, made their appearance on the upper deck. One of them was president of the bank in which my uncle's funds were deposited, and the others, men of name and note, knew him personally, and were well acquainted with the eccentricities of his character. They saw, at a glance, how things stood.

"Ah, colonel," said the president of the bank, smiling and extending his hand to my uncle, "so they have got you under this searching ordeal!"

"So you know this passenger?" asked the captain, aside.

"Certainly. I trust you have been guilty of no rudeness. It is Colonel Treat, descended from an old revolutionary family, a noble and honorable gentleman, but with some peculiarities. Will he suffer himself to be searched?"

"No."

"Then let him pass, Mr. Hays. He has not the pocket-book no more than you or I have. It is his very high but mistaken *sense of honor* that leads him to repudiate even suspicion."

The other gentlemen bore the same testimony to my uncle's honorable and worthy character, and the captain politely apologized to him, and saying that he was satisfied from testimony of these gentlemen, that he was innocent, left him.

Still my uncle's pride was wounded. He was not satisfied because more weight was placed in his friend's assurance than in his own appearance. It was his favorite theory that a true gentleman can travel the world over without a letter of introduction. He was inconceivably mortified to find the talisman fail him here.

The boat was, soon afterwards, moored alongside the pier, (the pocket-book yet unfound,) and the passengers dispersed in every direction to their hotels and homes. On my uncle's arrival at his rooms, he shut himself up, and paced the floor an hour before he could reconcile himself by coolly surveying the circumstances to the suspicion he had incurred. At length he became more composed, cast himself into an easy chair, and lighted a segar to seal that composure. But at every seventh *whiff* he would remove it from his lips, and repeat with indignant surprise, "Suspect *me* of having the pocket-book!"

At one of these ejaculations he thought of feeling to see if his own pocket-book was safe. He placed his hand on the outside of his coat over the usual repository. It was not there! Quicker than lightning he felt the other pocket, and a glow of pleasure chased away the paleness of his cheek.

"How could I have put it in that pocket. Ah! doubtless when I took it out to convince that gentlemanly stranger. I liked the sentiments he expressed. They are those of a man of honor and a chivalrous gentleman. He, now, is one of my true, well-bred men! His address is a passport to the best society, and to the confidence of all well-bred men. There is a free-masonry by which one gentleman will recognize another. I should be happy to know him. I should ask no introduction. Yet I now remember he suffered himself to be searched. But he seemed to be in a hurry to go down, and perhaps had no time to resent their impertinence. If that captain were a true gentleman, I would call him out and make him apologize for the insult upon me. *Suspect me of having* the pocket-book!"

As he repeated this he put his hand in his pocket to change his pocket-book to its customary pocket, and was passing it from one hand to the other without seeing it, when something unfamiliar in its size and touch, caused him to glance at it. He looked aghast! It was not his own pocket-book! For a moment he sat gazing upon it immoveable. A sudden suspicion—a horrible

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idea—a fearful misgiving flashed upon him. He tore it open with nervous fingers. It contained rolls of bills. With forced composure he took them out one after another, and counted them. There were eight rolls, each containing a thousand dollars! There was the name:—Russel R. Russel, written upon the leather. He now remembered having heard the loser, on the boat, called Mr. Russel. With silent horror and despair, such as my uncle, only, could suffer at such a discovery, he rose up and approached his bureau. On it was an ornamented mahogany case. He opened it, took out a pistol, and deliberately commenced loading it Not a word had he uttered. Not a single exclamation had escaped him. He only sighed from time to time heavily It has been seen that there was much simplicity of character about my uncle. He assuredly now believed that he had, tempted by the devil, in some absent moment, picked Russel R. Russel's pocket. Now, after all that had passed when they would have searched him, after the honorable testimony of his friends, what could he do but blow out his brains? This he now resolved to do. He at length completed the loading of the pistol, and laid it down. Then taking one of his cards, he wrote in pencil upon it,

"I do believe I am innocent of this thing, as I am an honorable gentleman. How it came into my possession, I am as ignorant as the child unborn. P. TREAT."

He laid the pocket-book and card together upon his table, and took up his pistol and cocked it. He paused a moment to commit his soul to God—for my uncle was too courteous and esteemed himself too much on his breeding, to rush rudely into the presence of his Maker—and then placed the muzzle of the fatal weapon against his temple. A shriek at this moment pierced his ears—his hand trembled—the ball shivered his mirror into a thousand-and-one-pieces, and the smoking weapon fell at his feet:

It was his washerwoman!

My uncle sternly waved her away, but she would not leave! He put her out and locked the door against her.

The shriek and report of the pistol alarmed the household, and raised the neighborhood. The house was beseiged from the street and his rooms assailed from within. In the street, the rumor flew that a murder had been done. In the house, every soul believed that the Colonel had killed himself. The mob sent for police officers, and the landlady screamed for "hammer and tongs." What was my uncle to do? His desperation had wound his resolution once up to the suicidal point—but the defeat of his object had let it run down a degree or two. He looked at the pistol, stretched forth his hand to take it up and then slowly drew it back and shook his head. He felt his resolution was no longer up to the killing point. The cord had been drawn to its tension and was suddenly relaxed! It would have required precisely the same force of causes as at first to reproduce the effect. If my uncle had had time given him, he might, by going over the whole affair, possibly have again worked himself a second time, up to the critical point below which no man can require sufficient nerve to blow his brains out. But the sovereign people without and the sovereign landlady within, would give him no time to rekindle the flame of his wrongs. The door was burst open and in rushed the head of a human current which reached to the street. My uncle stood in the centre of the room with folded arms, the discharged pistol at his feet, and in his eyes, a look of calm desperation.

"Take me! I am the man!" he said in a deep tone that checked their advance.

An officer forced his way through the crowd, and glanced with a quick scrutinizing eye about the apartment. He then took up the pistol.

"Discharged! Where is the man he has killed?"

"Surely, sir," interposed the landlady, "he has killed no body, but liked to killed himself, the poor gentleman, and one of my reguleres paying lodgers too! It would ha' been a pity! Thank the Lord he is safe and sound."

"So, sir! There has been no murder committed then," said Mr. Hays, glancing a second time about the corners of the room and then looking into the muzzle of the pistol as if he would fain read there "some dark tale of blood."

"No, sir, no murder. But bid these go—bid these gazers go—I cannot bear the gaze of human eyes! *Bid them go*," he whispered hoarsely, "and *I'll tell thee* what *has* been done!"

The officer stared, and then cleared the room, by saying no murder had been committed. The crowd soon dispersed from within and without, and my uncle was left alone with the police officer.

"I will tell thee what has been done! Do you remember me?" asked my uncle in a low impressive tone, bending his face close to his.

"Certainly I do," answered the man who never forgot a face, the eyes of which he had once looked into.

"You did not search me!"

"No."

"Ha, ha!" laughed my uncle wildly. "Ha, ha!"

"What am I to understand by—"

"You did not search me—no—no! *I would not* be searched. No, no! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, dear sir, you are ill," said Hays, kindly; you had best lie down.

"Lie down! You did not think I had it!"

"Had what?"

"The pocket-book," answered my uncle, bringing his lips close to the officer's ear and speaking in a tone as if he feared the walls would hear the communication. Alas, my poor uncle! his reason was leaving him.

"The pocket-book!"

"Ay, sir, the pocket-book," shouted my uncle in a voice of thunder. "Look there, sir!" And he stood for an instant pointing with a rigid finger and ghastly visage towards the table.

The officer took up the pocket-book with hesitation which was instantly followed by an exclamation of surprise as he read the name of Russel R. Russel, on the leather band. It took him but an instant to count the sum it contained. The whole of my uncle's present conduct he now attributed to guilt. Without giving him any credit for his confession, he went up to him as he still stood pointing to the table rigidly and stiffly with a

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most fearful expression on his face, and said quietly to him—

"Sir, I arrest you as my prisoner."

Then my uncle's hand fell powerless at his side—the muscles of his face relaxed, his eyes lost their hard, stony glare, and placing his arm in that of the officer, he motioned him to proceed.

* * * * * *

The police judge started from his bench when he saw my uncle led in before him in custody of a police officer, for he personally knew my uncle and esteemed him.

"Some mistake, Mr. Hays! No?" he asked looking with anxious solicitude at the officer.

"No, sir, Mr. Russel's pocket-book is found in his possession."

"It is impossible. There is some error."

"There is the pocket-book, sir, which I myself found on his table in his private room."

"By —— there's some mistake, Hays," reiterated justice Bloodgood. "Colonel Treat, be so good as to explain your appearance here."

My uncle made no answer, but stood with his arms folded across his breast gazing upon vacancy. Several gentlemen were sent for who were his friends, and at length they succeeded by the tenderest sympathy with his feelings in drawing from him all that he knew in relation to it.

"Some villain, when the search commenced, placed it in your pocket," said the President of the Bank, when the brief narration was ended. "With checks for fifteen thousand dollars about you, you would have enough to do to take care of your own pockets, without thrusting your fingers into another man's."

"How did you know I had these?" asked my uncle.

"I was aware of your receiving them at Albany, yesterday, and besides, it is not half an hour since you sent them to be cashed."

"*I* sent them!" exclaimed my uncle—"let me tell you, gentlemen, that *my* pocket-book and all it contained, was taken, and *this* was substituted for it!" This was the first time my uncle had thought of his own loss!

The exclamations of surprise were general.

"The rogue, whoever he was, made the exchange after the search commenced," said Hays, after a moment's reflection. "It must have been some one, too, who knew your pocket-book was of the most value. You see, gentlemen, with what refinement of roguery this was probably done! Did you hold conversation with any one, sir, after the rumor of the loss of the pocket-book?" asked Hays, with deep interest.

"No, sir," answered my uncle, "save with a quiet gentleman, whose sentiments and mine singularly harmonized. I could not suspect him."

"Who was he?" asked the officer, abruptly.

"A stranger, but of most affable and commanding address. We were discussing together the loss, when," added my uncle, with great simplicity, "to assure him *I* had no need to pick any man's pocket, I took out my pocket-book and showed him the contents."

"That affable gentleman, is the man," exclaimed Hays. "Which of those upon the upper deck was he?"

"He who first went down—but surely, he could not—"

"*He is the man.*"

"Wore he an olive green coat with velvet collar, and a white beaver hat, and were his complexion and hair sandy?" asked the President, with painful interest.

"It was," said Hays and my uncle in the same breath.

"It is he then to whom my teller paid the checks soon after the bank opened. You perceive, Mr. Justice, that there has been deep roguery here, and that Colonel Treat has been more sinned against than sinning."

"Colonel Treat is honorably discharged," said the Justice. "Mr. Hays, here is a police warrant for that rogue. He must be brought here before sunset."

"I think I have the clew to him," said old Hays, who was present. "If you will be so kind as to remain half an hour, gentlemen, I think I can show Colonel Treat his travelling friend."

* * * * * *

In less than half an hour, the High Constable returned to the police court, leading in the gentleman whose sentiments were so congenial with my unfortunate uncle's. The 'affable gentleman' confessed and delivered up eight thousand dollars of the fifteen he had received. The balance, he said he had sent out of town to a partner, but said he would restore it, if the plaintiff declined prosecuting, within ten days. My uncle who had heard with painful astonishment, the confession of his friend, felt no disposition to prosecute, and the prisoner was permitted to address a letter to Boston, with the understanding that he was to be kept in confinement until the expiration of the ten days. His companions, be it here recorded, governed by that principle of union and honor that exists among organized rogues were not tempted even for seven thousand dollars to make a sacrifice of their less fortunate friend to the law, and promptly forwarded the amount to Justice Bloodgood.

From that time my uncle lost all faith in the outward seeming of a gentleman, judged of men and manners more correctly and judiciously, parted from much of his sensitive pride and exclusiveness of character, and became wiser and happier for it. But ever afterwards, he took a higher ground than he had built his favorite theory upon, and contended that no man could be a gentleman but one whose spirit was imbued with the principles and precepts of true christianity. J. H. I.

SIN NO MORE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

A song of gratitude begin,
To praise the God who saves from sin;
Who marks the penitential tear,
And deigns the contrite sigh to hear,
Who whispers peace when we our sins deplore,
"Thy God condemns thee not—offend no more."
But ah! such love can ne'er be sung,
Such boundless grace, by mortal tongue,
For e'en celestial minstrels deem
Their highest skill below the theme,
Yet mortals can with gratitude adore
The God who pardons all who "*sin no more.*"
Dear Lord, is this condition all,
To fight the foes that wrought our fall,
Thus armed with Hope I'll quell a host,
Nor let my heavenly seat be lost.
Oh, then repeat the sweet assurance o'er,
"Thy God will not condemn thee—sin no more."

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PALESTRINA.—A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Ha!" cried Alexander, as he entered the apartment of his friend, Johann, and found him in a melancholy mood, sitting at his table, "ha, my dear fellow! what is the matter? Depending on your promise, if the weather was fair, to walk with me in the country, I have been sitting all the morning in best dandy trim—in my new fashioned uncomfortable coat, waiting for you! but in vain; so I got up, at last, and came in search of you: and lo! find you undressed, or, at least, not in holiday trim as I am—at your desk, studying old yellow music, and not, as it seems, in humor, exactly—*coulcur de rose!*"

"Yes, I am out of tune!" replied Johann, "and all I do to get the better of my ill humor, goes ill with me. So, at last, as always, when all other means fail, I betake me to some good old master in music. To-day, however, my study has only made me more melancholy, instead of bettering my spirits. The excellence of old times serves but to remind me of the present low state of our art, and the mediocrity of our artists!"

"Hold, friend; go not too far! Think upon the old proverb—'All is not gold that glitters.' All are not artists who please to call themselves such."

"Sound advice!" exclaimed Johann, "as if it occurred not of itself to every reasonable man, who visited Leipsig after a few years' absence! *One* I sought here—Mendelsohn Bartholdy! He is absent. The others, with their insufferable pretension, and their worthlessness, only disgust me."

"Yet I know one, who could do well, if he would only endeavor earnestly—our little fat friend, Stegmayer; a nature truly Mozartesque! Pity only he is not really enthusiastic in his art—but on the contrary, too much devoted to gay living!"

"Truly, a pity! he is the only one I can think on with satisfaction, for his really noble talents! all the rest, I repeat it, disgust me with their labored ingeniousness—their extaordinary self-complacency—their current coin of praise—paid from hand to hand. May the sin be pardoned me! but these people, when I consider them, come before me like those three nurses in Dresden, who for three months used to parade every morning the garden of the house where I lodged, each with a squalling brat on her arm, mingling with the screaming of the children their frightful tune, with a refrain that was applicable enough—"Oh, can you pardon me this song?'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do not laugh! that unhappy trio nearly drove me crazy; and even now, as often as I think on them, I have a queer feeling about my head!"

"You should not take it so tragically! It is too much the case now, from the highest to the lowest, that art is shockingly abused."

"My friend, it would be melancholy, indeed, if better spirits could look on *calmly;* it is my firm conviction, that indifference towards the good and the beautiful, is more worthy of condemnation than open hostility. I should be ashamed to be ignorant of bad authors, and bad works; because I hold it my duty to battle for the good, against the common and the mean, with all the weapons at my command. Chide me for a Don Quixotte—I care not! I fight, like him, not alone, against windmills! and spite of his craziness, I esteem the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, an honest, worthy—yea, an admirable character."

Alexander laughed at his friend's singular notion; but said, good-humoredly—"Heaven forbid, my dear fellow, that I should compare you to the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; though sooth, as I observed a while ago, you show little, to-day, of your wonted cheerfulness. For the rest, I entirely agree with you as to the arrogance of our composers. At present, for the most part, they compose but for one instrument—the piano—is beyond belief. I read, for example, some time ago, in the Mitternachtsblatt, an essay of a Mr T., in Berlin. Mr. T., himself, a composer, liberally plasters his friend, C. B., and forgets not himself at the end. This might pass, and his praise—for somewhat is allowed to friendship—and as a composer of songs, C. B. has real merit, even though he cannot equal, much less rival a Schubert, a B. Klein, a Spohr, or a Löwe! But Mr. T. repeats some very silly remark of B's upon Peter von Winter, and particularly his "Opferfest," and calls it a just, solid, spirited judgment! Now neither T. nor B. have ever written any thing which could come nigh that cavatina of Myrrha, "Ich war, wenn ich erwachte," or the duet, "Wenn mir dein Auge strahlet." To a quartette like the droll, pathetic one, "Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen," neither of the two gentlemen can aspire. But they believe they can do better. I would give them simply this advice, to write off the dramatic text of the opera, and then compose it. All Germany will thank them if they make it better than good old departed Winter.

"Of such monstrous *genialität*, my old master knows nothing," observed Johann, as he showed his friend the title-page of the music lying before him; the good *Giovanni Pierluigi* was as simple and excellent a man as a great and admirable artist. He confirmed the old truth, that to be a worthy artist, one must first be a worthy man. This saying has been oft repeated; but, to my mind, can never be repeated often enough! If it cannot help the ordinary and the mean to self-knowledge and improvement, it will sustain the good, when outward circumstances threaten to overpower them; for he who means most honestly with art, has ever the most opposition from without to struggle against."

"It was not easy for Giovanni Pierluigi to come forth as the creator of a new style in church music. Born in Palestrina, 1524, he found no contemporary exemplar in his art, who could have guided him in the right way. Music—I mean church music—was near utter extinction! Soft tinklings—not unfrequently, pieces from operas, and amorous canzonets joined together, were heard in the sanctuaries. Consequently, it was music the most remote from sacred, which, from his childhood

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Palestrina not only heard, but helped to produce, for he had been sent to Rome as chorister, to study music."

"But in his youthful breast glowed a spark of the god-like, which soon rose to a flame that illumined the night around him! Palestrina discovered what, in a time of universal degeneration, may not be taught; he discovered what was wanting—what must be done; and yet more—the means to remove the evil! In himself, he bore from the beginning, the good and the beautiful, which he was to set up in place of the corrupt and the repulsive. Thus equipped, courageous, but without presumption, conscious, but void of self-complacent vanity—he entered the arena of contest; thus he ventured to gainsay Pope Marcellus II., and his cardinals, who wished all music banished from the church; and through his *Missa Papae Marcelli*, he not only reformed music, but gave the first inducement to make it a substantial part of the Romish service.

"His efforts, his work found appreciation; yet for a long and melancholy time, the reward seemed uncertain. Palestrina had been singer in the Popish chapel; he lost this place; for, following his human, honorable heart—he married. His marriage, as appears from his letters, was so displeasing to the Holy Father, that Palestrina was on the point of quitting Rome, having lost, with his place, the means of subsistence. Fortunately, some true friends of art espoused his cause; he obtained another situation in Saint John Lateran; at a later period he was chapel-master at Santa Maria Maggiore. He founded an excellent school, produced immortal works, and ended the fair labor of a useful life as chapel-master at Saint Peter's, the second of February, 1594.

"The simple, quiet life of this great man, has always possessed deep interest for me; and it has often occurred to me to represent to the public, in the form of a Tale of Art, that important period in which he saved Music from the ban which hung over her. But I have relinquished the idea; for in Palestrina's life, as in his works, there seems nothing *made up*. All lies before us so simple, so noble, so sun-like clear, that it would be quite impossible by aid of the most ingenious fiction, to paint it more lovely and elevated than is the plain reality. The greatest poets, Goethe particularly, have felt this, at times, powerfully; and have often given unadorned, the simple relation of facts, touching enough, indeed, to dispute the pre-eminence with all their fictions.

"In Palestrina's works, reigns the purest church-style; no other master has come nigh him, in this respect. Loftiness, strength, and wildness, form the character of his music, which fills the heart with devotion, and bears it upward to God, free from the claims of earth, and all that claims earthly emotion.

"It is undeniable that all church music should have this only aim—to lift the spirit to devotion—to God; according to the word of holy writ—which command all those who come into the presence of the Lord, to come with a pure heart and holy thoughts.

"The more recent church-composers have *not* followed this noble aim! Latterly, even in Italy, the pure style has declined, and how much, may be shown by the circumstance that the Italians, even towards the close of the last century, admired Jomelli as a *great* church-composer. The German style was never pure as Palestrina's, because it was not so natural and unconstrained. Palestrina's simplicity was harshness with Sebastian Bach; the strict German rules point out, now and then, by far more, what is prohibited, than what is permitted, and even demanded. Händel, in his Messiah, Mozart, in his Requiem, broke the fetters, and soared upward, powerful eagles, towards the sun; yet without losing sight of the laws they acknowledged as just and necessary. Haydn, in his *Messen*, is less conscientious; his *creation* belongs, beyond dispute, only to the concert hall. But in the most recent times, what appears written for the church, can only fulfil the smallest part of those claims, justly made by the restorer of church music. And, in this point of view, I regard as quite objectionable, those oratorios of Friedrich Schneider, in which the tedious "God be with us," has the principal part, and is accompanied by flagelet, kettle-drum, trumpet, and bass trumpet."

"They will cry out against this judgment of yours, my dear Johann," said Alexander, "but you are right! and it is abominable, that in our most stirring, grand, spiritual music, Satan has the word! Its most respectable representative, besides, is no other than good, old, honest Zamiel, in Der Freischutz, who, in his harmless good nature, certainly never dreamed what sad consequences would flow from his bit of sport with the stupid huntsman's boy, Max, and the reckless lubber, Caspar! But that is the curse of imitation among the Germans! I am sure Friedrich Schneider would, in every respect, have done something excellent, as he has really done in so many respects, had not his first appearance been at the time when the people were all enthusiasm about Weber's "*Volks oper*." As highly as I honor Schneider's great talent, much as I esteem him for a worthy man, I must blame him severely, that he has suffered himself to be carried away by the intoxication of a theatrical public, and led to produce works, which, in spite of splendid things in them, can yet be regarded, in the whole, (as well in an artistical view, as if we look upon their tendency,) only as *changelings!* Nay, I scarce suppress the wish—unkind enough! that Schneider might be, for once, condemned to hear, from beginning to end, the oratorio of a certain Mr. H——, "Christus der Erlöser." This H——, inspired by the laudable wish of becoming, in the shortest possible time, a rich man, and a famous composer, set himself to work and patched together this affair; in which he not only pilfered to his heart's content, from poor Schneider, but imitated and twisted him so after his fashion, that his oratorio seems a horrible caricature of all Schneider's oratorios. Where Schneider employed one bass trumpet, master H—— would have *three!* Satan tunes up—the flageolets fall screeching in, and the Tutti of the infernal chorus follows with frightful clamor. In 1833 the composer brought his astonishing work to Leipsig to be represented, to the great delight of the assembled auditory!"

"No more," said Johann; "no more of the man and his pitiful efforts! let us turn to nobler, more exalted

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objects! How much I regret that I could not be present at the representation of the "Paulus" of Mendelsohn Bartholdy! I am assured by a connoiseur, that Felix has here followed the path by which Händel reached the crown of immortality; nor could he praise sufficiently the wise moderation with which the youthful master, spite of his enthusiasm, has shunned all exaggeration in his work. "Mendelsohn Bartholdy," concluded he, "is able and sound to the core; so that we have ground to hope that a true man shall arise in him, to show us the path by which we may return, through the ancient simplicity, to the ancient glory!"

"Heaven grant it!" cried Alexander, fervently; "it cannot well be worse with us! Yet a life-impulse, too fresh and glad, is stirring in Art, for us to fear her death. She will not die! and let it only happen that the young aftergrowth may find a model not too far removed from them; for youth ever joins himself most willingly to the nearest.

"Will Felix become this model? I know not; but I hope so, as I wish it; and wish, also, that *no* young artist may ever forget—'*That he who would become a great artist, must first be a pure and true man.*'"

Alexander shook his friend cordially by the hand, and they parted.

THE PROPHECY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Those who have visited Brussels and beheld the interior of the Carthusian monastery of that city, may remember, that above the high altar is placed a beautiful Madonna bearing the name of Paul Wouverman, who it is said finished his days as a monk of the Carthusian order. The circumstances connected with the picture are singular, and by both French and German writers have been handled with considerable success; I believe, however, it has never appeared in an English dress, and in such I now take the liberty to present it to thee, gentle reader.

In a little chamber, in an old Dutch mansion in the suburbs of Harlem, one evening in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-four, an elderly man was busily employed in finishing a picture, which represented the exterior of a monastery, before which was seen a huntsman, mounted on a white horse and a falcon with its hood and bells perched upon his arm, while by his side stood a monk apparently pointing out the path he should pursue. The old painter suddenly stopped in his occupation, and falling back into his chair, as from extreme exhaustion, abandoned himself to the most melancholy reflections. Philip Wouverman, for that was the artist's name, had spent a long and virtuous life in the pursuit of his art, and like many others, had met with only neglect and opposition. He now felt that the close of his life was at hand, and almost regarded the picture he had just finished, as the last that should ever come from his pencil. At this moment, the door of his studio opened, and his only son, Paul, stood before him, who had just returned from Brussels, whither he had been sent by his father to dispose of some of his pictures.

"Ah! my boy, so soon returned," exclaimed the old man. "What success?"

"Bad! very bad!" replied Paul, shaking his head and drawing from his breast a small leathern bag, which he placed in his father's hand. "Only fifty stubers for the two."

The old man sighed heavily, and giving his pallet and pencils to his son, said, "Heaven's will be done!"

"I tried every where," continued Paul, "to dispose of them to the best advantage, but was continually repulsed with the reply, 'that modern productions are of little value.'"

"Ah!" said Philip, "if my pictures had borne the name of Bergham or Potter, they would have sold to six times the advantage," and he let his head drop upon his breast.

"It is true, my father, and yet many who are first rate connoiseurs say that these painters knew nothing of the structure of animals, that the most of their designs are faulty in the extreme, while they hesitate not to assert, that yours are in every respect superior—teeming with the reality of life. But heed not, posterity will certainly render you justice."

"Posterity!" cried Philip bitterly. "Think you that praise will make me sleep more softly in my tomb?"

Paul's eye fell upon the picture on which his father had been occupied, he started with surprise, exclaiming, "What, the monastery of Brussels, and that monk—it is very singular—" and he stood lost in the intensity of his feelings.

"Why this astonishment, my son?" inquired old Wouverman, "does it not please you?"

"Yes, my father, yes, but such a group I saw last night in my dream. The monk that you have there pourtrayed, is the exact resemblance to one with whom in my sleep I held converse."

"Indeed," said Philip, "and what was that converse, Paul?"

"He bade me welcome to the monastery of Brussels. I had come even as that hunter, who is now standing there, to renounce the world and take the rosary and cowl."

"Would to Heaven you had, my son, in reality, for in this world there is nothing but sorrow and despair."

"That monk," continued Paul, "has left an ineffaceable remembrance on my memory. How beautifully you have expressed your design. The emaciated and lengthened features of a penitent without sadness, without a trace of crime or of repentance, while over all there reigns a calm and holy tranquillity. It is a design, my father, enough to make one long for the peace that there appears to be found."

"True, very true," said the old man with a sigh, "and as in my pilgrimage through life I have found neither happiness nor peace, I am almost inclined to throw down the pallet and the pencils, and take up the spade." At these words, Philip buried his head in his hands and turned away from the presence of his son.

The last words of the old man went keenly to the heart of young Wouverman; he had resolved all his life to become a painter, and the despair of his father, was

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as a fatal presentiment of what would befal him, if he followed the pursuit. He quitted the apartment, and hastened to unburden his sorrows to his sister, whom he found occupied in watering some favorite plants, which were placed in vases of the most curious workmanship. When Paul related the affliction of his father, the young maiden was overwhelmed with grief.

Paul, and Anna, his sister, were the only children of old Wouverman. Their mother had died while they were very young, and the old man had watched over them with the most affectionate fondness; supporting and educating them, solely by the productions of his pencil. They felt deeply, the loneliness of their situation. Paul was still young, not more than twenty years of age, and had never acquired any profession to which he could turn for support. A strong love of painting had taken possession of his heart, but the father had ever strenuously opposed it,—knowing, from a life of melancholy experience, the uncertainty of an artist's calling.

After indulging in their grief, the young girl said briskly to Paul, "An idea has struck me, brother; you must go to old Barbara, who lives behind the church of St. Pierre."

"And for what?" asked Paul, "why should I go to that old witch?"

"She will tell you of the troubles that are likely to befal us, and a knowledge of them, may enable us perhaps, to avert them in some degree."

"Folly!" cried Paul, "folly! none but fools go there."

"Yet many of our richest and greatest people visit her," answered Anna.

"That is because they have nothing better to do with their money and their time."

"For my sake, Paul," said Anna, supplicating, and hanging round the neck of her brother. "For my sake, see her. I would willingly accompany you, but—"

"Well, well, I'll go," cried Paul, "I see that you wish me to satisfy some curiosity; I shall see her, and make her render me a particular account."

Paul repaired that same night to the house of the sybil,—a confused feeling gave to him a kind of confidence in her divinations, celebrated as they then were through all Harlem.

The old woman resided in a little hut, of most wretched appearance, in the suburbs of the city; but, though miserable in its outward aspect, within was to be found, every comfort which the bounty of the credulous had lavished in return for her art. As the young painter entered the house, he was struck by the appearance of a most singular group of persons; around a table, on which was burning a tall wax taper, three persons were seated. One of them, was the old sybil herself; her brown and haggard features, over which was straggling her scanty and grizzly hair, with her deep sunken and almost lustreless eyes, gave to her the aspect of a spectre escaped from the tomb. She held before her in her bony hand, a book, in which were all kinds of magic characters and figures, which she was busy in arranging in particular positions, as illustrative of the divination she was then muttering to another of the group, a young lady, who appeared in the ripeness of youth, with deep blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and hair of the glow of the golden sunlight, and who regarded the words of the sybil with an expression of childish curiosity, blended with that of inquietude. By her side, a younger female was seated, who looked on with perfect indifference. The taper, which reflected its flame brightly upon the faces of the young maidens, was almost concealed from that of the old woman, by her placing her hand above her eyes, to aid her in the decyphering of the characters in her magic volume. The contrast was most singular. It was like the frown of night opposed to the smile of the morning.

Paul paused for a moment at the door, and contemplated the scene with ravishment. The sound of his footsteps, however, had attracted their notice. They sprang to their feet, and looked with astonishment at the appearance of a stranger. The young painter apologized for his abrupt intrusion, and requested the liberty to convey to his sketch-book, the outlines of the group which they had presented upon his entrance. The request was couched in so modest and earnest a manner, that they had not the power to refuse. In an instant he drew from his pocket, his tablets, and with a bold and rapid hand, traced the picture. He had hardly completed his work, when a loud noise was heard at the door of the sorceress. The old woman rushed to the window, and beheld several officers, who had come from an adjoining tavern in a moment of merriment, to consult her upon their future fates. "Lose not a moment!" said she, "here are strangers coming, you must not be seen, escape by this passage," and opening a small door close to the fire-place, she urged their departure. Paul perceived that the young ladies hesitated as if from alarm, and offering them his protection, they at once quitted the apartment.

They resided in an ancient gothic mansion, surrounded by a spacious garden, without the gates of Harlem. As they walked along, Paul discovered that the name of the youngest, was Celestine, and that of the eldest, Van Daal. Having arrived at their dwelling, they took a respectful leave of the young painter, thanking him most cordially for his trouble. In the course of their walk, Celestine had made a strong impression upon the heart of Paul.—The innocence, the quiet and the honest frankness which marked her conversation, and were displayed in her countenance, had deeply enamored him. He made every inquiry in the neighborhood, who and what they were, but he could only learn, that the mansion belonged to a rich widow, and that the too young ladies were, doubtless, her children.

Absorbed in his feelings, he returned to his home, and there recounted to his sister, his singular adventure.

"Ah! Paul, Paul," she laughingly exclaimed, "you are in love; you had better go to old Barbara again, and learn your future fate,—who knows but a wife and fortune are in waiting for you."

The young painter had not this time to be strongly importuned to visit the old woman, and at the beginning of the evening, he was found seated at the table of the divineress, who demanded of him his age.

"Just seventy-seven," said he, laughingly, and thinking that his foolish reply would annoy the old sybil,—but

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she moved not a feature, while, opening her volume at page seventy-seven, she presented it to Paul, who beheld with surprise, the figure of a Carthusian friar, who held in his hand a spade, and mournfully regarded a new-made grave.

"You mean from this dress, I conjecture, that I shall finish my days in the character of a monk?" remarked Paul, after a short silence.

"The costume has nothing to do with the affair," replied the sybil—"but, you shall die in peace and solitude, separated from the world and its woes."

Paul, who had relapsed into profound thought, had his attention recalled, by the prophetess touching him on the shoulder with a wand, and pointing to a picture, which hung behind him, and which represented the figure of the young woman who had so strongly impressed his heart.

"Ah!" cried Paul, "is it possible, can it be—"

"Yes," said she, interrupting him, "it is the image of the young lady that you saw yesterday, but you will never come together,—each step that you take to approach her, will only separate you farther, and farther from her."

"And who is this young lady?" demanded Paul, at the same time, placing a piece of gold in the hand of the old woman.

"I shall speak the truth," she replied. "You have heard, without doubt, of the rich and wise politician, Cornelius De Witt, brother of the celebrated Jean De Witt?"

"Yes, yes;" cried the young man, with impatience.

"Then you know that the two brothers are sworn enemies to the Prince of Orange, and that they support the cause of the Stadtholder?"

"Every child at school knows this;" cried Paul, with increased impatience.

"Be not so hasty, Barbara leaves no step untrodden in her recital;" she continued. "Ah!" and she sighed heavily as she proceeded, and lifted up her withered hands;—"As long as the river is smooth, we sport gaily upon its surface, and dream not of the danger that lurks beneath. The two brothers go on thus, smoothly deceiving, but the younger, has already received some scratches, and that is the reason why he has brought hither his daughters from Dordrecht, 'till the evils that now threaten, have passed from his innocent children."

Paul guessed the rest, and suddenly quitting the presence of the prophetess, repaired to the house of Celestine. As he approached the mansion, a light was sending its beams from a little window, and illuming the court-yard. Suddenly the door was seen to open, and the figure of a man came forth. A feeling of jealousy took possession of the heart of Paul—he approached the stranger, and to his surprise, recognised him to be his friend, Frank, a flower painter.

"It is most fortunate that I find you," exclaimed Frank, at the same time extending his hand. "Will you consent to take a pupil?"

"A pupil?" said Paul, astonished.

"She resides hard by—nay, in this very house;" replied Frank. "I have taught her up to this day to paint flowers, but she wishes now to paint the human figure, and you know, my good Paul, that is a branch of the art to which I lay no pretensions."

"And who is this young lady,—who are her parents?"

"I know not what step they claim in the geneological tree," replied Frank. "She is named Celestine, and dwells with Dame Van Ryn, who is her aunt, I believe. She is a charming creature, and I love her with all my heart and soul."

"And how have you consented to be separated from her so easily, if you really love her so sincerely?"

"I love as an artist all that is beautiful, either for its form or for its color; but, I am only enamored of one person," answered Frank.

"And that person lives in Harlem?" asked Paul, with anxiety.

"It is your sister, Anna," replied Frank, "and if your father will give his consent, I hope to obtain her hand."

Paul encouraged his friend in his design, because he thought that the marriage of his sister would soothe the melancholy feelings of his father. The following day, Frank conducted Paul to Celestine, and the agreeable lessons commenced.

The brothers, Cornelius and Jean De Witt, had been raised to the highest stations in the kingdom, on account of their profound wisdom, extensive knowledge, indefatigable activity, and a strong love of country; but, which was not, nevertheless, free of ambition. During many years, the destinies of Holland and those of a part of Europe, were in their hands. Strongly opposed to the re-establishment of the Stadtholder, and the pretensions of the young Prince of Orange, they gave full liberty and independence to the states, and destroyed, also, the political equality of the united provinces.

Jean De Witt, had recognised the true interests of France, and had founded on these views, a project of alliance with that Monarch. But he knew not the personal character of Louis XIV., who declared war against the republic, to the detriment of the prosperity of his kingdom; and ruined, also, the party of De Witt, who was not prepared for a similar struggle. The alarming progress of the French army, backed by the soldiers of the Bishop of Munster, forced the Hollanders to place the Prince of Orange at the head of their troops, and soon the magistrates were compelled by the people, to accept of the Stadtholder; and this was the time when Cornelius, fearing the fall of his house, conveyed his daughter, Celestine, to Harlem. In vain did the friends of the two brothers beseech them to yield to the force of things. In vain did the Prince of Orange, who knew their capacity, extend to them the hand of reconciliation. But the brothers were so immoveable, and so inaccesible to fear, that they continued in their resolution, although the very earth trembled beneath their feet. For Celestine, she knew that Holland was divided into parties, but she was ignorant that her father and her uncle had to struggle against powerful and deadly adversaries. She had been accustomed to see them happy, strong, and venerated; and she could not doubt of their ultimate success. There were also in her a pious confidence and an angelic purity, that rendered her a stranger to the conflict of the passions, and made her look upon the

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bloody pages of history, not as the effects of human will, but the inevitable judgment of Heaven. Her days flowed on quietly with her occupations, and at the same time, she made great progress under her young master, the artist.

Old Wouverman had received with joy the demand of Frank for his daughter's hand, and he rejoiced to think, that he would not leave her behind him unprotected. But he lamented, above all things, that his son-in-law was an artist; and in the bitterness of his heart, said, that he would rather give his daughter in marriage to a mason, or a carpenter, than to a son of the pallet and the pencil. Frank endeavored to console him, by telling him, that he had already amassed considerable property in following the prevailing taste of the day, in making pictures of flowers for the amateurs, in tulips and ranunculis.

"I have nothing to say against such taste," replied the old man. "A good taste is very rare, especially among rich amateurs, and the possessors of collections. I have always suffered much in beholding any of my pictures falling into the hands of those, who regarded them only as household moveables, to ornament their dwellings, or as the means to allow them to repeat their hackneyed phrases about color, distribution of tints, and lights and shades. It is an artist alone, who is able to judge of these things."

It was by such discourse, that old Wouverman sought to stir up and keep alive his afflicted spirits. At last the wedding was celebrated, with a tranquil and modest happiness.

Philip called up the joyous days of his youth, and put on an appearance of gaiety; but, as soon as the young couple had retired, he relapsed into his former gravity, and calling Paul, to him, said:—"The sun of my life, has shed its last rays to-day—it is now sinking in the midst of clouds. Yes, my son, I feel that my end is fast approaching. Be thou, therefore, a man, and follow my counsel. When I am dead, carry this letter—it is addressed to the friend of my youth, Cornelius De Witt, at Dordrecht."

"What! is he the friend of your youth?" demanded Paul, completely surprised.

"Yes," continued Master Philip, "we loved each other as brothers—but rich and great, since he has now grown, I have never sought to renew his friendship, or to place myself before him as a beggar. He will, I am sure, receive the son of his dead friend kindly. Thou art well versed in mathematics, and he will be able to employ you in the affairs of his office. Follow not, my son, the thorny path of the arts, which will make thee, like thy father, a victim to glorious uncertainty. Paul had not the courage to oppose his father's counsel—he was affected to tears—and falling upon his knees, said, "Bless me, my father!"

The old man extended his hands, and placing them upon his head, said, "May the peace, which in vain I have sought to find, accompany and follow you to the end of your life." Paul fervently kissed the hands of his father, and retired to rest; where, for a long time, sleep refused to close his eyes. An hour after midnight, he awoke in terror from his repose, for it seemed as if some one had called him by name. He rose from his bed, and running to the neighboring chamber of his father—found him dead in his chair. The light, which was on the table by his side, had burned to the very socket, and the chamber was filled with a thick smoke, from the remains of burned paper. Master Philip, an hour before he died, had thrown within the chimney, the designs of his portfolio, and consigned all to the flames, so that his son might not be able to derive any advantage from them, if he persisted in following the unhappy trade of an artist.

The body of old Wouverman was buried without pomp or parade, according to his desire.

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The following day, Paul proceeded on his journey to Dordrecht, for the will of his dying father was sacred to him. He took his leave of Celestine for some time, without naming to her Dordrecht and his purpose, wishing not to awaken in her, melancholy remembrances. He arrived that night, and passing along one of the principal streets of the city, was suddenly stopped, by receiving a friendly stroke upon the shoulder. "You are welcome to Dordrecht," said the stranger, who was a little man, with one of the happiest faces and figures that Paul had ever witnessed. "I see," continued he, "that it is necessary to refresh your memory—I left Harlem four years ago. I was acquainted with your father, on the most friendly terms, but after such a length of time, my costume and my features are wonderfully changed. During my residence there, I was only the dauber Van Aelst, now I am called Mynheer, and receive on all sides great homage."

Paul remembered something of the painter, and extended to him his hand.

"How is your father?" asked Van Aelst. Paul recounted to him in a few words, the death of the old man, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"So, he is dead? *Requiescat in pace!*" cried Van Aelst. "He was a good man, and also a great artist,—his history pieces, his battle gems, his landscapes, will be admired, I believe, even more than my dead birds. I do not wish to be thought vain, but the wings of my birds seem almost as if inclined to fly; I say this to you, because I know you are a lover of the arts. Where do you propose to lodge?"

"I am seeking for a hotel," said the young man.

"Is that all, my friend Paul? That is your name, is it not? You shall live at my house, where you shall find everything to your comfort. You must see my wife, by the way," added he, "she is not pretty, but she is a good creature, and of excellent taste and sense. She gave me her hand with a fortune of a hundred thousand florins, and all this, only because I took a strong interest in the death of her parrot, and of which I made a most striking likeness."

At his table, Van Aelst appeared even more joyous and cordial. The young painter opened to him his heart, and told him of the singular nature of the letter which he had brought for De Witt. "You have a bad recommendation in your pocket," said Van Aelst.

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"Wherefore?" asked Paul.

"He was arrested yesterday, and to-morrow, at the break of day, he will be taken to the Hague."

"Arrested! and wherefore?" exclaimed young Wouverman, struck with astonishment.

"Because it is said that he attempted to poison the Prince of Orange."

"It is not possible—it is a foul calumny!" exclaimed Paul, a deadly paleness coming over his features.

"I believe so, myself," replied the Dutchman. "The accuser of Cornelius De Witt, is a doctor, named Tichelaar, who is thought to be a creature of the Prince of Orange—but if he's proved guilty—"

"What then?" asked Paul, with impatience.

"Why then, he will receive the death of a traitor."

"In the name of Heaven, it is not possible that he can be stained with such a crime."

"It is a doubtful case, however," said Van Aelst, "but come, you have endeavored to fulfil your father's request. You have nothing now to hope for from Cornelius De Witt,—you must devote yourself to the art, and be the founder of your own fortune."

Paul bowed his head and sighed heavily, when he thought of poor Celestine, who suspected nothing of the horrible situation of her father. "Will they permit me to speak to the unhappy De Witt?" demanded Paul, after a moment's silence.

"If you are anxious to be considered as an accomplice, and would like to wear a pair of hand-cuffs."

Paul, at this intelligence, was overcome with grief and melancholy, while his host tried many ways to divert him.

At length, Van Aelst said, "Come, Paul, I shall show you the parrot that made my fortune, and won me a wife." At these words, he conducted him into a beautiful cabinet, the walls of which were covered with paintings. They represented dead pheasants, heath-cocks, and birds of all kinds; amongst which, the portrait of the parrot occupied a particular place of honor. At the sight of these pictures, the love of young Wouverman for the art, revived. He was surprised at the strong resemblance to nature, and would never have wearied in admiring the beautiful plumage so strikingly pourtrayed by the ingenious pencil of Van Aelst.

The painter felt flattered at the encomiums young Wouverman bestowed so warmly upon his works—and drawing himself erect, with a self-satisfied importance, said:—

"You have taste, Paul—you have true taste—you will be a great man yet—you see everything correctly. Would you believe it, I have sometimes the mortification to behold my partridges and my pheasants placed in the galleries, between Potter and Bergham, nay, even under a holy family of Francis Floris, or Denis Calvert—and need I say, how much it has annoyed me to see my birds in the midst of these smoked and withered looking old angels and virgins. It is then that I see the ridiculous and the sublime, and fear that I am condemned to perpetual obscurity."

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The next day, Paul quitted this honest man and returned to his sister. On his arrival, he found waiting for him, the following letter, which fortunately, had arrived but a few moments before his reaching Harlem:—

"It is necessary that I repair immediately to the Hague, to see my unhappy father. I entreat of you, as the man most dear to me, to accompany me. With you I shall have less to fear, and God will reward you, for so doing to an unhappy daughter. If you refuse to obey my prayer, I shall go alone, committing myself to the protection of Heaven."

Paul hesitated not. He repaired immediately to Celestine. The carriage was already waiting, and at once they entered it. In vain did Paul endeavor to console her,—but, during the whole journey, she was only able to articulate a few words, and manifest her silent thanks, by a firm pressure of the hand of Paul. Arrived at the gate of the Hague, she ordered the coachman to drive the carriage to the house of her uncle, and begged her young protector, without delay, to accompany her to the prison of her father.

They had only proceeded a few steps, when a distant, sullen sound, broke upon their ear. Nearer, and nearer it came, 'till at last an immense multitude was seen in the distance, heaving to and fro, like the billows of the ocean, around the prison where De Witt was confined. Celestine shuddered—her knees trembled beneath her—she had hardly the power to retain her hold of the hand of Paul. She was struck with a fatal presentiment, and wished to leave the place; but her desire was useless, on every side, they were surrounded by accumulating masses of inhabitants, and with the torrent of the crowd, were borne on, 'till they stood before the prison of the Hague.

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice almost inaudible from the dreadful feeling that had taken possession of her heart, and pointed her finger to the walls of the prison, upon the top of which, a horrible spectacle was presented. The red blaze of innumerable torches revealed to view, a throng of hideous persons, clothed in rags, their dark and ferocious features were lighted up with a savage joy, while in all parts was vociferated the name of *De Witt*. Suddenly, the crowd parted with a simultaneous burst of horror. Two pale, mutilated, and slashed figures, were, from the centre of the throng that stood upon the prison walls, hoisted up by cords, and suspended from the gratings of the prison window. They were the bodies of the two unhappy brothers, Cornelius and Jean De Witt. The blood of Celestine grew chill—her eyes were fixed, and she stood like a statue, motionless and cold—the quivering of her pale lip, alone told that life was still within her.

A man, covered with rags and blood, came leaping and shouting, "Who will buy the fingers of the traitor Jean De Witt? They are the same with which he signed the banishment of the Stadtholder. I will sell them for thirty stubers."

Another, and a more horrid voice, exclaimed, "Here is the hand of the traitor, entire. I will sell it for twenty stubers," and he displayed the bloody member before the eyes of Celestine, which seemed to crave, as it were, a reward for its murderer.

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Celestine uttered a loud shriek and fell upon the ground—her heart was broken.

* * * * * *

Paul retired to the Carthusian monastery of Brussels, and became a brother of that order—thereby, verifying the vision presented to him in his dream, connected with the singular coincidence of his father's picture, and the prophecy of the old sybil. Above the high altar, is still pointed out to the visitor, a beautiful Madonna, which, tradition says, bears the features of Celestine, the daughter of the unfortunate Cornelius De Witt.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY H. T TUCKERMAN.

THROUGH the warm noontide, I have roamed
Where Cæsar's palace-ruins lie,
And in the Forum's lonely waste,
Oft listened to the night-wind's sigh.

I've traced the moss-lines on the walls
That Venice conjured from the sea,
And seen the Colosseum's dust
Before the breeze of autumn flee.

Along Pompeii's lava-street,
With curious eye, I've wandered lone,
And marked Segesta's temple-floor
With the rank weeds of ages grown.

I've clambered Etna's hoary brow,
And sought the wild Campagna's gloom,
I've hailed Geneva's azure tide,
And snatched a weed from Virgil's tomb.

Why all unsated yearns my heart
To seek once more, a Pilgrim shrine?
One other land I would explore,—
The sacred fields of Palestine.

Oh, for a glance at those wild hills,
That round Jerusalem arise!
And one sweet evening by the lake
That gleams beneath Judea's skies!

How anthem-like the wind must sound
In meadows of the Holy Land,
How musical the ripples break
Upon the Jordan's moonlit strand!

Behold the dew, like angels' tears,
Upon each thorn is gleaming now,
Blest emblems of the crown of love
There woven for the Sufferer's brow.

Who does not sigh to enter Nain,
Or in Capernaum to dwell;
Inhale the breeze from Galilee,
And rest beside Samaria's well?

Who would not stand beneath the spot
Where Bethlehem's star its vigil kept?
List to the plash of Siloa's pool,
And kiss the ground where Jesus wept?

Gethsemane who would not seek,
And pluck a lily by the way?
Through Bethany devoutly walk,
And on the Mount of Olives pray?

How dear were one repentant night
Where Mary's tears of love were shed!
How blest beside the Saviour's tomb,
One hour's communion with the dead!

What solemn joy to stand alone
On Calvary's celestial height!
Or kneel upon the mountain-slope
Once radiant with supernal light!

I cannot throw my staff aside,
Nor wholly quell the hope divine,
That one delight awaits me yet,—
A pilgrimage to Palestine.

LINES.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."—
Luke, xxiii. *and* xxxiv.

"THEY know not what they do,"—who stray
In paths of guilt and woe,—
And heedless shun the narrow way
Where Christ commands to go,—
Who to the vanities of time,
Which like the shadows fly,
Debase the energies sublime,
Of that which cannot die.

"They know not what they do,"—who spurn
The Holy Spirit's breath,
Which warns them in its love, to turn
From everlasting death,—
Who from their guardian angel's care
With heedless haste have fled,
Nor arm with penitence and prayer
Against the day of dread.—

"*Father, forgive.*"—Our countless sins
Stand forth in dark array,—
Yet for thy boundless mercy's sake
Turn not thy face away,—
But by our dear Redeemer's prayer,
Breath'd forth in mortal pain,
Grant, while our lips its language bear,
Our souls its grace may gain.

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A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"First our flowers die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too."

I was very young, scarcely beyond the verge of infancy, the last and most helpless of three little girls who were gathered around my poor mother's death-bed. When I look on the chain of my varied existence—that woof of gold and iron woven so strangely together—the remembrance of that young being who perished so early and so gently from the bosom of her family, forms the first sad link which ever gives forth a thrill of funereal music when my heart turns to it—music which becomes more deep-toned and solemn as that chain is strengthened by thought, and bound together by the events of successive years. The first human being that I can remember, was my invalid mother, moving languidly about her home, with the paleness of disease sitting on her beautiful features, and a deep crimson spot burning with painful brightness in either cheek. I remember that her step became unsteady, and her voice fainter and more gentle, day by day, 'till, at last, she sunk to her bed, and we were called upon to witness her spirit go forth to the presence of Jehovah. They took me to her couch, and told me to look upon my mother before she died. Their words had no meaning to me then, but the whisper in which they were spoken thrilled painfully through my infant heart, and I felt that something very terrible was about to happen. Pale, troubled faces were around that death-pillow—stern men, with sad, heavy eyes—women overwhelmed with tears and sympathy, and children, that huddled together shuddering and weeping, they knew not wherefore. Filled with wonder and awe, I crept to my mother, and burying my brow in the mass of rich brown hair that floated over her pillow, heavy with the damp of death, but still lustrous in spite of disease, I trembled and sobbed without knowing why, save that all around me was full of grief and lamentation. She murmured, and placed her pale hand on my head. My little heart swelled, but I lay motionless and filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice, tremulous and very low, came faintly over them. Those words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first dear impression that ever remained on my memory—"Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer! in that imperfect sentence, her gentle voice went out for ever. Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heart with a solemn strength. I raised my head from its beautiful resting-place, and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of my mother. Oh, how an hour had changed it! The crimson flush was quenched on her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forehead, and the grey, mysterious shadows of death were stealing over each thin feature, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me, surcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have left one of their vivid, unearthly rays, as the seal of her death-bed covenant. Slowly as the sunbeam's pale at nightfall from the leaves of a flower, went out the star-like fire of those eyes; a mist came over them, softly as the dews might fall upon that flower, and she was dead. Even then, I knew not the meaning of the solemn change I had witnessed, but when they bore me forth from my mother's death-bed, my heart was filled with fear and misgiving.

All were overwhelmed with the weight of their own sorrow, and I was permitted to wander around my desolated home unchecked and forgotten. I stood wondering by as they shrouded my mother, and smoothed the long hair over her pale forehead. Silently I watched them spread the winding-sheet, and fold those small pale hands over her bosom, but when they closed the blinds, and went forth, my little heart swelled with a sense of unkindness in shutting out the sunshine, and the sweet summer air which had so often called a smile to her pale lips, when it came to her bed, fragrant from the rose-thickets and the white clover field, which lay beneath the windows they had so cruelly darkened. The gloom of that death-chamber made me very sorrowful, but I went to the bed, turned down the linen, and laid my hand caressingly on the pale face which lay so white and motionless in the dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew back affrighted, and stealing from the room, sat down alone, wondering and full of dread.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on the high bank of a river. A waterfall raises its eternal anthem nearly, and the sunset flings its last golden shadows among the long grass that shelters her. I remember it all—the grave with its newly-broken sod—the coffin placed on the brink. The clergyman, with his black surplice sweeping the earth, and the concourse of neighbors gathered round that grave, each lifting his hat reverently as the solemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by the lofty anthem surging up from the waterfall, and the breeze rustling through the dense boughs of that gloomy tree. Then came the grating of the coffin as it was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull, hollow sound of falling earth, and those most solemn words of "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes." With mournful distinctness were all these things impressed on my young mind, but my mother's last prayer is written more forcibly than all in characters that but deepen with maturity. It has lingered about my heart a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with a music that cannot die. Many times, when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice, now hushed for ever, intermingled with my thoughts, and, like the rosy links of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose. Oft, when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes have sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of those eyes in the mirror, and thought of the look which rested upon me when my mother died—that broken supplication to Heaven has come back to my memory, the clustering roses have been torn from my head; sad and gentle memories have drank the unnatural glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts have been carried back to my lost parent, and from her, up to the Heaven she inhabits. The festival and all its attractions, have been lost in gentle reflections, and I have

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been "delivered from temptation." Again, when the sparkling wine-cup has almost bathed my lips, amid merriment and smiles and music, has the last sad prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its ruby contents, and I have put away the goblet, that "I might not be led into temptation." When my hand has rested in that of the dishonorable, and trembled to the touch of him who says in his heart there is no God, as that voice seemed to flow with his luring accents, I have listened to it, and fled as from the serpent of my native forests.

Again and again, when the throbbings of ambition have almost filled my soul, and the praises of my fellow men have become a precious incense, the still small voice of my mother's prayer has trembled over each heart-string, and kindled it to a more healthy music. In infancy, youth and womanhood, that prayer has been to me a holy remembrance—a sweet thought full of melody not the less beautiful that there is sadness in it

THE RALLY.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Men of the stern, old stock,
Sons of the brave THIRTEEN,
Who quarry on the rock,
Or plough upon the green;
Haste from your mountain crags,
March from your wide savannas,
Fling to the breeze your flags,
Spread to the skies your banners.

Wake to your country's call,
Haste to her cry for aid,
Then rally one and all,
And armed with helm and blade,
Haste from your mountain crags,
March from your green savannas,
Fling to the breeze your flags,
Spread to the skies your banners.

Strike mightily and sure;
One swift, unerring blow,
Your charter is secure,
Your tyrant is laid low.
Haste from your mountain crags,
March from your green savannas,
Fling to the breeze your flags,
Spread to the skies your banners.

Then when on holy ground,
The right triumphant shouts,
Fill high, and toast all round,
"The ballot-box redoubts."
Then from your mountain crags,
And from your green savannas,
Fling to the breeze your flags,
Spread to the skies your banners.

THE VIRGIN'S VENGEANCE.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

In a sequestered vale of merry England, not many miles from the county town of Worcester, there stands, in excellent preservation, even to the present day, one of those many mansions scattered through the land, which, formerly the manor houses of a race, now, like their dwellings, becoming rapidly extinct—the English squirearchy—have, for the most part, been converted into farm-houses, since their old-time proprietors have simultaneously, with the growth of vaster fortunes, and the rise of loftier dignities, declined into a humbler sphere. In the days of which we write, however, Woolverton Hall was in the hands of the same family, which had dwelt there, father and son, for ages. It was a tall, irregular edifice, of bright red brick, composed of two long buildings, with steep flagged roofs and pointed gables, meeting exactly at right angles so as to form a letter L; the longer limb running due east and west, the shorter abutting on the eastern end, and pointing with its gable, southerly. In this south gable, near the top, was a tall, gothic, lanceolated window, its mullions and casings wrought of a yellowish sand-stone, to match the corner stones of all the angles, which were faced with the same material; beneath this window, which, as seen from without, appeared to reach nearly from the floor to the ceiling of the second story, was the date, 1559—the numerals, several feet in length, composed of rusty iron; and above it, on the summit of the gable, a tall weather-cock, surmounted by a vane shaped like a dolphin, which had once been fairly gilded, but now was all dim and tarnished by long exposure to the seasons. To this part of the house there were no chimneys, which was the more remarkable that the rest of the building was somewhat superfluously adorned with these appendages, rising like columns, quaintly wrought of brickwork in the old Elizabethan style. Corresponding to the gothic window mentioned, in position, though by no means so lofty, a range of five large square-topped latticed windows, divided each into four compartments, by a cross-shaped stone transom, ran all along that front of the other wing, which, with the abutting chapel—for such it seemed to be—formed the interior angle of the L. From the point of the western roof, to match, as it were, the weathercock which crowned the other gable, projected a long beam or horn of stone, at an angle of about ninety degrees, curiously wreathed with a deep spiral groove, not much unlike the tusk of that singular animal, the sword-fish. This was all that could be seen of the main building, from without, by a spectator looking at its southern front—for it stood in a court surrounded by a heavy wall of brick, with a projecting parapet and battlement of stone, flanked by short towers, with roofs shaped like extinguishers, and having its base washed by a broad rapid rivulet, which, rushing through a narrow artificial channel, along the eastern wall, expanded in front of the house into a wider bed; and after falling

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over a steep dam, swept off down the lone valley to the left, in a south-westerly direction. In the outer wall, close to the base of a flanking tower, crenelled and looped for masquetry and ordnance, was a low water gate, well closed with a portcullis of stout iron bars; and, some ten feet within, by a strong second door of oak, studded with massy nails. Toward the west, the court-yard wall rose higher, for there a smooth and velvet lawn, with no impediment of fosse or ditch, swept, with a slight ascent, up to its very foot, and in the centre of its length, seen, in perspective, by one standing as above, was an embattled gate-house. It should be added that from within this wall, the tops of many ornamental trees might be discovered, now slightly tinged by the first hues of autumn. The northern and eastern faces of the house, which could not, however, be seen from the position indicated, displayed no entrances, nor aught save narrow loops and shot-holes on the ground floor, while, even on the upper stories, the apertures for air and light were small, and guarded against escalade by heavy iron grating. The whole had evidently been originally meant, no less for a defensible position than for a peaceful dwelling, in those stern days, when every man's house was, in truth, his castle; but easier times had followed, and many of the sterner points had been concealed, and that not casually, by graces and embellishments of wilder nature. Fruit-trees and many flowering creepers were trained along the landward fronts of the main building, a mass of dense and tangled ivy covered the turrets of the gate-house, and on the moat—little designed for such use by its makers—floated two stately swans, their graceful necks and snow-white plumage reflected to the life, on its transparent bosom, with a whole host of smaller water-fowl, teal, widgeon, golden-eyes, and others of rare foreign species, diving and revelling, half-reclaimed, in pursuit of their prey or pleasure.

Such was the aspect of the hall, on the day following the desperate fight of Worcester, the sounds of which—the dull deep bellowing of the cannon, blent with the harsh discordant rattle of the volleying arquebus—had been distinctly heard by its dismayed inhabitants. Some symptoms of fresh preparation were there, though, for the most part, slight and ineffective—the creepers had been cut away in places where they entirely obscured the crenelles; fresh loopholes had been broken in the western wall; a few small cannon, falcons and culverins, were mounted on the parapet; and from a port, which flanked the water gate, the muzzle of a heavy gun was run out, grinning its stern defiance. There was no flag, however, displayed from the walls; no show of any garrison, not so much even as a solitary sentinel—so that there was no reason to believe the inmates partizans of either of those factions which had so long disturbed the country; or to suppose them capable of any more prolonged defence, than might suffice to beat off the marauders, who, ever profiting by times of civil discord, levied their contributions equally on friend or foe or neutral.

South of the moat, the bank of which was fringed with a low shrubby coppice, mostly of ornamental plants and bushes, a park-like meadow dotted with clumps of trees, and full of sunny slopes, and cool deep hollows extended half a mile, perhaps, in width, to the high road, from which it was divided by a broad sunk fence and ragged paling; and was flanked by the stream, which, strong and deep and rapid, had cut itself a deep gorge through the rich alluvial soil, the sides thickset with broom and furze and brachens, and many a polished holly-bush, and many an ash and alder, forming a dense and seemingly impervious brake. Beyond the river, which the road traversed on an old one-arched bridge of brick, lay a wide tract of low and marshy wood-land; and at the angle of the park, formed by the meeting of the high way and the brook, stood a small fishing-house, much overgrown with ivy, but kept in good repair, as might be seen by the neat-painted lattices, one of which, standing open, showed a white muslin curtain gracefully looped up, and a small table with a vase of flowers arranged there, evidently by a woman's hand.

This scene, with all its details, has not been thus particularly and closely drawn, from the mere wish of laying a picture before the eyes of the reader—although it is a picture, and a true one—but from a desire of impressing on the mind localities, without a full and distinct perception of which much of the melancholy tale to be related would be obscure, to such a degree, as to lose one half of its interest.

It was, as has been said, on the day following Worcester fight—the crowning mercy of that remarkable man who swayed, so skilfully the destinies of the great kingdom which he so strangely won—that Woolverton Hall looked, in the level rays of the declining sun, as it is here described. The morning had been raw and gusty, and though toward sunset the chilly clouds had opened, and let out a few faint beams to gild the melancholy hues of autumn, which were encroaching fast upon the cheerful greenery of the woods, it was but a grey and gloomy evening. A few small birds had, indeed, mustered courage to chirrup some short notes to the brief sunbeams, and a single throstle was pouring out his liquid song from the thick foliage on the river bank; but the wind whistled dolefully, although not high, among the tree tops, whirling away the sere leaves with its every breath, and a thin ghostly mist sethed upward from the surface of the brook, like the steam of a caldron, and through its smoky wreaths flapped the broad pinions of that aquatic hermit, the grey heronshaw, meet habitant of such a spot. Sadly, however, as the scene, beautiful in ordinary aspects, and romantically wild, showed, under such a sky, it was yet gazed upon by soft and lovely eyes; for, from the open lattice of the fishing-house, nearest to the high way, a young girl, surely not far past her sixteenth summer, looked forth half listlessly half mournfully over the bridge, and up the sandy road, which, skirting the low woodland wound over a small hill, the verge of which cut clear against the ruddy sky at a mile's distance. She was a genuine English beauty; a fair and oval face, with a bright, delicate complexion, shaded by a profusion of rich nut-brown hair, falling in ample curls from off her lustrous brow, and sweeping, in thick clusters, down her neck. Her eyes were of a full bright blue, with long dark lashes; and they, and all her

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features spoke volumes of soft, gentle girlish feelings—of tenderness and pity, and love, latent, but ready to leap forth a giant from his birth. Her figure was below, rather than above, the middle height of woman; but exquisitely shaped, and far more full and rounded, although her waist was very slender, than usual, at her years. Her arm, which was a good deal displayed by the open falling sleeve of the period, was symmetry itself; and her whole person, and its very movement, full of that graceful ease which goes yet farther to win hearts, than the most regal beauty. A book or two lay scattered on the table at her side, and an old-fashioned lute; while at her feet, stretched out at his full length, was an enormous blood-hound, his lythe and sinewy limbs now all relaxed and easy, his huge black-muzzled head quietly couched between his paws, and his smooth tawny hide glancing like copper in the last lurid sunbeam. But now that sunbeam vanished; a deeper shade sank down over the landscape, a dull grey hue swallowed up all the glimmering tints that gemmed the fleecy clouds with light; and all was dim and dark—woodland and mead and sky and river, except one pale bright streak far in the west, against which the brow of the hill, with the road winding over it, stood out in clear relief.

The girl who had been gazing so long on the darkening scene, evidently half unconscious that she did so, suddenly seemed to recollect herself, and gathering her cloak about her, drew its hood over her rich tresses, and rose up as if to go—the blood-hound, wakened from his doze by her light tread, lifted his head, yawned lazily, and stretched himself, and then arising to his full height, looked wistfully into her face, as if he were aware of the importance of his trust.

But at that very moment a dull flat report, as of a distant gun-shot, broke the silence; and the dog pricked his pendulous ears, and stalked with a low growl to the doorway; while the lady turned her head quickly toward the window whence she had just withdrawn. Her first glance was toward the road; and, where it crossed the hill-top, she saw clearly the head of a man, and then his whole figure, with his horse, rise rapidly against the brilliant gleam of the western sky—so instantaneous was his transit, however, that she would almost have distrusted her eyesight, had not the clatter of hoofs dashing fiercely down the hill-side, assured her of its accuracy—for now the slope and base of the hill were all in misty and uncertain shadow. Before she had well thought on what she had scarce seen, another and another and another head crossed the steep verge—and, as they crossed it, were discovered, by the bright glitter, to be covered with steel caps, the well known head-dress of the puritan troopers—another second sufficed to bring into full view a party of some twenty horse, who halted for a moment on the summit—a dozen of bright flashes ran along their front, and the quick rattle of a volley followed—again a minute—and they, too, had galloped down the slope, and were enveloped in thick gloom. All this passed in less time than it has taken to describe it, but still the lady had marked and understood it all; and acted on the instant, as a kind heart, instigated by woman's natural sympathy with the oppressed, dictated. With a quick step she left the fishing-house, and stood upon a little flight of steps which ran down from a platform level with the bridge, to the stream's brink. And scarcely had she reached her stand, before the single horseman wheeled round the angle of the wood, and crossed the bridge at as fast a rate as his drooping steed could compass. The pursuers, scarcely five hundred yards behind him, were still beyond the woodland, which alone hindered them from seeing him.

"Hist!" she cried. "Hist! Sir Cavalier," in clear low tones, which made themselves distinctly audible to him whom she addressed, though they could scarcely have been heard at three yards' distance. "Halt, as you love your life. Halt, for Godsake!"

Almost instinctively the rider drew his rein; and the wearied horse obeyed so readily, that he stood statue-like upon the instant. The horseman was a tall slight figure, with a slouched hat and drooping feather, a cuirass of bright steel, crossed by a broad blue baldric, and all his buff coat slashed with satin, and fringed with Flanders' lace—thus much she saw at half a glance, and it confirmed all she supposed and dreaded.

"You have but one chance for your life!" she said—"but one! but one!—there is another troop of Cromwell's horse not half a league before you. 'Light down! 'light down! for Godsake, while yet they are behind the wood—nay! speak not, but 'light down," she continued, even more vehemently, seeing him now about to answer. "Do it with the speed of light—cross the bridge back again, fasten your horse there in the wood, and join me instantly—I can—I can—and I will save you, so you delay not!"

The tramp of galloping horses came nearer, and the shouts of the pursuers—he paused, he doubted, but as if to accelerate his resolve, a distant trumpet tone, and the long hollow boom of a kettle-drum came down the road from the direction he was following, and proved the hopelessness of flight. He turned his horse's head—"Maiden," he said, "I trust you, I obey"—he retraced his steps quickly, and had just reached the friendly covert, when, at the top of their speed, the Puritans drove round the corner—a second sooner, and he had perished at her feet.

With instant readiness of mind, she hurried down the steps, bidding the hound, in a low voice, be still—and from the last low stair, sprang lightly to a small abutment under the bridge's arch, just level with the water; and scarcely was she there, before, with clash of harness, and jingling of spear and scabbard, and all the thundering din of charging horse, the troopers drove above her head; the solid masonry appeared to quake beneath the fury of their speed. Her heart stood still with awe—then, as the tumult passed, and died away in the distance, bounded as though it would have burst her bosom. Timidly, cautiously she crept up the damp mossy steps, and reached the causeway—and hardly was she there, when a dim shape came crouching toward her from the woodland. "Heaven be praised," she exclaimed—"oh! Heaven be praised!" as he stood safely by her side. "Follow me swift and silently.

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Life! life is on our speed!" Descending once more to the margin of the water, she drew aside the tangled branches, and entered a small winding footpath, worn by the devious tread of the wild deer, and widened by the steps of village urchins, nutting or birdnesting among the matted dingle. So narrow was the track, however, and so abruptly did it twist and turn round many a doddered ivy bush and stunted oak, now covered, for a few steps, by the shallow ripples of the stream, now scaling the ravine by sudden zigzags, that none but a well-practised eye could have discovered it by that glimmering twilight. Though well aware that life was on his speed—that the avenger of blood was but a little way behind—the stranger scarcely could keep up, though muscular, and swift of foot, and active, with the deer-like speed of his fair guide. At length, after a rapid walk of perhaps ten minutes, they reached the dam at the moat head—where was a low-arched boat-house, with a small light skiff moored beneath it—and stood quietly facing the south side of the mansion. From the two windows, farthest from the chapel of the five mentioned in the upper range, a steady light was shining into the quiet night—and from a loop, beside the water gate, a long red ray streamed out, casting a wavering line of crimson radiance over the rippling water. With these exceptions, all was profoundly dark and silent. By the boat-house she paused a moment, as if in deep reflection. "They will come here anon!" she said; they will come here anon, and search the house from battlement to cellar, before we can bestow you where I would. And I must blind the servants, and speak, too, with my father. Meanwhile here must you tarry—here they will never dream of searching." And as she spoke she stooped under the low-browed arch, and tripped along a little rib of stone-work, scarcely a foot in width, to the extreme end of the boat-house, where was a small paved landing, with three steps downward to the water, and a slight wooden ladder upward, leading to a small hole beside the key stone of the arch. "Up there," she cried, "up there," laying her hand upon the ladder, which they could just distinguish by the reflection of the windows from the moat. "It is a little sail-loft, not two feet high, under the slated roof, full of old sails and oars. Up there, and draw the ladder after you, and should they come to search there, which they will not, I think, roll yourself in the canvass, and lie still. And now attend to me. There is a little air hole in the front, toward the house, whence you can see the windows. Can you swim, sir—you can, I warrant me!" and as she heard his brief affirmative, she went on rapidly—"well, when you see that red light thrice extinguished, and thrice re-lighted, with such pause that you may reckon ten between, come down, swim boldly to the water gate, and I will be there to admit you. Farewell—God keep you," and she leaped into the light boat, unmoored, and pushed it out, while the young cavalier ascended, and drew up the ladder obedient to her bidding.

The distance was but short, and the light paddle, wielded by her fairy hands, scarcely had cut the surface six times, ere the boat floated by the portcullis of the water gate; and a voice somewhat tremulous from age, hailed from the lighted shot-hole, inquiring who was there.

"'Tis I—'tis I, good Jeremy," she answered. "Ope to me, quickly, for it is somewhat late and cold for the season."

The aged servitor required no second bidding, the grating was drawn up, the inner doors thrown open, and—while the old man held his link on high, casting a smoky light over the steps, and the black water, and several boats moored there of various sizes—two younger grooms, with badges on the sleeves of their jerkins, ran out along the platforms on each side, and drew the boat, with its fair freight, up to the inner landing. The gates were again barred, and the portcullis lowered—the cresset in the ward-room was extinguished, and Jeremy, preceding with the torch, and the grooms following, cap in hand, the lady passed out from the water tower into the court-yard of the hall.

The upper portion of the building, as viewed from without the walls, has been described already, but a new prospect was now shown—the court, from the walls of the chapel, to the gate-house at its western end, would have measured not less than a hundred yards, one half of which, toward the gate, was laid out in a formal parterre, divided from the rest by a stone balustrade, with richly-carved stone vases, and planted thickly with yew and box and holly, clipped into all fantastic shapes of peacocks, centaurs, dragons, and the like, according to the taste of that old day, with two time-honored giants—cedars of Lebanon—presiding over them, like Samsons in all the majesty of unshorn strength and beauty. The remaining space was open, paved with small cobble-stones, divided by long rays of granite curb-stones, diverging from a common centre, where, in an ornamental basin, played a small fountain. The door of the mansion, under a low stone arch, bearing upon its keystone the same date, 1559, was placed exactly at the extremity of the main building, where the abutting chapel formed a right angle, and was flanked by a dozen long crenelles for musketry, which, it would seem, with similar apertures, had, formerly, been the only means of giving light to the ground floor of the edifice. Of these, however, only five remained flanking the doorway, while, for the others, had been substituted good honest latticed casements, four in the front, under the windows of the upper story, the portal corresponding to the fifth, and two in the basement of the chapel. From all of these now shone a bright and cheerful radiance through the transparent medium of snow-white curtains, against which, many a shadow of men and female forms was cast, as persons hurried to and fro between them and the lights; while ever and anon the hum of merry voices and light laughter rang out into the night, suggesting many an image of fireside English comfort. Not long, however, did the lady pause to note a scene which she had looked upon many times, daily, from her childhood, but passed across an angle of the garden, and through the middle of the court, directly to the door. It was a formidable massy-looking remnant of antiquity—a piece of hard black oak, six inches thick, all clenched with great nail heads, and crossed with iron bars—yet it stood on the latch,

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which gave way readily to the light touch of the lady, and admitted her to a small, neat, square hall, with two doors, to the right and left, and a huge staircase at the back—the steps, and balustrades and wainscoting, and floor, all made of beautiful and highly-polished oak. A gothic window, with stained glass, in the second story—for the hall was the whole height of the building, with a gallery above—lighted it in the day; but now a brazen lamp, with several blazing branches, swung by a crimson cord from the roof. Two or three portraits hung upon the wall, grim-visaged warriors cap-a-pie in steel, with brandished truncheons—and long-waisted ladies, looking unutterable sweetness at large posies. Upon a large slab table, under the first turn of the staircase, lay several gloves, a broad-leafed hat and feather, and a sad-colored riding-cloak of camlet; while, in the corner, stood a miscellaneous assortment of hand-guns, fishing-rods, cross-bows, and hunting-poles—weapons of rural sport—as on the walls above hung suits of bright-plated armor, with arquebus and petronel and pike, and every implement of veritable warfare.

"There, that will do, Jeremy. I trow I shall find my father in the library above! that will do—go your ways to supper," said the fair girl, waving her hand to her attendants, eager to get away from the restraint imposed on her by their presence; and as they disappeared through the door to the right—whence, as they opened it, proceeded a most savory smell of supper, and a loud buzz of merriment—bounded with a light foot but anxious heart, up the broad staircase; hurried through several spacious rooms, illuminated only by the dim glimmering of the new-risen moon, and entering the library, stood in a broad glare of light before her father's chair.

THE WIDOW'S OIL.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, 'Bring me yet a vessel.' And he said unto her, 'There is not a vessel more.' And the oil stayed.
ii. KINGS, iv. vi.

I.

"BRING forth the vessels! borrow more,
Of all thy neighbors, not a few!
God, who regards the widow's store,
Her slender pittance will renew."

II.

Then did the widow's heart rejoice;
No more in penury's depths to toil;
Those vessels, at the prophet's voice,
She sees run o'er with precious oil!

III

"And yet bring more!" No more were brought;
And straight the flowing treasure stayed;
Oh, God, how fully we are taught,
That *thus* we bound thy spirit's aid.

IV.

For when the Oil of Grace, in store
Unmeasured, flows for ready hearts,
Hearts, emptied of their pride, no more
Appear; and slighted grace departs.

ICILIA.—A TALE.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

HER brow all bare, her raven tresses twined
From that fine forehead, and wreathed up behind
With strings of orient pearl,—her graceful wrist
Circled with diamonds, pure as dewdrops, kissed
By summer moonlight,—every limb attired
So richly, that the coldest heart had fired
In gazing on her perfect loveliness—
Fair Leonora sate. Her mirror stood
Before her, and with half shut, sleepy eyes,
She viewed her beauty and her costly dress,
Her heart lost in fair dreams of witcheries
This night to be achieved. The crimson blood
Rose brightly in her cheek—'twas near the hour
When all this beauty should appear, with power
To charm all gazers in the festival,
The lovely night-star of her noble hall.

Oh, very beautiful the lady was!
So pure the blood that flowed thro' every limb
Thro' whose clear veins no vulgar stream might pass,
The pride of its nobility to dim!
The only child—the last of Leon's race,
Count Leon of Verona,—long ago
Her mother and her only brother died,
And it was left for her alone to twine
The honors of her race upon her brow,
That mother's beauty, and that brother's pride.

She starts—the hour is come—one passing glance,
From the pearl chaplet on her silken locks,
Unto the satin-slippered foot, that mocks
A fairy's lightness in the giddy dance,—
And she is gliding to the chamber door
And o'er the long dim gallery's velvet floor,
And down the marble stair-case where the moon
Sent pale, cold beams thro' the small window, which
Shone like an eye in the broad sculptured niche;
And now she stands within the wide saloon;—
Already there a crowd have gathered, and
Around the lady come a courtly band
Of noble cavaliers—each with some speech
Of honied flattery, or gay wit, and each
Receiving some light word, or playful jest,—
Yet, Leonora! midst the crowd was *one*,
Who, spite of thy gay laugh, and careless tone,
Had fixed his image firmly in thy breast,—
Leontius of Verona! Each one prays
That she with *him* will tread the first gay measure,
She from her breast a rose bud takes, and says
That he who reacheth first that flagrant treasure
Shall be her partner,—and down she threw the pledge—
It fell, and lighted by the marble ledge
Whereon Leontius leaned. He snatched the flower,
A blush stole over Leonora's brow,—
She is *by chance* his promised partner now
And she may linger near him one short hour,
He kissed the rose—he took her little hand,
And off they glided in the saraband.

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"Ah me!" whence came that low breathing sigh,
So gentle, yet so full of agony?
Beside the pillar hidden by its shade
There sitteth unobserved a pale, meek maid,
Most simply robed, not beautiful—but yet
Bringing upon the heart a soft regret,
A melting tenderness ye scarce knew why,
Was it her pensive brow, or low breathed sigh?

Poor, poor Icilia! in thy fragile frame
There burnt a far more pure and holy flame,
Than even Leonora's. Woe for thee!
Leontius has thy heart's idolatry!
But he the proudest, noblest in the throng,
How could he give thy timid heart its due,
Love, tender, deep, devoted, pure and true,
Such as to thine own nature doth belong?
It may not be—and slowly day by day,
This love is wearing thy weak frame away.

She was the daughter of an ancient race,
And she had sisters full of life and grace,
And brothers brave, and beautiful, and tall,
She was the palest, weakest, least of all;—
She had a frame so slight, that even a breath
Seemed to have power to chill its veins to death,
A pallid cheek that seldom wore a blush,
Save when Leontius spoke—then it would flush
Crimson as Leonora's! Her bright hair
Was never curled and decked with artful care,
But its pale waves, smoothed in a simple braid,
Across the pure white brow were softly laid;
She had a mild and timid eye—its hue
A tremulous color, that was scarcely blue,
And yet 'twas very sweet, and it *could* beam
When her one star was near, shedding a gleam
O'er her fond heart! Sweet maiden! yet all said
Icilia was not one formed to be wed,
And named her as a being, even from birth
Set all apart from the deep love of earth!

Leontius was beside her—and her eye
Was lighted up, even unto brilliancy,
And her small hand that he had kindly pressed,
Was lingering suffered in his own to rest,
Until he dropped it of himself,—her cheek
Was glowing like a rosy sunset streak,
And she was speaking with an air more gay
Than she, poor girl! had worn for many a day.

And Leonora, she was standing near,
With head averted—yet could plainly hear
Leontius speaking to that gentle thing,
And in her heart what angry passion's sting,
Jealousy—hate—revenge! there had been words
Between the twain during the dance, that thrilled
Too rudely on the bosom's finer chords,
Whose angry echo was not yet half stilled;—
Yet upon Leonora's lip a smile
Hung like the sunshine, and she laughed, and talked,
And arm in arm with other gallants walked,
And yet her heart was bursting all the while.

A little path beside a rivulet,
Whose bank with the low willow trees was set,
And two who slowly wandered in her light,
Had the pale moon to gaze upon that night,
Leontius and Icilia,—on his arm
Leaneth the maiden—there was such a charm
In being thus supported! Ah, too soon
They reach her home, and rill, and love, and moon
The cruel door hath severed from her eyes,—
Yet hath her memory seized upon a prize
That it will keep for ever! As they parted
A tear unto her gentle eye had started,
And he had drawn her closer to his side,
And taken her small hand, and on it's snow
Pressed a long kiss—ay—even now its glow
Went to her heart!—And as he turned he said,
"God bless thee, dear Icilia!"—he was gone,
Perhaps he soon forgot that fervent tone,
But she—oh, she remembered it, poor maid:
She laid her down that night to rest in peace,
And yet she could not sleep for very bliss,
So happy the young spirit ever is,
When for a while its wearying sorrows cease,
And hope peeps for a moment trembling forth,
She should have died just then, counting the worth
Of all the joy that love returned confers,
Ere the conviction came it never could be hers!

But Leonora in her gorgeous home
Was lonely, and her brow bore clouds of gloom;
She sought her chamber, but no couch that night
Received the pressure of her limbs so light,
But with the crimson curtains half undrawn,
She paced her chamber, wearying for the dawn,
And ever and anon, with restless eye,
Outglancing on the calm and quiet sky,
Whereon the sinking moon flung upward rays
Of pallid glory—then her lamp's red blaze
Grew fainter—it was morning,—on a chair
The lovely lady sank, and slumbered there.

* * * * * *

They said her cheek was brighter—that more clear
And frequent rang her soft laugh on the ear,
That she was gaining gladness, health and strength
And would outgrow her fearful state at length;
She read when young Leontius sate beside her;
She often walked if he were there to guide her.
Nay once they said she trod a saraband,
Supported by his arm—led by his hand!

He did not speak of love, yet she began,
To deem the love that in her spirit burned,
Would surely at the last be well returned,
For if he chanced to see her faint or wan,
His brow grew grave, and he would ask if ought
Of sadness on Icilia did intrude,
With such a marked and deep solicitude,
That she may be forgiven the hopeful thought;
And Leonora now was far away!
Winning all hearts upon a foreign shore,
Perhaps she might return to them no more;
What to her hopes did not her wishes say!

* * * * * *

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Step firmly on the shore! the mazy boat
  Still hath left all its motion in her limbs,
  Still in her head the dizzy heeling swims,
And all the town before her seems afloat,—
A train of damsels follow from the shore,
Who doth not know the Lady Leonore!

Icilia sate all calmly by the sea,
  That the fresh breeze might fan her placid face,
  That now hath worn so much of living grace;
And lo, Leontius shares with her the free,
And pleasant wind! A glad and thankful train
Are passing, landed from the unsteady main,
Brought to their native land in joy again.
There is the fairest, with but little bloom
Left in the cheek o'er which the snowy plume
Droops, floating in the wind. Ah! his fond eye
Hath seen her—and *she* feeleth who is nigh
And the red blush is up again, as deep
As ever:—Will her passion *never* sleep?
She never hath forgotten him—and he,
Is she not still his own bright deity?
And for Icilia—that pale silent star,
She shone but when that sun was hidden afar!

* * * * * *

Oh, pale Icilia! waken! wherefore thus
  Are thy meek eyelids closed, and thy pure cheek
Pillowed against the last enduring house,
  The chilly tombstone—Art thou grown too weak
To hasten home without an hour of rest,
In the old church? The bridal twain are gone,
Leontius and his beauteous Leonore—
  How very quiet, maiden, is thy breast!
Thou seemest lifeless as the marble stone
  Thou leanest on—wake, lady—can it be!
Icilia! there the chain was rent from thee,—
Thy heart is broken thou wilt mourn no more!

Liverpool, England, 1840.

"YE KNOW NOT WHAT YE ASK."

Would ye sip from the golden cup of fame?
Would ye strive for the meed of a deathless name?
Would ye nerve the soul for the glorious task?
Ye know not, ye dream not, the boon ye ask!

Do ye pant for the wealth of the buried mine?
Would ye crush thy soul on the idol shrine?
Would ye shroud the heart in a golden mask?
Ye know not the fearful boon ye ask!

Would ye share in the glorious gift of song?
Can ye meekly bear with neglect and wrong?
Would ye live with the depths of thy soul unread?
Then know what ye ask, e'er the prayer be said!

Would ye move in the holy light of love?
Would ye spread your wings for a home above?
Would ye sue for the dove of peace to rest
Its folded pinions within thy breast?

Would ye list to the still, small voice of God?
Do ye joy to walk where a Saviour trod?
Do ye pray for strength in the glorious task?
Then know ye the precious boon ye ask.

INEZ.

Boston, Sept., 1840.

ATHENS AND ITS VICINITY IN 1835.

BY J. E. DOW.

"What rocky Isle, what bay is this?
The rock, the bay, of Salamis!"—*Byron.*

In the autumn of the year 1835, "Old Ironsides" entered the port of Athens, and anchored under the tomb of Themistocles. It was a beautiful day when we sailed up the Ægean: and, as we left our white trail upon the dark blue waters of the restless sea, island after island of the Archipelago, like the heroes of antiquity, past like fleeting shadows away. Paros and Anti-Paros, Egina and Hydra, the Columns of Sunium, and the rock of Salamis—they rose and faded upon the sight, beautiful even in their loneliness. Oh, it was a glorious time; and the two half spent showers that past away, at our approach, the one to the mountains of Peloponessus, and the other to the hills of Attica, gave evidence that the stars of glory floated above our balls of iron thunder. A rainbow hung over Athens as the "Constitution" came too in the Piraeus.

Our Commodore was something of a wag. He had a frank bluff way with him, which pleased his friends and confounded his enemies. I was a chicken of his, as they say at sea, and therefore had more frowns and smiles than generally fall to the lot of an idler on board a man-of-war. It was about sunset when we anchored. The next morning was the Sabbath, and the sun came up, over the hills of Attica, and with a gorgeous smile, welcomed us to the Tomb of Agis. Athens lay before us, and the Albanian glowed upon us from the treeless shore.

A Sabbath in Greece—a Sabbath among the Tombs—No sound of "the church going bell" was heard, pealing from the hill tops and the green valleys, or dying away in melodious echoes amid the ravines of the grey headed mountains. A few kiacks glided swiftly by us, and a Greek boy lay watching us on the brown and quiet shore. How different from my own New-England, teeming as she was with thousands of happy worshippers, and the thought of her altar-covered hills, came across my mind like a pleasant dream, and carried me back to my school-boy days, when I read of the Venitians at the Piraeus, and the capture of the Lions of Saint Marks, which rested upon the abutments of the gateway through which we had entered. The abutments were plainly to be seen below the green waters; but the lions were in Venice. It is customary on board of vessels of war, for them to salute the flag of the country at which they arrive before, allowing officers or men to visit the shore on pleasure. Our Commodore, therefore, sent his flag-officer post haste to Athens, on a jackass, to see the King, or his ministers, and make the necessary arrangement for giving and receiving the salute. The rest of us were kept on board. We, that is, another landsman and myself, who had not eaten salt junk and drank ropy water all our days, began to grow tired of restraint. So we paced the deck impatiently, and looked daggers at the cabin door, while we sent forth flashes of desire towards the Grecian hills. Noon came, and I became still more impatient. At this moment, a marine bounced up the companion way, and

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summoned me to the cabin. I entered—the Commodore, in a white flannel round-a-bout, was busily engaged in proving the difference between turkey grease and appetite. He was a specimen of the old school, and cared but little for smelling bottles, white gloves, or quizzing glasses. He could use a bandanna, instead of a linen-cambric handkerchief; and, as for lemonade and sandwiches, when he beheld them, where were they? He was, in fact, a Behemoth when good liquids were before him—an earthquake when waffles and sponge-cake were to be swallowed: and a fit of the fever and ague, when any one deserved a shake-down.

He eyed me over his half-eaten drumstick, as I entered, and I perceived, with pleasure, a lurking devil in his eye.

"Do you wish to go on shore?" said he.

"Certainly." I replied, feeling my heart beating quick with anticipation.

"Then, sir," said he, "go to the officer of the deck, have my boat manned, go in it to the shore, hire a jack-ass, go to Athens, see the King and then return and tell me how he looks."

"Ay, ay, sir," I replied, and left the cabin, duly appreciating his kindness.

He wished to smuggle me on shore, and I was well pleased to get into Greece in his own way. The lieutenants looked grum at me, as I went over the ship's side, and the middies whispered, "fresh grub," in my ears, from the gun-deck ports, as I descended the accommodation ladder. After a few stout strokes, we reached the shore, and I stepped out upon the soil of Greece, while the boat returned to the ship. Having hired an old white horse, whose appearance gave evidence of sobriety and docility, I departed for the inland city, over a McAdamized road. I had learned to repudiate jack-asses, in Minorca, having been unceremoniously pitched over one's head on an excursion towards Mount Toro. My horse was incapable of running, and I was obliged to content myself with his snail-like pace. An Albanian, now overtook me, with his sash full of pistols and daggers. He was a saucy dog; riding up close to me, he stuck his head in my face, and burst into a horse laugh.

"Parles vous Francaise?" said I.

"Nox," replied the Albanian.

"Who are you?" said I, in English.

"Nox," replied the Greek.

"Go to the devil!" said I, getting angry.

"Nox," said he.

Then riding close alongside of me, he ran the sharp heel of his shovel formed stirrup about an inch into my Rosinante's side, and away we both went, upon a hard gallop, through the olive groves, to the city, whose name alone, hung, like a shade of glory, over the uninhabited plains. I was armed, and my uninvited guide saw my pistols, and kept at a more respectful distance. In a few minutes, we came to the road that branches to Athens. I threw the Greek a small coin, and pursued my way with less speed, while he, turned into the olive groves, and passed out of sight.

—

Time, that fell destroyer of all things below the imperishable heavens, had been busy, in scattering the ashes of ages upon the works of mortals. The gigantic Sphynx, the massive Pyramid, and the tall and pictured Obelisk, had felt his power upon the plains of Egypt; Greece and her temples, her sages and her poets, had passed away. The wild dog howled upon the Pynx of Demosthenes, and the owl hooted from the broken portico of the Parthenon. I stood in Athens, at the hour of sunset. It was a glorious moment. Autumn had browned the plains of Attica, and the deep purple of the evening, rested like a cloud upon the sharp angles of Hymettus, while a fleecy cloud of purest white, floated, like a plume, from the brow of old Anchesmus. Silence brooded over the Socinian grove, and the ocean broke in hollow murmurs upon the sunken columns of Cape Colonne. It was a land of silence and departed glory. It was an hour of splendor and of glorious recollections.

I stopped upon the summit of Mars' Hill. The altar to the Unknown God, was not to be seen. A marble ball, manufactured by the Turks, from the columns on the Acropolis, and which had been fired at the Greeks, lay at my feet; while a solitary grass-hopper, chaunted vespers at the Shrine of the Areopagii. As I rested upon the grass, I pulled from my pocket a little bible, and read the chapter of Acts, aloud.

Reader, the foot of Paul had trod the spot where I rested; there, too, the Athenians, who were constantly seeking after some new thing, received the words of inspiration from the lips of the Apostle to the Gentiles. The same sun was then shining upon me. The same grass was waving in the breeze, and, save the loneliness of the hill side, the scene, in all its solemn grandeur, was realized. Nature works but few changes in the earth, in the long run. True, earthquakes may swallow up cities, and roll the waves of ocean over the land, and whirlwinds may spin away the giants of the forest, still, the seeds of the grove will linger in the soil, and the son of the oak, the chestnut, and the olive, will find a strong foothold in the steps of their sires, and wave in summer glory above their mouldering trunks. Such is the economy of God, in relation to the products of the soil; life is constantly springing up from death, and the flowers bloom brightest, that are nurtured by decay. Not so, in regard to man. His race is ever changing, and the children of one generation despise the deeds, and blot out the very names of their fathers. An army marches over the land, and the people become freemen or slaves. Blest or cursed with intelligence, each individual steers his own frigate, as suits him best, across the ocean of time: and eternity alone can discover to his neighbors, the spot where he makes the land.

On the hill of Athens I felt my hair rise and my heart beat quick, with emotions of awe, as fancy pictured to my busy brain, the scenes of other times. Saul of Tarshish stood in his native dignity before me, and beside me, towered the marble Altar of the Unknown God. The seats, where the Sages of Greece once sate, to doom the criminal to the hemlock, now presented a regular appearance, though almost effaced by the foot of the wandering scholar. The moss violet and the yellow

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cup waved along them, and the rank weeds shot up from the alluvial soil, at the base of the hill.

A solemn feeling pervaded my inmost soul. My footsteps echoed fearfully loud as I wandered from seat to seat, and the voices of other days seemed to whisper to me in the rustling of the grass, and in the flowers lonely whistle on the distant moor.

The strain of a far off bugle, now aroused me; I turned towards the seat of learning and the arts. The proud monuments of sculptors and architects, stood like spirits in their snowy robes upon the Acropolis. Below me, a few scattered hovels, with here and there, the broken pillars of a triumphal arch or a pictured wall, met my gaze.

The waters sluggishly picked their way along the pebbly bed of the Illisus, and the crane fished in the turbid pool at the base of the ruined temple of Jupiter. A Bavarian soldier, with his musket glittering in the purple light, stalked along the gate-way of Minerva's Temple, and a Greek boy lay sleeping upon the steps of the Temple of Theseus. At this moment, I heard a plaintive sound. I looked up, and beheld, at a short distance from me, an Albanian and his daughter, dressed in the rich and imposing costume of their race. They appeared to be worshipping the God of their fathers, upon this memorable hill, and often did they stretch their hands towards the gorgeous tinted west. They seemed to be the remnant of Grecian glory, calling back the majesty of the past, from the ever moving car of time.

A heavy cannon now thundered along the Pirneus, and its echoes died away upon the rock of Salamis. I started, the "Constitution" had fired her evening gun, and the stars and stripes of the west, glitterd as they fell from their airy height, and then disappeared upon the deck of the grim old battle-ship.

The Albanians had clasped their hands in prayer, and while their dark hair streamed in the wind, and their bosoms heaved with emotions of holy and deep-toned feeling, I passed unnoticed before their fixed eyes, and reached my Posada, in the main street of Athens, in safety. A Borrico now brayed by my side, and a ragged son of Attica sold me a mock antique, for more than his King had paid him for a year's service, as a hanger on at the Capitol.

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It grows dark surprisingly fast in the Eastern climes, and before I could take my scanty meal of sausages and beans, a distant thunder storm had come down from Corinth, and lingered upon the Chair of Xerxes. A growling, long and deep, hastened my departure, and I mounted my *old white*, with the delightful anticipation of having my throat cut in a tempest, on the plains of Greece. I had hardly entered the olive groves, when a couple of horsemen, came rattling after me. I heard their arms jingle, and every moment brought the clatter of their ponies' hoofs nearer to my ears. I determined, therefore, to haul my wind, and take a path that branched off of the main road. No sooner had I made up my mind than I spurred my leaden-heeled charger to his mettle, and in a few seconds, reached a secure place in the thicket. The horsemen passed along the road, at a swift pace, and I followed the path, expecting to strike the main road at a point nearer the harbor. The thunder-cloud, now gave evidence of its nearer approach, and the wailing of the distant hurricane, came echoing upon the agitated atmosphere. Deep darkness now closed around me. All at once, my horse stopped, and gave me to understand he would go no farther in that direction. I prepared to dismount. As I reached my right foot down, to touch the ground, with my hands on the saddle, and my left foot in the stirrup, I perceived that there was no ground to stand on. I therefore, mounted again, and descended on the other side in safety,—a flash of lightning now showed me, that I was in the midst of the ruins of ancient Athens, and that I stood upon a precipice of about forty feet in height. The same flash of lightning, discovered the main road, and a narrow path leading into it, and I accordingly, made a sudden exit from the ruins of centuries. With my bridle-reins in my hand, I came out of the valley of dangers, and soon reached the McAdamized way.

In a few moments, I dismounted at a miserable shanty, and taking a draught of gin and rose-water, repaired on board the frigate in a kiack. As I came alongside, much merriment was caused by my novel barge, with one oarsman, and sundry good natured jokes, that had travelled through all the ward-room messes, from the days of Noah down, were dug up and thrown at me as original, real impromptus, by the young officers of the mess. The Commodore gave me a precious rowing for staying out of the ship so late, and the purser was very particular to know whether I had seen the King. I had caught a glimpse of Otho, riding in his coach, with a soldier on the footboard, armed with a blunderbuss, and decorated with two large letters on each shoulder—O. O.—I therefore replied, that I had seen his majesty.

"How do you know it?" said the good natured commander of the strong-box, shaking his sides like a kettle of jelly.

"Because, he had O. O. on his shoulders, a crown on his coach panel, and a footman in uniform, armed with a blunderbuss, and topped off with a cap and feathers," replied I, laughingly.

"Feathers," said the purser, puckering up his mouth, and putting himself in an attitude. "Feathers are no sign of a duck's nest, Mr. Secretary,"

A loud roar of mess laughter, which was repeated in the steerage, followed this precious ebullition of bilge-water wit, and went up the windsail to the quarter-deck, with the dead air of the apartment.

"Ten o'clock," said the master-at-arms, entering the ward-room with a dark lantern in his hand. Out went our last candle in an instant, and then all hands turned in. Soon deep sleep held in silence my jolly messmates, with the exception of the purser, who whispered feathers, and snored duck's nests, all night.

Now, when the morning had come, the flag of Greece was hoisted at our main-royal mast-head, and a salute of twenty-six guns was fired, which was duly returned, by a couple of gun brigs, in the harbor.

The Commodore and his officers, then made preparations to visit his majesty, King Otho, at his royal resi-

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dence, a few rods from the ruins of the Ancient City. Such a scene as followed, beggars descriptive language. The long voyage from the Isles of Crane sand washer-women, had made sad havoc with clean linen and clear starching, and bright buttons looked green, and cocked hats appeared rusty. Muckle whangers clung to their cold sweated scabbards: and white unmentionables had been blessed with a "*smart sprinkle*" of iron rust and gun-powder smoke. Besides, many of us had grown fleshy upon the deep, and the coats that once knew us, knew us no more. Such a running for the tailor, such a stretching of clothes, and such brushing, blacking, cursing and polishing, never was seen before, excepting in a man-of-war, under similar circumstances. Whiting and sour beer, Day & Martin, and whiskey, peeped from every state-room, and the scent thereof, was as the scent of many groceries. After three hours active service, in which more buttons had been sewed on than are fastened in a city in a week, we assembled on the deck. Our efforts had not been unavailing. We had a fresh look about us, and every cocked hat seemed to say, "You pick at me and I'll pick at you." Our first Luff, who was a man of taste, seemed to be taken by an agreeable surprise, and above all, my own appearance astonished him, for I had a new coat on, and a pair of Mahon boots, armed with brass spurs, six inches in length. He eyed my coat narrowly, and well he might, for it was *his own, with the shoulder strap off.* Having pronounced us fit for duty, he reported us as being ready, to the Commodore, and at the cabin door awaited for the egress of power.

"Seven bells," thundered the orderly.

"Seven bells," growled the quarter-master.

"Seven bells," struck the messenger-boy, on the old ding-dong at the pump,—and seven bells it was.

The cabin door flew open. The Commodore, covered with gold lace above, and brimstone colored cloth below, bearing a tremendous cheese toaster, arose in his majesty, and like a second Neptune, in regimentals, looked out upon the sea. He had no three-pronged fork in his hand, but his coat was swallow-tailed, and his sword, when buckled on, made him resemble the Ocean God astride of his trident.

We soon shoved off, and in a few moments, landed in Greece. A hundred Borricos were now offered to us to ride to the Capitol on, but as there were but forty officers, forty Borricos were declared sufficient. Soon the word was given, and the cavalcade took up its line of march. Such a singular body of mounted men never approached the Mistress of Learning before. Several of us had purchased cocked hats without trying them on, and of course, they fitted like Major Downing's coat, which he purchased with *puckery* apple-sauce. Round went several of our hats upon our heads with every slant of wind, and away bounded our jackasses, who were constantly spurred on by their owners, who accompanied them for that purpose, and who were enabled to keep up with us, by hanging on their tails. Away went the Commodore, before, with a ragged Greek hanging on behind: and away went the Captain's clerk in the rear, with a couple of boys entailed upon his animal, fighting for the exclusive privilege of being dragged in the dirt for a shilling. Surely, monopolies are not confined to this country or to England. An American, on a lean horse, in a short rusty frock coat, with a pair of cazinett trowsers below it, and carrying a blue cotton umbrella in his hand, met us at the olive groves, and welcomed us to Greece. It was the Rev. Jonas King, the talented and praise-worthy missionary to Greece, who had just returned from Corinth, and who hastened to welcome his countrymen to the land where—

"Learning slumbers in her marble grave."

When the missionary reined in his steed, and awaited the approach of our party, sundry jokes upon his person were passed from the rear guard to the middle division, but when it was ascertained that he was an American missionary, a man of talent and great learning, and when one of the company had sworn upon his saddle pommel, that he was the husband of that identical maid of Athens, who had stolen Lord Byron's heart away, and who had refused to return it to him until he had sung a song for it—commencing with—

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart.
Fol, de rol."

The whole of the joking fever passed away, and the itching of respectful curiosity reigned in its place.

The missionary, as our interpreter, now joined the cavalcade, and we entered Athens with a priest at the head, and a most contumacious pedagogue in the rear. Having selected a posada near the market-place, we left our animals, engaged dinner, and then took up our line of march for the King's House.

Winding along the margins of mud puddles, and scrambling over fallen pillars, and pieces of painted plastering, we drew up at the gate of royalty. After some ceremony, we were admitted. A score of English servants, in short breeches and white silk stockings, with O.O. on their backs, passed us along, to a set of Greek aids, thence we were escorted to an ante-room, by Bavarian officers, where we rested awhile. Presently, the Lord High Chamberlain, in jack boots, and a coat covered with silver, appeared, and led us by an entry, from little closet to little closet, to the audience chamber,

"Where the King was on his throne,
With his beggars at his feet."

We, undoubtedly were, carried as many as eight times round the house, before we came to the audience room. As we entered, between a file of Bavarian officers, King Otho descended from his golden throne, and was introduced, by the Lord High Chamberlain, to "Admiral Yellyot and his officaires." Otho now advanced three steps towards us, and was introduced to us separately, by our interpreter. He was a fine looking German youth, tall and slender, with a cream-colored skin, a mild blue eye, and auburn hair; dressed in a grey uniform, with red facings, diamond epaulettes, a diamond hilted sword, with a polished steel scabbard; with a cocked hat, ornamented with a diamond rose and a heron's plume, under his arm. He seemed, as he stood before us, to have been taken from a band-box, and permitted to speak on the occasion. Every button had an O. on it, and his epaulettes were stamped in the same way. One of our

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wags, upon being asked the reason of his wearing so many O's, said, that it was, because he *owed* for every thing he had on. This was stolen from Sheridan, but as it was applied in a different way, it was decreed to be an original joke, and all hands gave a hearty laugh, after the Commodore and first Luff had set the example.

We made some few mistakes, not having seen the Kings of the world at home before, and one of our number capped the climax, by calling him, *Mr. King*. However, we got off pretty well, until it came round for us to take leave. Now, know ye, gentle readers, that you must never turn your backs upon royalty, but must bow yourselves out, and leave the possibility of your falling down stairs, to Providence. We began to bow out,—I was in the rear rank, and had, as I said before, my long spurs on—with my eyes fixed upon the King, I scraped away, and all at once, I found myself plump against the Lord High Chamberlain, whom I gaffed with my rowels in each waxed boot. I heard the smothered exclamation of "Sacre Damn!" in French and English, and turning my head, perceived the *seven foot bear*, twisting his moustachios with one hand, and scratching his calves with the other. "This is no time to swap jack-knives, or stand upon ceremony," thought I, so turning to the right-about, I left the audience chamber, and made my way for the porch, where I arrived some seconds before the others, almost convulsed with laughter. We next returned to our hotel, and then proceeded to the Mission-House. The house of Mr. King, was a curiosity. It had a little of every thing within its walls. Verde Antique, Parian Marble, blocks from the Acropolis, and stones from Jupiter's Temple, and above all, in the inside, it had a Greek mistress. We were kindly received by the lovely Greek, who still dressed in her country's costume, and at a signal, had sweet meats and cold water presented to us.

The Lady, herself, came to each one of us, with the sweet meats in a silver dish, and with a single silver spoon, put a mouthful inside of our lips, in regular order, commencing with the the Commodore, and ending with his clerk. A sip of water from a single tumbler was then given us, in succession, and conversation commenced. Many sage inquiries were then made about Athens and its wonders. One wanted to see the place where *Troy stood*, and another said, "He was in a great hurry to go upon *Mecropolis* and see the *Hyparthenon*. Several curious discourses commenced upon the possibility of Demosthenes having a candle to put in his *lantern* before candle-wicking was known, and a great diversity of opinion arose, as to the precise quantity of air required to fill the *temple of the winds!*

After hearing the Lord's Prayer in Greek, and a class of dark-eyed damsels of Attica, sing "Old Hundred," in modern Greek, we went out upon the Acropolis, Mr. King, and all. Roaming from spot to spot, we were surprised to find it sun-set before the ruins had been half explored. I entered one of the temples before I departed. A bank of earth, raised by the Turks, filled the centre, and the ceiling was covered with lamp-black from the smoke of their torches. Marked upon this black ceiling, were to be seen the names of every traveller who had visited Athens. I placed my own there, near the names of Byron and Hobhouse, and rejoiced that I had put myself in a fair way to go down to posterity, in such noble company, in lamp-black. It was night before we reached our ship, and the cock had crowed, loud and long, on the Commodore's hencoop, before we closed our eyes in sleep.

The next day, King Otho came to see us. We had our yards mounted, the flag of Greece floating at our fore, and the officers on deck. As he came over the side, the band struck up a martial air,—the cannons thundered majestically, and died away on Hydra and Egina: and then the men on the yards sent forth three hearty cheers. The cheers of Freemen seemed to awaken the dying spirit of Greece, and a faint echo came back from the wild mountain pass and the solitary plain. The French vessels of war in the bay of Salamis, had the flag of Greece hoisted also, and a salute thundered along that desolate bay. Having gone through the military ceremonies, the Commodore invited the King and his suite below, to partake of a collation. The gunner, now, under the superintendance of the officer of the deck, prepared to surprise the King, by exhibiting the wonderful properties of a seven barreled gun, which carried seven hundred balls, and which only needed to be fired once, to set off the whole of the charges.

This treat was planned by the Commodore, some days before, and now, the curious bundle of gun-barrels, with a swivel and standard, and a monkey-tail for a handle, was brought upon the quarter-deck, and made fast to the taffrail, the muzzle pointing towards the sea, and the monkey-tail towards the mizen-mast. King Otho having satisfied his royal appetite, ascended the ladder with the Commodore and his high officers in company. The King, mounted the starboard horse-block, and the Commodore the larboard, the seamen peeped from the forecastle, and the officers stood in the waist. The King's suite were at the companion rail, and silence reigned

"All ready with the gun, sir," said the gunner touching his hat to the Commodore.

"Then fire away, quickly," said the Commodore in a whisper.

The gunner's yeoman now seized the monkey-tail. The gunner pulled the trigger, by means of a long string that was attached to it,—bang! bang! bang! went the gun, and then seven balls went off, in a lump, and a barrel burst. Down went the gunner and his yeoman, on deck, and round turned the discharging piece, and looked us all in the face; ball after ball whistled over our heads, and then the piece began to *shoot lower;* at this sudden turn in the affair, the King and the Commodore, who were in danger every moment of being killed, stepped down about twelve steps at once, at the expense of rank and etiquette, and with the rest of us, brought the mizen-mast between the unmanageable gun and their bodies. The sailors threw themselves on the deck and laughed ready to split their sides. The gunner, now reached up his hand, and by main force, slewed the muzzle round, and then bent it down, so that it would hit against the taffrail, as it started from side to side. Having been thus relieved from the danger that at one moment seemed so

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great, the whole company laughed heartily at the joke, and took more wine in the cabin, and then the King and his suite retired; the ship saluting as before.

The Commodore sent to King Otho, *a mate* to the cannon that had been used on the day of his visit, with a letter, extolling its merits to the skies, and informing him, that one such gun would enable him to conquer his enemies, with but few troops, in a siege. The King replied courteously, but seemed to think that the gun in battle, might do more injury to his own troops, than to those of the enemy, *on account of the odd way it had of looking at its friends when it was excited.*

This gun, the next year, upon the return of the squadron, burst also, and put the worthy gunner on the pension list, for an extinguished eye and a cracked head. So much for seven hundred guns in one.

After spending a week in Athens, the "Constitution" bade adieu to the hills of Attica, and stretched her white wings for the Levant. At evening, the Columns of Cape Colonne, gleamed in the moonlight. In the morning, they were lost in the distance, while the temples of Delos towered above her.

TIME.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Time drops each day a chrystal screen
The Present and the Past between,
Whose thickening folds shut out at last,
Points brilliant once with Hope's gay light
And Joy's young sunshine round them cast,
But now all lost to Memory's sight,
Or dimly seen, if seen at all;—
Because the thin and glassy pall
Which thickens round us, day by day,
(Unlike the depths of summer air
Which still are clear, however blue)
Is dimmed with passion's darkling hue,
Or soiled by grief, or scratched by care,—
And thus at last is quenched the ray
Which still was bright when youth was gay.

And yet old Time doth well repay
The harm of shutting out the Past;—
Those chrystal laminæ which stay
The piercing light on memory cast,
Were once between our eager sight
And that which in the Future lies;
Those folds which dim the Past to-night,
Are found in morning's rising light,
Removed to bid the Future rise
More clearly on the sight.

And thus through life the morrow brightens,
Just as to-day grows dim and gray;—
The peace which now the bosom lightens
Oft springs from griefs of yesterday,
For o'er the Past doth Memory sway,
And o'er the Future Hope preside,
The former grave, the latter gay,
The widow and the bride.

REPKINI, THE BRIGAND.

From unpublished sketches of Russia and other lands.

The Russian character, from the harsh and difficult language with which it is invested, is but little known, although that country occupies so considerable a portion in the policy of governments; much, therefore, which is indigenous to that soil, and which best pourtrays its national character, is clouded in obscurity. It is not from the actions of cabinets, or the impressions received from diplomatic embassies, that you can correctly judge of the internal character of any people. It is amongst the middling classes of society—the peasantry, and the working portion of the community that the national traits of a kingdom can be accurately defined. The serfs of Russia are, perhaps, the most degraded, the most ignorant of any race of human beings that are under the surveillance of a Christian government. A moral apathy pervades their whole body—a natural habit of bowing to oppression—a contented feeling with their immediate condition, and, singular to say, a love of country as fervent as any portion of humanity. It is but rare that a spirit of resistance is manifested to the despotic laws of the autocrat, knowing, too well, that his will is absolute, and that death, or worse, eternal banishment to Siberia, would be the punishment awarded to such resistance. Vast as the country is, yet so completely organized are its laws, so strictly administered in every quarter of this tremendous region, that the smallest act of rebellion, down to the pettiest crime, is discovered and punished in the most summary and merciless manner. One instance of a master spirit, who, for a considerable time evaded and set at defiance the civil and military authorities, is worth recording A young Russian, of the name of Repkini, with a mind alive to the degradation to which, as a serf, he was subjected, dared to oppose the mandate of one of the noblemen who had treated his sister in the most cruel manner. The young man, with a heart bursting with indignation, remonstrated upon his cruelty—this was enough to call down the wrath of his despotic master. He was seized, and sentenced to perpetual confinement in a mine upon the nobleman's estate. By some means, however, he contrived to effect his escape, and taking to the forests, raised and organized a considerable band of followers, who, like himself deemed it better to brave the frown of justice, than live in the fetters of cruelty and degradation. For many months, this little but hardy band of peasants kept at bay the parties of soldiers sent to secure them. In almost every encounter, they proved victorious, and so famed did they become, that Repkini was looked upon as the Mazzaroni of Russia. His name was associated with all that was romantic—his picture was blazoned in almost every window, and his life and adventures were told in prose, and sung in ballads. At length the spirit of the government was aroused to a more extended view of his character, and the position which he had assumed. Despatching a powerful force, they surrounded the valley in which he and his little band were stationed. So completely were they hemmed in—so utterly deprived of

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every hope of escape, that nothing but to surrender or to be cut to pieces, was now their only resource. The latter, in their opinion, was the most advisable, as surrender was only a preface to a more cruel punishment than immediate death. "*The knout and Siberia,*" exclaimed Repkini, "*is all that now is left us. What say you, comrades, death, or eternal slavery?*" Their response was one universal shout of approbation, and recklessly rushing upon the ranks of the kalmouks. in a few minutes they were cut to pieces. But Repkini was not doomed to perish so gloriously. The strictest injunction had been given that he should, at all hazards, and every sacrifice, be secured alive, so that he might be made a frightful example, to the determent of future offenders. On every hand he exposed himself to the fury of the horsemen, but in vain, 'till at length despairing, and seeing no hope of escape, or chance of death, he endeavored to despatch himself by falling upon his sword; but his design was frustrated, his person secured, and under a powerful escort, he was conveyed to Petersburg.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of July, that I was awoke at sunrise, by a loud rolling of drums. I sprang from my bed, and hastening to the window, saw a body of the municipal authorities, headed by several mounted kalmouks, marching along. My curiosity was excited, and upon inquiry, I found that the celebrated brigand, Repkini, who, for many months before, had occupied so much public attention, was, that morning, to suffer the punishment of the Knout. I had often heard of this mode of punition, but had never been a witness to it, and having a double desire to see this famous robber, I resolved, at once, to be an observer. Having arrived at the place of execution, I waited but a short time before the criminal was brought hither from the hotel of Police, bound down upon a rough wooden sledge—and surrounded by about a hundred individuals of the civil power, each carrying a musket. In front of these proceeded six kalmouks on horseback, each with a sabre hanging by his left side, and by his right, was swung a lance, while in their hands they severally held a little whip of leather. In the rear, marched a numerous body of police-men, armed with white staves: the whole under a principal officer of horse.

The unfortunate man, who had already twice undergone a similar punishment, was now approached by the executioner, and prepared for the fulfilment of the sentence. He was stripped of every article of clothing, save a pair of coarse woollen drawers. A leather strap was then placed around his waist, and firmly buckled behind him, to a plank of wood. He was then, by a process of machinery, raised above the heads of the spectators, so that he might be seen and known. His feet were next bound firmly around the same plank of wood, while the top of it was cut slopingly, and in a manner to receive his neck and arms. About his throat was then passed a chord, which, at the same time, was carried to his arms, and fastened them tightly a little above the wrist, through iron rings; this was then brought down to corresponding ones at the bottom of the plank, to which his feet were also securely attached. In this position the culprit was made to stand with his back completely exposed, and perfectly unable to stir.

This ceremony being finished, the nature of his crime and sentence were then read aloud, the spectators standing uncovered. Completely absorbed in the agony of suspense and terror, I forgot to remove my hat, when I was suddenly recalled from my abstraction by a blow from a kalmouk, who ordered me to uncover, and, at the same time, followed me up with a repetition of the like, so that I was glad to remove to another place among the crowd.

The executioner, habited in a black woollen dress, now retired about six feet from the criminal, and commenced his horrible business. Between each blow he always allowed an interval of about six seconds to take place. At the end of every seventy-five strokes, he dipped the knout or lash in powdered brimstone, which, mingling with the blood, gave it a deep purple color. This operation was resorted to, to prevent the chord from twisting and becoming a solid body. But in spite of this precaution, it became one thick and heavy lash, from every sweep which it received in the hands of the executioner, by being dragged along the earth, which, mixing with the blood and brimstone, added it to its weight and elasticity.

At the first blow, the poor wretch uttered one thrilling scream of agony, after which not another sound escaped his lips for one hour and a half, during which he received three hundred and sixty-six blows without cessation. The officer who was in command of the guard, and whose duty it was to see the sentence carried into execution, during the punishment, had sent a soldier to speak to him, but I was informed that he never replied. The question put to him was—"Did he repent?"

The prisoner was now unfastened, and the servant of the executioner conducted him to a chair placed beside the sledge upon which he had been brought. In this he was seated, while to the front of it was affixed a machine of singular construction. It was furnished with sharp iron points, upon which his hands were placed, and a heavy weight falling upon them, these were forced through—a quantity of gunpowder was then rubbed into the bleeding wounds, so as to leave an everlasting mark. The same operation was repeated twice successively, after which his nostrils were slit open by a pair of sharp-pointed pincers.

Notwithstanding this horrible execution, the prisoner underwent the latter part of his sentence, standing upon his feet, without the slightest support. He was then covered with his shirt, placed upon the sledge, and conducted back to prison, where, at the end of nine days, he expired in the most excruciating torture.

On inquiring of one of the police who had seen him previous to his death, I was told that he saw him lying on a bare oaken bench, attired only in his drawers, with his back quite uncovered, and his wounds festering from a want of dressing. The prisoner informed this individual that if he had not been permitted to bleed so freely, he was certain he would have recovered.

The jailor, whom I contived to interrogate upon this

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point, replied that he had been forbidden to afford him any succor. Great God, was it not enough to torture, but that it was deemed necessary to resort to a refinement upon the most barbarous inhumanity. "Were such the orders you received?" I inquired. "Was his sentence not fulfilled by the punishment of the knout?"

"No," replied he, "the sentence is—'*He is to be left to die*,' and even if he had recovered, I understood he would have been sent to Siberia. But a policy of the most inhuman species is always resorted to by government, and which was exemplified in the case of Repkini, which is, that the unfortunate criminal, if he can be neglected and denied the rights of humanity, so as to expire in his dungeon, and fulfil the sentence of the law '*to be left to die*,' saves the expense of his transportation to Siberia, and all further trouble which may arise from his confinement there. Such was the fate of this much-injured and murdered man—from opposition to a villain who had wronged his beloved sister in the most vital part. Power was paramount to virtue, wealth to poverty, and from daring to assert the prerogative of his manhood—the gift of his Creator, he was seized, manacled, and tortured—denied the common aid of humanity, and left to expire in the agony of soul and body, unpitied, unshriven and unwept.

"Murmured he not at the cruelty of his fate? Spoke he of no kind one who was dear in his remembrance?" I asked of the jailor.

"Yes! '*My sister! my sister!*' were the last words that he uttered," answered the callous keeper of the prison, with an air of the utmost carelessness.

Poor Repkini, one heart has a sigh for thee, one eye a tear to weep for thy memory. H.

FANCIES ON FAME.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

I.

"Once more upon the ocean!" Yet once more
Launched in my slender barque of careless rhyme,
Upon that deep, along whose sandy shore
Are scattered hopes and phantasies sublime,
Poets' imaginings, sweet Fancy's store,
The hopes of Youth, its follies and its crime—
And on this stormy sea I lift my sail,
And bend my cheek to catch the favoring gale.

II.

Here by a high and beaked promontory—
Its name, Neglect—lie many a youngster dead;
Some, whose great griefs are told in piteous story,
And some, who ever from men's knowledge fled,
Working in cells and solitude for glory,
And seldom bent in sleep the weary head—
Then uttered to the world their burning songs;—
And some who hid, and some who told their wrongs.

III.

Ay, 'till their hearts withered and shrank away,
Scorching to embers with the genius-fire—
Or burst and scattered into bloody spray,
With the strong passion which did them inspire,
And never quiet for a moment lay,
But broke the heart, which those tormentors dire,
Sorrow and care had gnawed and made their food,
Feeding with it their clam'rous serpent brood.

IV.

Ay, here they lie, as when they were alive,
With dim, deep eyes, like lamps, that of a night,
Afar within a narrow hall may rive
The darkness palpable—with cheek death-white,
While, blue as seas wherein the Indians dive,
The veins are swelling in the forehead's light—
And, as the struggle were this moment o'er,
Nostril and lip are slightly tinged with gore.

V.

For these are they whose songs are now the food
And inspiration of a thousand souls:—
While this broad ocean, in its solitude,
Laves their white feet, and still unceasing rolls—
The dim monotony of its blue food
On their dead ears; they live in deathless scrolls—
Shelley and Keats, and Neele and Chatterton,
With Savage, Nature's most unlucky son.

VI.

The wrecks of noble hearts are lying here,
Anear this ocean, this deep sea of Fame,
Shivered and broken, fire-consumed and sere,
The soul of sorrow, and the soul of flame:
The poet rests the conqueror anear,
And unto both the world has given the name
Of men whose great Ambition was the bane
Which hurled them down, like gods, from their high fane.

VII.

Upon this sea I dare to steer my barque—
Bask in its calm, nor tremble at its storm—
Dart through its mist and terror like the lark,
And sing, like him, whene'er the sun is warm—
Ride on its waves, and to its breakers hark,
For the great waves that wreck the frigate's form,
Spare the small skiff that o'er the shallow glides,
And where the tall ships strike, it safely rides.

VIII.

Oh, Fame, thou beacon set amid the shoals,
Where, like the wrecker's light, thou lureat on
The mariner to death! Thou to the souls
Of poets and philosophers, the sun,
By which each one indites his golden scrolls,
Hoping that many an age his words will con.
It were but folly for my tongue to say
Thou hast not lured me, too, along my way.

IX.

For thee the poet from the world doth go,
And dries his heart up by the midnight lamp—
For thee the chemist sits, and weak and slow,
Peers into Nature. Thou dost only stamp,
And armies all the wide earth overflow,
Scale the grim breach, defend the desperate camp—
For thee the orator pours forth his lore,
And senates—nations quake his voice before.

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X.

And yet their empire is not absolute.
The love of gold and woman share with thee
The human breast, and thy command dispute—
The latter thou canst conquer frequently;
Thy fiery voice can overcome the mute
And gentle eloquence of woman's plea,
And led by thee, the warrior leaves his bride,
In hope to be by glory deified.

XI.

The former is, alas! too staunch a foe,
And where it enters in, thy reign is over:
But I, nor love of gold or woman know—
Homeless and hopeless, doomed to be a rover—
No spring of love around my heart may flow;
What I have been oblivion must cover;
Although 'tis hard to learn, the task *forget*—
The memory of pleasure tortures yet.

XII.

But still there is a passion in the breast,
A grasping after thee and thine, oh, Fame!
The last sad flashes from the dim unrest
Of the phosphoric cup, now nearly tame—
The last lone gaspings of the heart oppress
With woe—the last brief quivering of its flame!
Open my heart, when death has stiffened it,
And there, within its core, you'll find *Fame* writ.

XIII.

And yet I'm conscious this will prove a vision—
This hope of winning from the world renown;
'Twill prove like those delusive dreams, Elysian,
Of love and joy which did my boyhood crown.
Methinks I see the world smile, with derision,
More cutting even than its fiercest frown—
Yet still the heart with fate and fortune copes,
Pierced with the breaking of these fragile hopes.

XIV.

Onward, again! My words of grief are spoken,
And thought is driven to her ruined nook:
Lets laugh again! The heart that hath been broken,
Wears often to the world a careless look,
And showeth not, by any outward token,
The desolations that no utterance brook:
So I shall doff, again, Care's sombre casque,
And mingle in the great world's glitt'ring masque.

XV.

Behold the characters that cross our way!
Turband and caftan, toga, domino!
Here beauty and delight around us play.
As, on a night of June, the fire flies glow—
Here, from the youngster to the sere and grey,
Mankind is eddying, in its whirl and flow—
All guided by that argument so old
And so convincing to the many—gold!

THE DYING BOY,

AND THE GOOD CHEVERUS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Young Edward Stevens laid down the life of the good Bishop Cheverus, and pressed his thin, pale hand to his eyes, for the tears were swelling thickly from beneath it. He was a child yet, scarcely thirteen, bright, good, and learned, for his years, but sickness lay with a heavy hand upon him, and the boy knew, that ere the autumn should have passed away, the dry leaf would rustle upon his grave.

His mother was by, and she gently removed his hand, wiped the tears from his eyes, and laid her cheek to his high, pale forehead.

"You go to a more beautiful world than this, my son, where is wisdom and knowledge and love. You do not shrink from suffering, my noble-minded child, for that appeals only to the body—tell me all that you fear—all that you feel."

Edward put his arms about her neck, and wept freely.

"I was thinking of how much the good can do in the world—and I shall do nothing—the world will be no better that I have lived in it, dear mother."

"Say not so, my own son. You have done much, very much good, already. Have you not trained your own spirit to gentleness, and goodness—to faith in God, and submission to His holy will? This is a great work, my child—the greatest the human mind, even in long life, can achieve. Then (and she pressed him closer to her bosom) you have accomplished a great mission besides. You have called into exercise the sweetest and purest affections of your mother. You have taught me to pray as I never could have prayed but for you, Edward, and while talking with thee upon those exalted hopes that have not earth for their object, I have found my own faith deepened, my hopes purified, and a power imparted, of which once I could scarcely have dreamed. Say not you have lived in vain, my beloved, when so much has been done through your agency,"

The eye of the young sufferer was meekly raised, he clasped his thin hands, and an unearthly smile dwelt upon his lips. "Father, I thank thee," he articulated. Then reverting to the first object of thought, he said, "Let us talk, my dear mother; I am weary, and cannot read. The good pass from the earth, but not so the good they have done."

"No, my son, and though the great and powerful, with their deeds, fade from the records of man, a perpetual halo lingers about the memory of the good. The despised Nazarene, wandering about the mountains of Judea, his locks wet with the dew of the night, scoffed at, perverted and forsaken, seemed little likely to survive the ignominy of the great tragedy of Calvery. But think of the thousands who have since died, relying upon his promises, reposing upon his love, and think how the affections of the good, through all ages, centre about his name. So in a more limited sense it is with all the excellent that have lived. They form a nucleus, gathering about them the sympathies of all the good

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that succeeded them. The humblest child with a pure and loving heart, may sway the feelings of a thousand.

Edward smiled gently; a flush passed over his pale forehead, and the blue veins dilated, as if stirred by exalted thoughts, and he whispered gently, "Go on, dear mother."

The mother brushed the tears from her eyes, but she was no weak and ordinary woman, to weep when good could be done, and she pressed the pale boy to her bosom and continued,

"Yes, the glitter that surrounds the conqueror, the great of the earth, merely, must pass away, but goodness is eternal. In the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, the gentle, the prayerful and submissive child may have better fulfilled his destiny than the sage or the philosopher. It is the good, only that win the affections; and we love them even as if present with them, ages after they may have passed away; and we love them because the elements of goodness are in our own hearts. You, my son, have thrilled with admiration in reading of the all but Christian philosophers, Socrates and Plato; and it is so, and will always be so, with every generous-hearted school-boy. This is why we love to read of such men as Rahmuhan Roy, and Oberlin, and Felix Noff, who were ready to sacrifice every thing in life, to truth and virtue. All, that will, can make the same sacrifices. You, my son, I am quite sure, would have been ready to do as much as any of these, or as much as your favorite Cheverus, had it been the will of our father to continue here. But he graciously accepts the desire, for the performance of the work."

The mother's voice trembled, and tears came to her eyes. "Be comforted, my dear mother," said the sick boy, "all is for the best."

"Many talk of the sufferings, the trials, and privations to which the good are subjected in this life. But with men of such exalted virtue, these cease to be trials, for their glorious conceptions are fixed upon things too lofty to be moved by the petty vexations of this world. What are poverty and the contempt of little men, to him who is absorbed in the majesty of virtue—who regards the loftiness of goodness, rather than the tinsel of wealth? When the good Bishop Cheverus carried the *wood, split with his own hands*, into the chamber of the sick wife of the sailor, did he feel degraded by the meanness of the service? No, for it was ennobled by the principle of benevolence. So when he broke his last crust amongst the poor of his flock, who came to him as to a common father, did he feel the pressure of poverty? No, for he gloried to be like his Divine Master in humility and poverty.

The records of man can afford nothing more truly noble, than the good Bishop, domesticated with the poor Indians, partaking of their ill-prepared fare, sleeping upon their rude skins, and visiting their wild wigwams in the midst of storms and cold, that he might reveal to them the hopes of a better faith, and win them to the knowledge of the true God. I can realize the whole merit of the sacrifices he must have made, for I once visited the very tribe where he labored so long and faithfully. I witnessed their ill-constructed dwellings, their filthy apartments, and the poverty to be seen all around them, and was even paddled across the Penobscot in one of those frail canoes, that the weight of a finger might upset. It might have been the very one that conveyed the good Cheverus upon some of his errands of love. But in the midst of all their debasement and poverty, the influence of the good Bishop was plainly discernible. The only framed building on the island, at that time, was the church, surmounted by the cross, and it was kept neat and orderly. The dead body of a woman who had died seventy miles up the river, had been brought down to the common place of burial, and was reposing in a rude white coffin, with the crucifix at the head, waiting for the last rights of their religion.

When they went to the grave-yard to dig the grave, I observed that each was ornamented with a wooden cross. They spoke of their Priest, Bishop Cheverus, with the greatest reverence and love. His word was a law to them. Nothing could be undertaken, unless first sanctioned by him. Though of a different faith, we cannot but admire the devotion and Christian piety, which prompted such sacrifices and labors for the good of a poor and obscure tribe of men, at that time on the outskirts of uncivilization.

In poverty and trial, the good man is perpetually reminded "wherein his great strength lies," and he resorts constantly to God for support. But it is prosperity that tests the intrinsic excellence of character. So it was with the good Cheverus. He knew this, and shrunk from the honors ready to be heaped upon him. With a noble humility he feared to hazard the test, and chose the works of benevolence, the labors of love, under the privations of a poor and humble diocess, in America, to the honors that awaited him in his native country. But he needed not have shrunk from the trial, great as it undoubtedly was, to one pure and self-distrusting, as was the good Bishop. His humility never forsook him. He still might be found in the cabins of the poor and the suffering, imparting relief, and speaking the language of hope and comfort. His sympathies were not with the great, the affluent, whose followers are many, but with the lowly, the outcast, the degraded, the suffering, to whom he might impart relief, countenance, and protection. The rich carpets of his palace were as often trod by the houseless beggar as the rich and powerful; for all knew that the good Cheverus had an ear for every tale of misery, and a heart and hand to afford relief.

Noble example of Christian love and lowliness of heart. Blessed follower of the meek and loving Jesus, would that more would follow in thy footsteps! Edward's eye kindled as his mother recited passages in the life of Cheverus.

"Oh, my dear mother, I will not weep that I cannot walk in the footsteps of the good Bishop, for God has been pleased to order otherwise. I shall pass from the earth only to live in Heaven. And yet, mother, dear mother, the suffocation, the agony of the last moment, I do, do shrink from it. The mystery of death—it is terrible," and the sick boy pressed his mother's neck with a convulsive tenderness.

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The mother fell upon her knees beside the dying boy, and prayed fervently, that these fears might pass from the spirit of her noble-minded child—that the gloom, resting upon the valley of the shadow of Death, might be dispelled by the glorious light of immortality. Calmly, and most fervently did that widowed mother pray beside the bed of the dying boy. When she had finished, a sweet smile was resting upon the lips of Edward, his blue eyes were looking up with an expression of holy contemplation.

"Thy prayer is heard, dear mother," he whispered; "death is but the rending of the veil. At the death of Jesus, the 'Veil of the Temple was rent.' I see it now—the good, the beautiful are there."

His mother pressed his lips to hers; the blue eyes closed; young Edward had gone to his home.

A SCENE IN LIFE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Yes! thirty years have rolled away,
Since these sad eyes beheld the day;
My youth has passed, and there are now
Some manhood wrinkles on my brow—
Some lines of thought, and some of grief,
And frost has touched my summer leaf.
Oh, mournful lot! that cares and fears
Have made me older than my years—
That my swift sands of life have run,
Not jewel-sparkles in the sun,
But heavy, dark and moistened grains,
Discolored by misfortune's stains.

Once on a point of time I stood
With fair survey of land and flood,
Where ev'ry prospect smiled around,
And verdure covered all the ground,
And every stream was flashing bright,
As if its waves were made of light.
Across the sun, if vapors flew,
Their pinions wore a golden hue;
If clouds were in the distance piled,
From each white mass an angel smiled;
If breezes came, and rain-drops fell,
'Twas but to freshen grove and dell.

Then, like a traveller who will lean
Upon his staff to view the scene
Where Quiet, Peace, and Beauty reign,
I looked along Life's happy plain.
How like a vision bright and rare,
The landscape melted into air!
The mist arose, the storm descended,
The stalwart trees were round me rended,
The rivers wild and turbid grew,
The hill-sides wore a deeper hue;
High on the sea-shore dashed the spray,
And Darkness sealed the dome of day!

NIGHT.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

The day hath closed its weary eye,
And on the breast of evening sunk to sleep;
Forth from their caves the spectre-shadows fly,
To wrap the earth in darkness deep.

Silence, o'er all, her robe has roll'd,
And many gentle eyes hath Slumber prest:
When angel-spirits their soft vigils hold,
How blessed is the sleeper's rest!

Lightly the lids of Infancy
The wand of Sleep hath touched, and they are closed;
And ne'er in Eden-bowers more tranquilly
Unsullied Innocence reposed.

The fair girl on her pillow breathes
In melody—while with angelic grace—
The smiles which Fancy, in the night-hour wreathes,
Play on her sweetly-dimpled face.

The good man sleeps, and on his brow
Is written peace; his daily life is fraught
With thoughts and deeds of good to man—and now,
Their own sweet recompense they've brought.,

But there are weary eyes unsealed,
And many hearts are aching at this hour;
The feverish couch of sickness may not yield
Its victims to sweet Slumber's power.

Nor these alone the Angel Sleep
Leaves unrefreshed, and tossed with bitter pain;
Others there are, who, racked with conscience, weep
Beneath Remors's galling chain.

Thousands are sleepless—night, to them,
Is but an echo of the weary day,
Yet still more sad; in sorrow and in shame
They drag the heavy hours away.

Yet are there some, whose wakeful eyes,
Sweet slumber fain would kiss, and woo to rest;
But a strong spell upon their spirit lies,
A deep, calm feeling reigns within their breast.

The night, to them, is holy time!
Earth, with her vanities, may not intrude;
And 'wrapped in self-communion all sublime,
They bless the welcome solitude,

Or lifting their pure hearts above,
They soar away to God's eternal throne;
And from His holy presence drink in love—
Ineffable—to earth unknown.

Yes, night has voices soft and low,
Teaching sweet lessons to the thoughtful mind;
Bidding its best and purest feelings flow,
In sympathy for human-kind.

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LOVE IN A PUZZLE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"There is a pale, blue flower growing in a mist of fine green leaves, which is called Love in a Puzzle."

One fair summer night,
When the stars were bright,
And the crescent moon was young,
When the zephyrs flew
With their urns of due,
Where the languid flow'rets hung.

In a fairy bower,
Where the myrtle flower
Through its pale green leaves shone bright,
And the roses red
Around them shed
Sweet scents on the airs of night;

Young Love lay asleep,
In repose so deep,
'Twas disturbed by no warning sound;
And his bow unstrung,
And quiver unhung,
Were at random thrown on the ground.

The fair Queen of flowers,
With the roseate Hours,
Came by chance to repose in the shade;
She looked at the boy,
With a smile of joy,
As she saw where his bow was laid.

She hid it away,
'Mid the flow'rets gay,
Having first untied the string;
And the Frolic Hours
Enwreathed with flowers,
With sweet voices began to sing.

Love opened his eyes,
And in much surprise,
He found that his bow was gone;
He sought it with tears,
And anxious fears;
And many a bitter moan.

With many a wile,
They sought for a while,
To teaze the weeping boy;
'Till weary of play,
Ere they darted away,
The Hours gave him back his toy.

Yet, they spread each wing,
Ere he tied the string,
And swift on their pinions flew,
But by fair Flora's spell,
Each tear-drop that fell,
To "Love in a puzzle" grew.

Cambridge Port, Mass.

THE DEATH OF GOLIATH.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

The Philistines gathered in battle array,
And fast by their weapons the Israelites lay;
Like clouds were the host on the mountain tops seen,
While lay the green valley of Elah between.

Why waiteth the battle, why stayeth the sword?
Hath Israel no trust in the arm of the Lord?
And where is their leader, hath Saul been dismayed?
Are the warriors and mighty of valor, afraid?

Ho! Israelite, ho! from the Philistines' tent,
To challenge your bravest a champion is sent;
Ah! who will contend with Goliath of Gath,
A giant in stature, a demon in wrath.

In helmet of brass and link'd armor he came,
And stout hearts grew faint at the sound of his name;
And Israel trembled as loud he defied
The armies of God in his boasting and pride.

Hath Israel no champion to fight for the Lord,
To smite the bold vaunter with spear and with sword?
None, none, for his terror hath fallen on all,
And fear lies like rust on the heart of King Saul.

Lo! who is yon stripling from Bethlehem's plain?
Emanuel's annointed, he comes not in vain;
"Stand forth, thou proud boaster, with spear and with sword,
I come unto thee in the name of the Lord."

Then the Philistine laughed in anger and scorn,
"Go! weep and bewail for the day thou wast born;
For thy flesh will I give to the fowls of the air,
And wild beasts of prey shall thy dainty limbs tear."

In fury he rose, but the shepherd-boy took
His staff in his hand, and a stone from the brook;
"With these will I conquer, and Israel shall know,
The Lord of Hosts fights with his armies below."

As the thunderbolt falls on the quivering oak—
So sure was the aim, and so deadly the stroke:
For scarce did the pebble the yielding-string pass,
Ere it clove to the brain through the helmet of brass.

The champion is slain, and the Philistines fly
Like clouds from the face of the tempest-swept sky;
The valley of Ekron is filled with the dead,
And its stream with the blood of the wounded runs red.

Praise, praise to the Lord! Oh, ye Israelites! sing;
And praise to the valor of David your king;
For he must prevail o'er the spear and the sword,
Who fights with the spirit and arm of the Lord.

Philadelphia, 1840.

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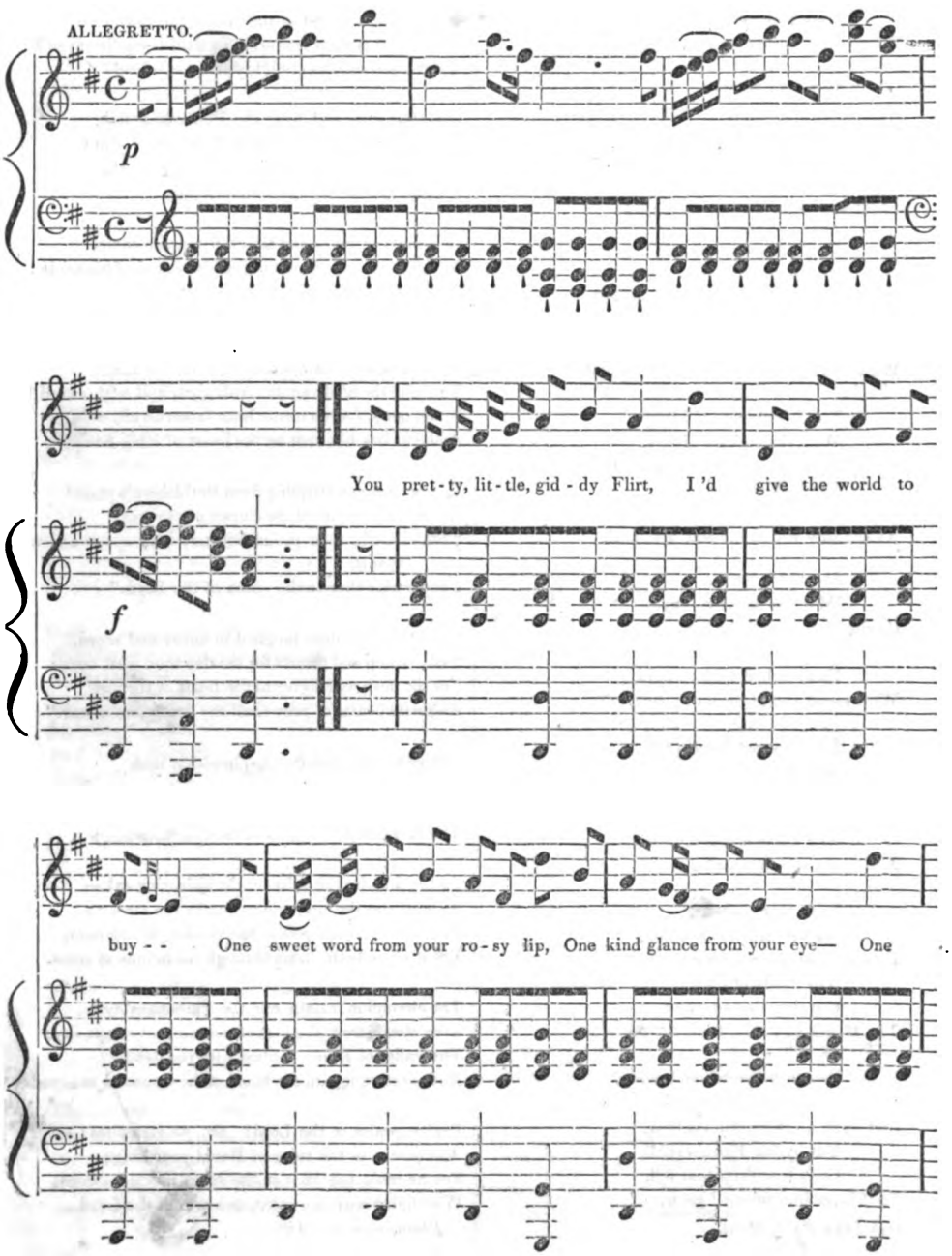
YOU PRETTY, LITTLE, GIDDY FLIRT.

A BALLAD.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MISS CLENNELL.



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kind glance from your eye! I know you are so strange a girl, That strange your choice will

Scherzando.

be; - - Per-haps, Miss Polly, af - ter all, You 'll take to lov - ing me,— You 'll

take to lov - ing me.

f

SECOND VERSE.

I cannot court as others do,
By bending on their knees;
Yet, oh! I 'd give that little hand
So warm, so fond a squeeze—
So warm, so fond a squeeze

That you should know, you pretty Flirt,
That those who cannot tell
Their love in words as others can,
May still love quite as well—
May still love quite as well!

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LITERARY REVIEW.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA—PART THE SECOND: BY ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE: *J. & H. G. Langley, New-York.*—This is a most beautiful volume, being a new edition of this celebrated work. This second part, which treats of the social influence of Democracy in America, is more congenial to the community at large, than the first; being a philosophical examination of our tastes, feelings, and manners, and a critical reflection upon private opinions, religious creeds, literature, and the arts, all of which are descanted upon, with a discrimination of judgment and a sincerity of spirit, that, however annoying to our national pride and self-esteem, must be received as an unprejudiced dissertation, of an intellectual admirer of Democracy in its strictest principles. Among the many topics which come under his minute observation, we may instance the private pursuits and manners of our country, and especially the character and education of female society; the latter subject, he has handled with the pen of a profound philosopher, and proud should we be of the evidence of such a writer, that proves the daughters of America, to be purer in moral principles, and more proficient in domestic relations, than any other country in the world. The latter chapters of the work are a confirmation of the tenets contained in the former volume, with regard to the effects of democratic opinions on the political portions of society; showing, that Democracy, sooner or later, must be the prevailing government of Europe,—and certainly, it is a political consummation most sincerely to be desired, if there is truth in the author's affirmation, "that Democratic nations, to be virtuous and prosperous, have only to will it." We are sorry that our pages will not permit us to extend our review of this admirable work, to a greater length, and will conclude, by recommending it to every citizen and statesman who desires a deep acquaintance with the moral and political institutions of America.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, BY R. H. DANA: FAMILY LIBRARY: *Harper & Brothers.*—This narrative is one of the most interesting and vivid descriptions of a seaman's life, that has ever come under our observation. A portraiture of their exact condition at sea and on shore—of the discipline to which they are subjected, and of the character of those who are placed to dispense that discipline. The concluding part of the work, is invaluable for its sound reflections upon the present position of officer and sailor; for the suggestion it contains for the promotion of the religious and moral improvement of the seaman, and the ameliorating of the severity to which they are at all times too much exposed. It is a volume that affords instruction and amusement to all classes, and we strongly recommend it to a wide perusal.

PARRY'S VOYAGES: FAMILY LIBRARY. *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a very interesting publication, being a narrative of the three different expeditions for the discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as also that of an attempt to reach the North Pole. The reader will find in it an immense fund of information, blended with novel and remarkable incidents. Besides being a work of intrinsic value to the interests of science, it is particularly adapted for the study of youth, imparting as it does, instruction under the garb of pleasure.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR: *Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—This story, originally published in Blackwood's Magazine, and confessed to be one of the most delightful of the present day, is now reprinted in three handsome volumes. We have read it with pleasure, and can honestly recommend it to all who love a good moral in the guise of fiction.

THE URSULINE MANUAL: *Edward Dunigan, New-York.*—This is a collection of prayers and spiritual exercises of the Roman Catholic Faith. The preface, which we have carefully perused, is a dissertation upon the education of the female mind. The writer is, no doubt, sincere in his opinions, but to our taste, it is too deeply imbued with a monkish austerity, that does not at all accord with the true character of a christian. We respect the sincere followers of all creeds conducive to morality and religion, but contemn those, who from a bigoted zeal, or self-presumption, arrogate a superiority of mind over their fellows, and boldly promulgate their principles, as the only ones by which society should be governed. The work is beautifully printed, and as a manual of devotional exercise, deserves and will receive, an extensive circulation.

THE SOCIAL LYRIST: *Linen & Fennel, New-York.*—This is a very charming little volume, containing the most popular songs of the past and present day, set to music, and arranged for one, two, or three voices. The compiler has executed his task with taste and skill, and as a pocket companion, it is invaluable to the musical amateur.

THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER, WITH ETCHINGS, BY PHIZ: *Carey & Hart.*—The popularity so deservedly acquired by the inimitable Boz, has found a rival in the author of Harry Lorrequer. We shrewdly suspect, had he appeared first in the field, that the Pickwick Papers, would have had a severe struggle to establish their present fame. Boz has certainly the ascendancy over his Irish brother, in descriptions of the pathetic and domestic scenes of life; but in fun evoking merriment and exuberant fancy, he cannot compare. Good reader, get it and laugh as heartily as we have done over its happy pages, as it will prevent many a grey hair from waving over your temples. Nor are the etchings one tittle inferior to the text. The artist seems to have caught the ideas of the author, and pourtrayed them with the most consummate skill.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, WITH ETCHINGS, BY PHIZ: *Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—This is another amusing work, by the same author, and so far as we have proceeded in the perusal, we are more confirmed in our opinion, that "*Mr.*" Lorrequer, is the most original and racy writer now existing. In this, as in his "*Confessions,*" the same fertile vein of invention, the same joyous and mirth-inspiring genius are as brilliant as ever. It promises to outdo the "Confessions,"—a thing which we considered an impossibility.—*Wiley & Putman.*

FLORENCE DALBIAC, AND OTHER TALES, BY MRS. L. C. H. TREMAYNE: *S. W. Benedict.*—Four prose tales and one poem constitute the contents of this volume. The poem is merely a descriptive ballad on the loss of the Lexington. Of the tales,—Florence Dalbiac and the Rescue, are the best written. That of the Three Widows, we condemn for the bad example it presents, and the loose moral it inculcates. Our authoress appears to have followed in the steps of Bulwer, in the composition of this story, advocating the sacrifice of female affection and domestic duty upon the shrine of infatuated passion. This censure which we express, arises from a desire that Mrs. Tremayne may hereafter avoid a similar error, into which nothing but inexperience could have betrayed her. At the same time we condemn, we are ready to allow, that there is much to praise in her writing, and shall rejoice to see her again in the fields of literature.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, BY BOZ: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Numbers ten, eleven, and twelve, of this work, are before us. It requires no meed of praise at our hands. Universal consent has acknowledged it one of this author's best. The publication is in Lea & Blanchard's usual style of excellence. We need say no more to ensure it a wide circulation.—*G. & C. Carvil.*

THE YOUNG PRIMA DONNA: *Lea & Blanchard.*—A work which we do not relish. The authoress belongs to that class of sickly, sentimental writers, who talk in the language of the boarding-school, and whose experience of the world is acquired in the circle of blue stockings and spinsters.

MARYLAND MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL: *John Murphy, Baltimore.*—We have received the third number of this work, but neither of the others. The contents are furnished by gentlemen who rank high in the world of medical science. We consider it a publication where much useful information may be obtained beneficial to both the student and practitioner.

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THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Since the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, opera has been the reigning amusement at the Park. La Sonnambula, Cinderella, Fra Diavolo, and Love in a Village, have been successively produced, or rather revived, with considerable effect. Mrs. Wood is all that ever she was in professional excellence; nay, we are almost inclined to believe her voice is of fuller volume and greater compass, at least her execution of that splendid scena, at the end of the second act, in the Sonnambula, we never remember, on her former visit, to have heard so magnificently executed. It was absolutely thrilling—a triumph of art, that created as absorbing emotions in our bosom, as ever did the greatest delineations of the masters of the tragic scene. Her acting of Amina, is one of the most touching pictures that ever was pourtrayed by dramatic artist. It is so perfectly true to nature, so utterly devoid of trickery, that the illusion becomes almost a reality. With respect to Cinderella, although the music is of the highest order, yet it fails to touch the heart, like that of the Sonnambula. It is a composition of varied merit, many gems but more dross. Mrs. Wood's singing of the finale, is worth the whole of the opera together. Of her performance in Fra Diavolo, we can find nothing to say but praise, she does more justice to the music than it deserves. Mr. Wood has certainly improved, both in his acting and singing; there is more grace in his action and more melody in his voice, than when before us some years since. His performance of Elvino, is perfect. Mr. Leffler, who for the first time in America appeared as Rodolpho, in the Sonnambula, is a singer possessing a beautiful *baritone* voice, of genteel appearance and modest demeanor; the latter quality, a passport to every candid and honorable critic. The impression which he made, must have been flattering to his feelings,—it was, what is termed in dramatic phraseology, a *decided hit*. He sang the music most delightfully, divested of all false flourishes, unfathomable depths of tone, and affected pathos.

NATIONAL.—*Horn's New Opera.*—New-York has certainly to boast of one of the most magnificent theatres that any country at this moment possesses. It is constructed from the design of Calvin Pollard, by Mr. Black. The internal decorations are by Signor Guicini, and the Curtain by Signor Brigaldi. There are four tiers of boxes, including twelve private boxes; the latter, however, to our thinking, are too effeminate in their decorations, while the naked appearance which their interior presents when revealed to view, are in bad keeping with the other portions of the house. The pit is partitioned into distinct seats for each individual. The chandeliers are formed of rich glass and placed at equal distances through the house; the draperies and hangings are displayed in graceful folds, and supported by the crescent, the whole constituting a gorgeous structure of oriental design and ornamental beauty. Of the stage we may say, that it is one of the most spacious and best constructed of any theatre we have yet beheld, and the machinery and scenery are of the first order. Mr. Lehr, the productions of whose pencil we have frequently admired, has, in the scenic department, transcended all that he has hitherto done. He is to America what Stanfield is to England, the master of this art—there is no mannerism about any thing he does—each scene is fraught with distinct ideas and effects, correct in design, and harmonius in coloring. Messrs. Isherwood and Grain have also contributed to this department of the stage, with considerable success, and but one opinion appears to prevail, that the scenery is the only entertainment of the evening. The curtain by Brigaldi is executed with the greatest fidelity to the rules of art. The upper portion of the landscape is very fine in its tone of color, but the architectural one is too dull, while the introduction of figures is in very bad taste. This is also a fault to be found in Mr. Lehr's Act Drop, and we are sorry for it, as the landscape and execution would have been more perfect without the group, which so conspicuously occupies the foreground. Such departures from the rules of art, may afford an opportunity for the display of the ingenuity of the artist, but are at complete variance with correct taste and the principles of scenic composition. A word now of the opera, Ahmed Al Kamel,—we wish we could speak of it in terms of praise, but as candid critics, we cannot. In vain have we sought to find some redeeming quality that might soften the rigor of censure, but not one can we find. The plot is mysterious, the language insipid, and the attempts at wit, most abominably stale and common place,—incidents there are none, and the music is soulless and apathetic. There is hardly a piece of melody, that for ten minutes will linger upon the ear. All is overstrained—a jumbling together of parts, that have neither assimilation nor connection with each other—a heterogeneous compound of sounds, destitute of cause, or sense. In ballad composition, Mr. Horn has few rivals; but, as an operatic composer, he is deficient. It is something with music, as it is with poetry, he who can write a beautiful and faultless song rarely can grapple with an epic poem; so is it with the ballad composer, he may embody and give to the world a gem of beauty and brightness, but an opera he cannot achieve, it is the crown jewel of the science—the acme of musical greatness. Of the performers,—Miss Poole, and Messrs Manvers and Guibelie, had the principal vocal parts entrusted to them. They individually did their best, but they appeared to feel that the matter was of a character that nothing could be done with it, a shadow without the substance. One of the most passable compositions in the opera, is the ballad sung by Miss Julia Wallack. This young lady, from a first appearance, and considering the arduous task allotted to her, acquitted herself most meritoriously; she has a most flexible and melodious voice; assiduity and study, we trust, will not by her be neglected, and a prosperous career will be sure to follow. The other performers who were most conspicuous in the opera, were Messieurs Latham and Blakely, but we regretted to see their talents exerted in a cause so hopeless. Mr. Horn is a gentleman of whose abilities as a musician and a ballad composer, we entertain the most profound respect; but we cannot admit his claim, from the present sample, to the exalted title of composer of an *original* and *successful* opera. The theatre has our warmest wishes for its welfare. It is complete in every department that can give effect to any production, and we believe that Mr. Wilson will spare no exertions to deserve the support and good will of the public. Since the withdrawal of Ahmed Al Kamel—La Gazza Ladra has been produced and crowned with the most brilliant success. Mr. Penson, we are happy to perceive, has been appointed leader of the orchestra, an arrangement which has given universal satisfaction, and one which will greatly benefit the interests of the theatre.

BOWERY.—The enterprising Mr. Hamblin is busy in transforming his theatre into an equestrian establishment, where a succession of magnificent entertainments, as yet unknown in America, will be brought forward. The taste of this gentleman is the best guarantee for the fulfilment of his announcement.

HILL'S THEATRE.—This is the name now given to the Franklin Theatre, lately opened under the direction of Mr. Hill, the admirable delineator of Yankee characters. The taste and beauty displayed in the embellishments, and the attention which has been bestowed upon the comforts of the audience, are deserving of every support, while the praiseworthy determination to permit no females to enter the theatre, save under the protection of gentlemen, is an inducement to parents and husbands to bring their wives and daughters, to a place of *public amusement*, without beholding morality outraged by the unblushing front of profligacy and crime.

OLYMPIC.—This pretty little theatre is every night filled to overflowing; and certainly, the tact of Mr. Mitchell in catering for his friends, is deserving of all the success he is receiving. Well aware that neither his theatre nor his company, as a whole, are adapted to the production of the legitimate compositions of the stage, he seizes upon and embodies with wonderful dexterity, the local incidents of the present time. "New-York in nineteen hundred and forty," is one of these light, airy, and mirth-inspiring trifles, that will cause a man to laugh in spite of himself, without knowing why or wherefore. We know of no better way in which an idle hour may be innocently beguiled, than by laughing at Old Crummels and his dramatic family.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

In our last, we informed our readers that we had entered into negociations with several new and distinguished writers, hereafter to contribute to the Companion. We are now happy to say, that F. W. Thomas, author of Clinton Bradshaw, and the last popular novel, Howard Pinckney; W. Gilmore Simms, author of Guy Rivers, Yemassee, and the Partizan; Epes Sargent, author of Velasco, etc.; William Falconer, of Paris; and many others, with whom we are in immediate treaty, will, in future, contribute original articles to the pages of our Magazine. In addition to these, we have still to boast of a continuation of the following writers, who have hitherto imparted their assistance to the work: Lydia H. Sigourney, Emma C. Embury, Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Ann S. Stephens, Hannah F. Gould, Mrs. Seba Smith, Miss Mary Anne Browne, Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud, Professor J. H. Ingraham, Professor Barber, Professor H. W. Longfellow, Henry W. Herbert, Rev. J. H. Clinch, Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, G. P. Morris, J. E. Dow, Samuel Woodworth, Park Benjamin, Seba Smith, Henry T. Tuckerman, Rufus Dawes, Robert Hamilton, Grenville Mellen, John Neal, and Albert Pike, forming a galaxy unparalelled in the annals of American literature, while our own determination to spare neither industry nor capital to enhance the value of the publication, will, we have no doubt, secure a continuance of that support, which has far exceeded our most sanguine hopes and expectations. A succession of engravings, such as have already adorned the work, will still be continued, equal, if not superior, in beauty of design and execution. The musical selections will receive the consideration of a competent master; additional pages of original matter will occasionally be given. In short, nothing will be neglected to sustain and advance the character of the "Ladies Companion."

The Apollo Association.—This institution contains in its present exhibition, many compositions of great merit and originality of genius. Most sincerely do we regret, that the compass of our work will not permit us to give a minute analysis of the whole of the collection, and must therefore content ourselves by referring to those of a superior quality, and commending the society to the support of the enlightened and liberal. Among one hundred and sixty-four pieces which grace the walls, the head of Isaac of York, takes precedence. It is by Allston, and is characteristic of that great artist's harmony of coloring and originality of thought. Allston, in our consideration, approaches nearer to Reynolds, the great portrait painter, than almost any master, if we except Lawrence, being endowed with the capacity of imparting feeling and sentiment, and infusing loveliness and oftentimes greatness into his subjects. The portrait of Benjamin West, is also full of the same materials of genius, one of the most perfect pictures, we believe, of ancient or modern times. The head of Miranda, by Sully, is not to our taste, there is a lack of simplicity in its composition. It conveys not that ethereal beauty, which the poet has described her to possess. The coloring, however, is of that quality so peculiar to himself, splendidly gorgeous yet withal most natural "*The Girl reading to her Brother*," is a gem, faultless in the extreme. The next portrait of merit, is that of Gilbert Stuart, by Neagle, the breadth of coloring, the speaking touches, that show the genius of the painter, without the labor of the art, remind us strongly of Stuart's style itself. The Sybil, by F. Alexander, has inspiration in its look, and much effective coloring; a similar character, handled by D. Huntington, is equal in design and execution, though differently conceived. Of the landscapes, that of Doughty's, representing "An old Fortress," is the best. It is not from the size of the picture that we are apt to be influenced in our opinion, as is too often the case, when judging of a painting, but there is a beauty of repose, a fidelity to nature, and such a glorious mellow hue over all, that we pronounce it unequalled by any American artist. Landscapes by Nasmyth's—father and son, we believe—are both excellent, yet perfectly distinct in style. "*Schroon Lake*," by Cole, is too ruddy in hue; an unnatural glow pervades the whole, that is quite oppressive to the eye, yet here and there you can distinguish those delicious traits which show the skill of the artist. "Young Fishermen in trouble," by Chapman, is beautifully painted. Of the few that are marked as *original*, by the great masters, we fervently hope they are so. That of "*Venus sending forth Cupid and Hymen*," by Titian, if not an original, is certainly an excellent copy, containing all that reckless, bold and striking character which marks the productions of this painter; a singular distribution of color, which appears at times, to have been put on without any preparation and a close similarity to the drawing of this artist, so striking in the foreshortening of his figures. The copy of Murillo's "*Beggar Boy*" is a very correct one; while those of Poussin, Corazzi, Teniers, and one or two more, we will say nothing. These are only a few remarks upon the pictures of true excellence. There are many others, however, of great promise and merit. Altogether, it is a collection creditable to the taste of its members, and a favorable indication that this delightful art is making rapid progress in America.

Clark's Gallery of old Italian Paintings.—In this collection there is much to praise. Several of the pictures, we believe, are originals at least, there is all the character of age and style of the old school so strongly apparent, as to warrant more than a supposition of their authenticity. There are pictures from almost every Italian master, whose names are familiar to the lovers of the art, as well as from many but faintly known, yet whose works display merit. The "Ecce Homo," which, in the catalogue, bears the name of Ciolo, a pupil of Guido's, is a glorious composition, and if as by good judges it is supposed to be, from the pencil of Guido himself, it is a work every way worthy his genius. "Tobit and the Angel," signed Salvator Rosa, is an excellent picture; the distance is managed with that singular felicity, that natural tone of coloring, which none but this master has ever so happily depicted. Another landscape, No. 4, if we remember rightly, by the same painter, is magnificent; we have not the slightest doubt of its originality. A night view by Claudio is delicious; the mellow softness and dreamy hue that pervades the whole of the composition, is unrivalled. There are several fine heads by Raphael, Rubens, Titian and Vandyke—landscapes by C. Poussin, N. Poussin, and Claude. Battle pieces by Wouverman, and a host of other distinguished masters of the olden time, besides a few very excellent modern productions, especially one by the celebrated David, the French artist—of Andromache and Astyanax, and three marine views by Vernet, forming, in all, a collection of above four hundred pieces of great and mediocre merit. Mr. Clark deserves well at the hands of the community for the enterprise and taste displayed in the present exhibition.

Lectures on the Sublime and Beautiful, by Rufus Dawes.—The Lecture season opens rather later than usual this year, probably in consequence of the excitement produced by the elections. But there are indications of much spirit in this walk of Literature. We perceive, by the papers, that Mr. Rufus Dawes is to commence a course of lectures on *the Sublime and Beautiful*, at Clinton Hall. The introductory to be delivered on Tuesday evening, the 10th instant, and to be continued each succeeding Tuesday and Friday. The subject is one of very great interest, susceptible of being treated in a manner highly agreeable to an audience, and from education and literary acquirements, we know of no other individual more fitted for the task. We trust that he will receive that encouragement to which his exalted genius is so justly entitled.

The "Boston Notion," which every week finds its way to our table, bursting with the good things of this world, is a salmagundi of news, literature, politics, and domestic items, marked by a nice discrimination, impartial judgment, and a liberal, and correct estimate of men and manners. It is beautifully printed, and is, in itself, one of the best weekly compendiums of general information at present circulated in America. The enterprise of its proprietor certainly deserves the strongest commendation and support.

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Drawn by T. Wrankmore — Engraved by A. L. Dick

THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1840.

THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.

PURE as the bud of a summer flower,
That its chalice opes at the morning hour;
When the dewy gems in its petals lie,
Like the sinless tears of an angel's eye;
Where beauty, grace and fragrance bright,
Are playing around the flower of light:
So looks the babe in that happy time,
When the love-fraught tones of the mother chime
On its rose-leaf ear—when its sparkling eye,
Is lit with the fire of purity;
When the sunny smiles o'er its features play,
Like a silvery streak from some sun lorn lay,—
A human flower!—ere sin or grief
Has stained the fringe of one beauteous leaf.

Yes, infancy is one of the loveliest creations with which it has pleased God to garniture this world of ours. It is the nearest likeness to heaven that humanity can advance. Human imagination, in attempting to conceive the forms of the cherubim, has chosen to clothe them in the guise of infancy, as the only state in which mortality is considered most pure, and consequently, the most fitting for the portraiture of what is good and holy. But, alas! how brief is that state of purity,—brief, as that of the golden insect which perisheth in the dew of the flowret. The shadow of thought passeth over its sunny mind—the impress of earth becometh more apparent, 'till at length, the cry of grief bespeaks it a babe of sorrow and of sin.

Then come the feelings stained with earth,
The throb—the pang—the burning tear,
When childhood's pure and spotless birth,
First merges into sorrow's sphere;
When angel beauties all depart
From out the temple of the heart,
When sin usurps the infant throne,
And the last gleam of heaven is gone;
As fades the glow of Autumn day,
Commingling with the twilight grey,
A dying glory—lovely—bright,
Sinking behind the veil of night,
Regretted—gone—for ever past,
The loved, the beautiful, the last!

Such is then the semblance of the infant spirit, when first partaking of the dark hues of the world. It is then that the eye of the fond parent should its ready vigils keep,—the voice of command be given—the counsels of morality be imparted, and the soul of the infant be led to worship the only true and real God. At this fragile period, the moulding of the mind can be best effected, and the seal of precept be firmly imprinted, which, in after years, will give a bias to that of the adult. The germs of intellect now begin to shoot forth, and as the poetical adage so truly says—

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

It behoves the parent to watch with the strictest eye, the first progression of his offspring, and to direct it in the path of rectitude, by mild counsel and laudable example,—to impart instruction, not by coercive measures, but by dignified and persuasive truths—to let not his parental love be blind to that offspring's failings, for, as sure as our own existence is measured, as sure will a foolish kindness plant the seeds of misery in their breasts, which, in after years, will spring a tree, too firmly rooted to be eradicated, by all that philosophy or resolve can attempt. Our annexed engraving is an illustration of this fact. A spoiled urchin, who, for the crime of idleness has been condemned to solitary study; but, presuming upon the hitherto laxative discipline and tenderness which he has received, is nothing dismayed or sorry for his fault, or even fearful of future consequences; but, in the wildness of passion, is dealing destruction on everything around him. Such are the fruits of over-indulgence—the spirit in embryo, of what hereafter will be a turbulent and tyrannical being,—one who deaf to reason or argument, will see nothing but through the fiery cloud of anger, and who will court a brawl rather than avoid one. How careful then, we repeat, should the parent be in the intellectual culture of his children—to correct their feelings, to repress their passions, to instil virtuous and honorable motives into their bosoms, and above all, a deep religious fervor. With this education, the child will become an ornament to society, a blessing to the parent, and a glory to God. The grey hairs of the father will not be brought with sorrow to the grave, but his lot will be cast in pleasant places, and the sun of his life descend in honor and in peace—while, in the beautiful language of the bard of HOPE, his children will

"———Sweet mourners at his stone appear,
And soothe his parted spirit, lingering near.
* * * * *
With aching temples on their hands reclined,
Muse on the last farewell he left behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all his love and all his woe."

R. H.

CHARACTER.—How different is the human mind according to the difference of place. In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependants of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtuous were only for solitude, and the vices for a city.—*Bulwer.*

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Original.

THE VIRGIN'S VENGEANCE.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE apartment which the lady entered, was a small room, furnished on every side with book-cases and presses of some dark, foreign wood, which, indeed, covered all the wall, with the exception of the panel immediately above the mantlepiece, which was filled by a large and exquisitely-painted portrait. There needed not two glances before pronouncing it a masterpiece of Antony Vandyke; it was a lady, in the pride and prime of youthful beauty, and the calm, melancholy features, and dark, glossy curls, told, beyond doubt, the place which she had occupied in that old house, and the relationship she bore to the fair girl who stood below, younger and fresher and more gay, but still its breathing counterpart. The only inmate of the room, when the girl cast the door abruptly open, was a man very far advanced in years, but yet of stately presence—time, which had covered his fine, classic head with the thin snows of nearly fourscore winters, and ploughed deep lines of care and thought on his expansive brow, had not curtailed his upright stature by one inch, nor dimmed, at all, the lustre of his dark brilliant eye. He had been, it would seem, employed in writing; for the pen was yet in his fingers, and paper lay before him with many books, folios, and ponderous tomes of reference scattered around him on the table. But the unwonted speed of his daughter's tread had excited him, for those were days when each fresh hour brought a new tale of terror, and men not naturally observant, were forced to become so, by the immediate pressure of events. He had arisen, therefore, from his cushioned chair which he had pushed back toward the ruddy hearth, and even taken a step or two toward the door—when it flew open, and with cheeks paler than usual, and a slight air of anxiety, but, nevertheless, all calm and passionless and tranquil, she stood before him.

"Why, how now, Alice," he exclaimed; "what has gone wrong now—what is amiss, my darling, and wherefore so late?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing is amiss, dear father," she replied, forcing a smile, which, nevertheless, failed to deceive his fears, or calm his apprehension. "Nothing has gone wrong, I assure you, but I have much to tell you, and brief space wherein to do so; and, above all, I fear me much, we shall, ere long, have most unwelcome visitors."

"Sit down, then—sit down, Alice, and tell me all about it—if there be brief space, so much the more need for good haste;" and he pulled forward, as he spoke, a settee from the corner of the chimney, and placed himself in his own seat in attitude of deep attention.

"Well, father, to begin," she said, "I took the little skiff, when you came up to write, and crossed the moat, and walked down with old Talbot to the fishing-house by the high road to Worcestor, and there I got engaged with a book 'till my attention was called from it by sounds of martial music, sounding away beyond the top of Longmire Hill, and then I looked out in surprise, for we had heard, you know, that the troops had all moved away southward, and saw first one, and then a second troop of horsemen file down the slope, and, as I did not fear at all, having no cause to do so, I waited there to see them pass, and they were men of Cromwell's own regiment of ironsides, with scarlet cassocks, and bright corslets, and steel caps, and large boots and no feathers. There were above a hundred of them, and they rode by quite leisurely, laughing and chatting, and some smoking. And when they had passed by, I fell into a sort of revery, which must have lasted a long time, for when I recollected myself, it had become quite grey and dark; and there was no light in the sky except one yellow gleam along the summit of the hill, where the road crosses it. And then I rose to go away, and had put on my cloak, when a sound like the shot of a hand-gun or pistolet, attracted me, and I looked out again and saw one horseman cross the ridge at a full gallop, and half a minute after, the top was covered by a whole troop of Puritans, for I could see the glitter of their helmets, and they halted and fired a volley, and charged down hill after him. So then I went out on the platform by the bridge, and waited 'till he came up—a tall young gentleman, with long light hair, and a slouched hat and feather, and a steel breast-plate, with a broad blue scarf across it; and I called out to him stop, and told him how there was another company of horse before, and bade him turn back, and tie up his own beast—sorely jaded it was, too, though a noble charger—down in the heronny wood, and to join me while his pursuers were hid behind the tall trees of the Beech clump, and he went back, and was just out of sight, when the whole party turned the corner, and drove down, shouting and brandishing their swords at a fierce gallop. Then I ran down the steps, and hid beneath the arch of the brick bridge, while they dashed on overhead. Not one of them saw me or Talbot, I'm quite certain, and the dog never growled nor showed his teeth, but seemed to know what was to do, as well as I did. When they had all gone by again, I ran up to the top once more, and there he joined me; and I brought him home along the little path through the dark dingle, and when we reached the boat-house I showed him the sail-loft, and made him mount the ladder and draw it after him, and then I crossed the moat alone, and came directly home to tell you all that I had done, and I have done right—have not I, my father?"

"Right! right, of course, my girl; you could not see the fair youth slain Yet 'tis an awkward chance. None of the serving-men nor foresters saw him with thee thou art certain?"

"Certain—most certain!"

"So far well—these troopers, as thou sayest, will be here anon—and will search all the house; but they know me that I have not borne arms nor taken any part in these sad broils, and our Cousin Chaloner has drawn his sword for the commonwealth; so that if we can hide him from this first search, I fear little but that we may preserve him. He must stay where he is, at present, and until they be here and the search over—then will we have him in when it's quite late, and hide him in the priest's hole. Did any of the first troopers see you?"

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"One did, and pointed me to his next comrade, and I heard them laugh and whisper."

"Then this must be your tale, you saw the first two companies go by, and tarried at the fishing-house yet longer, but when you heard the shots, you were afraid, and fled across the park to the boat-house, and came here by the skiff."

"Were it not better, father," she replied, "to make no mention of the boat-house, lest they should search and—"

"No! no!" he answered—"oh, no, no! They will interrogate the servants, and learn where the boat lay, and so will suspect what you would conceal, even from your own omission!"

"I see," she replied, thoughtfully, "yet 'tis a fearful risk."

"It is so, Alice," answered the old man—"it is so—yet fearful as it is, it must be run—and now away—go to your bower, and call your tirewoman, and dress as is your wont; and then to supper; all must go on as usual; we must leave them no hint whereon to hang suspicion."

She left the library, and in a little while returned with her dark hair combed back from her fair brow, and neatly braided, and all her dress chastely arranged as for the evening meal. The pair descended to the hall, where, as was customary in those unsophisticated days, the household was assembled to partake, at the same board, of the same meal which was prepared for their superiors. With easy dignity, but nought of stern pride or of cold presumption, the aged gentleman presided with his sweet child beside him, but ere the meal was ended, the interruption, by two, at least, of the party fully expected, occurred to break it short. A trumpet was blown clamorously at the gate-house, and before it could, by any possibility, have been answered, a second and a third blast followed.

"Go, some of you, and see," exclaimed the master of the house, with an air of the most perfect unconcern—"go see who blows so rudely—bestir you, or the man will blow the gate down."

Two or three of the badged green-coated serving-men, of whom the hall was full, ran off at speed to perform his bidding, but ere they reached the gates the porter had discharged his duty, and forty or fifty of the ironsides dismounted, and marched, their long steel scabbards and huge boots clanking and clattering over the paved court-yard, while thrice as many of their comrades were drawn up round the house on horseback, so as to form a cordon, rendering escape impossible except by the moat, which, of course, could not be included in the chain of sentries.

"Ten men, with sergeant Goodenough, straight to the water-gate," shouted a loud authoritative voice—"cut down or shoot all who attempt to pass without the word."

"Ha! here is something more than common," cried the old man; "nay, fear not, gentle daughter, I will go see to it," and he arose as if to put his words into effect, when the doors were thrown violently open, and two officers—one a rough-looking veteran, well seamed with scars of ancient honorable wars, the other a sleek, hypocritical-looking youth, with a head of close-cropped foxy hair, and an evil downcast eye—both clad in the full uniform of Cromwell's ironsides, and with their swords drawn, entered, while about the door clustered a group of privates, with their musketoons all unslung, and their slow matches lighted.

"Let no one quit the room, who would not die the death," exclaimed the first who entered.

"What means this outrage, gentlemen; if gentlemen ye be, why violently thus intrude upon a female's presence, with your war-weapons and rude tongues? What make ye in my peaceful dwelling at this untimely hour?"

"It means, Marc Selby," replied the second, in a low, nasal strain—"it means that thou, despite our noble general's proclamation, hast traitorously harbored and secreted one of these rakehell cavaliers, whom, yesterday, the Lord delivered into our hands, to slay them. Wherefore, surrender him at once, so shalt thou 'scape the penalty this time on strength of thy relationship with stout and brave John Chaloner."

"What cavalier? or of whom speak ye? I know not whom ye mean. My household, save the porter and the scullions, are all here. Save we ourselves, there are none else in all the house."

"Lie not!" replied the young man, violently—"lie not, lest the Lord deal with Ananias and Sapphira."

"I thank thee for thy courtesy, and shall make thee no answer any more. Search the house if ye will—ye will find no one here!"

"We will search—and search thoroughly—yea! very thoroughly! for though thou thinkest it not, we know your secret corners, your priest's hole, and your jesuit's hidings—yea! we shall search them, and finding what we shall find—ill will it go with thee. Guard thou all here 'till we return," and with the word they left the hall into which all the household was collected, and for two hours or more they were heard searching every room and stair and landing-place of the large rambling edifice—sounding the panels with their musket buts, thrusting their broadswords into every crevice, but evidently finding nothing to justify their violent intrusion. At length re-entering, they strictly questioned the old servants, from whom nought was elicited, except that their mistress had gone forth with the boat alone, some hour or so after the dinner, and had returned alone by the water-gate two hours since.

Then came the lady's turn, and, though with something more of delicacy and restraint, she, too, was very narrowly examined. The story which she told, being the literal truth, except that she omitted to say any thing about the cavalier, and that she stated herself to have crossed the park, whereas she did come by the dingle, and corresponding exactly with the narrative of the servants, produced a very visible effect upon the hearers, who, having searched all the out-houses and stables, and every nook and corner in the house without finding any thing, and having, in the first instance, intruded only upon a vague suspicion, began to fear that they had got into a troublous scrape. After a pause, however, "The boat-house," exclaimed one, "the boat-house—we have not searched the boat-house—bring all of them along—or, stay—bring Master Selby down, and his fair daugh-

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ter, to the water-gate, and we will boat it over, they guiding us. Without, there, sergeant—move a guard round by the dam on the moat, to the boat-house." The words were not well uttered before they were obeyed, and in ten minutes the whole party, consisting of the officers, with six stout troopers, were floating in the barge toward the boat-house. The face of the old man was stern and dark, and save of anger and resentment, showed no emotion—nor did his daughter, though inwardly her whole frame shook with bitter and heart-rending anguish, suffer a single tremor to betray her feminine terrors. The boat shot into the little cove, the torches threw their broad glare through the whole building, and there was nought to see.

"Here is a platform and a landing," cried the same youth who had proposed to search the boat-house, and who, with a strange pertinacity, persisted still—"let us ashore, for I doubt much we have him here, and landing on the narrow rib whereon the little feet of Alice had trodden but a little while before, he strode with echoing tramp to the far end, and waving his torch round, discovered the entrance of the sail-loft.

"Ha! said I not so?" he exclaimed, exultingly—"said I not so? What have we up this trap, sweet Master Selby?"

"A sail-loft," answered he, very quietly—"a little place about a foot or two feet high, with some old oars in it—best search it, sir—best search it; there may be a whole troop of cavaliers therein for aught I know against it."

Poor Alice set her teeth and drew her breath hard, and with a tremulous grasp clung to her father's arm as he replied, "I will."

"Tush, man," his comrade interposed, "thou carriest caution to sheer folly—seest thou there is no ladder—how should a man have mounted—or having mounted, how in God's name should he lie there."

"They may have cut the ladder down, lest it should leave a clue. Be it as it may, I will assay it. Here, jump ashore you, Martin, and John Burney, hoist me up to this trap, and pass me up a torch."

And in a moment, by their aid, he caught the edge of the trap with his hands, drawing his head and shoulders in, 'till he could hold himself up by his elbows; the torch was then passed up to him, and he thrust it forward into the loft a little way.

"Well, Oglethorp, what see you," cried his comrade.

"Four old oars, and a roll of canvass," answered the disappointed soldier, tossing his torch into the water, and leaping down.

"I thought so," was the answer, and a loud burst of laughter from the ironsides, who were tired out with the fruitless search, and eager to get back to quarters, drowned the convulsive sob which Alice could not master."

With brief and blunt excuse the troopers mounted and departed—the Hall was again quiet, and when they were again left to themselves in the old library, Alice fell suddenly into her father's arms, and burst into a flood of weeping.

H. W. H.

Original.

CORREGGIO.

A TALE TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ENOUGH for to-day!" said the excellent Master Antonio Allegri da Correggio, as he laid aside his pallet and pencil, and stepping back from the easel, with folded arms contemplated the finished picture, full of immortal beauty.

"My day's work is successful," continued he, after a pause, a gentle smile playing about his lips; "and I rejoice, therefore, though well I deemed nothing henceforth could give me joy, since merciless death has torn from my arms a tender wife, and robbed my boy of his mother. Ah! it was otherwise, my Giovanna! when *thou* stoodst at my side! leaning on my breast, with sparkling look when thou didst survey my day's labor, and explain to our curious infant the meaning of those growing forms. Those were happy hours for Correggio!

"It is spring! like the glance of love through the heart of youth, streams through earth the balm-fraught breath of Heaven, waking the slumbering gems, that luxuriantly unfold to the light. Life is everywhere—in the starting buds, the swelling turf, the rippling streams, the flowers that smile up towards the deep blue of heaven; Joy is everywhere; uttered by all things—from the light whispers that thrill the trembling flowers, to the clear full song of the ascending lark! all seems to ask, 'Is there a sorrow on earth?' Giovanna! I will go and visit her grave!"

So saying, Antonio threw a mantle over his shoulders, took his hat, and left his pleasant dwelling, to seek the churchyard, where, a few months before, his wife had been laid beneath the cold sod.

He had scarce gone half way, when he heard the tramp of a horse behind him, and was soon accosted by a stately cavalier, young, richly dressed, and altogether of a gay exterior.

"Ho—good friend!" cried he; "can you tell me where I shall find the dwelling of the famous painter, Antonio Allegri?" But without waiting for a reply, as Antonio looked up in his face he sprang from his horse, exclaiming, "By Saint Jerome! I have hit upon you, mine excellent master! now that pleases me, and doubly, to see you looking so well! It was rumored in Parma, that you were but indifferently in health! Ay, you look strong and fresh; and if a little pale and downcast from recent grief—well, we will not speak of it!" He shook the painter's hand cordially; Correggio warmly returned the greeting, and asked,

"What brings you, my worthy signor, to our humble abode?"

"What? Even a message to you, Master Antonio! Our most gracious Duke sends you his greeting, and in all courtesy, reminds you of the two pictures you promised to paint him, which he, as you know, purposes to send, as a gift, to His Imperial Majesty."

"Believe me, Signor Marchese," replied Correggio—"I know how to appreciate the high honor your gracious

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Duke designs me; but much I fear me, my present ability reaches not to objects so magnificent! I have lost much, very much; and all around, reminds me *what* I have lost!"

"Is it so?" answered the Marchese Rossi; "on that very account, the Duke thinks it would be well, if you, my good master, would come, for a time, to us at Mantua. There you could complete your task, and recover the elastic spirits, once so peculiarly yours—"

"And, my boy—" interrupted the painter.

"Take him along with you! That, of course! The little fellow is a perfect Cupid, and can serve you as a model when you paint the deities of love. Come, then, Master Antonio! take no time for hesitation, but come with me!"

"Shall I forsake *her* grave so soon?"

"It is not for ever, my friend! When you are calm once more—when the first deep sorrow is softened into tender remembrance, then you may return. Now you owe it to the world—to your boy, to leave this place; so no delay! My servants with horses and carriages for all your luggage, are just behind me—the Duke anxiously expects you! I dare not speak of our fair women, though I should gain thereby thanks at their hands; but this I cannot conceal—that far more than one lovely divinity remembers with fondness, the handsome and renowned Antonio Allegri da Correggio!"

The color mounted into Correggio's cheek as he exclaimed, "I pray you, Signor Marchese! speak not of those days! Bitterly I repent, when I think how often vanity and frivolity caused me to forget my faith to my true and virtuous wife. She *never* knew my faults while she lived, but yielded me boundless confidence. Now am I self-convicted, self-humiliated! She knows all now! can she forgive me?"

"Without a doubt, my good master!" answered the Marchese, consolingly. "In heart, you ever loved her only; and all else that might be amiss, must be charged to the common frailty of man's nature, which claims a double tribute from the susceptible artist. Your spouse would have forgiven you in life; how much more now when a blessed spirit, she soars above earthly feelings! So blame not yourself, that you proved not a lump of ice against the rays from the sunlike eyes of our Lombard fair ones! Yet, if it press on your mind too heavily—why, e'en confess to some pious father, receive absolution, and paint a picture for the altar; so will you have atoned an hundred fold for your transgressions, and can live in peace of conscience as before! But come now, Master Antonio—go with me to Mantua!"

Correggio stood a moment lost in thought, then seizing the Marchese's hand, he said, "Be it so, signor! I follow you, and will do my best to show myself worthy of his Highness' favor! Yet, only on one condition can I leave Correggio—that I may be at liberty to live in Mantua in the manner most conducive to my peace of mind, and suited to my work."

"Granted, Master Antonio; and you shall choose your dwelling where it pleases you, in the Ducal castle, or in a cloister, as you had it in Parma, when you painted the beautiful cupola for Saint John's."

It was arranged that their departure should take place on the following morning, and the Marchese hastened back to the inn, where his servants awaited him. Meanwhile, in deep emotion Correggio pursued his way to the churchyard, where he found his little son and the nurse, at the grave of his wife. Giovanni bounded to meet him with a joyous smile, and offered him the flowers he had been gathering.

Early the next morning, Antonio and the Marchese, accompanied by their attendants, left Correggio, and took the road toward Mantua. The rest of their servants, with the little boy and his nurse, were to follow them on the succeeding day. Rossi and the painter rode side by side, beguiling their time with friendly discourse. Correggio seemed in much better spirits than on the preceding evening.

"How say you, mine excellent master!" observed the Marchese, in the course of conversation. "You shall, this time, as I hope—and our Lady grant it! be better pleased with Mantua than before; and if you yet find some that do not quite accord with your views—why, I know you for a liberal man. I often see you smile and jest over matters that would make others peevish and desponding. For Julio Romano, you will, certainly, live in harmony with him, for he is a sensible, refined, most courtly gentleman; and, I can assure you, holds you in the highest respect; congratulates himself on his acquaintance with you, and takes it not ill in the smallest degree, that our sovereign has chosen you to paint the pictures for his present to the Emperor."

"I know not, in truth," answered Correggio, smiling, "how the noble Romano could have undertaken them. He has already painted more than one picture for the Emperor, and will, doubtless, paint more, in his bold, fiery style, wherein he will surpass even his great Master Raphael. His style is not mine. I know well how far from Raphael I stand! *But I, too, am a painter!*"

"That knows all Italy, and we Lombards are proud that you belong to us."

"And to paint an Io, Signor Marchese, and a Leda, there is no artist, at this time, so well fitted as Antonio Allegri."

"It is just on that account that the Duke selected you, and none other, for the undertaking; and, in truth, you are right! Romano could, in justice, say nothing against the appointment. Yet bethink you, that right, here, enters not wholly into consideration—but jealousy—quite natural to artists. Now tell me honestly, master, would it not gall you a little, were you, as Romano is, engaged in the Duke's service, should he choose another for an enterprise which you were willing to attempt if you could not be altogether certain of success?"

"My good signor!" cried Correggio, sportively evading the inquiry, "that is an insidious question! If I paint, or meditate a subject, an exstacy, I may call it, a happy intoxication overcomes me; I think of nothing beyond the art I exercise! When the work is complete, it never occurs to me to speculate on what I, perhaps, could not paint, for, to this day, I have never underteken what I did not succeed in."

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"True, Master Antonio; and that is what not every one can say. Observe it which way I will, I must e'en confess that you are a child of fortune, and favored as few have been."

"Commend me not!" said the painter, gloomily; "who knows if the sacrifice of my dear wife will suffice to appease the destinies, who hover continually round the happy, and are ready to strike the severest blow, when he is least conscious of their presence!"

"Yet, Antonio, since there is no way to avert evil, it becomes us to meet with courage its most frowning aspect, and when it comes upon us, to bear it like a man. There is no perfect happiness, nor yet a wo so mighty, that no resource—"

"The grave!"

"Well, that is the end of all! I hope, for the sake of your friends and of Art, that this end is far from you. A life of brighter enjoyment than you have yet known, is before you, so you will only grasp it; and for what you say of fate or chance, the old proverb has much truth, which holds each man the artificer of his own fortune."

Correggio looked earnestly at his companion and said, "Signor Marchese, what think you then that I should do, or suffer to be done, to keep my good fortune, and shun calamity, since *that* is what you would have me understand?"

The Marchese cried with a smile—"No, no, Master Antonio, I thought not of that—nor must you wander into speculations. I am your friend, and will prove myself such, when opportunity offers, and so, *Basta!* every thing at the right time and place!"

Therewith he gave Correggio's horse a blow with his riding-whip, drove the spurs into his own, and they rode with arrow-like speed over the plain, 'till they reached the inn where they were to take their noonday repast.

A number of horses and mules, bridled, stood at the door, and a richly-ornamented litter, together with a crowd of footmen, pages, and outriders, all gorgeously dressed, and running continually in each other's way. The Marchese recognized their livery, and said, "Ho, ho! we are like, from all appearances, to have illustrious company on our road; these liveries appertain to no less a personage than the old Prince Cosimo de Medici, who, as I know, is journeying toward Mantua with his lovely daughter, Isaura. It is said there is a marriage in prospect, between the rich young heiress and her cousin, the Count Castiglione."

Both alighted from their steeds, and entered the house. In the colonnade stood the old prince, and before him the fat landlord, listening with aspect of humility and patience, to the severe lecture his illustrious guest was reading him, upon the bad accommodations, and the uncleanliness of his inn, which his highness was pleased to denominate a *pigstye*.

Correggio enjoyed, no less than the apparently exhaustless reproaches of the prince, the droll figure of the host, who, at every pause, bowed himself almost to the ground, as if receiving the most gratifying compliments, edging in, in tones the most cheerful and complacent, his frequent "*Si, signore!*" "very well, signor!"

His highness concluded his reprimand, with orders that the table should be set on the piazza, where, at least, there was fresh air; and with another low obeisance, and a "*molto bene, signore,*" the host withdrew, with as much haste as he could, into the kitchen.

The Prince then first perceiving the Marchese, inquired, while he greeted him condescendingly, whence he came, whither he was going, and who was his companion; all which queries Rossi hesitated not to answer, even more in detail than necessity required. That was just according to the taste of his highness, who became yet more condescending and friendly. When the account was finished, he turned to the painter, and said with much solemnity of manner—

"You are, then, the excellent Master Antonio Allegri da Correggio? I am pleased to meet you face to face, and have desired to see you, having seen, in Parma, your admirable Fresco, and greatly admired your pictures in Modena and Mantua. I give you welcome, and hope for what I have long desired, a picture for my gallery from your hand. I will not dispute with you respecting the price."

"I feel the honor," replied Correggio, "which your highness does me, and thank you for it! Yet I can promise nothing at present; for, as you have learned from the Signor Marchese, I have been engaged by Frederico Gonzaga—"

"I know it well," interrupted the Prince. "You are to paint an Io and Leda for his majesty the Emperor; and the saints forbid I should hinder you in such a work. But I think you will have yet some hours of leisure at command, to paint me the portrait of my daughter."

Before the artist could reply, the Princess herself entered, and approached the group. Speechless amazement took possession of Correggio—never had he beheld such charms! Bewildered, he only answered the Prince with a bow; his highness interpreted it as a promise. He took his daughter by the hand, and drew her nearer, saying, in a pleasant tone, "This, my daughter, is Correggio, whom you have so often wished to see; he has promised me, though his time is closely occupied, to paint your portrait; and you may tell him how much I am indebted to him; for as much, Isaura," he continued with a smile—"as you best know how much I love you!"

Blushing, but with the unembarrassed ease of innocence, Isaura saluted the renowned painter, and the sweet music of her voice completed the exstasy into which the first sight of her had thrown the excitable artist. The Prince invited him and the Marchese to partake refreshment with his daughter and himself, after which they would pursue together their journey to Mantua.

Correggio was received with honor and distinction, not only by Gonzaga and his court, but by the excellent friend and disciple of the illustrious Raphael, Julio Romano, who offered him lodgings in a wing of his palace. He, however, excused himself, for it was the wish of the Duke that his studio should be in the castle; his highness had great satisfaction in watching continually the progress of his work.

Prince Cosimo, and his daughter, Isaura, came fre-

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quently with the Duke. As the taste of sovereigns is always the fashion, it was not long before Correggio's studio was the resort, at stated hours, of lordly cavaliers and bright dames, who exhausted language in their praises, whispered to each other, for the painter would not permit loud talking while he sat at work.

At other times came Julio Romano, accompanied by a favorite disciple; and Correggio conversed freely, asking many questions, particularly about Raphael, and his mode of painting. It pleased him not a little, when Julio dwelt upon the wide difference between him [Correggio] and Raphael, and yet upon their frequent extraordinary similitude. One day when Romano had discoursed long upon this subject, he concluded with—"But you see, Master Antonio, however much I speak of this matter, new views continue to present themselves. I think, indeed, there is no coming to an end, when one undertakes to weigh your merits and Raphael's against one another."

"You are wrong, Master Julio," replied Correggio, laughing; "all could be decided in a few words, but you are too polite to tell me the truth to my face. Now listen. "In the first place, I hold it bootless labor, to weigh against each other two characters so totally different as Raphael's and mine. We are both painters—*equal*, perhaps, in our peculiar style! if not equal, at least both skilful. Therefore you must be satisfied that there can be no similitude between us—though the connoiseur may take pleasure in looking, now at a picture of Raphael's, now at one of mine—and he may glance with the same approbation from one to the other.

"If you will take pains to examine into the peculiar qualities of each, you will see at once, how it happens—that Raphael *must* be Raphael, and I—Correggio. Raphael, born in ancient Urbino, was educated in luxurious Florence, in majestic Rome; his preceptors were his good father, and the earnest and austere Pietro Preugino. At a later period he learned to know Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, and Michael Angelo. He studied the antique, and *loved*—the proud and nobly beautiful Roman dames.

"I was born in the little hamlet of Correggio; my Uncle Lorenzo instructed me, for a short time, in the little learning he possessed; I had never another teacher! I knew no other master, and knew nothing of the antique. I looked not upon the majestic Roman beauty, nor learned to love it; the soft charms of Lombardy were offered to my admiration. When I had painted one, of whom I was enamored, as a naked and lovely wood-nymph, the reverend Father Prior of a Franciscan cloister gave me no rest, 'till I had thrown a light drapery of blue over the too charming figure, altered the position of her left hand, and placed a volume in it—that she might appear, to the people, as a penitent Magdalen. Chide me not, unthinkingly, Master Julio; at that time I knew no better! Now that I do know better, the soft, the bright, the serene, is so interwoven in my nature, that I neither can, nor may divide myself therefrom! I paint, from a full soul, and from a warm heart, what lives in my inmost fantasy; poetical it is—and noble, if it cannot boast grandeur!"

With friendly earnestness Julio Romano replied, "In respect to a great style, Master Antonio, you have done yourself injustice. But, by Heaven! if it is true, that my illustrious master has displayed a truly god-like nature in his imitation, it is certain that he might have *envied* you the creation of your cupola at Parma, that masterpiece, whose fame shall keep your memory sacred in after ages!"

"*Si, si!*" cried Correggio, musingly, while he rose, and laid aside his implements of labor, not to resume them for that day; "thus it is with us all! we dream of after ages, and what they will say of us, and keep ourselves from evil, often, more for this, than for the sake of virtue and God's favor. There is my dome, and I could tell you a history—how I painted it; a dear—a strange history! Well! the cupola shall avail me much in the next age, if the whole building tumble not to the ground; but who can assure me that one shall not step forward and say to the admiring people—'This, which so astonishes you, was the work of a day-laborer—a poor slave, who, pinched with poverty and grief, knew nothing of the beautiful world, but died miserably of hunger?'"

"Heaven help you!" cried Julio Romano; "how came such thoughts in your head?" But Correggio took both his hands, and went on gaily—"See thus, Master Julio! what may happen—if with too earnest and thorough a gaze we look through the brightest and most charming vistas of life! I paint and love—because I *must* if I live—and therefore it is seriousness to me! But what farther may happen, troubles me not! nor ought another to ponder on the future, if he would find pleasure in my works. A human work, that pleases us, should never be dissected, even because it is the work of man, and as such *cannot* be perfect throughout. But the spiritual, that dwells within man, may not be divided, because it is above the earthly—God-like—only to be felt, not grasped nor analysed by the inferior nature. Thank God, friend, that he has endowed and prospered us! *Let us enjoy!*

Many months Correggio lived in this manner at Mantua; the Io was finished, the Leda begun. In hours between his tasks, he had painted a Madonna, with Saint George, for the brotherhood of Saint Peter, at Modena; and now he prepared to fulfil his promise to Prince Cosimo, and begin the portrait of the fair Isaura.

Meanwhile the young Count Castiglione, a connoiseur and admirer of art, through whose mediation Julio Romano had been summoned to Mantua, returned from a journey to Rome. When he heard from the Prince how great a distinction awaited his daughter, (for Correggio had suffered him to plead long in vain for a portrait,) he was highly pleased, and suffered no one but himself to conduct his betrothed to the artist's room for the first sitting. When the Count entered the studio, his eyes fell on the noble picture of Saint George and the dragon. He felt, at once, in deep enthusiasm, the wonderful poetry of this masterpiece; nor could he refrain from uttering his conviction that no after time could produce a painting in which were blended so much

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boldness, majesty and grace—such brilliant, luxuriant life, and such child-like purity.

Correggio, scarce heard his rhapsody, for he had eyes and ears only for the lovely Isaura, who was kissing and playing with the little Giovanni. The painter envied the child, who, in the boldness of infancy, was permitted to kiss the words from the lips of the charming Princess.

This scene was ended by the father's giving the boy to his nurse, who led him out of the room. Correggio then invited the Princess to commence the sitting, and, while his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed, began with bold strokes to sketch the picture.

Still more agitated, more inspired he became as the work proceeded. Isaura sat opposite him, her lovely head inclined a little toward the left, her eyes now fixed on the painter for a moment, now modestly drooped; her rosy lips parted with a gentle smile—her whole form invested with the unspeakable grace of innocence and youth. Could a lovelier vision have been offered to the imagination of an artist?

At length, fatigued with his exertion, he laid down the pencil, and the sitting at an end, Castiglione came to look at the sketch. The Count burst into involuntary expressions of admiration.

"What a masterpiece," he exclaimed in rapture—"what a masterpiece will it be when finished! Yes, Correggio! *here* is more than the divine Raphael could give."

Correggio laughed as he replied, "Signor Count, I am but a copyist, and cannot therefore plume myself on your praises; even though I feel they are not altogether undeserved; for by my faith, it is not so easy to make even a tolerable copy of such an original!"

Isaura blushed, and looked in embarrassment at the Count. Her lover replied, "You are gallant, Antonio Allegri! and have the reputation of being so! I thank you for the compliment in the name of my bride."

"Ah, sir Count, you must allow I have spoken nothing but the truth."

"*Ebbene!* master! yet, if the truth, from your mouth come somewhat abruptly to the Princess, you must remember that she has known you but for a brief while!"

Correggio, who was not to be put down by the cold civility of the Count, and who perceived his object, turned somewhat mischievously to Isaura and said, while he bowed low, with apparent humility—"May the poor painter, lady, find favor in your beautiful eyes, if you think him worthy of the happiness of being better acquainted with you."

"Unheard of boldness!" muttered Castiglione, and giving his arm to the smiling Princess, he led her from the apartment; calling to the painter as he passed the threshhold, "Have care, only, master to finish the picture soon; reward is as certain to you as the honor."

"Indeed!" cried Correggio, with a scornful smile, when he found himself alone—"But *this* picture shall never be finished!" and snatching up a pencil, he dipped it in some dark color, and dashed it repeatedly across the sketch he had just made.

He then took the picture of Saint George, and painted on it with great diligence. When he stopped, after an hour's space, to rest, the face of the holy virgin wore the features of Isaura.

"Your place is *there*, Isaura!" he cried; "there, and nowhere else! Worshipped shalt thou be, as Heaven's queen—adored by the credulous people, as Correggio adores thee—the impersonation of grace and beauty!"

As the painter wandered listlessly among the arcades of the Coso, the Marchese Rossi came up, and greeted him warmly. How do you, Master Antonio?" he said; "will you be at the fête given to-morrow?"

"At what fête?" asked Correggio; and Rossi informed him that the friends and disciples of Julio Romano had united, to give a feast in honor of their master, in the neighboring village of Pietola, (the birth-place of Virgil.) The occasion of the fête was the completion of his picture, 'the Giant's fall,' in the Palazzo del T——. You know the painting," concluded Rossi, and know what a brave piece of work it is; you will let us see you, I hope, with the rest of Julio's friends!"

"Most assuredly," answered Correggio, with quickness, "and I thank you, Signor Marchese, that you have given me this information, which neither Julio's friends nor pupils have thought proper to do, though it would have been both courteous and right."

"Hem!" said the Marchese, "perhaps they had good reasons for acting thus. If they invited you, they were under the necessity, as you would be a stranger in their circles, of providing a suitable reception for you; consequently, the lord of the entertainment would be thrust into the background, or appear only in place the second."

"You may be assured," replied Correggio, "that Julio Romano would fear that as little as I, in his place, should fear it. Those, indeed, who are conscious of their insignificance, tremble for the fame of those who know their own greatness. Julio Romano would be to be pitied on account of his provident friends and disciples, were he less noble and independent. But I honor him, and am glad to meet him, as a friend, as a rival, or if it cannot be otherwise, as an enemy!"

"Admirable!" cried the Marchese, "and as you describe them, Master Antonio, I am half inclined to try the round with you myself; with the proviso, however, that at the end, all is between us as before. Well, tomorrow, early, you will ride out with me? Done! and I hope you will have a pleasant day! Jest, song, and love, will not be wanting; and with such companions, you know, one can manage to lead a tolerable life!"

The host of the inn at Pietola, was eagerly busied about his premises, and in the garden behind his dwelling, scolding rigorously among a crowd of idle handmaidens, and more idle men-servants, who could or would do nothing to please him.

"*Per Bacco!*" he cried, half distracted, as he seized one unlucky wight by the collar, and beat him most unmercifully; "vagabond rabble! take warning by this fellow, who let my roast meat scorch to a cinder, and shall take—*per Bacco!* the pay on his back! I will serve you all in the same fashion, if you do not take heed—a worthless, lazy, vile pack as ye are!"

"Gently, gently, master Lorenzo!" cried a good-looking and well-dressed young man, who just then came

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into the garden, accompanied by two others; "gently, gently! I entreat you! Remember, blind passion does no good, and that to-day is a day of pleasure; so that the cudgelling you bestow on your hapless cook, and his piteous outcries—are out of harmony! Let the fellow go, and come yourself to reason!"

"Heaven keep you, my dear Signor Raphael!" answered the host—yet boiling with rage, while he obediently released his victim, who made all haste to get out of his way. "Lo, there! *now* the scapegallows can run, as if he had wings! but in the kitchen he keeps *siesta*, instead of turning the spit! And for you," addressing the men and damsels, who were crowding around him and the new comers—"what stand you gaping there for?" and he accompanied his question with a movement, that drove them back helter skelter into the kitchen.

"On my word, you are too severe, good Lorenzo!" said the young man, laughing, "it is their duty, when guests come in, to come forward and ask what is wanted. But even you have not inquired our wishes!"

The landlord tore his hair despairingly with both hands. "I am a lost man, signor, if you withdraw your favor from me!" Then turning in pursuit of his frightened domestics—"base vagabonds!" he called out, "do you not see the excellent gentlemen are dying for thirst! Bring wine—*wine*, villains! Lacryma Cristi. Wine of Syracuse! The growth of Olevano! Quick! the rest to the kitchen—or ten thousand million devils shall tickle your heels with red hot spits!" And he drove them furiously before him.

The guests looked after him laughing, and took their places by a table set in a walk shaded with trees. "It is well," observed Raphael dal Colle, the favorite disciple of Julio Romano, "it is well we have our own servants at hand, and that we have provided all things necessary. Our good Lorenzo and his subordinates might play us sad tricks in our entertainment else!"

"But what," cried Battista Bertano, "was your reason for choosing Pietola for the scene of our fête? Are there not about Mantua many pleasanter places, and better managed hotels than this?"

"But no birth-places of Virgil!" remarked his brother, Primaticcio; "and Virgil, as you know, is Julio's favorite poet."

"Hem," said Battista, "I should rather think Ovid. I judge so by the drawings which Marc Antonio, the engraver,* has from him, in his hands."

"Silence!" cried Raphael dal Colle, displeased; "speak not of that lamentable aberration of our master! Curse on the vaunted good-for-nought who led him to profane his high and peculiar art! Marc Antonio is but a mean fellow, who studies but to multiply prints, after having served an apprenticeship, too, under the direction of the pure and noble Raphael."

"Not too warmly!" said an elderly man, whose appearance and dress bespoke him military. "Are you so certain that even the great Raphael does not now and then condescend to the earthly? If his yielding is not so open as Julio Romano's, is it not the more dangerous? and exactly in those pictures where he most studies to preserve the ideal—his *Madonnas!* I must confess, at least, that his virgins, in their noble and luxurious beauty, with a few exceptions, awake in me more voluptuous pleasure than devotion."

"Then," cried Raphael dal Colle, "Heaven have mercy upon the Madonnas of your darling Antonio Allegri. Look besides, at his Magdalen,—the little picture for which the Duke, (Heaven pardon him for the sin,) paid the painter as much as Julio Romano for his Giant's Fall. It seems to me that Correggio laid himself out to paint, instead of a repentant sinner, a lovely temptress, whose very innocence but enticed others to transgression."

"I dispute not that," replied the military gentleman; "for I am also convinced that our Duke was not altogether stimulated by devotion, to pay so high a price for that small cabinet piece. Yet, for penitence and edification, there are other Magdalens, which bring irresistibly to the mind the hateful nature of sin, and the pang and bitterness of repentance. Look at the Magdalens of old and modern painters, full of this idea; what unattractive, pining, desolate figures they give us. Permit me here to ask, is it the part of the true artist, to paint altogether the repulsive, the hateful, the horrible? As little I believe it, as that it is permitted to the artist, like your master in his degradation, to represent the sensual, the immoral, in ever so captivating a form. A work of art should in itself, abstractedly from everything else, create a pure delight; this is its first, perhaps its only object; and you must grant, that among all painters, Correggio has best succeeded in this. I would not call Correggio's paintings strictly sacred, and would avoid extolling them as such; for in his enthusiasm for the beautiful, the fresh impulse of life swells into exuberance. As a painter of beauty, he blends the mystical of christianity with the gay, the charming, the captivating of the pagan faith. But, even if these lovely, living and glorious forms are looked upon simply as ministering to the edification of gloomy anchorites, or of religious bigots, still it is certain that in no view are they entirely objectionable. Where Correggio paints aught but church pictures, he is quite perfect, and those can only be found fault with, in so far as they are christian church pictures."

"Ha!" interrupted Raphael dal Colle, "you think then, church pictures should not please the eye?"

"They should not be voluptuous!" was the answer. "Our religion is so elevated, so pure, in a word, so wholly spiritual, that all attempts must fail, which would represent visibly what we can only feel in our inmost heart."

"Even Raphael's Transfiguration then finds no favor in your eyes?"

"What mortal power can do, has Raphael done in this picture! But you yourself, as an artist, must allow that this wonderful work presents us with two pictures; and that the lower, where wild emotion and action are depicted among the human figures, stands as a piece of art far above the higher, nobly conceived as it is. Seems it to you that he has reached the ideal in this Christ? Is it not, in ideal expression, and even in execution, inferior to the other figures, particularly that of Moses? And how are

* Marc Antonio Raimondi, who, by studying Albert Durer's works, had improved the art of engraving, was among the first who carried it to Rome.

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both surpassed by the kneeling maiden in the lower division! Frown not, my good sir, at my freedom of speech, we ask not the impossible of the greatest; it would be folly; but even the greatest artist should not yield to the temptation, of striving to reach the impossible. Paint mythological pictures; paint battles and pageants; in short, all that earth has of grand and beautiful, and be certain of victory! Paint a Madonna, and you must expect that instead of the Mother of God,—we shall see at most, only a beautiful, if you will, a heavenly woman—but still a *woman!* And you may judge from what I tell you, of the feelings with which our ardent meditative, but therefore the more susceptible women stand before the youthful Christus of Raphael, his St. John in the Wilderness, or Correggio's blooming St. Sebastian. It is a serious truth, that feelings which towards earthly objects would be natural and innocent, when partaken in contemplation of the mysteries of our religion, may lead to sin, yea, to wicked profanation and impiety."

Here the discourse was broken off, for, in carriages and on horseback, the expected guests poured in, and being welcomed by the managers, betook themselves to the garden. At length arrived the Duke, the king of the feast, Julio Romano at his side. They were accompanied by Prince Cosimo, the fair Isaura and the Count Castiglione.

Loud and tumultuous was their welcome! Music sounded, and golden goblets sparkled crowned with flowers; while maidens richly attired, danced in charming mazes before them, and crowned the master with laurels and roses. Modestly, but without embarrassment, the painter received the universal homage, expressing his thanks with the dignified courtesy of a man used to the society of courts. These exhibitions were renewed again and again, 'till all were summoned to the magnificent banquet.

The happy day was crowned by an evening of pleasure. The sweet moon shone brightly through the trees, and mingled her soft light with the many colored lamps suspended amid the rich foliage. In the midst of the garden, on a green lawn, the table was set; and around it sat the merry, brilliant guests, in a checkered circle, as chance bestowed them, for all ceremony was banished. Sprightly conversation was alternated with charming songs, and the dancers were never weary of forming fanciful groups. All were in the full tide of enjoyment, except Julio Romano, who looked now and then abstractedly around him.

"What is the matter with you, Romano?" asked the Duke at length, who sat next him; "do you miss any one?"

"I will not deny, my prince," replied Julio, "that it surprises me much not to see the excellent Allegri among my friends. I esteem him highly, and he seems not inimical to me."

"I would swear to that," said his highness, "but he has not been invited."

"How!" cried Julio astonished, and would have started up, but the Duke held him back and whispered,

"Sit still! you know how much I esteem Correggio as a painter, but as a man, there is no bearing with him. He is, if not conceited, over confident, and arrogates too much. Though he scarce knows the name of envy or malevolence, he is indiscreet in his derision, where he conceives himself entitled to make sport, and in his levity often deeply injures those who love him most; yesterday, Castiglione complained bitterly of him; and a reckless fool I must call him, at all events, for his silly behavior towards the Princess Isaura. Believe me, a little mortification can do him no harm, and his having been left out in the invitations to this entertainment, may lead him to reflect more seriously upon his conduct; he will then readily perceive where his fault lies."

"Yes, if he will take the trouble to examine," replied Julio, smiling. "Oh, my prince! I knew long ago what you tell me of the good Antonio; I know also, that it never once enters his thoughts what injury his carelessness may occasion to others, and to himself; nay, that his own ruin may be the consequence. Had he such a misgiving, his happiness, his peace would be lost for ever; and if we would keep the artist, we must not awaken him out of the fair dream, that all men are pure, true, and free from guile as himself."

The Duke was about to answer, but at that moment, from the grand entrance of the hostelry, two men entered the garden, a third following behind them. They came immediately to the place where the Duke and Julio sat, threw off their mantles and bonnets, discovering themselves, to the astonishment not only of Gonzaga and Julio Romano, but of the rest of the company, to be Antonio Allegri da Correggio and Michael Angelo Buonazotti.

"I have the honor to salute you, noble prince," said Michael Angelo, "and you, Julio Pipi, take also my friendly greeting. This morning I arrived in Mantua, and would have joined you immediately, having learned your rendezvous, but I met Allegri, whose cupola at Parma I had seen two days before! By Saint Lucas! I was resolved to know such a man; and we are acquainted with each other." He looked fixedly on Correggio, who took his hand and pressed it with looks of joy, to his heart.

"How much I am rejoiced to see you, Master Angelo." said the Duke.

"And I!" cried Julio Romano, "and you also, Correggio. I had almost given up the hope of seeing you here."

"Oh," replied the painter, "I should have been here this morning, with the Marchese Rossi, who brought me the invitation, but Michael Angelo wished to see your Giant's Fall;—we adjourned to my studio to chat awhile, and the hours passed insensibly."

"You amaze me!" cried the Duke, "the reserved, silent Michael Angelo has passed the morning in *chat* with you?"

"It was a profitable discourse, my gracious lord; no idle prattle;" said Buonazotti. "I have few words, it is true, where nothing but empty talk is going on; yet, where I may learn somewhat, I can listen and speak, and both with pleasure."

The Duke looked astonished—now on Michael Angelo, now on Correggio, then on Julio Romano, who nodded his head approvingly.

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"Well," he said at length, "Master Angelo, if you esteem Correggio so highly, there is nothing for us to do, but salute him as the THIRD, after you and Raphael."

"You do him not too much honor! Will you permit us to take seats?"

"Here—beside us!"

"On this side—and you, Antonio, king of colors, sit by me,—Cospetto! If I had had you thus before, there would have been a little more harmony in my light and shade. Well, so be it. Give me more drink!"

While Michael Angelo and Correggio once more drank to the health of Romano, the Duke beckoned the Marchese Rossi apart, and questioned him minutely about the first meeting of the two painters. The Marchese told him how he and Correggio were about leaving the castle to mount their horses, and come over to Pietola, when the hall door opened, and Buonazotti appeared; how, without ceremony, he had addressed Allegri with the question,—"Are you Correggio?" and on his answer in the affirmative, had simply added—"And I am Michael Angelo;" offering his hand, while Correggio joyfully embraced him. How both had discoursed of their art, and Buonazotti had highly praised Correggio's work at Parma, particularly the cupola of St. John; criticising the drawing at the same time. How Correggio, mortified, had confessed he had seen none of Michael's paintings; the latter exclaiming, "Then you must come to Rome! you must see my Sistine chapel! *you* will understand it." How Correggio had shown him Julio's picture, which the noble Florentine gazed upon long and earnestly; then with manifestations of deep delight, had returned to Correggio's own paintings—for instance, the Io and the Leda, and the Madonna with St. George; bursting out at length with the exclamation,—"Yes—*you* understand it!" With great difficulty had he, (Rossi,) and Correggio been able at last to persuade the enthusiast to ride with them to Pietola.

The Duke, apparently satisfied, dismissed the Marchese, and returning to his place, renewed his conversation with the three great masters. Suddenly Castiglione approached the group, and laying his hand lightly on Correggio's shoulder, said, "Master Allegri, a word with you."

Allegri rose, and bowing to the Duke, withdrew with the Count, who led him towards the place occupied by Prince Cosimo, and in presence of the fair Isaura, said, in a friendly tone,—"The Prince and I rejoice at the acknowledgment you have to-day received from the great Buonazotti, which has the more increased our wish, to have as soon as possible in our possession, the portrait of the Princess, by your hand. Tell us then, when you think you can have it ready for us."

"The picture of the Princess is finished;" answered Correggio carelessly, but immediately repented his precipitation, when, not only the Prince and the Count, but Isaura herself, exclaimed with one voice,—"How—finished!" and then added,—"And when shall we have it?"

"Oh," said the painter, embarrassed and correcting himself,—"*not* finished, I should have said: the portrait of the Princess is spoiled, and I have had to rub it out."

"Heaven help us!" cried the Prince, "spoiled!"

"And will you begin afresh with the sittings?" asked Castiglione with ill concealed displeasure.

Before Correggio could reply, Michael Angelo, who, looking towards the speakers, had caught a glimpse of Isaura, cried, "By St. Lucas, Allegri! there sits your Madonna, from the picture of St. George, bodily before you, as I live! Ha, you cunning rogue! you are as bad as Raphael; you paint, instead of the mother of God, your own mistress, whom you thus make the pious people worship!"

Isaura grew pale, and looked bewildered at Correggio; who answered without embarrassment, "You are mistaken, Master Angelo; my Madonna indeed resembles this lovely original; she is not, however, *my* mistress, but the affianced bride of Count Castiglione, the Princess Isaura Cosimo, of the house of Medici."

"Indeed!" muttered Buonazotti, and smiling he looked away. But Castiglione, trembling with passion, seized Allegri's hand, pressed it significantly and whispered to him in a choked voice,

"We will speak together at the end of the banquet!"

Correggio started, and seemed at first not to understand the Count, but a glance at Isaura, who sat blushing crimson, made him comprehend all; and looking quietly in the Count's face, replied,—"As you command!" went back to his place, and was the gayest of the gay, the rest of the evening.

—

The next morning, the Count Castiglione entered his chamber with a sullen look, flung his sword on the table, and despatched his servant to fetch a surgeon to dress a wound in his right arm. As the servant went on his errand, the Marchese Rossi came in.

"Ha, sir Count! are you wounded?" asked he, with an expression of sympathy.

"A scratch!" replied the Count; "the painter fights like the devil, and I may thank my good fortune I came off so well. After all, it would have been better, if I had at first (I was compelled to, after my useless labor,) quietly listened to my adversary. The matter is now cleared up; Allegri is an enthusiast, a dreamer, but at least a noble fellow."

"Such characters are the most interesting," observed the Marchese, shrugging his shoulders.

Castiglione eyed him keenly. "I understand you not, Marchese," he said; "you pass for Allegri's friend, and yet you are the one to awaken in me suspicion against him."

"I could answer," said Rossi, "that I am indeed the friend of Correggio, but not of his follies; and that an approving conscience is dearer to me than his friendship, so that I have held it my duty to make the communication to you. I pass for Correggio's friend, because our Duke took the whim into his head to appoint me to that post, and I should have proved myself a poor courtier, had I set myself against the Prince's order. Thus, I *am* the painter's friend; and as much so, as a man like me, can be the friend of so haughty and splenetic a person. If you knew how deeply my pride has often been wounded by him, and what unearthly patience it requires to follow his

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sudden fancies and turns of humor, without giving them a baneful direction, you would pity me."

"I pity you, indeed!" said the Count, with some contempt. Rossi continued—

"And is it not reasonable, that I should wish my friend, if not at the deuse, at least a little salutary chastisement, for all the torments I have suffered in his company! If a morose humor takes him, he sets himself to talk of his dear wife, of his love to her, of his inconstancy! Gives me a catalogue of her virtues, and of his own faults, which register I have ten times better by heart than he! Then he bethinks him of his first love, and he describes the beauty of the damsel that kindled the flame; anon he falls to his pictures, talks of design, composition, drawing, coloring, effect, chiar' oscuro, etc., of all which I understand nothing. If I persuade myself that I comprehend something of it, and have a word to throw in, he laughs in my face, derides me, tells the story to the Duke, Romano and his pupils, and I am the laughing stock of the whole circle! A plague upon the fellow's arrogance."

"Enough!" interrupted Castiglione, gravely; "you love him not, you cannot love him, for he has done you injury, wantonly, if not with malicious intent. You wish him ill—you confess it honestly—and were I in your place, I should perhaps, not exceed you in magnanimity. These circumstances prevent you having the impartiality I require in his accuser, so that you will not be surprised that I attach little or no weight to your information."

"That as you will!" replied Rossi, sullenly; "but I repeat to you that what I have said is true, and that Correggio, as he himself confesses, *adores* your affianced bride."

"Ay, but as a muse, as a Saint!"

"A muse, a Saint? Ha! ha! The love of another's mistress is quite a different feeling from the adoration of a muse or a Saint! You may call it what you will, the thing remains the same!"

"Well! let him consume, the victim of his mad passion, what is my concern therein?

"Supposing his passion to be *returned*," suggested Rossi.

"Ha!" cried Castiglione, starting up, "what do you dare insinuate?"

"Signor Count!" answered the Marchese, quietly, "you speak as if Correggio were a man who stood no chance of finding favor in female eyes; and yet it is known to you, that he has turned the heads, not only of our court dames, but of half the women in the capital; and that when a youngster is brought into the world, ten to one he is christened Antonio, in honor of Correggio! And to give him his due, you must acknowledge that this frenzy of the women is excusable; for really, I am acquainted with no man, who, in beauty of person, noble carriage, and, when he pleases, insinuating manners, can equal, much less surpass him. Now hold you yourself so all accomplished, as to run no risk from the rivalry of Correggio, in the eyes of the young, enthusiastic, and susceptible Isaura?"

The Count bit his lip, and replied with forced calmness, "Your audacity deserves chastisement, which you shall receive, so soon as this arm is able to lift a sword! Be assured, meanwhile, that Correggio shall be warned of the falsehood of his pretended friend!"

Rossi departed in a rage; but a sting rankled in Castiglione's heart.

Michael Angelo left Mantua, after a visit of many days, not failing before his departure to express publicly his high opinion of Correggio's genius.

"It is true," he remarked, "that Antonio is sometimes not quite correct in drawing; that he neglects the study of anatomy; but how sublimely conceived are all his pictures! full of poetry—original throughout; and the magic of his coloring enchants the severest judge, as well as the amateur."

Not only this, but the proud Florentine who had unwillingly yielded the meed of praise even to the great Sanzio, expressed his verdict in an admirable sonnet, which he handed to Allegri at their parting. The disciples of Romano disputed much over this, and pronounced it "something unheard of from the haughty, stern Buonazotti!"

It being observed every where, that he showed the very highest consideration for Correggio; it was not a little remarkable to notice how rapidly Allegri rose in the estimation of all, particularly in that of the Duke, who declared him the jewel of his court. This was enough to make the courtiers, who had hitherto felt it their duty to admire, feel themselves bound now to idolize.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that with Correggio's rising reputation, the number of his secret enemies increased, and that they hated him the more bitterly, the higher he was placed above their enmity. The painter knew little of this; he was absorbed in his art. The Leda was now completed—and the connoiseurs disputed among themselves whether the picture was not more perfect than his Io; Correggio himself, gave it the preference. When Castiglione saw the painting, he started as if struck by a bolt; for again Isaura seemed to breathe in the image, though the features were not entirely hers.

Correggio marked his emotion and secretly enjoyed it. The Count's surprise and resentment were so much the more ludicrous, as the artist knew full well he dared not express it, if he would not pass for a madman. No observer could answer in the affirmative the question—"If he thought Isaura the original of Leda?" Though a certain inexplicable resemblance could be traced. It was a likeness not attainable by a careful copy of the several features—but that higher resemblance, to be felt, when the ingenious artist has transfused into his ideal the original, spiritual expression of a beloved being.

Antonio had not hitherto looked upon the fair Isaura with other eyes than the admiring ones of an enthusiastic painter. So he openly acknowledged after his duel with the Count, but even while he avowed it, this pure and blameless feeling underwent a change.

Whether from mere vanity or from thoughtlessness, it is too certain that Isaura felt an inclination towards him, which led her to forget, not exactly her station, but her pride. He, himself, reflected not upon his course in the event of success; he devoted himself with heartfelt im-

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pulse, to the object—winning the love of the beautiful Princess.

Castiglione kept his word, and took an opportunity to inform Correggio, when the artist one day made him a visit, of the treachery of the Marchese. But, instead of flying into a passion, and challenging Rossi on the spot, as the Count expected, the painter laughed heartily, when he learned that the Marchese had been his friend by the Duke's command, and how bitterly he had complained of the imposed duty.

"Tell me yourself," he said, when Castiglione blamed his levity, "tell me yourself, if it is not laughable that such a man as Rossi, who knows how to carry his weapon as well as you or I, in obedience to a command should put on the semblance of friendship to a man whom he hated,—who has ridiculed him, tormented him,—and I must confess, treated him often with contempt. But have patience, my good Marchese! I will make hell too hot for you with my friendship!"

In vain Castiglione represented to him that new provocations would only arouse the vengeance of Rossi, which would slowly but surely overtake him, since the Marchese was too mean to dare him to the encounter openly. Correggio persevered in thinking the matter not worth serious consideration, and ended by asking the Count, somewhat scornfully:—"To what, I pray you, am I indebted for the honor of your sudden care for my life and welfare?"

"Not, certainly, to your behavior towards me," replied Castiglione; "but were you my mortal enemy, I would not suffer you to rush blindly to your ruin, or see a cowardly knave creep behind to thrust you into the abyss."

"It is well, Signor Count!" cried the painter with honest warmth; "I thank you for your caution, and acknowledge your nobleness; but I beseech you, let me have my own way! I would not torment myself with apprehensions (which indeed seem to me ill-grounded) even had I reason to do so. Better to fall suddenly under the assassin's knife, or drink 'welcome' death in the sparkling wine-cup, than with trouble and suspicion to measure every step in the flowery path of life, when to tread it heedlessly and gaily, is alone worthy of being called life." Herewith he took leave of the Count, before he could pursue the argument. Castiglione thought proper to lay the whole matter before the Duke, and the immediate consequence of his information was, that the Marchese Rossi received permission to retire to his seat in the country, as soon as it suited him. Rossi smiled ironically and shrugged his shoulders, muttered a curse or two, and the next morning left Mantua.

Gonzaga retained Correggio's pictures a considerable time in his possession; at length, both the Io and the Leda were sent to Charles V, who was on a visit to Florence; the Madonna with St. George, was despatched to Modena.

The Emperor, enraptured with the magnificent productions of the great master, felt a desire to become personally acquainted with him; and it was soon announced that his highness would have pleasure in visiting the painter at his birth-place, Correggio.

This was an honor no other artist had ever received at the hand of an Emperor. Gonzaga informed his favorite of the Imperial design, appointed a day for him to leave Mantua for Correggio, and said on parting with him:—"You go from me as a great painter; if I am not mistaken, the Emperor means well towards you, and will make you a great lord. Go on, Correggio! in life, as in art, even higher; and the nearer *me*, the better!"

Proud and happy, his bosom filled with delightful hopes, and his head with bold schemes, Antonio Allegri left Mantua.

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"Enough for to-day!" said the illustrious Master Allegri, as he laid aside pencil and pallet, stepped back a few paces from the easel, and stood with folded arms, gazing on a picture just completed.

"A fickle thing is man's heart!" said he, after a thoughtful pause. "A few months ago I stood in this very spot—my heart full of grief—weary of life! Now, how bright, how joyful is each dawning day! and all life can offer of good, *is mine*! Renown—Love—Wealth—and the power and mind to enjoy! Yes, even sorrow did me service while she claimed me as her own, for she breathed a soul of melancholy into my work, and opened the way for them to all hearts. And thou, dear, beloved image! no feeling heart shall pass thee by unmoved; but for once imagine the delight—not to love in vain.—*It is mine!*"

Some one knocked without; Correggio hastily concealed the picture, turning the face to the wall, and opened the door.

It was the Marchese Rossi!

"A fair good morrow, Master Allegri!" cried he to the astonished painter. "Ha! ha! you are puzzled to account for my unexpected visit?"

"Almost!" answered Correggio, with some haughtiness. "If, however, my old friend comes on the part of the Duke Frederico Gonzaga, to invite me to Mantua, all is quite clear to me."

"Well said!" cried the Marchese, with a smile, while he threw his hat on the table, and settled himself comfortably in a seat. "I have nothing now to do with an embassy from Frederico Gonzaga; I come of my own accord, and now really as your friend, even because I come of my own accord."

"That may be seen," said Correggio. "In what can I serve you?"

"First, with a good drink, for I am tired."

Allegri called for wine; a servant brought it, and with him came in the painter's son, little Giovanni.

"Ho-ho! Cupid!" cried the Marchese, "how he is grown! Take heed, Correggio, that he does not grow over your head, the Cupid I mean."

"I thank you for him, Marchese; but the boy's name is not Cupid, but Giovanni."

"Or Ascanius, eh! was not that the name of the supposed son of Æneas, that slept in Dido's lap?"

"What means your silly talk?" interrupted the painter, reddening. "Let the boy go: go away, Giovanni; and you, Marchese, speak reasonably, if you would have me listen to you."

Rossi rose, placed himself directly before the artist, and looking him in the face, said,—"That there is no

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deceit in you, Correggio, I know well now; for I see in your eyes how much you fear that I should really begin to speak reasonably with you. Had you been prudent, you would have taken a lesson from my treachery; but *that* was not your business; thoughtless, self-conceited, blinded by passion, you rushed to your destruction!"

"My good Mentor!" replied Correggio, mockingly, "I perceive to what you allude! If it can quiet you, know that I am *certain*, in my own affairs, and have nothing to fear; nothing! on the contrary, you shall soon see with astonishment, to what Correggio can aspire!"

"Meanwhile, the trampling of horses' feet was heard without, and soon after a messenger from the Duke entered, bringing his Highness' gracious greeting to Master Antonio Allegri, and announcing, that on the morrow early, the Emperor's majesty would arrive at Correggio.

"Now?" asked the painter, with a look of triumph at the Marchese.

"And I say, now! my Allegri!" replied Rossi gravely, and followed the messenger out of the house.

The morning was bright and beautiful. In rich, but simple attire, Antonio Allegri sat in his studio, awaiting his illustrious visitor.

At length the hour struck, and, accompanied by the most distinguished of his suite, the Duke Gonzaga and Prince Cosimo at his side, Charles V. drew nigh the country-seat of the painter of Correggio.

Correggio hastened out as soon as he knew of their approach, and held the stirrup for the Emperor to dismount, while he bent one knee to the ground before him. Charles beckoned to his followers, who formed a circle round himself and the artist. "We are come, Antonio Allegri," he said, "to prove to you how highly we esteem your mastery in your noble art. Be you numbered from this day among our chamberlains! Stand up, Cavalier Correggio!" He gave him his hand to kiss, raised him from the ground, and then led the way into the house; the company following.

In the hall, where the painter had placed his best pictures for exhibition, the Emperor lingered with visible delight before each, often asking explanations of Correggio, oftener pointing out to the rest the peculiar beauties of this or that piece. At last he said,—"I will see your work-room, also, Allegri! lead the way thither; and, if you are so disposed, you shall sketch a picture, a subject for which, we will give you. Lead on."

Correggio led the way into his studio; the Emperor and the other visitors following.

"Strange!" cried Charles, as he entered the apartment, lighted for the convenience of the painter; "I feel as if I were entering a consecrated temple! Here—wonderful genius, thou dost create those works whose magic makes us forget they owe existence to mortal art!" He passed with slow steps through the room; suddenly he stopped before a picture turned to the wall.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Only an experiment," replied Allegri, embarrassed.

"Ha!" cried the Emperor, "we learn most from the experiments of great masters. An excellent opportunity to observe your art, for it is known to you, doubtless, that we dabble now and then in it ourselves."

Hesitatingly Correggio obeyed;—a cry of astonishment and admiration broke from every lip; and almost overpowered with the splendor that burst on his sight, Charles stepped a pace backward. The picture represented Isaura in a light fanciful drapery.

"By the light of Heaven!" exclaimed the Emperor at length; "your mastery over art, startles the beholder! Never saw I anything so lovely, and so grand at the same time! Is it a portrait?"

"Yes!" answered Correggio.

"Of whom?"

"The Princes Isaura Cosimo."

"For whom did you paint it?"

"For myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes, Sire—for myself;" said Correggio boldly, and approaching nearer; "for myself—for no one else! I *love* the original, and if you esteem me, as you say, the prince of living painters, I conjure you—"

"Hold!" cried Charles, "rash, vain man, what have you dared—"

Correggio looked at him surprised. The old Prince Cosimo then came to the Emperor's side and said respectfully,—"Your Majesty will be pleased to forgive the *man* for his folly for the *painter's* sake; it can only injure himself. My daughter submitted yesterday, at my parental command, to wed the illustrious Count Castiglione."

"Receive our congratulations," said Charles, turning to the Prince, "the name of Castiglione hath a goodly sound in our ears, for your cousin was one of our most valued servants." He then went up to Correggio, who stood pale, rigid, and speechless, and asked,—"Will you part with the picture, Chevalier?"

"Not for all your kingdom!" answered Correggio.

"The price is rather too high for me!" said the Emperor. "Keep it—and when you have gained the mastery over your insane passion, come to our court. We will welcome worthily the great painter, Antonio Allegri! LEARN TO LIVE FOR YOUR ART!" He turned and left the house with his followers. Antonio remained alone, standing as if petrified.

"*She*—Castiglione's wife?" he cried, after a long pause; and turning to the picture, he repeated,—"Thou, Isaura, faithless?"

"By compulsion!" said a well-known voice near him. He turned, and saw Rossi standing and gazing upon him with looks of sympathy.

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Two years after, and the Count Castiglione came in deep mourning to the bedside of the dying Correggio, and said,—"Isaura is gone before you; I bring you her last farewell."

Correggio smiled gently, pressed the Count's hand, and expired.

"He has appointed you his heir," said the Marchese Rossi. "You are to keep his boy—and Isuara's picture."

Castiglione trembled with emotion, as he closed the eyes of the dead.

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Original.

THE UNSUMMONED WITNESS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' "HOWARD PINCKNEY."

CHAPTER II.

THE interest which I took in Brown's mother and Sarah, induced me to visit them after he was sent to the penitentiary to which he was sentenced for ten years. His afflicted mother, overcome by accumulated sorrows for his many crimes, and their consequences, rapidly sunk into the grave. I happened to call at her humble dwelling the night she died. Sarah supported her by her needle, and a hard task it was, for the doctor's bill and the little luxuries which her relative needed, more than consumed her hard earnings.

The old woman called me to her bed-side, and together with Sarah, made me promise that if I saw her son again, I would tell him that with her dying breath she prayed for him. The promise was made, and while she was in the act of praying for him, her voice grew inaudible, and uttering with her last feeble breath an ejaculation for mercy, not for herself, but for her outcast child, her spirit passed to the judgment seat; and if memory and affection hold sway in the disembodied soul, doubtless she will be a suppliant there for him as she was here.

After the death of the old woman, I saw Sarah once or twice, and then suddenly lost all trace of her. More than a year had now elapsed since Brown's conviction, and in increasing ill health, and the presence of other scenes and circumstances as touching as those of the mother and the cousin, I had forgotten them. I was advised by my physician to forsake all business, obtain a vehicle and horse, and by easy stages, travelling whither Fancy led, try to resuscitate my system. In fulfilment of this advice, I was proceeding on my way to Columbus, Ohio, with the double purpose of improving my health, and by making acquaintances in the state where I had settled, facilitate and increase my practice should I ever be permitted to resume my profession.

The sun was just setting in a summer's evening, as, within a half of a mile of Columbus, I passed a finely formed female on the road, who was stepping along with a bundle in her hand. There was something of interest in the appearance of the girl, which caused me to look back at her after I had passed. Instantly I drew up my horse. It was Sarah Mason. Her meeting with me seemed to give her great pleasure. I asked her if she would not ride, and thanking me, she entered my vehicle, and took a seat by my side.

She had been very anxious to obtain a pardon for Brown before his mother's death. I had told her it would be fruitless unless she could get the jury who condemned him, together with the judges, to sign the recommendation to the governor, and I did not believe they would do it. I, however, at her earnest solicitation, drew up the petition, and when I last asked her about her success, which was, in fact, the last time I saw her, she told me she had not got one of the jury to sign it, but that several had told her that they would do so, if she would obtain, previously, the signature of the presiding judge. By the law of Ohio, a judgeship is not held for life, but for a term of years. The term of office of the presiding judge on Brown's trial, had expired, and a new party prevailing in the legislature from that which had appointed him, he failed to obtain the reappointment. He had removed to Saint Louis for the purpose of practising law there, and thither Sarah had repaired with her unsigned petition. After repeated solicitations, and prayerful entreaties, she at last prevailed on the ex-judge to sign it. She then returned to Cincinnati, and after considerable trouble, succeeded in finding ten of the jury, some of whom followed the judge's example. The rest refused, stating what was too true, that the ease with which criminals obtained pardon from gubernatorial clemency in this country, was one of the great causes of the frequency of crime, for it removed that certainty of punishment which should ever follow conviction, and which has more effect upon the mind than severity itself, when there is a hope of escaping it.

A new governor, in the rapid mutations of official life in the United States, had become dispenser of the pardoning power shortly after Brown's conviction, and it was his ear that Sarah personally sought, armed with the recommendation.

He was a proud, easy man, where party influence was not brought to bear adversely on him, and after he had read the petition, Sarah's entreaty soon prevailed, and Brown was pardoned.

The very day he was pardoned, he called on me at Russell's hotel, with his cousin, and after they had mutually returned me their thanks, for the interest which I took in their behalf, he promised me, voluntarily, to pay me a fee with the first earnings he got, which he said solemnly should be from the fruits of honest industry. He took my address and departed. I thought no more of it, 'till, one day, most opportunely, I received, through the post-office, a two hundred dollar bill of the United States Bank, with a well-written letter from him, stating that he had reformed his course of life, and that it was through the interference of his cousin, whom he had married, that he had done so. He said that he had assumed another name in the place where he then dwelt, which he would have no objection to communicate to myself, but as it was of no consequence to me, and might be to him, should my letter fall into the hands of another person, he had withheld it, together with the name of the place where himself and wife were located. The letter had been dropped in the Cincinnati post-office, and there was no clue whereby I could have traced him, had I entertained such a wish, which I did not.

Some time after this, I was a sojourner in the south, spell-bound by the fascinations of a lady with whom I became acquainted the previous summer in Philadelphia, where she was spending the sultry season. She lived with her parents on a plantation, near a certain city of the Mississippi, which, for peculiar reasons, I may not name. Her brother was practising law there, and he

* Concluded from page 8.

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and I became close cronies. Frequently I rode to the city with him, and on one occasion, we were both surprised, as we entered it, by an unusual commotion among the inhabitants, who were concentrating in crowds to a spot collected by some strange and boisterous attraction.

My friend rode into the *melee*, and presently returned to my side, with the crowd about him, from whom he was, evidently, protecting a man, who walked with his hand on the neck of my friend's horse. The man walked as if he felt that he was protected, but would die game if he were attacked.

"Sheriff," called out my friend, to a tall person who was expostulating with the crowd, "it is your duty to protect Bassford; he has lived here with us some time—has a wife and family, a good name, and he must and shall have a fair trial."

"Colonel Camerons' empty pocket-book was found near Bassford's house," exclaimed one of the crowd, "and Bassford's dagger by the dead body."

"And Bassford and the colonel were overheard quarrelling a few hours before he was killed," shouted another.

"Let Bassford answer them according to law," said my friend. "I will kill the first man who lays violent hands on him."

"And I will justify and assist you," said the sheriff. "Mr. Leo, Mr. Gale, and you, sir," continued the officer, turning to me, "I summon you to assist me in lodging this man safely in jail, there to abide the laws of his country."

Awed by the resolution which the sheriff and his *possee* exhibited, the crowd slunk back, but with deep mutterings of wrath, while we gathered round Bassford, and hastened with him to the jail, which was not far off, in which we soon safely lodged him.

It occurred to me when I first looked on Bassford, that I had seen him before, but I could not tell where. A minuter scrutiny, as I stood by his side in the jail, satisfied me that he was no other than my old client, Brown. Feeling that my recognition of him would not advance his interests if I should be questioned about him, I maintained silence, and stood by a spectator. Brown stated to the sheriff that he wished my friend, whom I will call De Berry, to be his council, and requested that he might be placed alone with him, where he might have some private conversation with him. The sheriff said, "certainly," and we all retired, De Berry asking me to wait for him without. I did so, and in a few minutes he came to me, and said that the prisoner wished to see me. "I presume, sheriff, you will have no objection."

"Not the least," replied the sheriff. "Take Mr. Trimble in with you."

I accordingly entered, and the moment the door was closed, Brown asked me if I remembered him.

"Perfectly," I replied.

"Mr. Trimble," he continued, "I saw you with Mr. De Berry, and knew that you recognized me. I supposed that you might tell him what you knew of me to my prejudice. Here I have maintained a good character, and I therefore resolved to see you with him, and tell the circumstances. I am as guiltless now as I was guilty then. Mr. De Berry says that the court, upon application, will admit you, if it is necessary, to defend me with him, and I wish you would do it. Let me tell this affair. I know it looks black against me, but hear me first. After my cousin obtained my pardon in Ohio, I married her, swore an oath to lead a better life, and before God, have done so. Sarah was and is everything to me. Not for the wealth of worlds would I involve myself in guilt which might fall upon her and her children. Knowing, Mr. Trimble, that in Ohio I could not obtain employment, or reinstate myself in character, I came here with a changed name and nature, to commence, as it were, the world again. Since I have been here, my character, as Mr. De Berry will tell you, has been without reproach. But old associations and companions dog us, though we fly from them. I have been located here on a little farm belonging to Mr. De Berry, which, with the aid of two negroes hired from him, I cultivate, raising vegetables and such things for the market. I had hoped the past was with the past, but last week there came along one of my old associates, who urged me to join him and others in a certain depredation. I told him of my altered life, and positively refused. He insisted, and taunted me with hypocrisy and so forth, 'till he nearly stung me to madness. I bore it all, until, on my telling him that my wife had reformed me, and that, on her account, if not on my own, I meant to be honest, he threw slurs upon her of the blackest dye. I could bear it no longer, but leaped upon him, and would have slain him, had not some of his companions came up and rescued him. It was on the banks of the river, in a lonely spot, that we met, and their coming up might have been accident or not. He vowed vengeance against me and mine, and left me. Colonel Cameron, as you know, Mr. De Berry, bore the character of an overbearing and tyrannical man. We had some dealings together. He was in my debt, and he wished to pay me in flour. I told him politely it was the money which I wanted. He swore I should not have money or flour neither. I told him that the law should decide that. He raised his whip to strike me. I flew into a passion, dared him to lay the weight of his finger on me, and abused him as a man in a passion and injured, would, under the circumstances—perhaps I threatened him—I do no know exactly what I said, in my anger. This was yesterday afternoon. It seems that the Colonel went to Mr. Potter's afterwards—returned after night—was waylaid and killed. How his pocket-book came by my house, I know not. As for the dagger, I had such a one. When I changed my name, I thought to make every thing about me seem natural with it, that I would have Bassford engraved on it. I lost it some months ago, and have not seen it since, 'till to-day. Such, gentlemen, is the truth, but, great God, what is to become of myself and family with such testimony against me. Two or three men in the crowd called out that they knew me before—that I had been in the Ohio penitentiary—that my name was Brown, and here is my quarrel with the colonel, his murder on the heels of it—

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my dagger by his dead body, and his empty pocket-book by my house. Notwithstanding all this, gentlemen, I am innocent. Do you think, if I had murdered him, that I would not have hid my dagger—and would I have rifled his pocket-book, and pitched it away by my own door-sill, where anybody might find it? No, my enemy must have contrived this to ruin me."

At this instant, the door was opened by the sheriff and Brown's wife admitted,—she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:—"He is innocent, I know he is innocent!" while Brown, utterly overcome by his emotions, pressed her to his heart and wept bitterly. I whispered to De Berry that we had better leave them, and we accordingly withdrew.

That afternoon, Mrs. Brown called to see me. She asked me if I would aid her husband; and I promised that I would. She looked neat and tidy, said she had two children, and I saw that she was soon again to be a mother. She told me the same story that Brown had told me, and I could not but express the deepest regret for his and her situation.

The name of Brown's former accomplice, with whom he had quarrelled, was Burnham. He was a desperate character, perfectly unfeeling and unprincipled, and the possessor of great energy of spirit and frame. It is surprising that Brown should have overcome him. Brown's mastery originated, doubtless, in the fury of his insulted feelings.

De Berry became very much interested in Brown's case. The morning of his interference in his behalf, Brown had been taken upon the charge of murdering Colonel Cameron. While the sheriff, who was well disposed towards him, was proceeding with him to the magistrate's, the crowd had gathered round them so thickly as to interrupt their progress, and Brown had been separated from the officer. The crowd, among whose leaders was Burnham, had made furious demonstration against the prisoner; but, his resolute manner had prevented their laying hands on him, when De Berry and myself rode up, and the sheriff, as we have related, took his charge to jail, to prevent an outrage, until the excitement had somewhat subsided.

The next morning, De Berry insisted upon having a hearing before the magistrate, asserting that he meant to offer bail for Brown. As we proceeded to the magistrate's we stopped at Brown's humble dwelling, and took his wife and children with us. The tidiness of his afflicted wife and children, and the evident order of his household and garden, made a most favorable impression upon us.

As we approached the magistrate's, we wondered that we saw nobody about the door of his office, but we learned, on arriving, that the officer of the law had determined to have the hearing in the court-house, in consequence of the anticipation of a great crowd, who would be all anxious to hear. To the court we repaired. There was an immense concourse about the door, though the sheriff had not yet appeared with his charge. De Berry sent the wife and childen to the jail, that they might come with him to the court-house, and by their presence, and the sympathy that they would excite, prevent any outbreak from the mob. We took our station on the court-house steps, where, elevated above the crowd, we could observe their demeanor as the sheriff and Brown advanced. By our side, stood a tall gaunt Kentuckian, clad in a hunting-shirt, and leaning on his rifle. He seemed to be an anxious observer of myself and friend. He soon gathered from our conversation, the position in which we stood towards Brown, and remarked to us:—

"Strangers, I suppose you are lawyers for Bassford—I am glad he has help, I fear he'll need it, but he once done me a service, and I want to see right 'twixt man and man."

Before De Berry could reply, we were attracted by a stir among the crowd, and not far off, in the direction of the jail, we saw the sheriff advancing with the prisoner, who was accompanied by his wife and children. Approaching close behind them, were several horsemen, among whom we could not fail to observe Burnham, from the eagerness with which he pressed forward.

With not so much as the ordinary bustle and confusion incident upon such occasions; in fact, with less with suppressed emotion, the crowd gathered into the court-house, the Squire occupying the seat of the Judge, and the prisoner a chair within the bar, by the side of De Berry and myself, with his anxious wife to his right. The prosecuting attorney, who was a warm friend of the deceased Colonel, seated himself opposite to us. Burnham pressed through the crowd within the bar, and stationed himself near the prosecutor, to whom I overheard him say:

"There are folks here who can prove that his real name is not Bassford but Brown, and that he was pardoned out of the Ohio penitentiary—that man by his lawyer can prove it, so can I, but you had better call him, he knows—"

"Let me pass, let me pass!" exclaimed a female at this moment, pressing through the crowd with stern energy, "I'll tell the truth—Bassford is innocent!"

"She's crazy," exclaimed Burnham, looking around with alarm, and making a threatening gesture, as if privately to her to hush, forgetting that the eyes of all were upon him.

"Crazy!" retorted the woman, who was of slender person and fine features, though they were distorted by excess and passion, and who seemed to be possessed by some furious purpose as if by a fiend. "They shall judge if I am crazy. Prove it, and then you may prove that Bassford is guilty. Gentlemen, John Burnham there, murdered Colonel Cameron! There is the money that Burnham took from the dead body!—there are letters—here is his watch. Bassford's dagger he got in a quarrel with him; he murdered the Colonel with it, and left it by the dead body, and the pocket-book by Bassford's house to throw the guilt on him!"

"How can you prove this, good woman?" inquired the magistrate, while the crowd in breathless eagerness, were as hushed as death.

"Prove it!—by myself, by these letters, by that watch, by that dagger—by everything, by what I am, by what I was. The time has been, when I was as innocent as I am now vicious—as spotless as I am now abandoned,—

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but for that man, that time were now! Hear me for a moment, the truth that is in me shall strike your hearts with justice and with terror—shall acquit the innocent and appal the guilty. In better days I knew both these men—Bassford I loved—he loved me. My education had been good, that was all my parents left me, with a good name. He was thoughtless and wild then, but not criminal,—he fell in with this man, Burnham, whom he brought to my father's house and made his confident. Burnham professed a partiality for me, which I rejected with scorn. He led Bassford into error, into crime. He coiled himself into his confidence, and made him believe that I had abandoned myself to him, at the same time he was torturing me with inventions of Bassford's faithlessness to me. Each of us, Bassford and myself, grew reserved towards the other, without asking or making any explanation. Oh! the curse of this pride—this pride! Burnham widened the breach. He drove me nearly mad with jealousy, and Bassford with distrust. Bassford and I parted in anger,—Burnham all the while pressed his passion on me. Bassford left that part of the country, Hagerstown, Maryland. I promised to marry Burnham—in a spell of sickness, which was brought on me by the absence of Bassford, he drugged me with opium, made me what I am, and abandoned me to my fate. After many wretched, wretched years of ignominy and shame, I fell in at Louisville, three weeks since, with Burnham; I came here with him. He saw Bassford—tried to draw him into his guilty plots—they quarrelled—and he—he never, never told me aught, until he had done the deed—he murdered Colonel Cameron to ruin Bassford—and there, I repeat it," pointing to the watch, the money, and the letters of the deceased, "there are the evidences of his guilt!"

"Sheriff," said the magistrate, "take Burnham into your custody!"

"Kill him!" cried out an hundred voices from the crowd, while several attempted to seize him. Uttering a yell like a wild Indian at bay, Burnham eluded their grasp, and drawing at the same instant, a Bowie-knife from his breast, he darted forward and plunged it into the heart of the woman. The crowd shrunk back in terror, as the death cry of the victim broke upon their ear, while the murderer, brandished the bloody knife over his head, and before any one could arrest him, sprung out of one of the windows of the court-room. It was a leap which none chose to follow, and all rushed instantaneously to the door. Before the crowd got out, Burnham had mounted his horse and made for the woods. Several of the horsemen, who had come in the line, mounted and darted after as if to take him.

"They want to screw him," exclaimed several who were also mounting other horses that stood by.

"Clear the road!" shouted the Kentuckian, who, rifle in hand, had sprung upon a mound within a few feet of the court-house. The horsemen looked fearfully back, as if instinctively they understood the purpose of the hunter, and spurred their horses from the track of the flying man. The Kentuckian raised his rifle to his shoulder—instantly its sharp report was heard. All eyes were turned to the murderer, who was urging his steed to the utmost. He started, as if in renewed energy, then reeled to and fro, like a drunken man, then fell upon the neck of his horse, at the mane of which he seemed to grasp blindly. In a moment more he tumbled to earth like a dead weight. He was dragged with his foot in the stirrup, nearly a mile before the horse was overtaken and stopped. The bullet of the sure-sighted Kentuckian had lodged in the murderer's brain. He had fallen dead from his saddle, and was so disfigured, as scarcely to be recognised. The body was consigned to a prayerless, hurried, and undistinguished grave by the road-side.

Brown is still living where I left him, an entirely reformed and honest man. A stone slab, with some rude attempts at sculpture on it, at the foot of Brown's garden, designates the mortal resting-place of the woman, who though fallen and degraded, was true to her first affection, and braved death to save him. His children, with holy gratitude, have kept the weeds from growing there, and ever in their play, become silent when they approach it.

F. W. T.

Original.

THE SUMMER TIME.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALBUM.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

The summer-time was dawning bright,
And earth and skies were fair,
When first this Album met my sight,
And with a thoughtful care,
I placed it in a sacred shrine,
To friendship set apart;
Its owner's name—a cherish'd line,
I wrote within my heart.

The summer days advanced with smiles,
Before them sprung the flowers;
While music sweet, and mirthful wiles,
Led on the rosy hours;
But tho' in its secure recess
This little volume slept,
That name was watch'd with tenderness,—
There love a vigil kept.

The summer months have passed away,
As fades a pleasant dream;
With them we've floated day by day,
Adown Time's restless stream.
And now upon this page so pure,
Let me but trace a line,
Which for a season may endure,
Of love, the seal and sign.

The summer-time will come once more,
And may it bring to thee
My gentle friend, an ample store
Of blessings, rich and free!
And in thy heart may plants of Love,
Of Peace and Joy arise,
To flourish here, then shine above
The summer of the skies!

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Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. VIII.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

WHAT a glorious month is October, (*brown* October it is styled in England,) bright beautiful October, in party-colored vestment gaily clad, a very Joseph among the twelve children of the year! As I look from the window, mine eye falls upon every variety of foliage; and tints as rich as those which flash in the gems of earth's treasure-house, are before me. The crimson ruby, the purple amethyst, the sunny topaz, the pale chrysolite, the verdant emerald, all seem to have lent their colors to the autumn leaves, and I could almost fancy that my childish longing for a sight of Aladdin's enchanted garden, where the trees bore nothing but gold and gems, has been realized in the sober days of matured womanhood. The garden is absolutely crowded with flowers, although the delicate blossoms which form the coronal of summer have given place to the gorgeous and beautiful creations of a later day. Dahlias of every hue are there,—the stately Cleopatra, its snowy petals faintly tinged with 'celestial rosy-red, love's proper hue,' and its centre deepening into a tint that seems like the reflex of a golden crown,—the lovely Queen of Scots, with a delicate halo of purple light surrounding its pure blossoms,—the dark beauty of the Black Prince,—the brilliant scarlet lamps which depend from the tall stems of that which bears the name of Liverpool's noble countess,—the magnificent Lady of Beresford, with its deep velvet leaf bordered and tipped with silver, (how I like the fanciful names which have been given to these superb plants, verily gardeners are a most poetic race:) and all the countless varieties of shade to be found among the pink, the yellow, and the crimson. The quilled leaves of the scented chrysanthemum too are beginning to unfold themselves,—sad token that the season of flowers is fast departing,—while the fragrant mignonette, and the honied alyssum still cover the ground with their tiny blossoms, and fill the air with their mingled sweets.

Yet glorious as is the season, it is one of melancholy association. It is '*the fall*,'—the beauty on which we look is the beauty of decay, and the varied tints which dazzle the eye are the sure evidences of coming doom. A little while, and the wind will howl through the naked branches of the now gorgeously draped trees, and the drifting snow will lie thick upon the trampled flowers. Autumn is, as it were, a breathing-time between the brightness of summer and the dreariness of winter,—a twilight of the season,—'the eventide of the year,' as it is beautifully styled by Allison. Who does not love to sit alone at the quiet hour of 'twilight grey,' and conjure up dreams and reveries that would seem idle and childish beneath the garish light of day.

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight.

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light,
Dance upon the parlor wall.

"Then the forms of the departed,
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

The heart throbs and the eyes fill with pleasant tears, as we listen to this exquisite strain of twilight music, poured from the harp of him who has been gifted with power to interpret the "voices of the night." We feel that we too, albeit unskilled in the language of poesy, have known the influence of the evening hour, even as the eloquent bard. And are there not similar emotions awakened when we find ourselves surrounded by the fading light of summer? Does not the rich beauty of the changing landscape remind us that "blessings brighten as they take their flight? Do we not involuntarily associate the withered leaves which rustle in our path, with the idea of death? Do we not recall the images of the loved and lost, who

"Have fallen all around us
E'en as, the autumn leaves?

Yes, Spring, green and budding Spring may be the season of Hope,—Summer, blooming and beautiful, the period of present enjoyment,—but Autumn, which

"Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away."

The last still loveliest, 'till—'tis gone—and all is grey: must ever be to the sensitive heart the season of tender and melancholy reflection.

"When the winds of Autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only, but to our kind; and the lesson they teach us, is, not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man. 'They are the green leaves of the tree of the desert, which perish and are renewed.' In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy;—our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves;—and, although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they end in awakening our concern for every being that lives. Yet a few years, we think, and all that bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest note of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, where ever active, 'will cease from trembling,' and the weary, where ever suffering, 'will be at rest.' Under an impression so profound, we feel our hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to us all; we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish to enlighten and to bless them."

And now, gentle reader, may I not hope that the above beautiful extract from the eloquent Allison, and the exquisite verses which precede them, borrowed from one of the most gifted of our country's bards, will be received as an atonement for thus obtruding upon thee, my own autumnal musings. To use a beautiful apologue of the Hebrews, once applied in a somewhat similar manner, though to a far more important matter, by the elder D'Israeli:—"The clusters of grapes sent out of Babylon, implore favor for the exuberant leaves of the vine; for had there been no leaves, you had lost, (at least for the present,) the grapes."

I know not why I should have fallen into such a fit of gravity, but such is my mood, gentle reader, and thou must e'en be content to accept such entertainment as I can afford. Do not be alarmed at the title of my story—it is, alas! "an ower true tale," and if thou wilt have

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patience unto the end, thou may'st chance to find some of the romance of life, even in

THE LIFE INSURANCE.

In a little village, a few miles out of London, resided, not many years since, an officer named Hazelton, whom ill health had compelled to retire upon half-pay. His cottage (a life-interest in which was his only patrimony) stood at some distance from the high-road, so completely embowered in shrubbery, as to be almost hidden from the view of wayfarers, and in this calm retreat, with the remnant of his once blooming family, he sought rest from the fatigues of his arduous profession. His career had been characterized by the usual vicissitudes of a soldier's fortunes. With the imprudence so common among men of his vocation, he had married early, and his pretty but portionless wife, had shared with him all the privations of a soldier's life, and all the discomforts of a narrow income. When, in obedience to the call of duty, he braved the frosts of a Canadian winter, his delicate wife was his uncomplaining companion; and when he toiled beneath the burning sun of India, she lightened his cares by her cheerful endurance of equal suffering with himself. But she had been called to bear more severe trials than those to which the physical frame may be subjected. One by one their lovely children had fallen beneath the stroke of death, until, at length, only three survived, and then it was that the courage of Mrs. Hazelton failed; and, actuated by the dread of loosing the few that yet remained, she implored her husband to retire from active service. Several years elapsed, however, before he was able to effect such a design, and it was not until his health was completely broken by fatigue and his mind weakened by excitement, that the family sought refuge amid the shades of rural life.

But misfortune seemed to pursue them even there, and they were destined to suffer no less from the misconduct of the living, than from the bereavement of the dead. Henry Hazelton, their only son, was desirous of following his father's profession, and every effort had been made to procure him a commission. His parents submitted cheerfully to the privations necessary to secure him the advantages which they deemed necessary to his success, but their efforts were made in vain. Almost the first step taken by the young officer on entering the army, was to marry a woman of low birth, some years his senior, whose coarse beauty had attracted his wayward fancy. From that time, he sunk lower and lower in the scale of society. His commission was staked and lost at the gaming table, and in the course of a few months, a disgraceful brawl ended his career ere he had attained his twentieth year. This last affliction proved too great for the much-enduring wife and mother. She sunk under such an accumulation of misfortunes and soon followed to the grave her erring son.

Captain Hazelton was thus reduced to the very depths of despair, and when he looked his last upon the face of her who had been his faithful companion through so many years of anxiety, he felt that he had indeed drained the cup of sorrow to the very dregs. Indeed, care had done for him the work of time, and his mind had long been sinking into that debility, which comes upon men in the decline of life, and marks the period of second childhood. At the time of her mother's death, Blanche Hazelton had scarcely seen fifteen summers, and her sister was ten years younger. Death had broken many a link in the chain of kindred, and when the voice of her dying parent, consigned to her care the little Emily, Blanche felt that she was henceforth to be a daughter, no less than a sister to her heart. To supply the place of a companion to her desolate father, and a mother to her young sister, now occupied her every thought; and she seemed suddenly transformed from the merry-hearted child, into the thoughtful, patient woman. Indeed, her situation called for the exercise of every womanly virtue, for her father's querulousness increased daily, while his imbecility of mind became more and more manifest.

The thought which seemed to trouble Captain Hazelton most, was the destitute condition in which his daughters would be left in case of his death. He dwelt upon the difficulties and dangers which would surround them, until by his weak indulgence in grief, he hastened the approach of the very evil he most dreaded. It had been suggested to him, that by effecting an insurance on his life, he might secure a maintenance for his children, and the imbecile old man pondered over the idea until it became a perfect passion with him. He grew morose and miserly, scarcely affording himself the necessaries of life, in his desire to save money enough to pay the requisite premium; yet, with the cunning that so often belongs to partial insanity, he closely concealed his motives and intentions. Blanche was sadly at a loss to account for his strange conduct, but submission was her only course, and, while she sought to diminish the privations of her father and sister, she endured her own without a murmur. But the intellect of the Captain failed too rapidly, and ere he could affect his purpose, he sunk into a state of utter imbecility. Such was the situation of the family in less than two years after the death of Mrs. Hazelton. Hour after hour the old man would sit, fretting over his folly in not having at an earlier period of life, effected the wished-for insurance; and Blanche well knew that the frail tenure of her father's life was their sole dependance for the very bread they ate and the roof that sheltered them.

Time passed on, until Blanche had nearly attained her twentieth year, and then occurred the long-dreaded change. Captain Hazelton retired to bed as well as usual, and Blanche watched beside him, as was her custom, until he fell into a tranquil sleep, when she left him to his repose. But, alas! he "slept the sleep that knows no waking," and the worn-out soldier had thrown off the burden of life with as little apparent effort, as he would have flung down his knapsack at the end of a toilsome march. Blanche was now overwhelmed with sorrow. But the poor have no season of mourning—there can be no folding of the hands in impotent grief—no closing of the weary, tear-swollen eye, when the daily wants of the body, demand the exercise of all the energies of the mind. In less than a week from the day which consigned her father to the tomb, Blanche received a summons to resign their little cottage into the hands of the heir-at-law. The sale of their humble furniture,

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the arrears of her father's half-pay, and a small pension of twenty pounds per annum, constituted all their worldly wealth. But Blanche possessed a determined and resolute spirit, and she did not doubt but that she could, by her industry and economy, provide for the wants of Emily and herself. It became necessary, however, that she should find another place of abode, and her thoughts involuntarily turned towards London, as being the spot most likely to afford her the means of employment. But she knew not a creature in the wide city, with the single exception of the widow of her brother Henry. This woman, having contracted a second marriage, now kept a small millenary and ready-made linen shop, in London, and although Blanche shrunk from applying to one whose coarse manners she had always disliked, yet her unprotected situation left her no alternative.

She found Mrs. Marsden, her sister-in-law, living in comparative comfort and by no means disposed to turn a deaf ear to her proposals, when she found that Blanche had sufficient funds to pay her expenses for the present. Thoroughly selfish in all her views, Mrs. Marsden had never forgiven the Hazelton family for their opposition to Henry's marriage, and but from motives of interest, she would never have listened to them for a moment. But, while Blanche had money, she was welcome to become a boarder, and she did not doubt her tact in getting rid of them before they should become chargeable to her. But Mr. Marsden, took a very different view of the matter. He was one of those mysterious sort of individuals, insinuating in manners, pleasing in appearance, easy of address, and gentlemanly in deportment, who are always to be found in the neighborhood of theatres and large hotels, and whose means of life are so *non-apparent*, as to awaken the curiosity of many an honest, plodding citizen. Indeed, while Mr. Marsden *seemed* to owe his livelihood to "the shop," his language, dress, and manners, were decidedly above it; and those skilled in such matters, would have had no difficulty in divining that he was more accustomed to take his station at a faro-table, than behind a counter. He had been much struck with Blanche's singular beauty, and he immediately suggested to his wife, that she should offer her a situation as shop-woman, trusting to her personal charms to attract customers. Mrs. Marsden eagerly caught at the idea, though she well knew, that, in all probability, this was only the first step towards some profligate plot, which would enrich her husband, at the expense of her young relative's destruction; but, it was agreed to defer making the proposal to Blanche until she should have become somewhat familiarized with their mode of life, and, in the mean time, they concluded to offer her a small compensation for her services as one of the sempstresses to the establishment. Surprised and gratified by the kindness of her sister-in-law, Blanche readily accepted the proposal, and rejoiced at having thus secured a certain refuge from future want.

Blanche was, at this time, a creature of rare beauty. Her figure was symmetry itself, her complexion was of dazzling fairness, and her cheek wore that rich peach-like tint, so rarely seen except in early childhood. Her features were exceedingly regular, and her dark tresses fell over a brow and neck of perfect beauty, while her whole face was lighted up by the glow of health and cheerfulness, which can make even an ordinary countenance attractive. To these charms of person, Blanche added a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. Its tones were almost bird-like in their clearness, and few listened to the rich gushes of song with which she beguiled her daily task, without pausing to catch the latest accents of such bewitching melody. Yet her voice was quite uncultivated—nature had done every thing for it, and science had never set limits to its exuberance of sweetness. Such was Blanche Hazelton,—such was the being destined by one to sit behind the counter of a glove and linen shop, and by submitting to their impertinences secure the custom of the ill-paid clerks of the neighboring warehouses,—and doomed by the other to a fate, which we may not name without a shudder.

Mrs. Marsden had been in the habit of eking out her small gains, by letting her second floor to a few lodgers, but when Blanche became an inmate of her family, she had only one apartment to spare, and this she was so fortunate as to dispose of to a distinguished musician. This man had listened to the exquisite voice which was ever carolling its simple songs, until he became fascinated with its sweetness, and inly resolved that such powers should not be wasted in obscurity. He sought an acquaintance with the songstress, and the sight of her surpassing beauty only confirmed him in his design.

"With such a face, such a voice, and a year's instruction what a splendid addition she would be to our opera!" thought he. But it was a thing not to be proposed too suddenly, and, waiting his opportunity, Signor Rubinelli contented himself with watching the beautiful girl in silence. Little aware of the different kinds of speculation, of which she was the object, Blanche pursued the quiet tenor of her way, rejoicing in the thought that a course had been opened to her, which would lead her far beyond the reach of the destitution she had once dreaded. She had been struck with the noble appearance of the lodger, and had felt the power of his magnificent black eyes as they flashed upon her, when she accidentally encountered him, but it was not until she heard his splendid voice, that her interest in him was widely aroused. Professing strong love for music, it was not strange that she should have felt pleasure in listening to his piano, while she sat at work in her little back room; and she gave herself up, with the artlessness of a child, to the pleasure with which it inspired her.

Rubinelli was not slow in perceiving the impression he had produced, and gradually overcoming her reserve, as he became better acquainted with the family, he at length proposed that she should become his pupil in music. By this means he discovered her precise condition, and learned, to his great joy, that to her daily labor, she would soon be indebted for her daily bread. He then unfolded all his plans, and Blanche was wonder-stricken when she learned that she had but to utter a word, and the gates which shut in the fairy-land that lies within the precincts of the theatre, would open to admit her. She could not believe that her powers were equal to such a display, and she shrunk with natural

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delicacy from a destiny which would thus make her 'the load-star of a thousand eyes.' But the prospect of future fame, the certainty of being thus enabled, if successful, to secure a competency for Emily, and perhaps a latent desire to find herself an object of especial regard to the handsome foreigner, all were powerful incentives to the mind of the lovely orphan. The Marsdens were little qualified to afford her advice, as their only object was to serve their own interest, and whether or not she accepted the dazzling offer of Rubinelli, they had already determined to make her, in some way, a means of amassing wealth for them.

Blanche pondered over the exciting thoughts which so brilliant a prospect awakened, until the world of dull realities around her, seemed wearisome and hateful to her. The romance which belongs more or less to the character of every woman, had hitherto been latent in that of the beautiful orphan. She had lived amid sordid cares and anxieties all her life long, and the dark beauty of Rubinelli's face was the first thing that awakened her heart to a sense of deep and strong emotions. When she sat alone, thinking over the bright scenes which fancy depicted as forming the life of an actress, she felt like one in a dream; Rubinelli seemed like some powerful enchanter, whose touch could turn this dull earth into a paradise, and she scarcely dared acknowledge, even to herself, how essential he had become to all her ideas of happiness. Surrounded by privations, tempted by the prospect of brilliant success—urged on by a growing attachment to the tempter, it is not strange that Blanche should have decided even as Rubinelli wished. She consented to become his pupil, and, according to a custom common in such cases, an agreement was drawn up, by which he bound himself to give her proper instruction, and fit her for the stage, upon condition that the proceeds of her professional engagements, for two years after her first appearance, should be appropriated to his use, reserving only a maintenance for herself and sister. There was something in this business-like arrangement which pained Blanche exceedingly. She could not bear to deal sordidly and calculatingly with one on whom she looked with such romantic interest, but the wily Maestro quieted her feelings, by assuring her that such a plan was necessary, in order to ensure her future appearance under his auspices.

Nothing could exceed the vexation of the Marsdens when they were made acquainted with the terms of this agreement, which Rubinelli had been careful to keep out of their view, until it was quite complete. They had hoped to be benefited by Blanche's association with them, whether her future destiny was to be that of the humble sempstress, or the brilliant actress, but they now knew that they had been over-reached by one more cunning than themselves. They sought to shake Blanche's resolution, by telling her of the fatigue, the drudgery, the almost martyrdom to which she must submit, before she could hope to appear before a fastidious public. They endeavored to alarm her by the thought of her sister's destitute condition, in case her health should fail beneath the severe exertions she would be compelled to make; but Blanche felt that her course was taken, and it was now too late to retrace her steps.

Their representations, however, were not without some effect, and, remembering her father's favorite project, Blanche determined to insure her life, previous to entering upon her arduous career. In this design she was warmly seconded by Mr. Marsden, and her sister volunteered to accompany her to the office. Her extreme beauty, her graceful manners, but, above all, her high health, which, in such a place, was the best of all recommendations, secured her a most favorable reception, and she found no difficulty in effecting an insurance of several thousand pounds, at a comparatively low premium. The facility with which this was obtained, seemed to suggest a new scheme to Mr. Marsden, and he earnestly advised Blanche to take advantage of her present blooming looks, in order to secure something more than a bare competence to Emily, in case of her sudden death. Ignorant of the details of business, and desirous of affording every advantage to her darling sister, Blanche eagerly caught at the idea, and gladly appropriated the greater part of her little property to the payment of premiums. Accompanied by her sister-in-law, she visited *five* different offices, and actually effected insurances for one and two years, to the amount of *sixteen thousand pounds.* The policies were placed in the hands of Mr. Marsden, as trustee for the young Emily, so that he might be enabled to draw the monies, if, by any unhappy chance, they should fall due. Having thus, as she thought, secured Emily against all contingencies, she devoted herself to her new task, with a zeal only proportioned to her desire of success.

Rubinelli did not hesitate to strengthen, by every possible means, his influence over the susceptible girl. He saw that for his sake she submitted uncomplainingly to a degree of labor almost exhausting, and that his approbation was sufficient to repay her for every exertion. Selfish and calculating as he was, he yet could not be insensible to her innocent attachment, and he inly resolved that, if her success equalled his expectations, the agreement between them should be cancelled by a marriage bond. But the crafty musico had passed more than forty years amid the falsehood and dissimulation of a theatrical life. He could lime the bird without entrapping himself, and he meant to keep himself free 'till he should see the result of his pupil's efforts.

How seldom are the depths of life sounded by human thought! We listen to the syren voice of the queen of song—we watch, with awe-struck emotion, the tragic grace of the stately actress—we gaze with delight upon the enchanting movements of the agile dancer, but seldom do we think of the means by which such fascination has been wrought. We know nothing of the fearful exhaustion of the breath of life which those bird-like notes have cost the singer—we have never witnessed the wearisome taskwork of the worn-out frame which alone could perfect the graceful gestures of the mimic heroine—we cannot imagine the torture of the painful practice which was required, ere those twinkling feet could attain their airy lightness. The life of the humblest peasant is one of ease compared with that of the brilliant actress, or the fame-crowned hero of an hour. Their lot is one of false and hollow splendor, while bodily fatigue, wea-

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riness of soul, exhaustion of intellect, and sickness of the heart are its fatal consequences. Bright as may be their path at first, such, sooner or later, must be its end, and the few shining exceptions which may be pointed out, only prove the truth of the general rule.

Hour after hour did Blanche labor daily to fit herself for her new vocation. Her love of music failed before the wearisome tasks now allotted to her, and she almost learned to loathe the sweetest strains that ever thrilled on a human ear, unless they issued from the lips, or echoed beneath the finger of Rubinelli, and then

"Eye, ear and heart, were all awake."

How insidiously the love of this man had taken possession of the heart of Blanche! In all her dreams of the future, his image was ever present, and her highest ambition was to prove herself a worthy pupil of her master. But did her deep affection meet with its deserved return of reciprocal affection; Rubinelli was flattered by the evident affection of the beautiful being who hung upon his every word; he respected the purity of her feelings, and he calculated her chances of success. He was a worldly and selfish man, with some good yet glimmering through the ashes of a wasted life, and though Blanche, in comparison with him, was a creature of a higher sphere, he was capable of appreciating the excellence which he could not imitate. She had improved beyond his hopes, and he secretly determined to make her his wife as soon as a successful *dèbut* should have confirmed her claims upon the attention of the musical world. By frequent attendance on the theatre, and a careful observation of the striking and effective points in acting, he familiarized her with much of the mystery of her future profession; but despite her resolute character, she had many misgivings as to the bold step she had taken, and it needed all his seductive flatteries to reconcile her to herself in her moments of despondency.

The period of trial at length drew near, and it was announced that the fastidious Maestro Rubinelli was about to bring forward a débutante of wonderful beauty and talent. The lovers of music were all on the alert, and for weeks previous to her first appearance, every seat in the opera house was taken. Blanche passed the time in a state of feverish excitement. Again and again did she practice her part, until her lungs were perfectly exhausted, and Rubinelli predicted for her the most unbounded success. The character of Rosina, in the favorite opera of 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia,' was fixed upon for her début, as being a part particularly calculated to display the beauty of her person, and the rich tones of her voice, while it required a less elaborate style of acting than a more tragic character. Rubinelli, skilled in the mazes of the human heart, had so wrought up her feelings as to be in little doubt of her reception. He had more than hinted his affection for her, but at the same time, he had insinuated that nothing but the most brilliant success could ever induce him to yield to his passion; and Blanche felt that on her first appearance as an actress, depended not only her future fame, but her whole future happiness.

The appointed hour arrived, and on the night of the — of December, 18—, Blanche Hazelton, radiant in youthful loveliness, burst upon the view of assembled thousands. For a moment she paused, trembled, and grew faint, but the whisper of Rubinelli, from behind the scenes, reassured her—her beautiful lips parted to give utterance to the exquisite melody with which Rosina enters upon the scene. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*" The sound of her voice, so long familiarized, by constant exercise, to the most difficult music, seemed to restore Blanche's self-possession. Her timidity vanished, the glow returned to her cheek, and her grace of manner was no longer restrained by her fears. Her success was perfect. The audience rose almost tumultuously as the scene closed, and when, in compliance with their wishes, she was led forward by Rubinelli, who had been, for years, a favorite with the public, their names were blended in the acclamations of the multitude. That night seemed to decide her destiny, and Blanche returned to her home, a successful actress, and the affianced bride of Rubinelli.

The next morning the papers were filled with praises of the young and gifted songstress. Every one was in raptures with her graceful timidity, her brilliant beauty, and her exquisite voice. The lovers of music anticipated a rich treat during the coming season, and the Monsieur La Porte, the manager, congratulated Rubinelli upon the flattering prospects of his young pupil. But how did the morning dawn upon the young débutante? Did she awake from dreams of happy love and gratified ambition, to listen to the voice of the lover, and hearken to the plaudits of society? Wearied with fatigue and excitement, she had retired to her room, after a joyous supper with her family, and her absence from the breakfast-table occasioned little surprise. But when the day advanced towards noon, and still she was not visible, even Rubinelli became anxious. Mrs. Marsden repaired to her apartment, but no answer was returned to her repeated calls; and feeling or feigning great alarm, Mr Marsden at length forced open the door. What a scene presented itself! Reclining, as if in sleep, but with her beautiful lips parted as if by the touch of pain—her large eyes wide open, upturned and fixed in glassy dullness, lay the young and lovely Blanche. Death had struck her in the midst of her triumphs, and, while the flowers which strewed her pathway yet lay unwithered around her, she had fallen lifeless in the midst of them.

Do you ask, gentle reader, *how she died?* It was said that excitement and the fatigue of an overwrought brain had overcome her; and the fearful word '*apoplexy*,' was applied to the sudden blow. But the revelations of time were of truer import. Months had passed away—the gentle Blanche was laid in her early grave, and the Marsdens, taking with them the unhappy child, Emily, had removed to Paris, where an application was made at the Insurance offices by an agent of Mr. Marsden, for the payment of the sums due the trustee of the deceased on the policies. When it was discovered for how large an amount, and in how many different offices the life of the hapless girl had been insured, suspicion as to the unfairness of her death, was first aroused, and payment was refused. A legal investigation now took

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place. It was proved that the day previous to Blanche's death, Mr. Marsden had purchased a small quantity of that deadliest of all poisons, *prussic acid*; it was also proved that on the night which witnessed her triumph and her destruction, Blanche had partaken of a supper with the Marsdens and Rubinelli; it was testified by the latter, who was still suffering from the disappointment of all his plans, that she had there eaten of a custard, prepared expressly for her by her sister-in-law, and flavored according to her taste, with '*peach water*'—but that no other of the company tasted of the same dish, as Mrs. Marsden, knowing Blanche's fondness for the flavored, had only made a small quantity with this particular condiment. Of course it was exceedingly difficult, after so long a time had elapsed, to establish the guilt of the parties concerned. But there was testimony enough to invalidate the policies, and, of course, to exonerate the offices from the payment of the amounts insured. The Marsdens had hoped to gain more from her death, than they could from her success in life, but they reaped not the benefit they had anticipated. Only their residence in a foreign land preserved them from the more serious consequences of their undoubted crime, and the little Emily owed her maintenance, in after life, to the interest which her sister's fate had excited. Such was the end of Blanche Hazelton. Youth, beauty and genius, had been offered up a sacrifice on the shrine of Mammon. The *life-insurance* had been to her the *price of blood!*

NOTE.—The preceding tale is founded on an incident mentioned in a recent review of Mr. De Morgan's 'Essay on Probabilities, and their Application to Life Insurance Offices.' The *catastrophe* was precisely such as I have narrated. It occurred in December, 1830, and the case was tried before Lord Abinger.

Original.

PARTING WORDS.

No! the promise that was spoken
Long ago, has ne'er been broken,
But the hopes so fondly cherish'd
When I breathed that vow,
Those delusive hopes have perish'd,
Ask no promise now!
Oh! if thou wert yet pure-hearted,
Free from stain as when we parted,
Though by all beside forsaken,
I had been thine own;
Well thou know'st my trust was shaken,
By thy hand alone.
Ask'st thou if no vain repining
For the love I am resigning,
For the cherish'd ties I'm breaking,
E'er will wring my heart?
How that heart e'en now is aching,
I may not impart.
But whate'er is hanging o'er me,
Duty's path is plain before me,
Firm resolve my course is aiding—
Nay, no vows renew,
Thou shalt hear no weak upbraiding,
Now adieu, adieu!

SUSAN WILSON.

Original.

ART AND ARTISTS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I WAS struck, recently, with an unfinished sketch by a young artist, who has since lost his reason from the intense activity of a rarely-gifted, but ill-balanced mind. It struck me as an eloquent symbol of his inward experience—a touching comment upon his unhappy fate. He called the design 'an artist's dream.' It represented the studio of a painter. An easel, a pallet, a port-folio, and other insignia of the art, are scattered with professional negligence about the room. At a table sits the youthful painter, his head resting heavily on his arm, buried in sleep. From the opposite side of the canvass the shadowy outlines of a long procession seemed winding along, the figures growing more indistinct as they receded. In the front rank, and with more defined countenances, walked the most renowned of the old masters, and pressing hard upon their steps, the humbler members of that noble brotherhood. It was a mere sketch—unfinished, but dimly mapped out, like the career of its author, yet full of promise, indicative of invention. It revealed, too, the dreams of fame that were agitating that young heart; and proved that his spirit was with the honored leaders of the art. This sketch is a symbol of the life of a true artist. Upon his fancy throng the images of those whose names are immortal. It is his day-dream to emulate the great departed—to bless his race—to do justice to himself. The early difficulties of their career, and the excitement of their experience, give to the lives of artists a singular interest. West's first expedient to obtain a brush—Barry's proud poverty, Fuseli's vigils over Dante and Milton; Reynolds, the centre of a gifted society, and the 'devout quiet' of Flaxman's home, and similar memories, crowd upon the mind, intent upon their works. Existence, with them, is a long dream. I have ever honored the fraternity, and loved their society, and musing upon the province they occupy in the business of the world, I seem to recognize a new thread of beauty interlacing the mystic tissue of life. In speaking of the true artist, I allude rather to his principles of action, than to his absolute power of execution. Mediocrity, indeed, is sufficiently undesirable in every pursuit, and is least endurable, perhaps, in those with which we naturally associate the highest ideas of excellence. But when we look upon artists as a class—when we attempt to estimate their influence as a profession, our attention is rather drawn to the tendency of their pursuits, and to the general characteristics of its votaries.

"Man!" says Carlyle, "it is not thy works which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance." In this point of view, the artist, who has adopted his vocation from a native impulse, who is a sincere worshipper of the beautiful and the picturesque, exerts an insensible, but not less real influence upon society, although he may not rank among the highest, or float on the stream of popularity. Let this console the neglected artist. Let this thought

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comfort him, possessed of one talent, if the spirit he worketh in is true, he shall not work in vain. Upon some mind his converse shall ingraft the elements of taste. In some heart will his lonely devotion to an innocent but unprofitable object, awaken sympathy. In his very isolation—in the solitude of his undistinguished and unpampered lot, shall he preach a silent homily to the mere devotee of gain, and hallow to the eye of many a philanthropist, the scene of bustling and heartless traffic.

I often muse upon the life of the true artist, 'till it redeems to my mind the more prosaic aspect of human existence. It is deeply interesting to note this class of men in Italy. There they breathe a congenial atmosphere. Often subsisting upon the merest pittance, indulging in every vagary of costume, they wander over the land, and yield themselves freely to the spirit of adventure, and the luxury of art. They are encountered with their portfolios, in the midst of the lone Campagna, beside the desolate ruin, before the masterpieces of the gallery, and in the Cathedral-chapel. They roam the streets of those old and picturesque cities at night, congregate at the Caffè, and sing cheerfully in their studios. They seem a privileged class, and manage, despite their frequent poverty, to appropriate all the delights of Italy. They take long tours on foot, in search of the picturesque; engage in warm discussions together, on questions of art, and lay every town they visit, under contribution for some little romance. It is a rare pastime to listen to the love-tales and wild speculations of these gay wanderers. The ardent youth from the Rhine, the pensioner from Madrid, and the mercurial Parisian, smoke their pipes in concert, and wrangle good-humoredly over national peculiarities, as they copy in the palaces. Thorwaldsen is wont to call his birth-day the day on which he entered Rome. And when we consider to what a new existence that epoch introduces the artist, the expression is scarcely metaphorical. It is the dawning of a fresher and a richer life, the day that makes him acquainted with the wonders of the Vatican, the palace halls, lined with the trophies of his profession, the daily walk on the Pincian, the solemn loneliness of the surrounding fields, the beautiful ruins, the long, dreamy day—and all the poetry of life at Rome. Whoever has frequently encountered Thorwaldsen in the crowded saloons or visited him on a Sabbath morning, must have read in his bland countenance and benignant smile, the record of his long and pleasant sojourn in the Eternal city. To him it has been a theatre of triumph and benevolence. Everywhere in Italy are seen the enthusiastic pilgrims of art, who have roamed thither from every part of the globe. Each has his tale of self-denial, and his vision of fame. At the shrines of Art they kneel together. Year by year they collect, in the shape of sketches and copies, the cherished memorials of their visit. A few linger on, 'till habit makes the country almost necessary to their existence, and they establish themselves in Florence or Rome. Those whom necessity obliges to depart, tear themselves, full of tearful regret, from the genial clime. Many who come to labor, content themselves with admiring, and glide into dreamy habits from which want, alone, can rouse them. Others become the most devoted students, and toil with unremitting energy. A French lady, attached to the Bourbon interest, has long dwelt in Italy, intent upon a monument to Charles X. Her talents for sculpture are of a high order, and her enthusiasm for royalty, extreme. Her hair is cut short like that of a man, and she wears a dark robe, similar to that with which Portia appears on the stage. Instances of a like self-devotion to a favorite project in art, are very common among those who are voluntary exiles in that fair land.

Though the mere tyros in the field of letters and of art, those who pursue these liberal aims without either the genius that hallows, or the disinterestedness that redeems them, are not worthy of encouragement—let respect await the artist whose life and conversation multiply the best fruits of his profession—whose precept and example are effective, although nature may have endowed him with but a limited practical skill. There is a vast difference between a mere pretender and one whose ability is actual but confined. A man with the soul of an artist, is a valuable member of society, although his eye, for color, may be imperfect, or his drawing occasionally careless. There is, in truth, no more touching spectacle, than is presented by a human being whose emotions are vivid, but whose expression is fettered; in whose mind is the conception which his hand struggles in vain to embody, or his lips to utter. It is a contest between matter and spirit, which angels might pity. It is this very struggle, on a broad scale, which it is the great purpose of all art and all literature to relieve. "It is in me, and it shall come out," said Sheridan, after his first failure as an orator. And the trial of Warren Hastings brought it out. If we could analyze the pleasure derived from the poet and painter, I suppose it would partake much of the character of *relief*. A great tragedy unburdens the heart. In fancy we pour forth the love, and partake of the sacrifice. And so art gratifies the imagination by reflecting its pictures. The lovely landscape, the faithful portrait, the grand historical composition, repeat, with more or less authenticity, the story that fancy and memory have long held within a less defined shape. The rude figures on the old tapestry—the miniature illustrations of ancient missals—the arabesques that decorate the walls of the Alhambra, are so many early efforts to the same end. The inventive designer, the gifted sculptor, the exquisite vocalist, are ministers of humanity, ordained by Heaven. The very attempt to fulfil such high service, so it be made in all truthfulness, is worthy of honor. And where it is even partially fulfilled, there is occasion for gratitude. Hence I cannot but regard the worthy members of such professions with peculiar interest. They have stepped aside from the common thoroughfare, to cultivate the flowers by the wayside. They have left the great loom of common industry, to weave "such stuff as dreams are made of." Their office is to keep alive in human hearts, a sense of the grand in combination, the symmetrical in form, the beautiful in color, the touching in sound, the interesting in aspect of all outward things. They illustrate even to the senses, that truth which is so often for-

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gotten—that man does not live by bread alone. As the sunlight is gorgeously reflected by the clouds, they tint even the tearful gloom of mortal destiny with the warm hues of beauty. Artists instruct and refine the senses. With images of grace—with smiles of tenderness—with figures of noble proportions—with tones of celestial melody, they teach the careless heart to distinguish and rejoice in the richest attractions of the world. He who has pondered over the landscapes of Salvator, will thence forth pierce the tangled woodlands with a keener glance, and mark a ship's hulk upon the stocks with unwonted interest. John of Bologna's Mercury, will reveal to him the poetry of motion, and the Niobe or the statue of Lorenzo, in the Medici Chapel, make him aware how greatly mere attitude can express the eloquence of grief. The vocalism of a *prima donna*, will unveil the poetical labyrinths of sound. Claude will make him sensible of, masses of golden haze before unobserved, long scintillations of sunlight, and a gleaming across the western sky. The neck and hair of woman will be better appreciated after studying Guido; and the characteristic in physiognomy become more striking from familiarity with the portraits of Vandyke. Hogarth, in the humble walk he adopted, not only successfully satirized the vices and follies of London, but gave the common people no small insight into the humorous scenes of their sphere, and Gainsborough attracted attention to many a feature of rustic beauty. Pasta, Catalani and Malibran, have opened a new world in music, to countless souls, and Mrs. Wood has produced an era in the musical taste of our land. The artist thus instructs our vision and hearing. But his teachings end not here. From his portraitures of martyrdoms, of the heroic in human history, of the beautiful in human destiny, whether pencilled or sung, he breathes into the soul new self-respect, and moral refinement. We look at the Magdalene prostrate upon the earth, pressing back the luxuriant hair from her lovely temples, her melancholy eyes bent downward, and the lesson of repentance, the blessedness of 'loving much,' sinks at once into the heart. We muse upon Raphael's Holy Family, and realize anew the sanctity of maternal love. We commune with the long, silent line of portraits—the gifted and the powerful of the earth, and read, at a glance, the most stirring chronicles of war and genius, of effort and suffering, of glory and death. We drink in the tender harmony of Bellini, and the fountains of sentiment are renewed.

The golden age of Art and Artists, the splendid era that dawned early in the fifteenth century is one of the most romantic episodes in human history. The magnificent scale of princely patronage, the brilliant succession of unsurpassed productions, and the trials and triumphs of artists that signalize that epoch, place it in the very sunlight of poetry. There is something in the long lives of those eminent men toiling to illustrate the annals of faith, pursuing the beautiful, under the banner of religion, that gives an air of primeval happiness to human toil, and robs the original curse of its bitterness. The lives of the old masters partake of the ideal character of their creations. Scarcely one of their biographies is devoid of adventurous interest or pathetic incident. Can we not discover in the tone of their works, somewhat of their experience and character? As the poet's effusions are often unintentionally tinged with his moral peculiarities, is there not a certain identity of spirit between the old artists and their works? Leonardo supped with peasants and related humorous stories to make them laugh, that he might study the expression of rustic delight. By writing, conversation, and personal instruction, promoted that most important revolution, the reconciliation of nicety of finish with nobleness of design and unity of color, and having thus prepared the way for a higher and more perfect school of art, expired in the embrace of a king. The thought of his efforts as a reformer, and the precursor of the great prophets of art, impart a grateful sentiment to the mind of the spectator who dwells upon his Nun in the Pitti-palace, the Herodius of the Tribune, and the Last Supper at Milan. In the variety of expression displayed in the various heads and attitudes of this last work, we recognize the effect of Leonardo's studies from nature. It is singular that the chief monument to his fame, should of all his works, have met with the greatest vicissitudes. The feet were cut off to enlarge the refectory, upon the wall of which it is painted, and a door was cut through some of the finest parts. It is with a melancholy feeling that the traveller gazes upon its dim and corroded hues, and vainly strives to trace the clear outlines of a work made familiar by so many engravings. From Leonardo's precision of ideas, and the elegance of taste that marked his personal habits and his attachment to principles of art, something even of the mathematician is recognized in his works. It might be argued from his pictures, that he was no sloven and was fond of rules.

Titian's long career of triumph and prosperity, was cheerful and rich as the hues of his canvass, dream-like as his own Venice; his fair and bright-haired mistress, his honors and wealth, contrasting strangely with a death amid pestilence and desertion, come over the memory like a vivid picture. In infancy, Titian colored a print of the Virgin with the juice of flowers, in a masterly manner. In early youth he deserted his teachers for the higher school nature opened to him. The passers uncovered to his portrait of Paul III., as it rested on a terrace at Rome, deeming it alive; and when Charles V. of Spain sat to him for the last portrait, he exclaimed, "This is the third time I have been made immortal!" These exuberant tokens of contemporary appreciations—these, and countless other indications of a life of success and enjoyment, are echoed in the fleshy tints of his Venus, and laugh out in the bright faces of Flora and La Bella.

And Correggio's sad story! His lowly toil as a potter, the electric joy with which the conviction came home to him, that he, too, was a painter;—his lonely struggle with obscure poverty;—his almost utter want of appreciation and sympathy;—the limits of a narrow lot pressing upon so fine a soul, and then his rare achievements and bitter death,—worn down by the weight of very lucre his genius had gained,—can fancy, in her wide range depict a more affecting picture of the "highest in man's heart struggling vainly against the lowest in man's des

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tiny!" His Magdalene, bowed down, yet serene, sad, yet beautiful, sinful yet forgiven, is an emblem as lovely as it is true, of the genius and fate of Correggio. Salvator Rosa has written the history of his own life in those wild landscapes he loved so well. One might have inferred his Neapolitan origin. There is that in his pictures that breathes of a southern fancy. We there feel not the chastened tone of a Tuscan mind, not the religious solemnity of a Roman, but rather the half-savage genius of that singular region, where the lazzaroni sleep on the strand and the fisher men grow swarthy beneath the warmest sky of Italy. The wanderer, the lover of masquerade, he who mingled in the revolt of Massaniello, and roamed amid the gloomy grandeur of the mountains, speaks to us from the canvass of Salvator.

Delicacy and affection, taste and sentiment, characterize Raphael's paintings. There is in them that refinement of tone, born only of delicate natures, such as this rude world jars into the insanity of an Ophelia, or bows to the early tomb of a Kirk White.

Michael Angelo has traced the inflexibility of his soul in the bust of Brutus, his self-possessed virtue in the calm grandeur of his muscular figures. One dreams over them of stern integrity and noble self-dependence.

It is common to talk of the genius of artists as partaking of the "fine frenzy" attributed to that of the poet. The intense excitement which accompanies the process of conception, is, however, comparatively rare, with the votaries of art. They have this advantage over the great thinker and the earnest bard—that, much of their labor is mechanical, and calls rather for the exercise of taste than mental effort. There is, indeed, a period in every work when imagination is greatly excited and the whole mind fervidly active, but the painter and sculptor have many intervals of repose, when physical dexterity and imitative skill are alone requisite. And when the hand of the artist has acquired that habitual power which makes it ever obedient to the will, when he is perfectly master of the whole machinery of his art, and is confident of realizing, to a great degree, his every conception, a delightful serenity takes possession of his soul. Calm trust in his own resources, and the daily happiness of watching the growth of his work, induce a placid and hopeful mood. And when his aim is exalted and his success progressive, there are few happier men. They have an object, the interest of which familiarity cannot lessen nor time dissipate. They follow an occupation delightful and serene. The atmosphere of their vocation is above the "smoke and stir of this dim spot that men call earth." The graceful, the vivid, and the delicate elements of their art, refine their sensibilities and elevate their views. Nature and life minister to them more richly than to those who only "poke about for pence." Hence, methinks, the masters of the art have generally been remarkable for longevity. Their tranquil occupation, the happy exercise of their faculties was favorable to life.

It has been said of Michael Angelo's pupils, that they were "nursed in the lap of grandeur." And it may be said of all true artists, they are buoyed up by that spirit of beauty that is so essential to true happiness. I have ever found in genuine artists, a remarkable simplicity and truthfulness of character. There is a repose about them as of men who commune with something superior, and for whom the frivolous idols of the multitude have no attraction. I have found them usually fond of music and if not addicted to general literature, ardently attached to a particular poet. They read so constantly the book of nature, that written lore is not so requisite for them. The human face, the waving bough, the flower and the cloud;—the fantastic play of the smouldering embers, moonlight on a cornice, and the vast imagery of dreams, are full of teachings for them.

There is a *definiteness* in the art of sculpture, that renders its language more direct and immediate than that of painting. Masses of stone were revered as idols, in remote antiquity; and men soon learned to hew them into rude figures. When architecture, the elder sister of sculpture, had given birth to temples of religion, the statues of deities were their chief ornaments. Images of domestic gods existed as early as the twenty-third century before the Christian era. The early Indian and Hindoo idols, as well as the gloomy sculpture of the Egyptians, evidence how naturally the art sprung from the human mind, even before a refined taste had developed its real dignity. Sculpture was a great element of Grecian culture. In the age of Pericles, it attained perfection. In the square and the temple, on the hill-top and within the private dwelling, the beautiful productions of the chisel met the eye. They addressed every sentiment of devotion and patriotism. They filled the soul with ideals of symmetry and grace, and the traces of their silent eloquence were written in the noble air, the harmonious costume and the very forms of the ancient Greeks. The era of ideal models and a classic style passed away. In the thirteenth century, the art revived in Italy, and there are preserved some of the noblest specimens of Grecian genius, as well as those to which M. Angelo and his countrymen gave birth. The Apollo looks out upon the sky of Rome, while the Venus "loves in stone" and Niobe bends over her clinging babe in the Florence gallery. Shelley used to say, that he would value a peasant's criticism upon sculpture, as much as that of the most educated man. Form is, indeed, more easily judged than color. There is a certain vagueness in painting, while sculpture is palpable, bold and clear. There is a severe nobility in the art; its influence is to calm and elevate rather than excite. The Laocoon, Niobe and Allessandro doloroso are indeed expressions of passion; but they are striking exceptions. Sculpture soothes the impetuous soul. The heads of the honored dead wear a solemn dignity. The stainless and cold marble breathes a pure repose, stamped with the calm of immortality

In walking through the Vatican by torch-light, we might deem ourselves, without much exercise of fancy, in a world of spirits. The tall white figures stretching forward in the gloom, the snowy faces, upon which the flambeaux glare, the winding drapery and the outstretched arm, strike the eye in that artificial light, with a startling look of life. One feels like an intruder into some hall of death, or conclave of the great departed.

A good bust is an invaluable memorial; it preserves the features and expression without their temporary hue

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There is associated with it the idea of durability and exactitude. Though the most common offspring of sculpture, it is one of the rarest in perfection. Few sculptors can copy nature so faithfully as to give us the very lineaments wholly free from caricature or embellishment.

Those who have an eye for the detail of expression, often fail in general effect. To copy the form of the eye, the texture of the hair, every delicate line of the mouth, and yet preserve throughout an air of veri-similitude and that unity of effect which always exists in nature, is no ordinary achievement. The requisite talent must be a native endowment; no mechanical dexterity can ever reach it. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." This sentiment spontaneously fills the heart in view of the great products of the chisel. We contemplate the Niobe and Apollo, as millions have before us, with a growing delight and more intense admiration. They have come down to us from departed ages, like messengers of love; they assure us, with touching eloquence, that human genius and affection, the aspirations and wants, the sorrow and the enthusiasm of the soul, were ever the same; they invoke us to endure bravely and to cherish the beautiful and the true, as our best heritage. So speak they and so will they speak to unborn generations. In the silent poetry of their expressive forms lives a perennial sentiment. They keep perpetual state, and give the world audience, that it may feel the eternity of genius, and the true dignity of man. It is delightful to believe that sculpture is destined to flourish among us; it is truly the art of a young republic. Let it perpetuate the features of our patriots, and people our cities with images of grandeur and beauty. Worthy votaries of the art are not wanting among us: on the banks of the Arno, they speak of Greenough and Powers; from the studios of Rome come praises of Crawford, and beside the Ohio is warmly predicted the fame of Clevenger. Let us cherish such followers of art with true sympathy and generous patronage. The national heart shall not then be wholly corroded by gain, and a few places will be kept green for repose and refreshment, upon the great highway of American life.

Original.

THE DARK ROLLING EYE.

A SONG.

Oh! soft as the first gleam of twilight
That severs the portals of the sky;
Is the languishing glance of the love-light
Stealing soft from thy dark rolling eye.

Oh, mild as the beam of the dew-tear,
That in the white lily doth lie;
As it glows in the flash of the sun clear,
Is the light of thy dark rolling eye.

Oh, bright as the gems of the mountains
That in splendor with each other vie,
And pure as the rock weeping-fountains,
Is the light of thy dark rolling eye!

Original.

THE SOLITARY HOUSE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

"This shadowy desert, unfrequented wood,
I better brook than flourishing peopled town."
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

In one of the northern counties of England, near the borders of an extensive wood, which has, for centuries, been disforested, and many miles distant from any other dwelling, there was, formerly, situated a large, irregular building, used as a farm-house. The interior, with the exception of one suite of rooms, was plainly furnished, the huge timbers and cross-beams, which imparted firmness and durability to the structure, being unconcealed by tapestry, and rough as when left by the hewer's axe, save that a smoky varnish had been laid silently on by the hand of Time. The apartments which formed an exception to the others, had, many years before the date of our story, been fitted up in a style of almost princely magnificence, by the Earl of Roswell, who owned the estate. At the Earl's decease, the son, to whom his title and possessions descended, leased the domain near the forest, to a young man named Landson, who had married the only daughter of the preceding tenant, and every thing within and around the dwelling, bore testimony to the industry and care of the farmer and his wife. It was the custom of the Earl, as it had been of his father, to spend a part of the summer at the farm-house, and the present season he was accompanied by his only daughter, the Lady Edith. Before having had time, after his arrival, to recover from the fatigue of his journey, he received information that important business demanded his presence in a distant part of the kingdom. Leaving his daughter to the care of the farmer and his wife, and the companionship of their daughter, Bertha, who had, through his means, received an education superior to her station, he set out on his journey, from which he did not expect to return until the expiration of several weeks. It was the Lady Edith's first visit to the farm-house, and with that love for novelty, in a greater or less degree common to all, she was delighted with the idea of being at liberty to ride or ramble in the woods with Bertha, and no other attendant than Dennis, an old servitor, who, through the infirmities of age, was constrained to tarry behind, nor attempt to tax his old limbs with performing a second journey before enjoying an interval of repose.

The mansion stood so near the skirts of the forest, that at the approach of nightfall the trees threw their lengthened shadows across the path that led to the door, and the music of the wind among their branches had so long soothed the slumbers of the household, that it was sweet to them as the mother's murmured song to her infant's ear. To a person imaginative like Lady Edith, and withal a little given to superstition, which had been awakened into life, and cherished by the stories of her old nurse, there was something in the perfect seclusion of her present abode, indescribably fascinating; and she loved, on a moonlight evening, to watch from her

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window the dim openings of the forest, and to fancy, as she beheld the trees swayed to and fro by the wind, that they were the spirits of the night stationed to guard the sylvan haunts. It was then, that taking her lute, she would strive to touch its strings so that their music would chime in with the wild and fitful melody of the breeze as it swept through some dark and narrow vista, or lingered with a soft, sweet whisper, amid the heavy foliage of the ancient oaks. One evening, when she had sat later than usual, she imagined that she heard mingling with a rich and inspiring burst of harmony which her hand had just elicited from the strings of her lute, one of those shrill and prolonged whistles, with which she had heard it said, the robber chief calls together his band. She leaned forward with almost breathless attention to again catch a sound which had revived all the wild tales she had heard of those lawless men, who had their haunts in the green wood, and who sallied forth at night to waylay, rob, and perhaps murder the belated traveller. A deeper terror seized her mind, when she beheld a figure which bore too palpable a resemblance to the human form, for a person the most credulous to be deceived, cross several times in front of one of the long, dim aisles of the forest. Suddenly it emerged from the heavy shadow of the wood, and stood revealed in the clear moonlight. A nervous start caused some of the drapery of her dress to jar the strings of her lute, and though the sounds produced were dull and stifled, they were evidently heard by the intruder, who looked up to the lattice for a minute, then suddenly turned, and plunged into the forest. The next morning she communicated what she had seen to Dame Landson, at the same time expressing her fears that the forest was infested with banditi.

"No, my lady, that cannot be," replied the dame. "I have lived here ever since I was born, and in all that time there has never been a robber seen or heard of. No, it was no living person that you saw. It was, no doubt, the spectre knight, and a heavy sorrow, or a great joy will speedily come to some member of the noble house of Roswell. Thrice has he been seen by some person in the farm-house before now; once, before the death of the Earl, your grandfather, once, before the marriage of your father with the sweet Saxon lady, your mother, whose long hair, when she used to loose it to the summer wind, floated round her like a golden cloud, just as I have seen yours sometimes—and once, just before she died. Was not the figure you saw very tall?"

"It was," replied Edith, involuntarily subduing her voice to the same reverential tone, of Dame Landson's.

"And did it not wear a cap with heavy plumes, that drooped down over the left shoulder, as if they were broken?"

"Yes."

"And when it came out into the moonlight, did you not see something sparkle on its breast?"

"I did."

"My dear lady," said the dame solemnly, "you have surely seen the spectre knight. I would tell you his story, but I must be stirring about my household affairs, for though Mima is a good girl, she must have somebody to direct her. When you take your morning walk, Bertha shall go with you, and tell you all about it as you sit to rest in some snug nook of the forest. It will sound better than if the sun were glaring upon you without a leaf or a bough to screen you."

Bertha, a light-hearted, laughter-loving damsel, who, from early childhood, had almost lived in her favorite greenwood haunts, whatever might be her dread of beholding the spectre knight by moonlight, had no fear of meeting him in the "deep solitudes and awful shades" of the forest by day. The Lady Edith's fears, too, as the sun with unclouded beams looked down upon the fresh landscape, melted away like the mist that brooded over the distant mountains, and at an hour even earlier than usual, she and Bertha were wandering through the long, sweeping aisles of the wood, plucking the wild flowers that peeped out from among the grass and the tufts of moss, interspersed with the gnarled roots of the ancient oaks; while many a rich and merry laugh, such as can only gush from happy and innocent hearts, mingled with the clear carol of the birds that greeted them from every bough.

"Here," said Edith, "is one of our resting-places," stopping at the foot of a stupendous rock, at whose base swept one of the broadest of the forest paths, "and here we will sit while you relate the story of the spectre knight."

The balmy breath of morning scarcely stirred the heavy masses of foliage that hung over the rock, and threw everywhere around them a twilight gloom, save that at a little distance, a single burst of unbroken sunlight brightened the waters of a brook that gushed from a ledgy part of the rock. Whether it was on account of the "dim religious," light or from the idea of what she was going to tell, but she felt certain that she never saw the countenance of her young friend assume so grave and solemn a caste, as when she seated herself at her feet to obey her request.

CHAPTER II.

"What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?"—*Pope.*

"Sir Ryan," said Bertha, in a subdued voice, "derived his lineage from a noble Saxon family, whose extensive domains were wrested from it by the haughty Normans. Though poor, he ventured to look with eyes of love on a proud and beautiful lady, the only daughter and heiress of a rich, Norman Earl. They, at first, met by accident, at a time when she accompanied her father, the Earl of Newberry, to a castle of his, situated about four leagues from the farm-house, near the opposite side of the forest. Sir Ryan was comely in person, and courteous in manners, and though Lady Eleanor, at first, pretended to scorn his suit, she afterwards relented, and used often to meet him in a glade of the forest. Multitudes, at this time, were flocking to the standard of Cœur de Lion, who was going shortly to embark for the Holy Land. 'Join in the crusade against the Infidels,' said she, 'and when you return, my hand shall be yours.' Sir Ryan, who was brave, and thirsted for military renown, was ready to obey her. The last time they met before his departure, was in

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their favorite glade. When they parted, Lady Eleanor gave him a diamond cross of great value, with a request that he would always wear it when he went forth to battle. In return, he gave her a ring, ornamented with a sapphire heart. Stories of the marvellous exploits performed by a young knight, who always appeared in battle with a cross on his breast so intensely bright, that it seemed to glow with living fire, often found their way to his native isle. At their relation, the color was observed to deepen on the cheeks of the Lady Eleanor, and her fine dark eyes to look brighter and more animated. At length tidings came that the crusade was finished, and that the survivors were on their way home. It was then that the Lady Eleanor used for hours to watch for Sir Ryan's return, from the window of her turret chamber in the castle, where she had spent most of her time since his absence. One bright, moonlight night, though the household had been long at rest, she continued at her window, sadly musing on her lover's long delay, when suddenly she beheld, some person slowly advancing along a broad opening in the forest, nearly opposite her window, who, in a few moments, emerged into the open moonlight. A single glance told her who it was. His beaver was up, and as the moonbeams fell upon his features, she imagined they had a pale and ghastly look. Two heavy black plumes which he wore in his casque, were broken in such a manner as to droop down on his left shoulder, and she saw the cross which she gave him, glitter on his breast. He looked up to the window, and made a sign for her to descend. She obeyed, and opening a door near the place where he stood, he beckoned her to follow him down the avenue which led to the spot where they last met. He moved onward at so rapid a rate, that she vainly endeavored to overtake him, and he soon entered the glade hallowed and endeared to her heart by a thousand sweet memorials. He stopped at the spot where he had received her parting pledge, and turned towards her. The moon, nearly at its meridian, poured down upon him a flood of light, and she now beheld a wound in his breast, close by the diamond cross, from which the blood was slowly welling. 'Till this moment, she had uttered neither word nor sound, but now, she sprang towards him with a piercing shriek. A faintness seized her, and she fell to the ground. When she came to herself, Sir Ryan was no longer there. She repeatedly called upon his name, but received no answer, and continued to wander through the forest 'till morning. She had scarcely returned to the castle, pale, and with garments wet with dew, when a horseman, of foreign appearance, arrived, and demanded to be admitted to her presence. He had been the intimate friend of Sir Ryan, whom he had seen fall in the last battle which the Europeans fought with the Saracens, and it was his dying request that he would restore to Lady Eleanor the diamond cross. From that time, a change came over her mind and person, and, at times, the wildness of insanity could be detected in the glance of her dark eyes. She could never be persuaded to leave the castle, and spent most of her time in the turret chamber, always watching, every moonlight night, at the same window whence she imagined she once beheld her lover. The diamond cross and the sapphire ring have always been preserved in the family, and are said to be now in the possession of the young Earl of Newberry, who generally spends several weeks every summer at the castle."

CHAPTER III.

"Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such different notes make all the harmony."—*Cowley.*

Just as Bertha had concluded her narration, they beheld a horseman approaching, who rode with the ease and grace of a person of rank, although his garb was such as was worn by a common serving-man.

"One of the Earl of Newberry's men," whispered Bertha, as the path brought him within a few paces of the spot where they were seated.

"If such be the servant, what must be the master?" thought Edith, as she took a hasty survey of a form and features possessing rare dignity and beauty, which would have sorted well with princely rank. As he passed them, he raised his coarse cap, ornamented with a worsted tassel, and thus displayed a brow lofty and of dazzling whiteness, round which clustered a profusion of short curls, perfectly black. Bertha was not sparing in her remarks upon the beauty of his person, to which the Lady Edith made but little reply, though his noble countenance and graceful bearing, as well as the white, ungloved hand with which he raised his cap from his brow, were with her the rest of the day.

When night came, she again took her station at the window, not without some visitings of superstitious fear, as she recalled the story of the spectre knight. She suffered her lute to rest in silence, and as she sat watching the shadows, which the trees, agitated by the wind, threw across the path whence she had seen the mysterious figure emerge the preceding night, she almost started to her feet as the same shrill whistle that she heard before, though louder, and apparently much nearer struck upon her ear. Though, as is apt to be the case with imaginative persons, she loved to feed her fancy with the dim and vague dreams of superstition, her judgment told her that the forest must be peopled with forms more substantial than those of "painted air."

Again a sharp whistle rang through the forest, and was, at intervals, repeated, though each time it grew fainter, as if receding; but though she watched 'till a late hour, neither figure of "air invulnerable," or made up of the grosser elements belonging to animal life, made its appearance.

The ensuing day, Lady Edith, thinking that Earl Newberry's handsome serving-man might again choose to ride in the forest, thought proper to require the attendance of Dennis, when she and Bertha took their accustomed ramble. In opposition to the earnest desire of her young companion, she declined staying to rest in their favorite retreat, and continued to wander on to a small opening which had little to recommend it, save its coolness and verdure. They had scarcely entered it, before they beheld, at a short distance, partly screened by the trees, a horse, tied to the limb of one of them, in such a manner as to permit him to crop the grass and herbage. There was no mistaking the noble and beautiful animal,

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with its coarse, unornamented furniture, and Bertha looked at Edith with a smile so mischievous, that she turned away to hide the blushes that glowed on her cheeks. At this moment a rustling was heard among the branches of the trees, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, they beheld the owner of the horse, who, ignorant of their presence, had been about to enter the glade, but who, on perceiving them, stopped short, and remained where he was. As the eye of Lady Edith met his, he bowed very gracefully, though he was evidently considerably embarrassed. After a little hesitation, he came forward, apologized for his unintentional intrusion, and then disengaging his steed from the tree to which it had been secured, vaulted lightly into the saddle, and was soon out of sight.

The ensuing day, Lady Edith determined to avoid the forest, and proposed to Bertha to take an airing on horseback.

"Surely," said Bertha, as she saw Edith turn her palfrey's head in the direction of the high road, "you do not intend to ride in that dreary place, where there is hardly a tree or a shrub for miles, and where we shall be continually enveloped in a cloud of dust, when there are such broad and beautiful paths in the greenwood, where the fall of every foot presses fragrance from plant or flower to scent the air."

Lady Edith, who, during Bertha's speech, felt her resolution melting away like frost-work beneath the sunbeams, made some half-inaudible reply about her love of novelty, and without venturing a single look at the long, sweeping aisles of the forest, with their canopies of rich foliage still gemmed with the morning dew, amid which might be seen glancing numberless brilliant birds, pouring forth their clear, wild strains of melody, she started for the road, waving her hand to Dennis to follow. Bertha, on whose pretty red lips might have been detected an incipient pout, as she murmured something about the capriciousness of fine ladies, after straining her eyes to see if she could not catch a glimpse of the handsome forest-rider, who, she felt sure must be somewhere near, followed at rather a slow pace, in the same direction. They had proceeded about a mile, when they beheld the person Lady Edith had taken so much pains to avoid, slowly advancing along a lane, which led from the forest to the road. Almost at the same instant that Edith perceived him, a small terrier leaped over the hedge, alighting exactly in front of her palfrey, which, taking fright, reared and plunged in such a manner, that had she not been an excellent horsewoman, she must have been thrown to the ground; the old and feeble Dennis being, in the meantime, so completely paralyzed with fear, that he was in a condition to receive rather than to render assistance. The rapid evolutions of the fear-stricken animal, began, at length, to make her confused and giddy, and she found her strength was failing her, when the reins were grasped with a vigorous hand, and an arm encircling her waist, prevented her from falling. With the assistance of Dennis, who, on beholding the efficient aid so opportunely rendered, had experienced a great access of courage, she was speedily lifted from the saddle, and placed in the shade of a tree. Her faintness soon subsided, and when she looked up, she beheld a pair of dark, lustrous eyes beaming upon her, which spoke a language to her heart which she could never forget. Subsequently, though many and severe were the struggles between her love and her pride, love ever proved victorious, and before another week had passed, she had pledged her troth beneath the greenwood boughs, to young Norman. He, however, before ingeniously told her that he was entirely dependant on the Earl of Newberry, though, if he proved himself worthy, he had hopes of being advanced to a station of greater trust than the one he then held. During this time, while seated at her window at night, she more than once imagined that she saw several persons moving stealthily along the skirts of the forest, stopping at intervals, and apparently directing their attention towards the house. She mentioned the circumstance to Norman, likewise, that she had frequently heard a shrill and prolonged whistle reverberate, at midnight, through the woods. The intelligence made him appear grave and thoughtful, though, in order to quiet her fears, he assured her there could be no cause of alarm. As for farmer Landson, he said that he and his family had lived there above twenty years, without molestation, and his confidence in their safety could not be shaken; while a love for the marvellous, induced his wife to imagine that all the sights and sounds which had awakened the fears of Lady Edith, were supernatural. The farmer having occasion, therefore, to go to a market town, where he would be obliged to remain all night, felt no hesitancy in leaving his wife and daughter, with their fair guest, with no other protectors than his son, a lad of eighteen, and old Dennis; nor could Dame Landson shake his resolution, though she eloquently expressed her fears that the spectre knight would be bold enough to take possession of the house as well as the forest, during his absence.

"And what if he should?" said the farmer. "The ale and the cheese will be safe, as well as the wine and the venison reserved for the Earl of Roswell, for I never heard of a ghost ever eating or drinking."

"That, in my mind," replied the dame, "would make his company more terrible. It would be awful to have a figure stalking about the house that could neither eat or drink or breathe."

On the morning of the farmer's departure, Lady Edith, for the first time, attended only by Dennis, (Bertha's presence being desired by her mother,) met her lover in the forest. When he was present, she forgot the Earl of Newberry's servitor, and thought only of the just and elevated sentiments, which, clothed in language possessing a vitality and fire, of which, before her meeting with him, she had formed no conception, flowed from the most beautiful and expressive of mouths. Formerly, the morning song of the birds, the gushing melody of the water, or the voice of the wind as it came laden with the breath of flowers that flushed every nook and hollow of the greenwood, seemed sweet as the notes of the nightingale as they steal to the heart of its favorite rose. Now she heard them not as she listened to the deep, rich tones of Norman's voice while dwelling on

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that theme of all others the dearest and most absorbing to the heart, which, for the first time, confesses its power. Even his russet garb appeared in better keeping with the sylvan scene, than less homely apparel, it being worn with that peculiar and indescribable grace, unattainable save by the few, who seem intuitively to possess the faculty of communicating the charm of their own elegance to whatever they may choose to put on. The morning hours had fleeted away like the radiant hues that gleam on the wing of the receding bird, without their being conscious of their flight. An energetic blast from a sea-shell, which answered in lieu of the modern gong or bell, to announce the arrival of the dinner-hour, warned Norman that it was time to depart.

"We may not meet again," said he, "for many weeks, as the Earl of Newberry will set out to-morrow for Scotland, to cause some repairs to be made on an estate which has recently fallen to him."

"And you will go, too," said Edith.

"Yes, the Earl will not go without me."

After remaining silent and thoughtful a few moments, he inquired if she remembered ever having seen the Earl of Newberry. She replied that she did not.

"I have heard," resumed he, with much embarrassment, "that he either has, or shortly intends to make proposals to the Earl of Roswell, your father, for your hand. If he should, can I expect that the humble Norman will be remembered?"

"He can never be forgotten."

"Enough. I have read your heart, and feel assured that neither titles or wealth can have power to make you break your word. Permit," added he, respectfully raising her hand to her lips, "thus much before we part."

It was not until many hours after they had parted, that Edith began to reflect seriously upon what her lover had said respecting the Earl of Newberry. She had often heard her father, who was personally acquainted with him, mention him in terms of the highest praise, and she knew that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to receive him as a son-in-law. How could she command courage to refuse so unexceptionable an offer, and assign as a reason, that she had bestowed her affections upon one of the Earl's serving-men? These harrassing reflections were alone quieted by recalling the personal and mental endowments of her lowly suitor, who, as respected these, was peer to the proudest noble in the land.

CHAPTER IV.

Col. "This cannot be but a great courtier."
Shep. "His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely."—*Winter Tales.*

Soon after dinner, Abel Landson, who had been deputed, by his father, joint protector with old Dennis, of the females of the household during his absence, expressed his determination of attending a fair which was to be held some twenty or thirty miles distant the following day, and as he wished to be in season, it was necessary that he should commence his journey immediately.

"Ah, Abel," said his mother, when he mentioned his intention, "would you leave me and your sister, and, above all, the Lady Edith, to be carried off by the ghost while your father is gone?"

"If he has a mind to carry you off, I cannot hinder him if I am here, for I have no skill in dealing with such kind of gentry; so go, good mother, and get the silver you have been hoarding so long to buy a new cardinal, and you shall have the finest piece of scarlet cloth there is at the fair."

Dame Landson was a comely matron, not without her share of vanity, and thoughts of the fine appearance she would make in her new cardinal, when she and her husband, as he had long promised her, should go to London the ensuing autumn, put to flight all her fears of the spectre knight, and producing a green worsted purse that contained the precious coin, she delivered it to her son, with a charge for him to have his eyes about him, and not suffer himself to be cheated.

Abel had been gone several hours, and twilight was fast yielding to the gloom of evening, when a loud rap was heard at the outer door. It was no common sound at their lonely dwelling, and it caused Dame Landson and Mima, who were alone in the hall, to quake with fear. Before they could summon courage to rise or speak, the door opened, and a middle-aged, sturdy-looking man, whose appearance denoted him to be a pedlar, entered the apartment, and without ceremony depositing his pack on a bench, seated himself beside it. Dame Landson, with a bustling alacrity which was intended to display to the stranger her ready hospitality, but which was, in reality, prompted by fear, produced the remains of a venison pastry, and a joint of cold meat, ordering Mima to bring a flask of the best ale. He accepted of the dame's pressing invitation to partake of the refreshment, with a kind of sullen courtesy, in the meantime carelessly surveying the hall and the articles of homely furniture. While thus engaged, voices were heard near the outer door, and directly old Dennis ushered in a stranger, whose garments of rich velvet, and cap looped with diamonds, betokened him to be of no mean rank. He bowed very low, but rather awkwardly, to Dame Landson, who returned his salutation with a most precise courtesy. He informed her that it had been his intention to reach the castle of his friend, the Earl of Newberry, but being somewhat belated, and finding himself weary with his day's ride, he had ventured to crave her hospitality. She expressed in the most polite phrase that she was able, her high sense of the honor conferred by his presence, after which, taking Dennis aside, she consulted him as to the expediency of setting before their distinguished guest a few bottles of the wine which the Earl of Roswell had forwarded for his own use, during his anticipated stay at the farm-house.

"By all means," replied Dennis, "for he told me while we were at the door, that he had seen the Earl at court often and often."

While Dennis was gone to the cellar for the wine, Dame Landson, selecting one of the keys from the bunch that garnished her girdle, unlocked a large closet, in which was an open beaufat, containing a portion of the Earl's plate, from which she chose an elegant drinking-cup, and several superb dishes. With the assistance of

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Mima, the upper end of the table was soon furnished with a newly-baked pastry, and several delicacies which had been prepared for the Earl of Roswell, whose return was now daily expected. Dame Landson, in her hurry, having neglected to close the closet door, the costly plate, gleaming in the reflected light of the lamps, was fully exposed to the view of the pedlar, who, since the entrance of the richly-dressed stranger, had maintained a sullen silence. Either the sight of that, or the strong ale of which he had freely drank, had a peculiarly exhilarating effect upon his spirits, and as he finished the flask, a glance of intelligence, unperceived by those present, was interchanged between him and the guest at the upper end of the table. The pedlar now rose, and proceeded to spread out a portion of the contents of his pack. While thus engaged, Lady Edith and Bertha, who were ignorant of the presence of any person beside the family, entered the hall. The stranger, at the table, immediately rose, and saluted Lady Edith, with what he intended to be a very courtly air, which, unwittingly, he carried to such excess, as to appear superbly ludicrous.

"I have all kinds of wares," said the pedlar, "to please a lady's fancy," and he immediately commenced selecting some more choice articles than he had yet exhibited. "Here is some mechlin lace," said he addressing Lady Edith, "exactly the same pattern the Queen wore the last time she rode in the park, and here are some gloves, sweet as if they had been buried in a bed of roses."

As he went on exhibiting and praising his wares, Lady Edith observed that his attention was frequently directed to the window near which he stood, and as he bent down to take up something that had fallen on the floor, she perceived that in addition to the short knife which he wore in his belt, that he had one much larger concealed inside his doublet. Her alarm was, at this moment, much increased, by seeing a man pass the window, yet she preserved the appearance of composure while she purchased some rich scarlet satin for a lining to Dame Landson's expected cardinal, a pair of gloves, and some ribands for Bertha, and a pair of Bugle bracelets, for Mima, who had been examining them with longing eyes. The stranger at table, having now finished his meal, rose and approached the group, and after examining the mechlin lace, purchased the whole piece, which he begged Lady Edith to accept. She declined, and he then entreated Dame Landson to permit him to present it to her and her daughter, which, although she made many excuses, she had not the resolution to refuse, when she thought how well her comely face would look, surrounded by a frill of such fine and fashionable material.

By the time the pedlar had restored his wares to his pack, it was quite dark, and he announced his determination of remaining all night. Although, on account of being so distant from any other dwelling, common hospitality forbade Dame Landson to offer any objection. When she looked at the sinister expression of his forbidding features, the fears which she felt at his first entrance, revived; but when she looked at her other guest, who, she doubted not, was as brave as he had proved himself generous, she took courage, and told him that he was welcome. As for Lady Edith, she had as little confidence in him as in the pedlar, and her suspicion of both was confirmed. When she was about to leave the room, she beheld a man looking in at one of the windows, who, making a peculiar sign, was answered by the gentleman of the velvet doublet, by one similar. Her terror, now, became excessive, and she was obliged to lean against the wainscot, a few minutes, for support, for she could no longer doubt but the persons present belonged to a gang of robbers, who had disguised themselves in order to introduce themselves quietly into the farm-house. She was utterly at a loss what course to take, whether to communicate what she had seen and what she feared, to Dame Landson and Bertha, or to forbear alarming them, lest, by imprudently abandoning all self-control, they should betray their suspicion to their unwelcome guests. She finally resolved to go to her own room and take a few minutes for consideration. Placing the light in an adjoining closet, that she might not be seen by any person without, she approached the window. There was no moon, but it was a clear, starlight night, and she could distinctly perceive several persons lurking at the entrance of the forest, among whom she imagined she could discover one with the costume of the spectre knight. To escape from the building without being discovered, would be impossible, and after revolving several plans in her mind, as well as her agitation would permit, she concluded it would be better for all to assemble in the same apartment, and to secure it in the best manner they were able. Just as she had come to this conclusion, Dame Landson, Bertha, Mima and old Dennis, burst into her room. The good dame was in such an agony of terror, that her words were unintelligible, but the more courageous Bertha informed her that the spectre knight had presented himself at the door, and beckoned her to follow him, just as he did the Lady Eleanor a hundred years before. When Lady Edith informed them of what she, herself, had seen, and expressed her fears that the house was beset with banditti, and that she suspected that the supposed spectre was one of their number, Dame Landson, who was a woman of remarkable courage when neither ghost or goblin was concerned, was at once restored to herself, and assisted, with great coolness, to carry Lady Edith's plan of barricading the door, into effect. They first waited, however, for the return of Dennis, who had stepped into an adjoining apartment to arm himself with an old sword, which he had seen hanging against the wall. He had just re-entered the room, when the same shrill whistle that Lady Edith had often heard before, came like a death-warning note to their ears. It was, doubtless, the signal to call the band together, for, directly, the sound of footsteps was heard, together with many voices, drawing nearer and nearer the house. Sounds soon succeeded that told that they had entered.

Some time elapsed, and as the intruders appeared, as yet, to confine themselves to the hall, they ventured to unfasten the door that Dennis might reconnoitre the number of the enemy. After an absence of several minutes, he returned, with the information that eight most ferocious-looking fellows were gathered round the

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table, among whom was the fine gentleman, the pedlar, and the spectre knight, drinking wine as freely as if it had been so much spring-water.

"Ah," said Dame Landson, addressing Lady Edith, "I dare say they have found the wine your grandfather brought with him the first time he ever came to the farm-house, after your father was married. It was, he said, very costly, and he never thought of touching a drop of it except on some rare occasion. He little thought that he was saving it for a gang of thieves."

The effect of their potations was soon apparent. Bursts of boisterous laughter, intermingled with snatches of bacchanal songs, reached even their remote apartment. As the sounds appeared to remain stationary, they again ventured to unfasten the door and partly open it,—much of what was said, could now be distinctly heard.

"Nay," said a voice, "let them remain where they be, 'till we make sure of such things as will be useful to us, and first of all for the Earl's plate."

"But what if they should make their escape?" inquired one of them. "You know that the Captain sets a higher value upon the lady, than upon all the plate in the kingdom."

"Ay," said a third voice, "Gadson is right. We will bring the lady and the farmer's daughter to the hall, where one of us can guard them, while the rest collect the valuables."

This proposition was assented to, and several of them started for the staircase to carry it into effect. They hastily reclosed the door and succeeded in bolting and barricading it, before the ruffians reached it. The efforts of the latter to force the door were long unavailing. They at last succeeded in breaking one of the panels, and in a few minutes more they would have had free ingress. Lady Edith threw open the lattice with a half-formed determination to jump thence, rather than to fall into their hands, when the quick tramp of horses' feet awakening the dull echoes of the greensward came to her ear, and in a few seconds, a horseman, who although indistinctly revealed in the starlight, she felt sure was Norman, issued from the forest, followed by three others. They threw themselves from their horses, and the command "follow me," was given in a voice that she could not mistake. The wretches within, who felt secure from molestation, had suffered the door which opened into the hall, to remain unfastened, and those who still lingered at the table, loathe to quit the wine, were confounded by the sudden entrance of four armed men. It was the work of only a minute, however, though considerably bewildered by the liquor they had quaffed so freely, for them to rally and to rush upon their assailants. But they were in a situation that entirely incapacitated them from making a skilful use of their weapons. They fought with blind fury. One of them was soon dangerously if not mortally wounded. A second was soon disabled, and the others would have been speedily overpowered, had not their associates, whose employment had prevented them from hearing the clash of arms, been finally attracted by their cries for assistance. Old Dennis could not now be withheld from joining the combatants, for although he said he could not venture into the thickest of the fight, he would do somewhat to annoy the enemy. Upon receiving this accession to their number, the contest became sharper than ever. Norman, who had planted himself in one corner of the hall, kept two of them at bay—the sturdy pedlar, and the spectre knight, who was so "large of limb and bone," that at equal advantage he might have proved a match for two men of ordinary size and skill. Norman felt that his strength was failing him, and for a few moments, relaxing in his exertions, he acted only on the defensive; not, however, without watching his opportunity to deal a skilful blow. Now was his time. A piercing cry from one of the robbers, who fell mortally wounded, for a single breath, diverting the pedlar's attention, gave him opportunity to strike, which he did with so good effect, that he sunk down to rise no more. But he did not die unrevenged. Maddened at the sight of his fallen comrade, the stalwart arm of his remaining opponent appeared to be endowed with preternatural strength, and just as the man who had despatched the robber, came to his assistance, he received a wound in the side. He still maintained his ground, however, and his powerful adversary having now to oppose the weapons of two instead of one, was soon compelled to yield. Opposition on the part of the brigands was now hopeless. Three of their number were slain, as many severely wounded, while the other party, with the exception of Norman, had received no injury, save a few wounds so slight as to be unimportant. The surviving robbers were placed in an apartment that could be conveniently guarded, while Dennis, who saw that Norman was very pale, went, as fast as his old limbs would carry him, to summon Lady Edith and Dame Landson. They arrived just in time to see him sink fainting to the floor. The latter, from the isolated state of the farm-house, had per-force acquired something of the leech's skill, soon perceived that his faintness was occasioned by loss of blood, and she speedily succeeded in checking the effusion, and applied proper dressings to the wound. It was now a question, what apartment he should occupy.

"It won't do," said Dame Landson, "to place him in the Earl's chamber, as he is uncommon particular, though in my humble opinion, the king's palace would be none too good for one who has saved all our lives."

It was finally agreed, that a large chamber, in which was a bed with faded green curtains, and three or four rickety chairs, should be made ready to receive him, an arrangement with which the patient appeared to be well satisfied. Early next morning he requested to see one of his companions before they set out for the castle, who, when he returned to the hall, told Dame Landson, that suitable persons would be there as soon as possible, to take the prisoners into custody and to superintend the removal of the slain; likewise, that the Earl of Newberry's own physician would doubtless attend the patient.

CHAPTER V.

"Above the empty pride of birth,
The Countess saw and prized his worth;
She thought not of his low degree,
But of his mind's nobility."

The beautiful, the high-born, the hitherto proud and fastidious Lady Edith,—what was she now? She was

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(at times she could hardly realize it) the tender, the assiduous, and above all, the solicitous nurse of one of the Earl of Newberry's retainers. There were seasons when she forgot his humble origin and rank, and thought only of the riches of his mind; and these were the happiest and most delicious moments of her life. Her forgetfulness on this point increased daily. How could it be otherwise, as she sat watching by his side as he lay pale and almost too weak to move, yet with his fine features illumined by that light, which can alone emanate from a mind of superior intelligence, alive to those finer influences which fall powerless upon those naturally coarse and of obtuse perception. Nor was this all. Truly while in the Earl's service, he must have been a careful and discriminating observer, and an apt scholar; for that air of high breeding, which belongs naturally to those who are conversant only with persons of education and refinement, appeared to cleave to him as tenaciously as the air he breathed.

The third morning dawned, after the horrors of that ever memorable night, and before the close of the evening, Lady Edith expected the return of her father. For the first time in her life, she dreaded his presence. A letter from him, informing her that he should be detained a week longer than he had anticipated, she almost blushed to acknowledge even to herself, was received with joy. Before that time, should no unfavorable change take place, Norman might be removed to the castle, and although she had no intention of concealing what had passed between them, from her father, she naturally wished to defer a disclosure which she so much dreaded. Norman, who had been apprised of the time the Earl of Roswell expected to return, betrayed great solicitude to leave the farm-house before he arrived; and as his convalescence was now rapid, he would be able to effect his wish. The day previous, the physician made every necessary arrangement for his conveyance to the castle early the next morning. The weather proved fair and exhilarating, but an air of sadness pervaded the farm-house, for all regretted the departure of the amiable and fascinating patient. He was still pale and feeble, and when at parting, he took Lady Edith's hand, his own trembled.

"I have," he said, "only one thing more to add to what I have already said, and that is to remind you of what I told you when we parted before respecting the intentions of the Earl of Newberry. I beg of you to be faithful to your promise, nor suffer yourself to be dazzled by rank and riches."

CHAPTER VI.

"This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort."
Timon of Athens.

In the evening, the Earl of Roswell returned in high health and spirits, while the deep flush which anxiety and excitement planted on the cheeks of his daughter, was mistaken by him for the glow of health, imparted by exercise and the pure country air. The moment supper was over, he requested to speak with her alone. He was too full of his subject to waste his time in preliminary remarks, but informed her at once that the Earl of Newberry had requested leave to address her, accompanied with an earnest desire to be early admitted to a personal interview. As he finished speaking, the delighted father offered her the Earl's letter for perusal.

"It will be useless," said she, "to read the letter, as I cannot possibly receive his addresses."

"Not receive his addresses? You know not what you say. He is the best match in the kingdom. Person, manners, fortune, all that can be desired. Yet all these would be nothing, did I not know that they are joined with a disposition so amiable and free from selfishness, that the happiness of others ever appears dearer to him than his own."

"I rejoice to hear that, for he will not be likely to injure my happiness by urging his suit when he finds I cannot accept him."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I never did, nor to my knowledge did he ever see me, which makes me suspect that he wishes to marry from motives of convenience rather than love."

"You are mistaken, he has seen you—is passionately enamored of you."

"I can only say that I very much regret it."

"Consent to see him, and you will think and speak differently. If you do not, your heart is not made of the same stuff as other women's."

"Let his attractions, personal or mental be what they may, I can never be his."

"There must be some cause for your being thus peremptory without ever having seen him. Can you have dared to dispose of your affections without my sanction?"

"My affections are disposed of, but there was no daring in the case, the act was involuntary."

"His name?"

"Norman, and he is—is one—"

"One what?"

"One of the Earl of Newberry's retainers. But father he saved my life—more than my life!"

Lady Edith understood now, if she never did before, the meaning of the phrase "a lightning glance." For a moment, it seemed as if living fire darted from his eyes. When his anger permitted him to speak, his words were few.

"You are no daughter of mine," said he, "and I shall take immediate measures to disinherit you. Do not attempt to obtrude yourself into my presence while I remain here, which will be only while I can send a note to the Earl of Newberry, who has, I understand, returned from Scotland, acquainting him with your infatuation respecting one of his menials, whose audacity he will, I trust, know how to punish. You may leave my presence."

She would have appealed to her father's generosity to mitigate the cruelty of his decision, but one look at his stern, relentless countenance, withered her courage, and with a full heart she retired to her apartment. The Earl of Newberry returned a brief reply to her father's note, stating that in a few days he would do himself the honor to wait on him at the farm-house, as his happiness depended so entirely upon the success of his suit, that he was unwilling to receive an answer except from the lady herself. He regretted that instead of writing, he could

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not immediately have answered the Earl's note in person, but he was, he said, so situated, that he could not possibly name an earlier time.—it might even exceed it—however impatient he might feel at the delay.

"Not a word does he say," said the Earl, after perusing it, "of his impudent menial, but he shall be punished, if I have to order it to be done myself."

The time was spent most unhappily by both father and daughter. Frequently by written messages she begged, in the most humble manner, to be admitted to his presence, to which he first sent harsh refusals, and finally ceased to notice.

How slight are the ravages which hardship, even privation can make upon the human frame, compared with those occasioned in the same space of time, by the sufferings of a sensitive heart. The day on which the Earl of Newberry arrived at the farm-house, Lady Edith was but the shadow of what she had been formerly. Her father, contrary to his usual affable and communicative humor, had not only forborne to intimate to her, but to Dame Landson, who would naturally have wished to put the best apartments in the best possible order for the reception of so distinguished a guest, that he expected the Earl to make him a visit. When Lady Edith received an unexpected summons from her father to meet him in the parlor, enfeebled as she was by mental suffering, she came near fainting. Bertha, who was with her, handed her a glass of water, which partially revived her, and fearful of offending her father by delay, in a few moments, with an agitated frame and downcast eyes, she again found herself in his presence. An exclamation from the young Earl, who rose at her entrance, caused her to look up. A vivid blush instantly suffused her pale cheeks, as involuntarily giving him her hand, she pronounced the name of "Norman."

"What does this mean?" said the Earl of Roswell in astonishment.

"That the humble Norman, who won your daughter's heart, and the Earl of Newberry are the same," replied his guest, "and, although he fears he may have done wrong, he hopes that the winner may be permitted to wear his prize."

"Certainly," said the Earl of Roswell, delighted at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, "but why did you not win her in your own character?"

"Although I fear the explanation I have to offer will not prove satisfactory, I will give it. Unknown to Lady Edith, as I have already informed you, I saw her several times, and became fascinated with her beauty. One day I said to a friend, 'should I offer her my hand do you think she would accept it?' 'Undoubtedly,' was the reply, 'what lady would think of refusing one of the richest nobles in the land?' Piqued at this answer, I determined to address her in the character of a humble lover, for I wished to be preferred for myself, not for my riches or rank."

"But how happened it," said the Earl of Roswell, "that you came so opportunely to the relief of the distressed inmates of the farm-house?"

"Your daughter," he replied, "mentioned to me a few circumstances that aroused my suspicion, and by employing certain means of detection, which proved successful, I not only found that the forest was infested with brigands, but I succeeded in tracing them to their stronghold, and while concealed near by, heard them plan the robbery of the farm-house and Lady Edith's abduction."

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The remainder of the day was spent in a manner agreeable and satisfactory to all, and before the Earl of Newberry's departure the following morning, Dame Landson found opportunity to apologize for not accommodating him, while ill of his wound, with the very best bed-room in the house. "But who could have thought," added she, "that a person no better dressed than your honor, could have been a great Earl."

He assured her that there was not the least occasion for her apology, and that he felt much indebted to her, as well as to her husband and daughter for their unremitting kindness and attention to him during his illness, and that in return, he would make every effort in his power to break up the haunt of the brigands; a promise which he faithfully and successfully performed.

A few months from this time, the delighted Bertha was invited by Edith, now Countess of Newberry, to accompany her to town, where she had the good fortune to engage the affections of the Earl's steward, a young man in every respect, worthy of her regard. Every summer, the Earl and his lady spent a few months at the castle, where Bertha was gratified with a sight of the diamond cross and the ring with the sapphire heart; the love-tokens, which it may be remembered, were interchanged between Sir Ryan and the Lady Eleanor before his departure for Palestine. Nor did they ever forget to pay an annual visit to the farm-house in the bright month of June, and to revive the sweet memories of by-gone days, by often wandering to the nook in the greenwood, when the same flowers peeped forth from amid the moss and grass, as when they plighted to each other their faith. The low chamber with its discolored wainscot and clumsy beams, where the Earl lay while ill of his wound, had the power of calling up a train of still holier and more heart-thrilling recollections, and when the Earl of Roswell ordered several of the apartments to be fitted up in better style, that, by his daughter's request, was suffered to remain without alteration.

Wolfboro', N. H.

MEN of *splendid* talents are generally too quick, too volatile, too adventurous, and too unstable to be much relied on; whereas, men of *common* abilities, in a regular, plodding routine of business, act with more regularity and greater certainty. Men of the best intellectual abilities are apt to strike off suddenly, like the tangent of a circle, and cannot be brought into their orbits by attraction or gravity—they often act with such eccentricity as to be lost in the vortex of their own reveries. Brilliant talents in general are like the *ignes fatui;* they excite wonder, but often mislead. They are not, however, without their use; like the fire from the flint, once produced, it may be converted, by solid thinking men, to very salutary and noble purposes.—*Bulwer.*

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Original.

THE RESCUE;

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

It was an autumnal evening—the forest had begun to don their mantles of gorgeous colors. The fields shorn of their harvest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in the rich and mellow sunset. The noble Highlands, like giant warriors, clothed in their panoply of rock and foliage, threw their sullen shadows far out upon the bosom of the glorious Hudson, who, rolling on in his path of beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in the innumerable tints of occidental glory. Far in the distance towered the venerable Cro'nest, begirt with a diadem of purple and gold. The first star was twinkling on the brow of twilight, deep dark clouds were encircling the zone of creation, rock and mountain, tree and shrub, hill, dale, valley and rivulet, all commingled in one hazy softness, rendering it a scene of indescribable loveliness, beautiful as in those days of primitive innocence, ere sin was known, or desolation and decay had fallen upon the blossoms of our earthly Eden. Such was the evening when a barge was seen to leave the promontory of West Point, in the neighborhood of which, we locate our narrative, in the year 1782. In it were several persons attired in the military costume of that period, who, with well-measured strokes of their oars, made it dart over the golden waters like a ray of light. In the stern was seated a man of about fifty years of age, his head was uncovered, and revealed to view a wide and capacious brow—his features were marked and masculine, his mouth, which was peculiarly characterised by a closeness of the lips, gave to him a look of determination, yet which in no way impaired the mild and merciful expression which reigned over his general aspect. Like the others in the boat, he wore a dark blue coat, with broad buff facings, closely buttoned to the throat, heavy, golden epaulets, bucksin smallclothes, high, military boots, with spurs of steel, while a belt of buff encircled his waist, in which was fixed a straight sword. Such was the costume of the personage who was destined to achieve the liberty of his country, and to burst the fetters of oppression. Reader, need we say who it was? In "your mind's eye," does he not stand before you? Is not his name the watchword of your independence, and his memory enshrined in the heart of every son of freedom? It was George Washington.

As the barge gained the opposite bank, one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad thick branches over the river. The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy.

"By ten o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling."

"Depend upon us," replied one of the party.

"I do," he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the bank of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitations of Ruby Rugsdale, the daughter of the host, he had consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party, for a few hours, with his presence.

After continuing his path, for some distance, along the river's side, he struck off into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brushwood, tinged with a thousand dyes of departed summer—here and there a grey crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and the scarlet woodbine hung in wreathy dalliance; at other places, the arms of the chestnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness and cast a gloom deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and like a deer, a young Indian-girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise, laid his hand upon his sword—but the Indian only fell upon her knee, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand, forbade him to proceed.

"What seek you, my wild flower?" said the General. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitated the act of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise. "That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but my trust is in God; he has never yet deserted me," and resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale.

His appearance was the signal for joy among the party assembled, each of whom vied with the other to do him honor. Although grave in council, and bold in war, yet in the bosom of domestic bliss, no one knew better how to render himself agreeable. The old were cheered by his consolatory words. The young, by his mirthful manner, nor even in gallantry was he wanting, when it added to the virtuous spirit of the hour. The protestations of friendship and welcome were warmly tendered to him by the host. Fast and thickly the guests were assembling, the smile, the laugh, and the mingling music, rose joyously around. The twilight was fast merging into night, but a thousand lamps of sparkling beauty gave a brilliancy of day to the scene—all was happiness—bright eyes and blooming faces were everywhere beaming, but alas! a serpent was lurking among the flowers.

In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests, and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled by Rugsdale, assuring them it was only a discharge of ordnance in honor of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was again resumed, but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington, who now sat in moody silence apart from the happy throng.

A slight tap upon his shoulder at length roused him

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from his abstraction, and looking up, he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtle-bush close to his side.

"Ha! again here!" he exclaimed with astonishment, but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a bouquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and pointing to it, said in a whisper, "*Snake! snake!*" and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the bouquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite his suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and confounded and horror-stricken, read, "*Beware! You are betrayed!*" It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger, but to quit it abruptly, might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings, and trust to that Power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted by a second sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with distrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river's edge, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them?" he muttered to himself. "Can they have deceived me? Why answer they not the signal?" At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating, for a moment, the surrounding scenery, and showing a small boat, filled with persons, making rapidly towards the shore. "All's well," he continued; "in three minutes I shall be the possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the Republic be no more." Then gaily turning to Washington, he said, "Come, General, pledge me to the success of our arms." The eye of Rugsdale, at that moment, encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk to the ground; his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a third sound of the cannon, at the same moment the English anthem of *God save the King*, burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men, attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords, but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast, quietly remarking to them, "Be calm, gentlemen, this is an honor we did not anticipate." Then turning to Rugsdale, said, "Speak, sir, what does this mean?"

"It means," replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington, "that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George, I arrest you"

"Never!" exclaimed the General. "We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore, give way," and he waved his sword to the guard who stood with their muskets levelled as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks, to the horror of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood revealed before him.

"Seize that traitor!" exclaimed the commander "In ten minutes from this moment, let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth." The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an irrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never should treason again receive his forgiveness after that of the miscreant Arnold. "For my own life," he said, while the tears rolled down his noble countenance at the agony of the wife and daughter, "for my own life, I heed not, but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions demand this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity, I pity him, but by my oath, and now in the presence of Heaven, I swear I will not forgive him."

Like a thunderbolt fell these words upon the hearts of the wife and daughter. They sank lifeless into the arms of the domestics, and when they recovered to consciousness, Rugsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian-girl, who was an especial favorite, and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Rugsdale, to betray the American General, and other valuable officers, that evening, into the hands of the British, for which purpose, they had been invited to "*this feast of Judas.*" Hating, in her heart, the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from their native forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently waylaid the steps of Washington as we have described, but failing in her noble purpose, she had then recourse to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information, and the shadows of the night closed around, when a company of British soldiers were discovered making their way rapidly towards the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot where the American party was waiting the return of their commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediate action could alone preserve him, they rushed upon, and overpowered them, stripped them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, placed them in their boat, and under charge of two of their companions, sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Rugsdale, where, at the appointed time and sign, made known to them by the Indian, they opportunely arrived to the relief of Washington, and the confusion of the traitor.

Thus was the father of his country, by the interposition of Divine Providence, who, in his own words, "*never deserted him,*" saved from captivity, and, but for which, America might to this day, have been pressed by the foot of oppression, and her children have bowed the knee to a foreign power

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Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. VI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' ETC.

LAST evening, the very gentlemanly and obliging landlord of the City Hotel, (by the by, the least said of the Saint Louis hotels the better,) came into our parlor and offered to drive us out in the morning with a very fine pair of horses. We accepted his polite offer, and at nine o'clock this morning his barouche and coal-blacks were at the door, and in a few minutes we were whirled by a span of the fleetest horses I ever drove with, over the smooth Macadamised streets of Saint Louis; now wheeling round a pile of bricks, now skilfully clearing a heap of Macadamising rock, now running a hair line along the edge of a timber or a pile of plank. In a few minutes, we were beyond the bounds of the corporation, and crossing a common, over no particular road, (for carriage tracks cross it in all directions) we entered upon the main road leading to the country west of Saint Louis. Two weeks ago, eighteen inches of snow fell here, and therefore we found the road, though dry and dusty enough, full of ruts and bogs, for no rain storms will injure roads so much as snow in a melting state. Without saying anything further about the badness of the roads, which, however, tested the excellency of our landlord's driving, who says they are smooth as a bowling alley in the summer, I will only discourse of our ride. Our destination was the "Prairie House" four miles from town, in the vicinity of the race course, and a celebrated resort for the gig-drivers, and beaux and belles of Saint Louis. On the left, just on the skirts of the city, we passed the Saint Louis University, the most celebrated Catholic college in the United States. It is as I have before mentioned, under the charge of the order of Jesuits. Students are sent here from the West Indies, and South America, as well as from New Orleans, which city contributes annually a number of pupils. The course of education is thorough, and of a high order. The edifice is a three story brick structure, about one hundred feet long, surrounded by a fence, which also encloses a second brick building of more modern appearance, which is appropriated, I believe, as the chapel and recitation rooms. Several students were at the windows in their shirt sleeves, others seated in them smoking, some with books before them, others idly looking out and watching the fleet and spirited movements of our horses. The road now lay between fences, farms were on either side, and an extensive and picturesque view of fields, woods, and country seats, was stretched before us. The country had the appearance of English park-scenery, the surface slightly undulating, and dotted here and there with clumps and groves, but all, at this season, wearing their winter livery of grey.

The new, or dwelling-house part of Saint Louis, is growing over a beautiful plain a mile wide, which is gained from the river by a gradual (though in some places there are many steep streets,) ascent of about six hundred yards. This plain at its western extremity, begins to rise and continues to ascend almost imperceptibly a mile from the city, so that when we looked back from that distance, the town was seen rather beneath us, with the river flowing beyond, and far off the richly wooded forest and prairie scenery of Illinois. At the summit of this inclined plane, on turning from the prospect of the city and river behind, we looked forward and beheld before us for many miles, a beautiful woodland country, about equally covered with wood and patches of prairie, which appeared like cultivated fields of grass, meadows, and lawns. There were but few dwellings or fences visible. This summit is the commencement of the prairie, which extends for leagues west of Saint Louis. The whole prospect presented such an appearance as would be exhibited, if some fertile champaign in the most natural district of England, were at once divested of its villas, castles, cottages, hamlets, and villages, leaving the scenery untouched in all its natural and artificial beauty. In the scenery about Saint Louis, one looks at the natural objects in such a view; for a white cottage in every little nook, for a gentleman's seat peeping through the woods, or a village spire towering above the trees. The prairies in the vicinity, during the last fifty years, have grown up with forests of dwarfs of oak of the species called the black jack. When in foliage they are very beautiful, and greatly embellish a region, which, in the early settlement of the country was nearly destitute of trees. This generation of oaks is owing to the burning of the prairies, for the black jack, phœnix-like, always rises from the ashes of the grass. Later in the spring, these prairies are brilliant with richly dyed flowers; but at this early season, unfortunately, we can only see nature in her plain and homely features, divested of all embellishment.

About a mile from town, we passed three grave-yards near a wood, with a pond beside them. Beautiful transparent ponds, I would here observe, are picturesquely sprinkled all over the prairies, in just such points of the landscape as art would have placed them. A parallelogram of about ten acres lying along the road, equally divided into three parts, form the three cemeteries of the city,—viz., the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and the Methodist. The Episcopalians and Unitarians probably are indebted to some of their churchly brethren for sepulture, as there appeared to be provision made for them. Of these three yards, the Methodist, with its neat white palings around its graves, was the least imposing, and the Catholic next so. A tolerable correct idea of the prevalence of either denomination in Saint Louis might be got from their graves; those of the Catholics twice outnumbering those of the Protestants, while the Methodist grave-yard is larger than the Presbyterian. In the latter, the graves were surrounded with white palings, as in the former. There were but two or three *tombs*, and but few head-stones in either. The Catholic cemetery is a desolate and straggling place, overgrown with coarse grass and brambles; the graves are many of them sunken, the tomb-stones fallen and broken, the wooden crosses decayed or leaning to one side, and an air of neglect, unusual in such cemeteries, reigned over the whole.

My curiosity was awakened by an interesting story,

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told me by our landlord, of a French mother, who, a year or two since, lost an only and very beautiful daughter, and daily visits her grave to renew the flowers she has planted around it, and weep over her tomb. The gate was open, for preparations were making by the sexton for an interment. The grave I sought was easily recognized by a garland of faded flowers hung over the head of the snow-white palings which formed the enclosure. Within the pickets was an area about eight feet wide; at one end was the grave, over which was a marble slab, saying in French, that "ELEANOR, aged nineteen," slept beneath, having exchanged this brief life for an immortal one; leaving her disconsolate mother, to whom she had always been kind and obedient, the only consolation which tears could afford, until she should at length, be summoned to a reunion with her in a happier world. On the grave grew various plants, and at the head was a cypress branch, crowned with a wreath of *artificial* flowers, for, during the winter, the poor mother would give the semblance, if not able to obtain the reality. Beside the grave, apparently newly weeded and watered, was a row of wild flowers. The other parts of the area were newly tilled, and traces of the parent's fingers (for she would allow no rude tools to desecrate the ground,) were visible in the fresh mould. She had evidently been there that morning. In one corner stood a watering-pot and a vase of seeds. The whole little scene was strikingly affecting. Poor little Eleanor!—thou hast one to mourn for thee, even in this selfish world! May Heaven soon reunite their spirits! How noble is the passion of maternal love! How inhuman the want of it! Among the French, maternal affection is more intense than among any other people, but the filial return of it is not, perhaps, always so remarkable a trait in their character.

After a pleasant drive of four miles, we arrived at the "Prairie House," a stone cottage, situated in the midst of the most delightfully undulating prairie fields and woods in the world. If I were to remain in Saint Louis three weeks, I would, (to make a bull,) live at the "Prairie House." The Saint Louis race-course is in the neighborhood. It is an area of about forty acres, but not very convenient. A new one is to be graded nearer Saint Louis, and a new club, composed of gentlemen of the first respectability, will hereafter regulate the races; and they are determined to make them rank among the very first in the Union.

In returning to town, we drove from the road over some portion of the prairies, which in this vicinity, is either plain grass, like a lawn, or covered with oak or overgrown with hard bushes, four feet high. Our ride back was very pleasant; and without incident, meeting on the road caravans of emigrants, going westward, every man with a rifle on his shoulder, and nearly every woman with a babe in her arms. J. H. I.

A SECRET.—It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Steele.*

Original.

THE CROSS.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"WHAT did he preach about, mamma?"
My little girl inquired:—
"Would that my heart and tongue, my child,
Were but like his inspired!

But you shall list a lowlier strain,
That only echoes his,
A simple cross is all the theme,
And, oh! how rich it is!

He linked with it a golden chain
Of hallowed thought and feeling,
That, back through ages dark and dim,
With steady ray, went stealing.

The cross, he said, in olden time,
Ere our Redeemer came,
Was but a badge of vilest crime,
And most debasing shame:

But He,—the blessed sufferer,—
The tender, true, and pure,
Shed a soft halo o'er its form,
That will for aye endure.

He brought, to it, a Truth divine,
Unswerving through all ill,
A Love for God and man, that wrong
Could never change or chill.

A fervent Love, "that glowed like Heaven,
Within that sainted breast!"
A child-like and confiding faith,
All-conquering and all-blest!

He was no hero,—proud of fame,—
And strong to dare and do:
His was a tender, fragile frame;
He shrank from pain like you.

He knew such words, such deeds as his,
To death alone, could lead,
A death of agony and shame;—
Did this his course impede?

No! on he went,—unfaltering, mild,
Serene in lofty love,
And trusting as a little child,
And gentle as a dove.

He shrank from pain, with mournful fear,
Yet on he went—alone!
He wept above another's bier,
And nobly *sought* his own!

He knew that pure self-sacrifice,
Thro' ages dark with sin,
Would shine as virtue's beacon-fire,
Uncounted souls to win.

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And on he went,—enduring still;
For in his heart was Love,
An angel,—with its wings of light,
Its armor,—from above!

They bore his fainting frame thro' all:
The mock,—the woe,—the scorn,
'The speechless pangs of Calvary,'
All—all by Love were borne!

Ah! beautiful submission! once
His dread of death rose high,
And 'Father! if it may,' he prayed,
'Oh let this cup pass by!'

A moment,—and in meekest trust,
He bowed again his head;—
'Nevertheless not as I will,
But as Thou wilt!' he said.

And these,—his mild Humility,—
Love,—Faith,—through grief and loss;
These bore he to that hallowed tree,
With these he blessed the Cross!

Oh! now no more a badge of shame,
We glory in the sign,
Our holiest hopes are linked to it,
Our prayers around it twine.

Of symbols, 'tis the loveliest,
The dearest in our eyes;
And every where we see its shape—
A star of promise, rise!

'Tis sculptured o'er the altar-stone;
'Tis graven on the tomb;
It blazes at the festival;
It lights the death-bed gloom;

On Beauty's graceful braid or brow,
It sparkles, lit with gems;
And oft its sacred form illumes
Earth's regal diadems;

'Tis borne upon the banner free;
The watchword of the brave;
Fair emblem! most revered and blest,
Of him, 'who died to save!'

My child! remember how *he* met
Affliction, pain, and loss;
And would'st thou triumph meekly too,
Wear on thy *heart* the Cross!"

Original.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I AM thinking of the homestead
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it,
With a green and leafy woof;

I am thinking of the lilac trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through our rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet,
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old grey rock that shadowed it,
And the pepper-mint in blow.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come,
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birth-place,
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face,
Has given it a power,
To haunt me in my after life,
And be with me again,
A sweet and pleasant memory,
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree,
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it,
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a dreamy life I led,
Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the butter-cups,
A pleasant carpet made.

'Twas a rough old tree, in spring-time,
When with a blustering sound,
The wind came hoarsely sweeping,
Along the frosty ground.
But when there rose a rivalry,
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
'Till the sunshine and the rain-drops
Came laughing down together;—

That patriarch old apple tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife,
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,
And circled into life;
A cloud of pale and tender buds
Burst e'er each rugged bough,
And amid the starting verdure,
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful
When all the leaves were green,
And rosy buds lay opening
Amid their tender sheen.
When the bright translucent dew-drops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance,
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer time,
When cheerful sunlight wove,
Amid its thrifty leafiness,
A warm and glowing love;

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When swelling fruit blushed ruddily,
To summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily,
To the greensward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple West
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds,
That never seemed at rest;
When a cool and lulling melody,
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the restless leaves.

But, oh, the scene was glorious,
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there above my valley home,
Came out the bow of Heaven;
And in its fitful brilliancy,
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jeweled arch of Paradise,
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath,
My constant visits made,
Between the dear old homestead,
And that leafy apple shade;
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a trickling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band,
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at even-tide,
And dreamily would lie,
And watch the crimson twilight,
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves,
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music—
A low, sweet minstrelsey,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird,
That haunted that old tree,
'Till my heart hast swelled with feelings
For which it had no name,
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage,
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence,
Dwelt on the changing skies,
'Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

Original.

LITERATURE IN THE LITTLE.

It were almost enough to make a man sick of literature itself, to look at it as it is presented to the public at present. To say nothing of its grosser quackeries, to leave alone entirely the empyricism of those who lodge about the *Loafer* labyrinths of the craft—in other words, to avoid altogether the standing technicalities with which impoverished literary struggle has been wont to be described for a century or two past, and to be silent as death with respect to poor old Grub street, it is impossible not to lament the degradation to which we have arrived. It is not because we have so many poor writers, or even because we have so many writers who are poor—for the latter category is one in which the best men have always been and always will be found, and there is a *natural tendency* to the former—it is not for either of these reasons that we have thrown together the few remarks which will follow. Poverty is to be pitied, whether of purse or intellect; but, affectation and the voluntary boobyism with which a scanty sconce invests itself—are without excuse, and unentitled either to commiseration or to exemption from the lash of the literature, which they disgrace by their pretensions, and cheapen and *falsify* by their buffoonery.

The poor groveller, who manages to procure type-setters for a filthy ephemeral, and to vomit his crude vulgarisms upon the community, 'till their absurd obscenity works their own cure, may consider his efforts a "labor of love"—a love of pelf and a love of obtaining it *con amore*. The lucre of infamy is, of course, congenial with the innate propensities which produce the materials! We have very little, nothing, at this time, to say about it. Those whose tastes *run a muck*, ought not to be disturbed in their exercise. We, at all events, have no quarrel with them. We never deemed it decorous to quarrel with a blackguard in the streets. The advantages and disadvantages are altogether unequal in such a contest. The gentleman lowers himself and *elevates* his opponent. Respectability depresses its own claims and raises *an antagonist interest*, just as often as it vouchsafes any notice of the contemptible! That is, any other notice than that which conscious respectability can gather terms suitably contemptuous, with which to express its own disgust! *That* experiment is not always a safe one, we acknowledge; for there is always some danger of choosing words that may *appear* to imply the consciousness of an object worthy of appreciation. The dear, good public is informed, and what is more, assured, that it is with none of these folks that we are dealing at present. They had better be patient 'till they are worth powder and shot! Our purpose is, at present, with a different game—not much better, it must be confessed—but worth a little ammunition, merely from the circumstance, that we ought not to quarrel with quarry for its worthlessness, when it is so thick that it may be shot down without much labor of aim, and killed with but moderate care in the priming. *Our* game is so plentiful, that a sportsman could hardly forego the gratification of shooting, even while he knows the unprofitableness of coursing for carrion.

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If literature *has* a littleness more unspeakably small than any other, it is found among the mutual *puffers* of the press,—people who praise each other upon a joint understanding! The practice at present, appears to be reduced to regular system, and puffing is put on so thick and with such perfect indiscrimination, that it must soon become ridiculous enough to work its own cure. We submit to every literary man of sense, and who has any proper estimate of the dignity of his vocation, if there is any branch of its followers or any degradation of practice among them which produces a deeper feeling of mortification in his own bosom, than *such* men and such practices? Has he not in looking at them, a more striking idea than he could have found in any other quarter, of what we mean by *Literature in the little?*

C. F. D.

Original.

APOLOGY FOR CULTIVATING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I.

I DEEM it not an idle task,
These lovely things to rear,
That spread their arms as they would ask,
If sun and dew are here—
For simple wants alone are theirs,
The pure and common, too—
The bounty of refreshing airs,
The gift of liquid dew.

II.

And they return for every ray,
A gayer smile and look;
And greenly as the clear drops play,
They murmur of the brook;
And thus my thoughts away they lure,
Where woods and waters gleam,
And mountain airs are strong and pure,
And sing the bird and stream.

III.

Frail, grateful things! how fondly they
The nurtured leaf outspread,
And more than all my care repay,
When from its folded bed
Some pink or crimson blossom peers,
To thrill me with delight,
To fill my very eyes with tears,
Its beauty is so bright.

IV.

Nay, 'tis no idle thing, I trust,
To foster beauty's birth,
To lift from out the lowly dust,
One blossom of the earth—
Where barrenness before had been,
A verdure to disclose,
And make the desert rich in sheen,
To blossom as the rose.

Original.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

WHAT is the life of man?—The Student pours
O'er ancient volumes, and lays down his books,
Dissatisfied, and ponders the great question
In lonely meditation: he goes forth
Among the works of Nature, and looks up
Amidst the watchers of the firmament.
He calls upon The Virgins of the Spring,
On Aldebaran, and on Sirius
With his concentrate light of fourteen suns,
To answer him—whence is the life of man?
Parched with the thirst of knowledge, then he turns
Inward upon himself, and thought by thought
Unravels from its strange complexity;
Happy, if transcendental folly leaves
Himself undeified. He then explores
His physical structure, and unfolds the brain,
Hoping to find out where his life resides,
And whence it springs; vain effort, to build up
Knowledge of life, from the dead mass around him.
Nature, that poets worship, has no life
Within itself, but the great Lord of all!
Created it a vast receptacle
Of life, transfused, first from himself alone
Through his divine proceeding, down descending
By means of the Spiritual Sun and Atmospheres,
To the great orb of day, and thence to all
The varied forms of Earth, Air, Sky, and Sea.
But Life in Man, is from the Lord alone,—
Thus it is love, affection, or what else
We predicate of will. Love is the Life of Man.

Original.

VICISSITUDE.

"There's nothing true but Heaven."

BRIGHTLY may beam thy laughing eye,
With beauty's peerless ray;
Thy cheek with the rich hues may vie,
That gild expiring day.
Pleasure may o'er thy sunny brow,
Her rosy garlands fling;
And hope may deck thy pathway now,
With the gay bloom of spring.
But soon that eye must lose its fire,
And sorrows cloud that brow;
The soft tints from that cheek retire,
Which glow so freshly now.
Yet when those lovely charms shall fade,
And early hopes depart;
When each fond tendril has decayed,
That twines around thy heart;—
Then turn thine eye away from earth;
Like the bright hues of even',
Its pleasures perish at their birth:—
"There's nothing true but Heaven!"

W. G. HOWARD.

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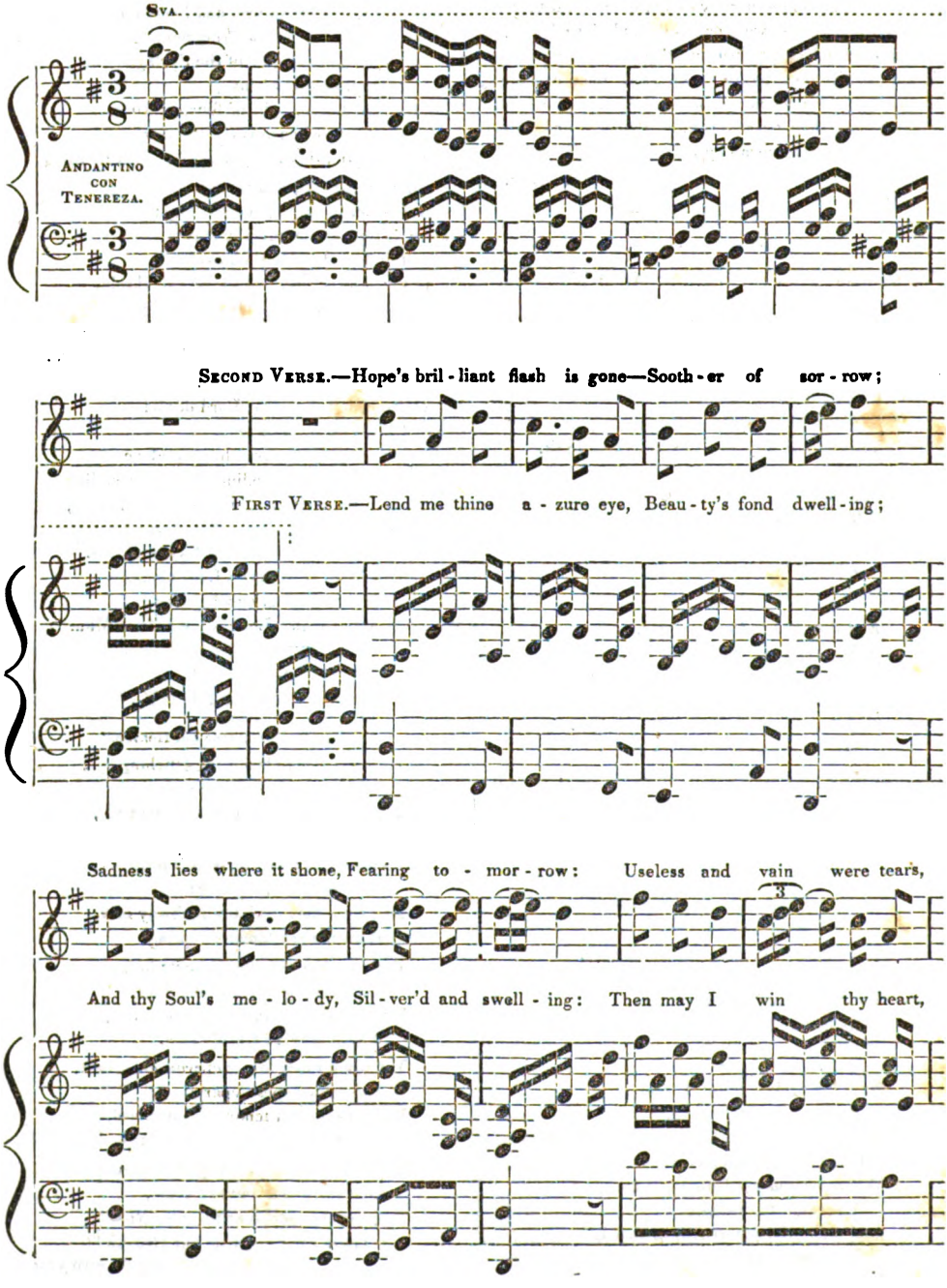
LEND ME THINE AZURE EYE.

A SONG.

SUNG BY MRS. EDWARD LODER—COMPOSED BY HENRY WATSON.



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Since then we se - ver: Farewell! this heart still wears Thine i - mage e - - - - ver! tr

Gentle and guileless; 'Till then I want the art, 'Till then I 'm smile - - less!

Lend me thine, &c.

Lend me thine a - zure eye—Beau - ty's fond dwell-ing; And thy Soul's me - lo - dy,

Sil - ver'd and swell - ing— Sil - ver'd and swell - ing.

8va. *In Octaves*

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LITERARY REVIEW.

Georgia Illustrated.—This work is designed to be a monthly publication, on the plan of 'Virtue's Views' in various parts of Europe, and other English works. It was projected by its editor, William C. Richards—a new correspondent of our Magazine—and his brother, a young artist of great promise, both Georgians by adoption. The editor has shown us the proofs of the First Part of the work, which will be issued before this meets the eye of all our readers. We are happy to find that the work is undertaken with a lofty aim, to render it a credit to our common country. The plan is to furnish, monthly, two highly-finished steel engravings of Georgia scenery, from the paintings of Mr. T. Addison Richards, and engraved by Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Smilie, of this city. The topographical and historical sketches will be furnished by the editor, aided by several literary gentlemen of Georgia. The execution of the work is truly beautiful. The '*tout ensemble*' strikes us as the '*ne plus ultra*' of neatness. The vignette is a view of the State House, engraved by Smilie, and it is exceedingly delicate and effective. The Rock Mountain is a beautiful plate, and worthy of the remarkable scene it represents, with an illustration by the editor. The letter press is from stereotype plates, and will bear comparison with that of the English publications. The price of the work is five dollars per annum, or fifty cents per part, at which terms, a large circulation will be needed to repay the proprietor. That it will receive it both at home and abroad, we cannot doubt. Every Georgian will feel a pride in supporting it. We cordially wish success to the work, and bid its young and enterprising conductor, good speed.

Heroines of Sacred History: *J. S. Taylor & J. M. W. Dodd.*—This is the title of a forthcoming volume of a series of historical tales, taken from the old testament, illustrating the lives of several of the most celebrated female characters there described, with the customs, manners, and scenery of the countries in which they lived. The writer is Mrs. E. R. Steele, of this city, a lady who has frequently contributed to the periodicals, and especially for several years to the Ladies' Companion. Among the different stories, that of Jeptha's daughter stands most conspicuous. The filial destiny of this female which has so frequently puzzled the most able commentators, is settled to the satisfaction of the severest critic. The story of Esther, which originally appeared in the pages of this magazine, and which, in a letter from Mrs. Sigourney to the editor, received the warmest commendation, is here republished and enlarged. The style is chaste and perspicuous, while a tone of sincere piety pervades the whole of the volume. It is beautifully bound, and illustrated with a frontispiece of the head of a female, wrapped in meditation, and as a Christmas present, particularly to a religious family, we know of no publication which will prove more agreeable.

Charles O'Malley: *Carey & Hart.*—Numbers 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, have been issued. It is certainly one of the most amusing and racy productions that has ever appeared. At this season of the year, when an agreeable companion is required to while away a dreary evening, we know of none better than Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.

The Literary Amaranth, *by N. C. Brooks, A. M.*—Under this title, in the form of an annual, Mr. Brooks has collected and published a number of his contributions which, at various times, have appeared in the periodicals, but principally in the pages of the Ladies' Companion. Of the poetical pieces, the Alpine Horn, and Shelley's Obsequies are the best, and of the prose, that of the Laocoon. The Latin and Greek translations, however well done, display more pedantic vanity than good taste. The mechanical portion of the work is well executed. As a pretty gift, the volume will prove acceptable to the junior members of the community.

The Budget of the Bubble Family: *Harper & Brothers.* With feelings strongly prejudiced in the favor of Lady Bulwer, we have carefully perused this work, but we are sorry to say that although it displays an erudite mind, it also, at times, betrays an inelegant one. A vein of keen satire runs throughout it—a strain of ludicrous caricature, and occasionally a beautiful narrative of domestic life. One thing we have only to find fault with, the spirit of revenge that pervades the whole of the publication. We feel for the afflictions of the wife and mother, but had she breathed her wrongs and her sufferings in plaintive tones of sorrow and regret, they would have found a more general echo in every female bosom, a more willing response in every manly heart, but while in the principle of candor we are compelled to express this opinion of the work; in the kindness of heart we sympathize with the mother and the wife.

American Melodies, *compiled by G. P. Morris: Linen & Fennel*—No one but a poet could have selected with such just discrimination, the gems of upwards of two hundred different authors, not one of which but what is marked with excellence, a rare quality to find in this class of writing. Mr. Morris has executed his task with ability, and presented a work of national character, an honor to our literature, and a proof of his own fine taste in ballad composition. It is beautifully printed, contains several pretty engravings, elegantly bound, and most appropriate for a gift.

THEATRICALS.

Park.—The farewell engagement of Mr. Power has been the principal attraction during the early part of the past month, but we regret to say it has not been crowned with that success which has attended his former visits. This, no doubt, was, in a great degree, attributable to the all-engrossing subject of politics, but principally, we believe, to his too frequent appearance, which displays bad policy of both manager and actor, and also a barrenness of novelty in continually making this gentleman a *dernier resort* in every emergency. His value is thereby depreciated, and neither fame nor profit accrues to either party. It is also a convincing proof by how slender a tenure the taste for the drama is now held in our city, for unless some excitement is created, the theatre generally presents a beggarly account of empty benches. The disease has been of long standing, and what remedy to propose, we know not. One thing, however, appears as too certain, and which will, perhaps, be the means of banishing that fastidious and foolish taste which considers nothing to be worthy of countenance unless presented with the title of *a star*—we mean a reduction in the prices of admission. This will have a tendency to destroy the system which has been and is the very *bane* of theatrical taste. The *star* will be compelled to barter his or her talent for a remuneration equal to the receipts of the theatre, or if unwilling to do so, the public will necessarily have to be contented with a well organized and talented stock company. Besides, as economy is the prevailing characteristic of the day, the same must be exerted in our public amusements. They are luxuries of life, and when compelled, from circumstances or necessity, we must contrive to do without them. Moreover, the enormous sums that managers have to pay these theatrical luminaries, are beyond the resources of any theatre, and more than any public can bestow. It is shameful to imagine any single individual receiving half the receipts of an evening for his or her performance, and the poor manager left with only the other half to support a large and heavy establishment. Yet not satisfied with such extravagant remunerations, they resort to other measures to swell their bursting coffers, which are detrimental to the patronage of the theatre, and a violation of every generous and honorable principle. We refer to certain musical artistes, who, on the off nights of their engagements, or even previous to the commencement of them, announce a series of concerts, whereby they pocket several additional thousands at the cruel sacrifice of the interests of the mana-

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ger, who can then only present to the public a commodity which bears upon it the stamp of secondary material. We know that every performer has a right to offer his or her talent to the highest bidder, but we condemn that grasping spirit of avarice which actuates their actions, at the expense of generosity, justice or principle. We therefore believe that a reduction of prices will cause a reduction of their arrogance and avarice, open a fairer field for the display of neglected talent, give a healthier tone to our theatrical taste, and afford a better chance of success to the now oppressed and suffering manager.

During the engagement of Mr. Power, we have only been favored with a repetition of old pieces, if we may except that of "Touch and Take," a very silly affair, and which was most equivocally condemned. Our old favorite, Barnes, has been performing a series of his characters, which has occasioned a revival of some of our sterling comedies. In that of the Cure for the Heart Ach, Mr. Simpson, the manager, for his benefit, appeared in the part of Young Rapid, in conjunction with Mr. Barnes, which recalled to our recollection those glorious days when old Drury resounded to the soul-delighting voices of these excellent comedians.

National Opera House.—The operas of La Gazza Ladra, Fra Diavolo, and Elise D'Amour, have been produced at this theatre in a style of excellence unequalled by even any theatre in Europe, and when it is considered who were the artistes who contributed to their success, our assertion will be found to be no "puff direct," but a truth attested by the first judges of music. In the former of these productions, Mrs. Seguin triumphantly established her claim to the character of a *prima donna*. Her execution of the difficult music of Ninette was full of fine taste, pure intonation, and delicious melody. The two next conspicuous characters were supported by Messieurs Seguin and Guibelie, each of whom sang in the spirit of honorable emulation, and received the cordial and equal approbation of the audience. Rivals we cannot call them; they were friendly compeers, and so admirably did they acquit themselves as to defy the most fastidious critic to say to whom the palm of praise should be awarded. Mr. Latham, as Gerald, contributed greatly to the success of the opera. This gentleman, if he is not a first rate vocalist, is a thorough musician, and always efficient in whatever he attempts, added to these the judicious taste evinced by him in the getting up of the various pieces, entitles him to the highest respect and commendation. Mr. Horncastle sang with considerable taste, but a less straining of the voice would have been more pleasing to the ear, and rendered the music more effective. W. H. Williams performed the little he had to do with ability; he, however, is to be appreciated more in the first walk of low comedy. In the farces, which, at present, he has only an opportunity of displaying his talents, he is always excellent, affording delight to his audience, who never fail to reward him with the warmest applause. Of Elise D'Amour, we must also speak in terms of praise. The Sargeant Belcore, in the person of Mr. Seguin, found a most able representative, although it is not considered to be a character possessing material enough for great effect, yet the skill of the artist rendered it very conspicuous. Mr. Guibelie, as Dr. Dylcamara, was extremely good; we know not which to commend most, his acting or singing. With our favorite, Miss Poole, we were delighted Her clear, beautiful tones hung upon our ear "like angel voices in the twilight hour." Nor must we neglect expressing our approbation of Mr. Manvers, who, in this opera, as well as Fra Diavolo, acquitted himself most admirably. A corps de ballet, composed of Madames Lecomte, Guibeli and Mad'lle F. Desjardine; Monsieurs Martin, Grenich and Kaiffer, and Master and Miss Wells, have been added, at a great expense, to the establishment, and Mr. Wilson has left nothing undone to command success. It is now to be proved whether the cry for opera and ballet is the true feeling of our citizens, or only an affectation of foreign fashion, a mere pretence to fine taste. Want of space prevents us from commenting upon Fra Diavolo, as well as the Barber of Seville, both of which shall command attention in our next.

Bowery Theatre.—With the prejudices, or the opinions, (if the term be more agreeable,) of those who discard from the circle of their amusements, the entertainments of a theatre, we do not intermeddle. We respect their motives, if we are not converts to their doctrines. We go farther; and readily grant, that too often is the stage prostituted to purposes, which degrade its classical origin and its noble ends. The past season has been less propitious for the encouragement of the drama, than any within our recollection. Every species of talent has, we may say, been put under requisition, and brought into its proper and appropriate sphere of action. We have seen the best plays of Shakspeare, the principal characters sustained by Hamblin, Forrest, and Charles Kean; farces, with all their ludicrousness and wit; melo-dramas, with all their fantastic and extravagant incidents, and pantomimic spectacles, brought forward in quick and rapid succession, to please the taste for novelty, the rage for wonders, or the menial love for idle or empty show. Whether the public willed from caprice or sentenced from injustice, its decree was respected and all its desires gratified. Variety was presented in all its forms and features. Yet, with all those mighty and magical attractions—with these strong and irresistible claims to its patronage, the Bowery, in common with the other theatres, has languished in an unwonted degree. Hamblin, during a long season of fourteen or fifteen months, persevered in his exertions and battled against adverse times, with a most unshaken spirit. He doubtless worked prospectively, with a view to what the future might yield. That future, we trust, has come,—and that his honesty, industry, and perseverance will be rewarded. On Monday, the 9th. instant, after a vacation of seven or eight weeks, the Bowery was opened for the winter season, with entertainments similar to those represented for the last four years at the Ampitheatres of Franconis and Astley in Paris and London. To carry the novel plan into effect of uniting Dramatic with Equestrain performances, great changes were necessary in the interior of the building. All these have been made; a large circle has been formed on the stage, for the exhibition of feats of horsemanship and the gymnastic exercises usually exhibited in a well conducted Circus; engagements entered into with the most popular equestrian performers in the United States, and artistes of celebrity in Europe; and nothing left undone that taste could suggest or liberality procure, to render the experiment successful. The regular corps dramatique is retained, and Mr. Charles Mason, a performer of considerable talent, attached to the establishment for a limited period. On the first night of the season, the house was crowded from pit to gallery, and many individuals, who were disappointed in procuring places, filled the lobby, happy if they could only occasionally obtain a glance at the stage. The curtain rose precisely at the appointed time and discovered a large ring on the stage, decorated and partly surrounded with rich draperies, painted by Brigaldi. Twelve party colored horses commenced the performances, and displayed much docility. Acts of horsemanship by Monsieur Le Tort, a new performer from Paris, Messieurs Cadwallader, and Dale, and Master Glenroy, followed each other in rapid succession, and each performer was hailed with the warmest acclamations. These feats, with gymnastic exercises by the whole company, being concluded, the curtain fell; and in ten minutes time, the stage was laid over the ring, and the Bowery wore, once more its usual appearance. The principal attraction of the evening, was a grand melo-dramatic spectacle, called, the "Battle of Waterloo," played in London upwards of one thousand nights, with a success, unprecedented in the annals of theatricals. Knowing the difficulty of presenting this drama on a first night with that perfectness which was requisite to ensure its success, we trembled for the result, but we are happy to say, all was perfection, from the first scene to the last. Such a gorgeous display of military uniforms, such crowds of French, English, and German soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery columns, military ensigns, and bands of music, we did not believe could be presented on the stage, much less manœuvred with precision. Mr. Mason, whose likeness is singularly striking to the hero of a hundred fields, is an admirable representative of Napoleon; but we think the effect would be increased by a little more

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restlessness and abruptness in his movements. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Herring sustain their respective parts with skill and effect and Gates makes the most of a very amusing character. The music is composed and arranged by Maeder, and reflects credit on his well known taste and skill. It gives us pleasure to state, that the "Battle of Waterloo" is, by far, the most splendid spectacle we ever beheld, and promises fully to repay the manager, notwithstanding the enormous expense he has incurred in its production. A succession of such spectacles, will be sure to sustain the patronage now bestowed upon the spirited proprietor—and if we may suggest to his consideration a drama which has ever commanded the universal approbation of the English public, entitled the "High Mettled Racer," depicting the gradations and mutations in the career of that noble animal, the horse, we venture to predict, that its production would create a sensation unparalelled in the theatricals of this city, and prove particularly beneficial to the interests of the theatre. The house has been crowded every night, and will probably continue to be so for weeks to come. A large and comfortable place for the exhibition of the sports of the arena, has long been wanting in New-York: one is now offered by Mr. Hamblin, fitted up with every luxury and attention to the wants of the public, and where our citizens may carry their children with the certainty of mixing with highly respectable company.

Since writing the above, North, the great equestrian, has arrived from Europe, and appeared at this establishment. His elegant and graceful riding, his bold and daring feats, almost surpass belief, and must be seen to be credited. He is the first of his class, unapproached and unapproachable. North's engagement is confined to a few weeks, in consequence of his appearance in Paris early in the spring.

Olympic Theatre.—Mr. Mitchell still continues in his career of popularity and success, and while other establishments are straining every nerve to create excitement, he steadily pursues "the noiseless tenor of his way," not, however, noiseless in his own inimitable performances, for "mirth and jollity" are ever their constant concomitants, as well as those of his effective company.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Vattemare's International Exchanges.—This scheme has, for its object, the establishing a mutual system of exchange of the various productions of literature, art and science of America, with the other civilized nations of the world. We have reflected seriously upon the subject, and have come to the conclusion that the design is practicable of execution, and fraught with the most beneficial results to the human kind. For twelve years has its projector, in the pure spirit of philanthropy, been endeavoring to complete his object. He has secured for it the patronage and support of every crowned head in Europe, and he has now visited America to promote and perfect his work. He has no sinister object to accomplish —no pecuniary emolument to effect; he is actuated only by an ardent desire to benefit his fellow creatures, and the sole reward he claims, is to be a witness of its successful accomplishment. As the nature of his design is, perhaps, not universally known, we believe that a slight outline of its character, will not be here out of place. In every state in the Union, it is proposed that there be established state *libraries* and *museums*, and that a certain sum be annually expended for the acquisition of books and objects of science, arts and natural history, relating to *their own states* respectively, for the purpose of duplicate exchanges with the other states; and with other countries, a similar system of exchange to be likewise made, so that a collection of all that is rare and valuable, will, by this reciprocal system of intellectual commerce, advance the interests of humanity, while the nature of the design is so simple and free from any public or private sacrifice, taking, as it does, nothing from any one, yet giving to all, or, at least, enabling every one, by parting with that which is useless or of little value to him, to obtain other and desirable objects, that little else appears necessary than a disposition to do so. Such a design, it will be seen at once, is neither a speculative project nor a visionary shadow; it is the very essence of practical facts—it has for its sole purpose the general good of the great body politic—the universal blending of benevolence and power.

Mrs. Sutton's Concert.—A full and fashionable audience assembled to witness the first appearance of this lady, a daughter of America, on her return from a professional residence in Italy, where, under the tuition of the first masters, she has made herself an accomplished vocalist. Her voice, which is a rich soprano, of great compass, and clear intonation, she manages with consummate skill and judgment. She possesses a fine figure and a pleasing countenance, and the repeated plaudits which honored her efforts throughout the evening, were a testimony of her talents being duly appreciated. Signor De Begnis, who assisted in the performance, sang several favorite compositions, which received the enthusiastic approbation of the audience; still, however, we were of opinion that this gentleman did not or could not execute the same pieces with that ability with which we before have heard him.

Mr. Braham's Concerts.—This gentleman, whose name is so closely associated, for the last fifty years, with the musical world of Europe, both as a composer and vocalist, has arrived upon our shores, and in a series of sacred concerts, has been delighting the inhabitants of New-York. While we consider this singularly gifted man, retaining his faculties fresh and unimpaired, at a period of life far beyond that which is generally allotted to humanity, we regard him as a being of almost more than earthly endowments. His voice, which has been the wonder and admiration of all Europe, for nearly half a century, is as mellifluent in quality and extraordinary in volume as when in the meridian of his days. To attempt to describe his performance, is impossible; suffice it to say, it is the very acme of perfection, and shows, that what we have hitherto esteemed in other vocalists as the height of excellence, has been little more than the first step in the ladder of art. The intense and breathless silence with which the audience hung upon the melodious tones of his voice, and the loud and lengthened applause which occasionally though inaptly broke forth at some astounding effort of his genius, testified their wonder and delight and their belief that the consummation of the science, was for the first time truly displayed before them. A Mrs. Edward Loder, of the London and Bath Concerts, on the first of these delightful entertainments, made her debût. She possesses a sweet and flexible voice, but the fear naturally arising from a first appearance, somewhat impaired her efforts. Her subsequent performances, however, gave proof of her possessing superior abilities, and we have no doubt, she will become an especial favorite with the lovers of melody.

New Music.—We have received three beautiful ballads, published by Firth and Hall, of this city, bearing the titles of "The Young Soldier," "I wish he would decide, Mamma," and "The Evergreen." The music of the first is by M. W. Balfe that of the second, by J. Chadwick, of New-York; and that of the third, by Eliza Martyn, the words of the latter by G. P. Morris, a guarantee of their excellence. Also, a beautiful duett, entitled "The Farewell," by Miss Brandling, as sung by Mr. and Mrs. Wood; "La Lituana," as danced by Fanny Elssler, is another publication by the same gentlemen, admirably arranged for the *piano forte*.

Winter Fashions for 1840 and 1841.—*Morning Dress.*—Hat of velvet trimmed with satin—drooping feathers; black mantilla lined with silk plaid; Robe of silk—body, coat-dress, with double flounces.

Promenade Dress.—Hat of velvet, with feather—Short cloaks of silk velvet, trimmed with ermine or mohair; Robe of silk, with a deep flounce.

Ball Dress.—Turban, with feather of paradise—Tippet or pelerine of mohair or ermine—Robe of plaid or other silk, trimmed with rich lace, and festooned.

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Mother and Fashions for 1830 & 31

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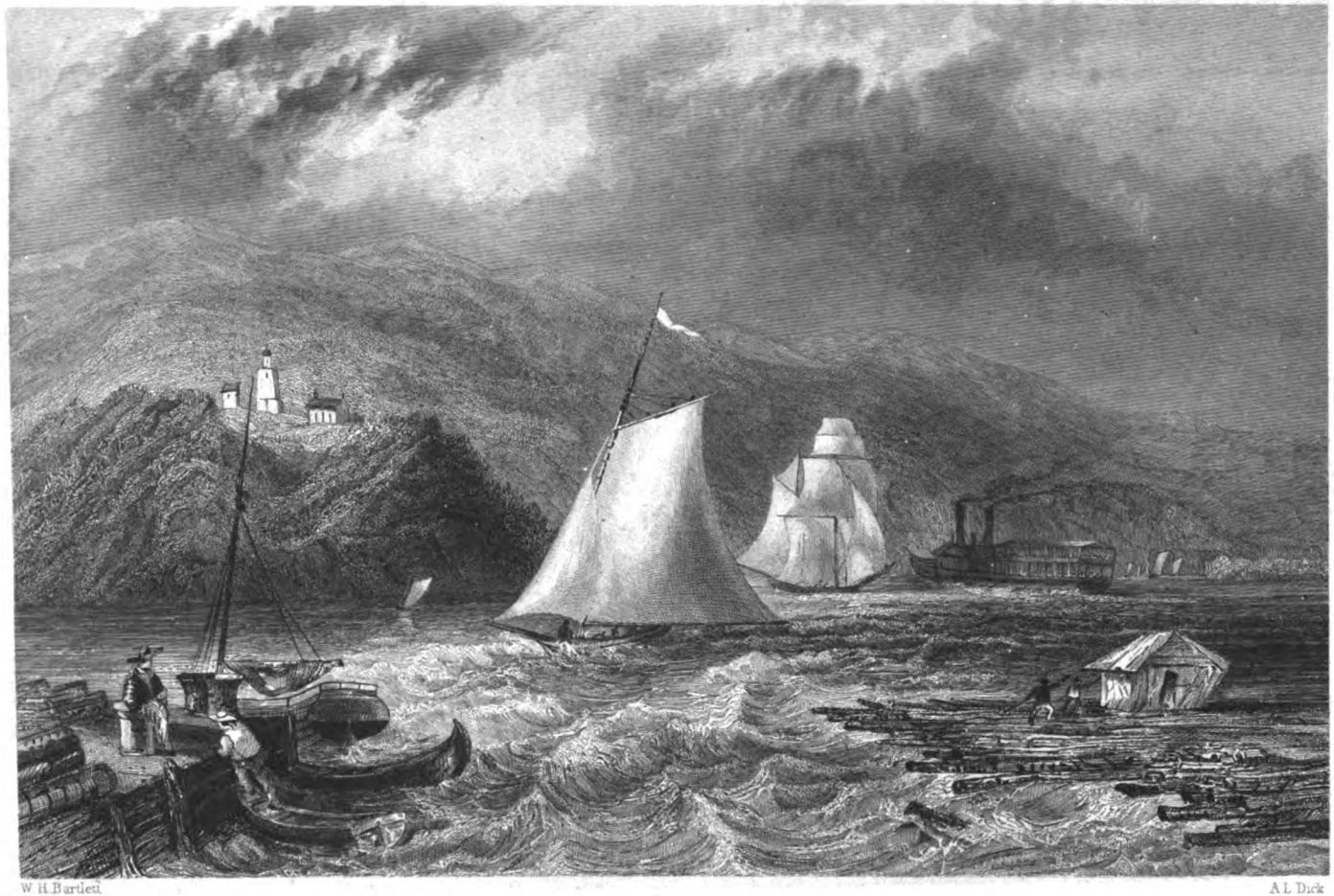

W. H. Bartlett A. L. Dick

LIGHT HOUSE NEAR CALDWELL'S LANDING.

(Hudson River.)

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1841.

LIGHT-HOUSE NEAR CALDWELL'S LANDING, ON THE HUDSON.

The subject of our present engraving is a spot most memorable in the annals of the American Revolution. At the landing below the rock, on which the light-house is situated, is a mountain known by the name of Long Clove, at the base of which the traitor Arnold and the unfortunate Andrè held their first interview. It was a beautiful night in September, and to this spot Arnold had ridden in company with one Joshua Smith whom he had deputed with two brothers of the name of Colquhon, to go on board of the British sloop of War, the Vulture, then lying a few miles below, in the waters of the Hudson, and convey to the shore a gentleman of the name of Anderson, the signature under which Andrè had corresponded with Arnold. It is certain that Smith and the Colquhons were totally ignorant of the intentions of their employer; indeed, the brothers were only through great persuasion induced to acquiesce in the business, and from the thought that it would prove essential to the interests of their country. Having reached the Vulture, Smith was led into the cabin, and shortly after, a gentleman, habited in a full military costume, over which was a blue overcoat, entered, and was introduced as Mr. Anderson. They immediately left the vessel, and rowed to the spot where Arnold was waiting. His horse and another were fastened to a tree that grew close to the edge of the river. Arnold received Andrè with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance, and retiring to a little distance, they seated themselves on the bank of the river, Smith and the two Colquhons remaining with the boat. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the moment, save the lazy waves as they chafed against the river's margin, and here, under the midnight canopy of heaven, with the eye of the Eternal beaming upon him, did the traitor barter the liberty of his native land—for the gratification of his selfish passions did he sacrifice his fair and gallant name upon the altar of treason. For four hours did they hold the deepest conference, and it was only when the first streaks of day had severed the east, that they were reminded it was time for separation. Smith, who had also become uneasy, owing to the receding of the tide, urged their immediate departure, and Andrè, who was now anxious to return on board the Vulture, proposed that for the present they should part company, and appoint a time for a second interview, but Arnold fearing that circumstances might prevent their meeting again, and thereby occasion a frustration of his plans, informed him that then only could he communicate the necessary information, and proposed their departing to the house of Smith, about five miles distant. In a fatal moment, in the blind hope that he was honorably fulfilling his duty to his country, did the young Englishman consent, the sequel of which is too well known to be made the subject of comment here. This, however, we may remark, that one of the principal actors in this treasonous drama, and who has ever received the commiseration of the world from a belief that she was ignorant of her husband's proceedings, but who, we are convinced, was strongly accessory to the whole affair, was no other than the wife of Arnold. Before she had given her hand to him, she had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with young Andrè, being the daughter of a Mr. Shippen, of Philadelphia, a gentleman deeply imbued with the feelings of royalty, in whose family the young officer was a constant and most welcome guest. After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, Arnold became her suitor, and received her in marriage. Bred in the lap of luxury, and finding the fortunes of her husband inadequate to her extravagancies—springing, also, from a family inimical to the American cause, there is little doubt—as it is well known, at this period a correspondence existed between herself and Andrè—that she prevailed upon her husband to betray his country for the gratification of her unbounded desires, thinking that the American cause would be for ever crushed, and in its ruins would be buried the secret of his treason. Had the traitor succeeded, there is every reason to believe that the liberty of our beloved country would have been for that time sacrificed, though sooner or later the sons of America would have severed the fetters of oppression, and with their blood have proved that dear as was their country, "*yet liberty was dearer.*"

There is, perhaps, no part of the banks of the majestic Hudson, where the garment of nature appears more lovely than the view represented in our engraving. Thick and variegated foliage clothes the banks down to the river's edge, whose waters are for ever circling and eddying in a thousand fantastic and glittering forms. On the summit of the rock which overlooks this portion of the landscape, rises the light-house, casting its watch-flame in one long unbroken streak of silvery brilliance, while the numerous boats, pinnaces, and other craft, like so many floating cloudlets moving to and fro, render it a scene of most bewitching loveliness. Cleaving away amidst the towering highlands, and looking back, you still behold the line of light gleaming in your wake, and the beacon rising against the midnight sky like a kindled altar of oriental glory. Not an inch of ground in this neighborhood but what is hallowed by the genius of American liberty, and a more fitting adornment, we are conscious, could not accompany a work devoted to the mothers and daughters of those brave men,

"Who heard the shriek of murder swell the gale,
And saw sweet beauty wither and grow pale.
Then nerved by vengeance—goaded to despair,
They sprang like lions from their hunted lair—
Reared the pine banner in their native sky,
Resolved to conquer or to nobly die,
And God was with them—tyranny and power
Quailed in their presence in the battle hour.
Oppression sank—rent was the despot's chain,
And Freedom smiled triumphant o'er each plain." R. R.

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Original.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

La Napoule is but a small place on the bay of Cannes, nevertheless, it is well known. It lies quite embosomed in the shadow of lofty palms and dark-green orange trees. It is moreover, renowned for its choice grapes, its beautiful roses, and its lovely damsels. Pity that La Napoule is so small a place, and that its vines, its roses, and its maidens cannot be transplanted, so as to flourish equally well in other grounds.

As the maidens of La Napoule were the prettiest in all the country, so was the little Marietta the prettiest one the village could boast. She was called "little"—yet she was not less than most other girls of seventeen; the epithet seemed to have been bestowed on her in compliment to her gentle and endearing manners.

Marietta, with her mother, Manon, had but recently removed from Avignon. The dame had a small inheritance, and vineyards in La Napoule; and though not rich, had enough for a comfortable maintenance. In her own opinion, she was as rich and happy as if she had been Countess of Provence.

It so happened, that the damsel with her mother had not resided fourteen days in the village, before it was known to all the inhabitants, that there lived in the neat house shaded by acacias and olive trees, a maiden, whose beauty was not to be rivalled in all Provence. When she walked through the street, in her pale-green bodice and full petticoat, with ribbons and flowers ornamenting the gray bonnet that shaded her face, the sight of her was sure to set the old folks talking and make the young ones silent. Now and then, a window or a door would be thrown open, and "good morning," or "good even', Marietta," would greet her, while she bowed and smiled to every acquaintance as she passed along. I do not choose to say what was generally the effect of her entrance into church.

The other village maidens, though the most good-natured in the world, could not help feeling a little vexation at all this, and they had some reason; for, since the arrival of the fair stranger, more than one lover had grown cold—more than one betrothed had given signs that he repented of his plighted faith. Much altercation ensued, many reproaches and tears; and the general talk was more of preparations than of marriages. Love-knots, rings, and tokens of all kinds, were returned to their donors. The old people took part in the quarrels of their children. In short, the whole town was a scene of contention.

"It is all Marietta's fault!" cried the injured maidens; their mothers thought so too; their fathers,—and finally the young men also believd.

Poor Marietta knew nothing of the mischief she had caused, and was as courteous as ever to all she met. The young men began to think better of it—and said, "Why blame the sweet, innocent girl? It is not her fault." So thought the fathers, after a while; the mothers also,—and at last, the village damsels themselves. For every one who became acquainted with the young girl, was pleased with her; and before six months had passed, she was known and loved by all. They treated her with greater attention, as if to atone for former injustice; smiles welcomed her wherever she went, and there was not a rural entertainment to which she was not invited.

The only person who continually refused to show her kindness, was young Colin, the richest land-holder in La Napoule, whose vineyards and olive-plantations, groves of citron and orange-trees, were of prodigious extent. The natural hardness of his heart, was evident, from the well-known fact, that he had reached the age of twenty-seven, without having ever paid court to any maiden. A portion of the community, it is true, particularly single damsels of a certain age, who are generally ready to forgive a want of susceptibility in the other sex, held Colin in high esteem. His fine figure, his unembarrassed manner, his pleasant smile, were so agreeable to them, that they never joined their younger associates in condemning him.

This young man was particulary unkind to the little Marietta. If her name was uttered in conversation, he instantly became silent. If he met her in the street, his countenance would change, and he would cast back gloomy looks after her. When the young people gathered together, by the ruins of the old castle near the sea, to enjoy themselves in the evening dance or in festive songs, Colin never failed to be there; but invariably, whenever Marietta joined the group, his merry laugh was hushed, and no entreaties could prevail on him to sing another song. It was a pity, for his voice was so fine!—and he knew a variety of ballads.

Marietta might have revenged herself for this neglect and ill-treatment,—but she was a good girl, and could not bear to give pain. So she bore it all without notice. She knew not that she was so much the favorite of all her acquaintance; but it had never entered into her head that any one could find cause to hate her.

The priest at La Napoule, Father Jerome, was an old man of seventy years, and had all the virtues of a saint, with but a single defect, common to his advanced age—that of excessive deafness. Yet were his homilies not on that account less edifying to his hearers. His favorite phrase of counsel, was, "children, love one another,"—or "wonderful are the ways of Providence!" And one or the other of these texts was continually upon his lips. To say truth, the younger part of his flock, always excepting Colin, were marvellously obedient to the first command.

It chanced that the good people of La Napoule, found themselves assembled at the fair in the neighboring town of Vence. There was always sport at these fairs, and all kinds of things to see and buy—if but little money to be spent. Marietta and Manon were there, and Colin also. He purchased comfits and knicknackeries to present to the young damsels of his acquaintance—but nothing did he offer to Marietta, though he was frequently close beside her. He spoke not to her, nor did she address a word to him. It was plain to see, he was brooding some mischief.

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Manon stopped before one of the tents, and cried,—"Oh, my daughter! look at that beautiful pitcher! It is pretty enough for a queen to drink out of! Look! the edge is bright gold—and the flowers are like life itself—and yet they are only painted. The picture in the centre is the garden of Eden—see, Marietta, how lovely the apples look, hanging from the tree—and how beautiful the Eve offering the fruit to Adam! and see—how the pretty lamb frolics beside the tiger, and the white dove with its gold and green neck, flutters about the hawk, as if they were going to eat a meal together."

Marietta was delighted. "If I only had such a pitcher, mamma!" said she,—"It is far too beautiful to drink out of—I would put my flowers into it every day."

All her young friends were likewise profuse in their praises of the marvellous pitcher; and stood long before the tent to admire it; but alas! it was not less marvellous than costly, being manufactured of the most delicate and expensive porcelain, decorated with exquisite paintings—with a richly gilded handle. To the timid question, "What is the price?" the dealer replied, "I cannot take for it less than one hundred livres." At this, all those who admired it, shook their heads and went away.

When they were all gone, Colin came up quietly, counted out the one hundred livres, which he paid to the dealer, packed the pitcher in a box, with cotton around it, and carried it off.

It was nearly dark, when on his way home, close to the hamlet, he met old Jaques, servant to the judge in La Napoule, returning from his day's labor. Jaques was a very good man, but extremely stupid.

"I will give you a piece of silver, Jaques," said Colin to him, "If you will carry this box to Manon's house and leave it there. If any one sees you, and asks where the box came from—say that a stranger gave it to you. But do not mention my name—mind—or I shall never forgive you."

Jaques promised, took the box and the piece of silver, and turned his steps towards the neat house, shaded by acacias and olive-trees. As he lost sight of the young man, he encountered his master, the judge—M. Hautmartin—who asked, "Jaques, what have you there?"

"A box for Madame Manon. But I cannot tell from whom it comes."

"Why not?"

"Because Master Colin would never forgive me."

"Very well—I see you keep a secret. But it is late, give me the box. I am going to-morrow to Madam Manon's and will carry it myself—and never mention that it comes from Colin. It will save you the walk to her house."

Jaques unhesitatingly gave up the box to his master. The judge carried it home, and examined it by the light. On its lid was written in red chalk,—"*To the lovely and beloved Marietta.*" M. Hautmartin could not imagine this to be any thing but a piece of malicious mischief on the part of Colin. He opened the box, and was startled on seeing the pitcher, he had so much admired at the fair at Vence. It was plain Colin wished to bring the poor girl into some trouble. Perhaps he wanted her to believe the pitcher a gift from some rich lover in the city—and thus to fill her with conceit, and make her disliked by her humble friends. The judge resolved to avert this evil from her; and to prevent suspicion and misapprehension, by representing *himself* as the donor of so valuable a gift. For a long time he had looked upon Marietta with admiring eyes. How often he wished to call to her mind, Father Jerome's injunction! It is true, M. Hautmartin could hardly suppose himself included among the "children" of the worthy priest, being full fifty years old. The young girl might have thought so, but not so her mother, who respected the judge for his wealth and authority he exercised in La Napoule. When he talked of marriage, Marietta usually made her escape, but Manon sat still, and heard him without displeasure. It must be owned, he was not quite so handsome as Colin; but, he had the advantage of superiority in years and experience, to say nothing of the size of his nose, that bade defiance to human competition.

The next morning, M. Hautmartin carried the box to Manon's house.

"For the fair Marietta," he simpered, "I esteem nothing too costly—you admired a splendid pitcher yesterday at Vence, permit me, beauteous maiden, to lay the pitcher and my loving heart at your feet."

Both mother and daughter were surprised and delighted when they saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled, but Marietta looked grave, and after a few moments, said—"I cannot accept either your heart or your pitcher."

Madam Manon was angry, and replied,—"But I will receive both. Ungrateful girl, how long will you reject your good fortune? Are you waiting for a Count of Provence to come and make you his bride, that you disdain one so high in dignity as M. Hautmartin?—I will manage better for you. M. Hautmartin, I depend on having the honor of saluting you as my son-in-law."

Marietta left the room weeping. She hated the pitcher from the bottom of her heart. The judge passed his broad hand across his forehead, and said,—"Do not be displeased, Madam, the little one will be willing, I doubt not, when she is better acquainted with me. I understand the ways of women, and before three months have elapsed, I trust I shall have made my way into Marietta's heart."

"Your nose is too big for that!" muttered Marietta, who was standing listening at the door. And in truth, three months passed away, and M. Hautmartin had not made upon her any impression more favorable.

The pitcher, that caused the poor damsel so much vexation, caused a fortnight's talk in La Napoule. Every body knew it was the judge's present, and it was settled that the wedding was soon to take place. Though Marietta protested to her companions that she would not marry him, they ceased not to tease her upon the subject. Madam Manon had the cruelty to insist upon her going every morning to the spring under the rock, with the pitcher, to fill it with fresh flowers. The young girl disliked this business for the sake of the pitcher and its donor. This was another of her troubles.

It so happened, that twice every week, she saw lying

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on the rock, when she went thither in the morning, a bunch of beautiful flowers, just enough to fill the pitcher. A slip of paper was always tied to the flowers, on which was written "Dear Marietta!" The young girl could not imagine from whom they came, unless from M. Hautmartin. She kept the flowers, which were much prettier than the wild ones she used to gather, but took pains always to tear the paper into pieces, and scatter them where the nosegay had been laid. Still, this did not seem to discourage M. Hautmartin. At last she found out that he was not the person who brought the flowers;—who then could it be? Marietta had, like other girls, a great deal of curiosity. She thought over the names of all the young men in La Napoule, but could not guess who was most likely to have done it. She sat up late, and rose early to try and discover the secret, but in vain. This was yet another of her troubles.

One very warm night, Marietta, being unable to sleep, rose before dawn, dressed herself, and went forth to wash her face and arms in the cool stream. She knew of a spot that was quite retired, and concealed by pomegranate bushes. As she passed the rock close by the spring, she looked, and saw the slender figure of a young man asleep under the shade of a palm. Close by him, lay a bunch of flowers, just like those she had been in the habit of receiving. She could even see the white slip of paper. The damsel stood still, trembling with surprise—then turned to run back to the house. She had not retreated many steps homeward, when it occurred to her, that now or never was the time to discover the secret. It was still so dark that she could not at a distance see the young man's face. After some hesitation, she approached softly. The youth was as sound asleep, as if he had not slept in a month before. And who should it be, but the mischievous Colin? Then it was he who had endeavored to add the tortures of ungratified curiosity to the troubles Marietta endured on account of the judge! He, who would never notice the poor girl, though he was all attention to her companions! Marietta felt indignant, and wished for revenge. She untied the flowers, and scattered them over the sleeper. The paper she put in her bosom, to serve as proof of his guilt. Then she took from her bonnet, the violet ribbon she usually wore, tied it round Colin's arm, and around the tree under which he lay. Now he, in his turn, should feel the torments of curiosity.

The damsel ran home, as she heard her mother's voice calling her, and left Colin to wake at his leisure. Alas! he soon found a new way to mortify her. She little thought that her violet ribbon would be recognised by the whole hamlet, yet so it was, when Colin wore it that day as a trophy, tied round his hat; and every body said,—"He had it from Marietta." "The mischievous fellow!" cried the young maidens—and all Marietta's admirers also repeated "the mischievous fellow!"

"How is this, Madam Manon?" asked M. Hautmartin, "What have you done? My betrothed has presented young Colin with the ribbon from her bonnet! It is high time we were married; then *I* shall have a right to speak."

"Ah!" replied Manon, "you have a right—you shall have a right—you shall be married directly."

"But, mother, your daughter persists in refusing me."

"Do you only prepare the wedding dinner!"

"She will not give me even a kind look!"

"Do you prepare the wedding dinner."

"And how if Marietta is stubborn?"

"We will overcome all that. Listen. I will instruct Father Jerome, who will not dare be disobedient, for you are first in office here. He shall perform the ceremony early on Monday morning. I will send Marietta to him, alone, with a message, which she shall not know concerns her. The priest will then talk to her. Half an hour afterwards, we will join her, and take her into the chapel. There, if she even says "No!" it will not avail her, for Father Jerome, you know, hears nothing that is not bawled in his ears. But say nothing 'till Monday to her or any one else."

M. Hautmartin took his leave, highly pleased with the scheme. Marietta came in soon after, and said to her mother, as she had said to her companions—"Colin has found my ribbon, which I had lost, and wears it everywhere to vex me—pretending that I gave it to him—you know how ill-natured he has always been to me."

Early the next morning, the maiden went to the spring with her pitcher. There were no flowers on the rock, it was yet too early. Some one approached; it was Colin—a bunch of flowers was in his hand. Marietta colored deeply on seeing him.

"Good morning, Marietta," said he.

"Why did you wear my ribbon, yesterday, Colin?" asked the damsel, setting down her pitcher on the rock. "I did not give it to you."

"You did not give it to me, dear Marietta?" exclaimed Colin, and he seemed to grow pale.

Marietta was ashamed of the untruth, she hung her head, cast down her eyes, and answered, after a while—"Well, I did give it to you, but not to make a display of, give it back to me."

Colin undid it from his hat—but he sighed, tears came in his eyes. "Dear Marietta," he said, "let me keep the ribbon."

"No—you may not!" replied the young girl, her eyes still fixed on the ground.

"Take it then," cried Colin impatiently,—and tying the ribbon round the bunch of flowers, he threw it into the pitcher. The missile struck the pitcher with such force that it fell off the rock and was broken to pieces. Having done this mischief, he turned and walked away.

Madam Manon, watching at her window, saw all that passed. She was furious when she saw the splendid pitcher broken. As she started away, the window-sash fell with a crash, and was broken also.

"To the judge!" cried the injured dame: "Colin shall pay both for the pitcher and the broken window! Come, Marietta!" And taking her daughter in one hand, the fragments of the pitcher in the other, Manon went her way to the house of M. Hautmartin. There she entered her complaint, and exhibited the broken pitcher. The young girl wept all the while.

The judge ordered the beadle to fetch the accused. When Colin arrived, Manon repeated her complaint. The youth, however, paid no heed to it. He stepped up to the daughter, and whispered—"Forgive me, dear

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Marietta, as I forgive you. I did not mean to break your pitcher—you have broken my heart."

"What are you whispering about?" cried the judge, very angrily. "Listen to the accusation, and defend yourself."

"I shall offer no defence. I broke the pitcher by accident," replied Colin.

"That is true," sobbed Marietta, "I am to blame as much as he, for I made him angry."

"Only see!" cried Manon, "she wants to defend him! Monsieur, you see how it is, he broke the pitcher, he does not deny it, nor can he deny that it is his fault that I broke my window!"

"You do not deny it, Master Colin?" said the judge. "Well,—you must pay for the pitcher three hundred livres, for it was worth so much; for the window—"

"It was not worth so much," interrupted Colin; "I bought it at the fair in Vence for Marietta, at one hundred livres."

"You bought it—you reprobate fellow!" cried the judge, and his nose and face were the color of Marietta's violet ribbon. He said no more, for he feared an investigation into the matter.

"Yes," persisted the young man, "I sent the pitcher to her the evening after the fair, by your own servant. Let him witness—there he stands at the door. Jaques, did I not give you a box to carry to Madam Manon's?"

M. Hautmartin repented of having said a word about it, when the simple Jaques answered,—

"You did, Master Colin; and, Monsieur, you remember you took the box from me, and carried it yourself. The box is here now under some papers."

The judge ordered Jaques as well as Colin to be turned out.

"Very well, Monsieur," said the youth, provoked at this injustice, "you may repent this proceeding, I now see through your whole plan. Remember, you are liable to impeachment. I shall ride to Grasse this day." So saying, he went out.

The judge was not a little embarrassed. Manon said the affair looked dark, and wondered who should pay her for the pitcher. Marietta begged her mother to go quickly home, and when they reached there, carried up the fragments of the pitcher into her little bedchamber.

Colin fulfilled his threat; but M. Hautmartin succeeded meanwhile, in dispelling all the suspicions of Madam. She instructed father Jerome in the part he was to act, and charged him earnestly to exhort the maiden to her duty. This the good man promised to do.

The next Monday morning, Madam Manon said to her daughter,—"Dress yourself in your best, and carry these myrtles to Father Jerome. He wants them for a bride."

Marietta did as she was bid, and set out for the priest's with the garlands. On the way she met with Colin, who saluted her timidly. When she told him where she was going with the myrtles—"I am going there too," he said, "to pay the priest the tithes, I owe him." As they walked on together, he took her hand; both were silent and trembled very much.

"Have you forgiven me?" at length he whispered. "Ah, Marietta, what have I done, that you should be so cruel to me?"

She could only answer,—"No matter, Colin, you shall have the ribbon: and I will keep your pitcher. Was it really from you?"

"Can you doubt it, Marietta? I would give all I possess, to hear you promise that you will in future be kind to me, as to others. Will you not?"

She did not reply, but as they came to the priest's house, she gave him a sidelong glance, and as her eyes met his, murmured,—"Dear Colin!" He bowed his head down, and kissed her hands. Just then the door opened, and Father Jerome, in holiday apparel, came out.

Marietta gave him the myrtles. He placed the garland on her head and said,—"My children, love one another." He then commenced a fervent exhortation, counselling the maiden to cleave through life to the young man at her side. It must be mentioned, that the deaf old man, when he received the mother's instructions, had not rightly heard the name of the intended bridegroom. The priest's repeated and pathetic exhortation, quite subdued the tender hearted damsel.

"Oh! I have loved him a long time," sobbed she, "but he hates me!"

"Hate you, Marietta?" cried Colin; "I have only lived for you, ever since you came to La Napoule. How could I think you cared for me? Was not every body at your feet?"

"Why did you avoid and neglect me, Colin?"

"Oh, Marietta, I was so disturbed whenever I saw you, I had not courage to come near you—and when not with you, I was still more unhappy."

Good Father Jerome thought the lovers were quarelling. He put his arms round them, then drew them close together, and said beseechingly—"Children,—my children, love one another!" Marietta's head sank on Colin's breast, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her with rapturous fondness. The old priest was delighted; he led them into the chapel, hardly conscious whither they were going.

There were several people in the chapel,—and they were astonished beyond measure when they saw the lovers enter with the priest, who immediately performed the marriage ceremony. Those who had witnessed it then left the chapel, each desirous of being the first to spread abroad the news, that Colin and Marietta were married.

As the newly-wedded couple returned towards Father Jerome's, they met Manon, breathless and agitated. She had waited some time for M. Hautmartin, and as he came not, had gone to his house in search of him. There the news alarmed her; she learned M. Hautmartin was under arrest, by the orders of the superior magistrate in Grasse, who was down for the purpose of inquiring into his illegal transactions.

"This, too, is some of Colin's work!" exclaimed she, in her vexation. She turned towards the priest's and encountered the happy trio, as we have seen. The priest smilingly informed her of her success. Manon was struck dumb for once, but Colin found his tongue, and pleaded

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his own cause so earnestly and so gracefully, that she softened rapidly towards him, and when Father Jerome, on being informed of the mistake he had made, lifted up his hands and exclaimed,—"Wonderful are the ways of Providence!" the dame felt as if it would be sinful to rebel against destiny, and no longer refused her blessing to the young pair.

Madam Manon soon found that her daughter had chosen wisely, and ceased to regret M. Hautmartin, who received the just reward of his misdeeds. The broken pitcher was kept in the family, and transmitted to their children as a sacred relic.

Original.

STANZAS TO NIGHT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Come Night! Come silent Night!
In robe of shadows dim, while graceful round
Thy placid brow, a diadem is bound,
Of stars all purely bright.

Come! for the glowing West,
Already waits its portals to unfold,
That on his couch of purple and of gold,
The sun may sink to rest.

Come and awake the gale,
Which all day long has slumbered on the sea,
And send it o'er the billows cool and free,
To swell the fisher's sail.

The pure, delicious dew,
Which thou dost treasure in thy sacred urn,
To thee, as vine and floweret languid turn,
O'er them, oh, gently strew.

Where the meek violet hides,
Beneath the shelter of the moss-grown rock,
And where reposing oft the snowy flock,
The noontide hour abides;

There, let full many a gem,
Gathered in rich and radiant clusters fall:
There when the day-beam rends thy starry pall,
'Twill only smile on them.

Come with thy look of rest,
Where pines the captive in his dungeon lone:
Soothe him with sounds of low and gentle tone,
'Till by soft slumber blest.

Then to the far-off land,
Where smiles his own beloved and pleasant home,
Unchained in spirit, he perchance may roam,
And greet the household band.

Then hasten! dark-browed Night!
Revive the fading flower and drooping vine,
And let soft sleep, that sweetest gift of thine,
On tear-stained lids alight.

For this, be ever blest,
The hour when Day folds up her golden wing,
That Night with rustling robes advancing bring,
To weary bosoms rest.

Wolfboro', N.H.

Original.

THE VIRGIN'S VENGEANCE.*

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

It was long after the departure of the Ironsides, before the excited feelings of the fair girl were in the least degree composed; but gradually, when the harsh clank of their march, and the shrill clangor of their trumpet had subsided into absolute stillness, or rather into that soft and soothing mixture of natural accustomed sounds, which, after the home ear has grown acquainted with their never-ending murmur, pass for entire silence—the violent fits of half-convulsive sobbing which had at first shaken her whole frame, ceased, and the tears flowed in a quiet and unpainful stream. These, too, by slow degrees, diminished, and at last flowed no longer. It was not grief, however, nor even sorrow that had called forth so strange and passionate emotions from that calm bosom; for the whole heart was full of deep and tranquil gratitude to Him by whose good providence the interesting stranger had been preserved from his bloodthirsty enemies—much less was it all joy, for though there was a sense of happiness, or of relief, at least, from terrible anxiety, springing up from the depths of her pure soul, yet there was nothing strong or passionate, nothing tumultuous in the character of that pure stilly pleasure. No, it was merely the reaction of a mind over-tensely strung during the last dread scenes. It had been only by an exertion almost too great for female powers, that she had crushed down into her inmost soul all semblance of anxiety or interest during the search of the rude Puritans; yet so completely had she crushed it down while in the presence of those stern inquisitors, that not only had she compelled her steps to be equal, and her hand steady, but she had actually forced her cheek and lip to retain their wonted color, her eye its quiet undisturbed expression. And well was it for that young stranger that she did so, for it was even less, the grave unmoved demeanor of the aged gentleman—less the unconsciousness of the alarmed domestics—than the perfect tranquillity of that sweet and lovely maiden which had convinced them that their searching longer would be but a vain labor. It had been some suspicion, vague indeed, and indefinite, that she might have concealed the cavalier without the knowledge of the household, by which the leaders of the party had been induced to search the boat-house; and therefore had they caused her to accompany them; that, if their doubts were true, some terror or expression of alarm might, as they judged inevitable, betray the secret of his hiding place. And so far were they right, that it had only been by dint of almost superhuman fortitude that she forebore to scream aloud in the intensity of her excitement when they persisted on examining the sail-loft, wherein, scarcely six inches from the torch of his pursuer, the object of her care lay hidden.

* Concluded from page 56.

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Excitement, such as this, must end in its revulsion; and it was fortunate that there was cause enough apparent, to have disturbed the equilibrium of her mind, in the events which had transpired in the full sight of all—so that the outbreak of hysterical passion called forth no more alarm, than a mere fit of feminine terror, in the assiduous attendants who crowded round their beloved mistress, with all the remedies of essences, strong waters, and the like their ignorant but kindly zeal could dictate.

Gradually, as we have said, however, her tears ceased to flow, and, as her mind regained its usual serene and balanced tenor, she recollected that there was yet much more to do, and much more cause than ever to avoid wakening suspicion. With her to see the right, and to perform it, were scarce the results of a two-fold operation; and bidding her tirewoman await her coming in her own chamber, she dismissed all the rest, her father adding his injunction that as the hour of bedtime was long passed, they should not linger in the hall with idle gossippings, else there would be late rising in the morn. No more was said, but in those good old days, and in that orderly and peaceful household, there was no doubt but that his words would be obeyed even to the letter. In a few moments the old grey-headed porter brought in the keys of the great gate and water port, and laid them on the table by his master's hand, and before half an hour, except in old Marc's library, and in the chamber of his sweet child, there was not a light burning, nor an eye unclosed, through the whole building.

Hours were early in those days, so that the clock had barely stricken ten when all the fires were quenched and lights extinguished—eleven—twelve—one, followed—the deep sounds of the stable clock-house, solemnly booming through the lonely night; and still the lamp burned steadily in the small library, and the two lighted windows might be seen above the court-yard wall, and through the foliage of the park plantations, even as far as the high road, had any one been watching them.

And one was watching—the elder of the Puritan officers, wrapped in his scarlet watch-cloak, was standing on the platform of the fish-house, with a neighboring farmer, dressed in his usual toil-worn garb beside him, and a stout trooper holding some five or six saddled chargers on the bridge.

Just as the clock struck one, the soldier stamped impatiently. "Doth the old hoary dotard keep watch thus always, 'till 'tis morning?" he exclaimed, turning toward the rustic.

"Ay! ay, sir," he replied—"ay 'se warrant him. Measter Marc's a great schollard, ay've hard tell, and speaks all sorts of untold old-time tongues. And so you see he keeps a poring over a sight o' musty books night arter night. Many's the time and often, when ay've been kept from home past common, at Worcester market or the like, ay've seen yon light in yon two selfsame windows, while three o' clock o' the morning. And yet auld man's astir with the cock, too—that's what does bother me like—"

"See! see," the other interrupted him, "it has gone out."

"Ay, ay! Now we shall see it cross the next three windows to the right, and then if any one were watching the west end, he might see it a little while in the west gable. The old man's chamber's there, next to young mistress' bower."

While he yet spoke, the light as of a candle or a lamp in motion, flitted across the three tall casements to the right, and disappearing, the southern front of the old hall was left in absolute darkness.

"Well! there it does go, of a surety," replied the Puritan, "and there *is* one to watch on the west end. Do they burn tapers all night through in their bed-chambers?"

"No, not a light is burnt in all the house, when the old master's lamp is out; that's the last always—ever since I was a boy!"

"Peradventure, then, we shall know more anon," returned the other, and then relapsed into silence, awaiting the arrival of his subordinate watchers. Nor had he very long to wait, for scarcely half an hour had gone by since the removal of the lamp, when nearly simultaneously three soldiers came up, though from different directions; and made their several reports all to the same effect, that not a mouse had stirred about the hall for three hours; and that now every candle was extinguished, and every soul abed for certain."

"Well, then, we have but lost our time; and they know nought about this same malignant, who 'scaped us here so strangely," muttered the officer between his clenched teeth. "Mount, men, mount, and away; we'll beat these woods for many a mile to-morrow."

"Had you known the folks at the hall, as I does, measter," the former interposed, "you never would have dreamed o' thinking that they did. Lord! sir, they are the scariest, timidest, ease-lovingest people—they never trouble their heads with no politics, nor parties!"

"Well, well, good friend, it is no harm to be assured! and so good night to thee," the soldier answered, striking his spurs into his horse's flank, and galloping off, followed by his men, at a rate that soon left the quiet woods of Woolverton many a mile behind him.

"Good devil go with thee!" muttered the countryman, as they rode off, "and with all like to thee, thou cheat and hypocrite! I trow now, you may be mistaken yet, for all your cunning! If Mistress Alice had fell in with the poor youth, I warrant me she would a bid him somewhere, in spite all danger! So I'll away up to the hall to-morrow, and see about it, for if so be, there be ought i' the wind, ay'se have a finger in't, or my name beant John Sherlock."

Times of great peril and emergency have not unfrequently been known to impart a species of instinctive and instantaneous shrewdness to minds not previously remarkable for any such quality. Bookmen, and grave, secluded scholars, intuitively, as it were, under the pressure of great present peril or necessity, have been known too attain the skill of practised generals, the craftiness of the most subtle partizans. So in this instance was it with Marc Selby. Born of an old and honorable family, a second son, he had been educated, many long years before, with a view to taking orders, and the grave

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tastes and habits which he had then acquired, clung to him afterward, when, by his brother's death—he fell at Zutphen, fighting by Philip Sidney's side—he became heir of Woolverton; and, of course, with his altered fortunes, abandoned the profession to which he had before been destined. Never, during his earliest and gayest youth, had he been a frequenter of courts; or even an associate in the daring field-sports or jovial festivities of the neighboring gentry. Soon after his succession to the family estate, he had taken to wife the daughter of a baronet, whose estates paired with Woolverton—a fair and lovely creature, whose living type we have beheld in Alice. Her he lost young, after having followed to the grave two sons, his first born; the infant Alice being left alone to his paternal care. Thus situate, more gloomy every day had waxed the widower's abode—more ineradically were those bookworm habits fixed—'till Alice, from a sweet prattling child, the licensed interruptor of the father's musings, had grown up to be the pure and lovely thing she was, when the occurrences fell out, which it is ours to narrate. Rarely was old Marc Selby seen abroad by any—rarely at home, save by the members of his own quiet household—no scenes of broil or riot or warfare had ever been beheld by him, much less had he been an actor in any such. Yet had he read, and mused, and dreamed—that he could have performed the deeds, and undergone the woes, and braved the terrors which the loved heroes of historic lore had done, and borne, and braved, undaunted—and now in his old age was he tried—tried, and not then found wanting.

After his daughter had retired to rest, he had conceived it very likely that some—as indeed was the case—of the Puritans might yet linger on the watch without, and that any deviation from the wonted customs of his household, would certainly awake suspicion. Before she went, he had promised Alice, himself, to rouse her from her slumbers, if any slumber she might take, when the time should arrive for admitting the young Royalist to a more safe retreat than that which he now occupied; and after she was gone, though anxious and excited, he sat down to his books, not at the first without an effort; but after he had sat some time, he returned to his ordinary frame of mind, and read, and pondered, and made notes, until the period should arrive, apparently, and indeed *really*, as fully engrossed in his subject, as though no graver matter than the full force of the particle T E had occupied his meditations.

It would, however, have been worthy of remark—to those who make the human mind their study—that while his understanding was devoted altogether to the unravelling of an obscure passage in one of Pindar's darkest Pythians, to which he had turned in the hopes of gleaning thence some light whereby to see into the depths of some yet deeper classic mystery, he was still quite awake to all the exigencies and the perils of his immediate position. Had he not been indeed fully aware of the necessity of being tranquil, it had not, perhaps, been within his power so calmly to have followed his accustomed studies. Had he not been a student, it would, perhaps, have frustrated his utmost coolness so to have 'waited the event. Yet was the result of the strange mixture—the blending of the feelings of the scholar and the man—simple although they were, untaught and natural—the most complete and perfect skill, and craft and subtlety, that ever graced the wariest and most wily partizan.

When the lamp was extinguished in the library, and the hand-taper cast its flickering light, as witnessed by the wakeful Puritans, across the lattices of the less frequented apartments, the old man had, indeed, retired to his chamber, and when there, had at once cast himself into a huge arm-chair, where he reclined for many minutes absorbed in the deepest mental meditation.

After a while he started up, and for a moment it was in his thoughts to pass directly to his daughter's chamber, but in an instant—and he scarce knew why—his mind was altered; for he had not a thought that any were in ambuscade without, watching his every movement—and he stood quietly before the casements, with the bright lamp behind him, casting his shadow on the wide illuminated panes, he threw his dress aside, put out the light, and cast himself down heavily upon the bed. And there were those upon the watch who saw all this, albeit he knew it not, and testified thereto in after days, and it was well for him he did so.

After a space of deep and almost painful meditation, he once again arose, the moon was shining dimly, as she waded with uncertain gleams among the scattered clouds, through the tall latticed casements; and there was light enough, that the old man could find his scattered garments, and attire himself without the need of kindling any lamp. Once dressed, he opened his door carefully, but without any fear, for the domestics slept far from the inhabited apartments of the hall, and took his way through the old well known passages, directly to his daughter's chamber. The rays fell misty and dim through the stained windows as he passed, and many an indistinct and fleeting shadow wavered across his path, as he went onward, but in too deep a school of philosophic thought had he been trained, to cast a single thought to superstitious tremors, and student though he was, he had too deeply proved life's stern realities to blench for any shadow.

He reached the fair girl's chamber, and entered all unsummoned—and the same bright pure lustre, which had enabled him to don his dress without the aid of lamp or taper, was pouring upon her virgin couch, as she lay all disrobed and tranquil, but thoughtful and awake, and full of her high purpose as she awaited the appointed time.

"Father," she whispered, in soft but untrembling accents, as his hand touched the latch. "Father! is't thou? then tarry but for a little moment's space without, and I will join thee;" and with the words, she, too, arose. And hastily, but yet completely, she attired herself in plain dark garments of simple country fashion, and ere ten minutes had elapsed she stood beside him, silent, in the dark corridor.

"Now to the library!" he whispered, and with slow faltering steps they groped their way through the large, vacant, lonely rooms; and reached it at last, breathless

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and panting—not from the speed at which they had advanced, but that they had scarce drawn a full breath since they left her chamber. Once there, a feeble glimmering light shone in, transversely and reflected, for the moon's rays touched not the southern front, and they were able to distinguish things, though indistinctly.

"So far," the old man whispered—"so far all's well—no living ear has heard that we are stirring, and if you lack not courage to finish out what you have well begun, there is no more of danger. But look you, we have need of caution. No door must be unlocked—no foot must tread the stair-case. I have a silken ladder here—framed long ago against emergency of fire—it will I let down from this casement under the shadow of yon cedar—by it you must descend—creep through the garden greens, avoiding the bright court, enter the water tower, and making there your signal, admit, with your own hands—by the same path you must return together—I will await you here—hence opens, as you know, the passage. Have you the courage, girl?"

"Lower the ladder, father," she whispered, "lower the ladder, and give me the keys!"

"So brave," he said, half musingly, "so brave and yet so young!" and he paused long, and shook his hoary head, and seemed to hesitate, but then—"Well! well!" he said. "Well! well! God's hand, I trow, is in it—and on it be his benison," and without farther words, after a little groping in the dark, he drew out the rope ladder he had mentioned, and lowered it from the extreme west window, across which fell the broad and massy shadow cast by the largest of the giant cedars which we have named above. He handed her the key, pressed her with a long lingering pressure to his bosom, and printed one kiss on her brow. "The God of mercy go with thee," he said, "my child—for that thine errand is of mercy."

Another moment and she had passed the window-sill, and with a firm step, and untrembling, although delicate hold, she trod its quaking rungs, and stood in safety at the bottom. For one short second more, the old man's eye could follow her threading the mazes of the labyrinthine shrubs—then she was lost, and in a moment more, had entered the untenanted and lonely water tower. It was all dark as a wolf's mouth, save where one faint and broken ray fell through the embrasure, half intercepted by the base of the huge gun, yet cool in every movement, and collected, she felt her way down the rude steps, unlocked the inner gate, and half raised the portcullis by aid of the complicated winch which moved it in the grove of stone wherein it traversed. Retracing instantly her steps, after some minutes spent in search, she found the porter's tinder-box and link. She struck a light, and for a second's space the red light shot out through the lattice; yet so low did it strike, that a spectator, standing ten yards beyond the moat's south bank, could have seen nought of it. She blew it out, and counted ten, and lit once again—and so on 'till the third time—and as she blew it out, a slight splash reached her ears, and in a moment after a wavy movement of the water, and a deep panting breath—and she received him at the steps, and led him upward to the embrasure, and lowered the portcullis once again, and locked the gate, and thrust the key into her girdle. "Be silent for your life," she whispered, as speedily she led him on through the low postern gate into the garden—but as she reached the open air, it flashed upon her mind that she had not replaced the half burned flambeau with its appropriate flint and steel, in the same niche where it lay when she found it, and laying her finger on her lip, as they two stood in the half shadow of the twilight garden, she tripped back, and placed it rightly so to avoid suspicion. Quickly they traced the shrubbery paths, and reached the pendant ladder; one signal and he climbed it, and scarcely was he well landed in the library, before she leaped into the room. "Not a word, sir, not a word!" exclaimed Marc Selby, in one of those sharp whispers which fill the ear far more than the deep roar of ordnance. "Not a word, if you would not betray your rescuer!"

And they three stood there silent, in the pervading hush of deep awe, and yet deeper feeling, while the old man drew in the ladder, and laid it by in its accustomed place, and closed the latticed window. Then after seeking about yet another while, he drew forth from a drawer in an old cabinet, a small, old-fashioned spirit lamp, with flint and steel and matches—a flask of wine or spirits, and a strangely-shaped brazen key. Giving all these to the young cavalier, he turned to a compartment of the library wall, covered by shelves well stored with ponderous volumes—drew out one folio volume, and turned an iron button, replaced it, and pulled forth another, pressed a spring this way, and turned a screw-head that, and the whole book-case, with its load, from floor to ceiling, revolved upon a pivot, disclosing the bare plastered wall, with a small low-browed arch, descending, as it seemed, into the outer wall, and full of black impenetrable darkness. "Alice," the old man said, "to-bed! we will speak more to-morrow—pass in, sir!" and the girl left the room, and hurried to her chamber with a glad but quick-throbbing heart, and the young stranger entered the dark passage, and old Marc Selby followed him, and drew the concealed door, masked by ponderous book-shelves, after him, and the old library was tenantless again, and not a soul could have suspected, though he had searched it for a month, that private passage. But when they stood within it, the old man struck a light, and lit the spirit lamp, and raised it to the face of his new guest, and gazed into his features as though he would have read his soul. "Ha!" he said, "ha!" and paused again a little while, and then—"be it so. I will trust you!" and no word passed between them more, for the old man almost angrily imposed strict silence when the stranger would have spoken. And far he led him, through long corridors, delved through the thickness of the wall, up stairs and down, 'till he had brought him to a low dark vault, scarce four feet perpendicular height, by twelve in circuit; in it there stood a chair, whereon the old man set the lamp—a pallet, on which he motioned the young man to stretch himself; shook his hand cordially, and left him. Slowly and heavily the night lagged over—slowly the following day—another, and another, 'till

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days had been merged into weeks, and weeks were well nigh gliding into months—and during those long weary days, dark and inactive as the nights, and scarce less solitary, the only gleam of hope or comfort which dawned upon the youthful cavalier, was when his delicate and lovely rescuer, sweet Alice, came ministering to his wants, with her soft gentle voice so full of calm and pure solicitude, still bidding him to hope, and banish the hard icecold despair which mustered daily more and more about his heart-strings.

It is not in the nature of the young, when hearts are warm and generous and free, whose blood is warm, genial to endure day by day, the generous ministrations of the beautiful and young—to be preserved from death—cherished with delicate chaste care—to hang upon the tuneful accents, and listen for the soft light tread of her who stands alone between despair and them. It is not in the nature of the young to bear all this unmoved, unloving. Nor, on the other hand, can she who earns the gratitude, whose charities have won the love, escape the same sensation. And so it was with Alice—so with her cavalier. When the day came at length, all search and all suspicion long abandoned, whereon it was announced to the young prisoner that a guide was provided—that stout relays of steeds awaited him at every post, and that a fast-sailing lugger was lying on and off, to bear him to the shores of France, whither his master Charles had made good his escape before him—it was a day not of exstatic joy, but of deep yearning sorrow—and in that gush of feeling, Sir Marmaduke Fitzallen avowed to Alice, in her father's presence, his name and rank even while he vowed eternal gratitude, and swore eternal love. And the grey-headed man well-knowing by fame's trumpet voice, the worth, the valor and the virtue of the young wooer, sanctioned their love with his paternal blessing, and joined their trembling hands, to be joined once again, never to part, when peace once more should smile on merry England, and witnessed their first—last embrace, and wept upon his neck even as he would upon a son's, before he sent him forth, never, so the fates willed it, to see him more.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—It was intended when this sketch was commenced, to have followed the fortunes of the cavalier through scenes of courtly dissipation, fluent and false and faithless; while Alice should be shown at home, constant and unpining; 'till, in the end, her vengeance should have been wreaked on her guilty lover, by his effecting his union with another and a nobler bride, devoting her own riches and estates thereto, and dying of a broken heart, at the church door, the wedding of her rival going on the while. It was, however, found, as the plot developed itself, that it could not be wrought out satisfactorily within the limits of so many chapters as one volume of the Ladies' Companion will admit; and further, that the action was, perhaps, too slow, and the interest too gradual to suit the pages of a magazine: which, for the most part, need quick, dazzling transitions, rapid successions of event, and, as the old Greek said of elocution, mainly depend on three things—action! action! action! H. W. H.

WILL fortune never come with both hands full,
And write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.—*Shakspeare.*

Original.

LINES WRITTEN

AT PLANTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES OF PARENTS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I.

I've set the flowrets where you sleep,
Father, and Mother dear;
Their roots are in the mould so deep,
Their bosoms bear a tear;
The tear-drop of the dewy morn,
Their trembling casket fills,
Mix'd with that essence from the heart,
Which filial Love distils,

II.

Above thy pillow, Mother, dear,
I've plac'd thy favorite flower—
The bright-ey'd purple violet,
That deck'd thy summer bower—
The fragrant camomile, that spreads
In verdure fresh and green,
And richly broiders every niche,
The velvet turf between.

III.

I kiss'd the tender violet
That droop'd its stranger-head,
And call'd it blessed, thus to grow
So near my precious dead;
And when my venturous path shall be
Across the deep, blue sea,
I bade it in its beauty rise,
And guard that spot for me.

IV.

There was no other child, my dead,
To do this deed for thee—
Mother! no other nursling babe
E'er sat upon thy knee—
And Father! that endearing name,
No other lips than mine,
E'er breath'd, to move thy hallow'd prayer
At morn, or eve's decline.

V.

Tear not these flowers, thou idle child—
Tear not the flowers that wave
In sweet and holy sanctity,
Around my parents' grave,
Lest guardian-angels from the skies,
Who watch amid the gloom,
Should speak accusing words of those
Who desecrate the tomb.

VI.

And spare to pluck my sacred plants,
Ye groups that wander nigh,
When summer sunsets fire with gold,
The glorious western sky;
So when your sleep is in the dust,
Where now your footsteps tread,
May kindred spirits plant the rose,
Above your lowly bed.

London, 1840.

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Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. IX.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I can repeople with the past."—*Byron.*

In a former lucubration, gentle reader, I did pledge myself to make thee acquainted with some of the ancient worthies who inhabit 'Our Library,' and thou wilt not be backward to acknowledge that I have, in part, performed my promise. But more still remain to claim thy attention; and now I would fain lead thee into a chamber tenanted by many strange guests,—a chamber, which once formed part of the library of the most noble, the Earl of Oxford, but which has since been thrown open to the untitled scholar as well as to the aristocratic antiquarian. Didst thou ever happen to look, friend, into that oft-quoted book y'clept the 'Harleian Miscellany? If not, and thou lovest the lore of ages past, thou hast yet a rich feast in store. Every thing—from the gravest state papers, to the merriest jests and conceits of the time of Elizabeth—may be there found; and, ponderous as the huge volumes seem, they are the depository of many a tale of tragic interest, many a story of humble life, and many a mirth-inspiring satire on men and manners.

It is, as its name imports, compiled, or rather selected, from the immense heap of pamphlets, tracts, and manuscripts found in the library of Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford,—a man of extraordinary character, who, to use the language of his eulogist, "always encouraged learning, and was the Mæcenas of learned men in his time, and whose chiefest delight, in his leisure from the care he took of the good of the nation in general, was to be constantly among his books, by which familiarity he is said to have acquired so particular a knowledge of them all, as to be able, without a catalogue, to go immediately to the least of them, upon hearing it named, though his library consisted of more than *one hundred thousand* different authors." A just testimony to his public services is found in the preamble to his patent of nobility, entitled, "The Reasons which induced Her Majesty to create Robert Harley a Peer of Great Britain, in the year 1711;" in which Queen Anne, also expresses her pleasure that "He who is himself learned, and a patron of learning, should happily take his title from that city where letters do so gloriously flourish." These "Reasons," by the way, are placed *first* among the curious papers that formed the Miscellany, "which esteems it an honor to bear his name—a name which when alive gave life to learning, and by this monument of learning shall live for ever in the real esteem of learned men." Such is the language of the compiler, and the quaint play upon words with which he concludes, is not to be overlooked in these days of quibbling and punning.

Many a pleasant hour have I spent, and many more do I hope to consume, in exploring this noble gallery of old pictures. In one place I find some obscure point of English history explained by a portrait taken from life, of the chief actors in the scene;—in another, the wit of Steele and Addison is illustrated by some Teniers-like sketch of local topics and customs;—in another, the image of some remarkable person, whose meteor-like existence is known to us only by tradition. The satiric pictures of those days present a series of caricatures quite as amusing as those which enkindle the 'crackling of thorns' in our crowded thoroughfares; while the tragic scenes in high and low life, which form so large a proportion of the *sepia drawings* which adorn the gallery, afford many a group of harrowing interest, and many a subject for melancholy meditation.

I might give thee, gentle reader, some merry quips and cranks from the droll tract entitled "The Penniless Parliament of thread-bare Poets;" or inspire thee with many a mirthful fancy, by showing thee "The Anatomy of a Woman's Tongue," and divers others of the like quaint conceits. But I would fain awaken a deeper interest in favor of my varied collection, and as we ever remember more vividly that which makes us weep than that which causes us to laugh, I now offer thee such entertainment as my poor skill can devise from the sad and veritable history of the Strangeways family. I would premise that the incidents are strictly in accordance with the facts, as recorded in a pamphlet published in 1659, soon after they had occurred. My art is somewhat like that of the magician of olden time:—the grave is made to give up its dead, and the forms of the departed appear living and moving before thee; but the trick is performed by exhibiting their true portraitures in the concave mirror of fancy. I have but made them, for thy pleasure, act over again the tragedy of life.

The original record, "from a faithful hand," to use the words of the title-page, forms the *fifty-seventh* in the catalogue of the Harleian pamphlets, and is published in the fourth volume of the miscellany, under the title of

THE FATAL MARKSMAN.

In the most picturesque part of Dorsetshire, its cultivated fields, its beautiful pleasure-grounds, and its noble mansion, forming striking features in the landscape, was situated the extensive domain of the Strangeways family, commonly known by the somewhat humble appellation of Mosson Farm. Erected at the period when the gentry of England began to assume that rank between the nobility and the peasantry, which they have ever since retained; and when the abode of opulent comfort, alike distinct from the yeoman's cottage and the baron's fortalice, was first seen to rear its head amid the fertile valleys of the land; the house still retained the half-castellated appearance which the frequent civil wars had rendered necessary for the security of even the most peaceful citizens. The high peaked roof and clustering chimnies, overgrown with ivy, the narrow casements with their leaden sashes and small, diamond-shaped panes, bore witness to the antiquity of the place; while the heavy stone balconies, cumbrous terraces, and clipped hedges, betrayed the influence of a more modernized taste in its late possessors.

The family of the Strangeways had for many years enjoyed an unblemished name and a competent estate. During the struggle between Charles the First and the Commonwealth, George Strangeways, the only son of the gentleman then in possession, held the commission of Major in the royal army, and did good service to the

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cause of loyalty and honor; but, the party of Cromwell, having gained the ascendency, it was only by fines and a temporary imprisonment that he purchased his future safety. While affairs were in this state, the elder Mr. Strangeways was stricken with a sickness which brought him nigh unto death, and it became necessary for him to settle his worldly concerns. But it was feared that, if the estate came into the hands of Major Strangeways, it would be immediately sequestrated, on the ground of his disaffection to the dominant party in the state. With the full consent of all parties, therefore, a will was made by which Mabel, the only unmarried sister of the Major, was put in possession of the farm; holding it as executrix for her father, and, by a tacit understanding, as trustee for her brother. A similar disposition was made of the stock of the farm and other personal property; Major Strangeways feeling quite assured from his sister's advanced age, and her well-known prudence, that the estate would eventually revert to him or to his heirs at a more propitious season. Thus, after his father's death, they lived;—the Major making Mosson Farm his habitual place of residence, and endeavoring by careful management of his paternal domain to occupy the time which political changes compelled him to spend in seclusion: while Mabel, happy in his society, seemed to devote all her thoughts to her housewively duties, and to the education of a little girl whom her brother had, (as he said) *adopted* a few years previous. Such is the explanation requisite to the full and proper comprehension of the catastrophe of their history.

It was the afternoon of an autumnal day, and the leaves were falling thick and fast from the ancient trees upon the lawn, when a lady, accompanied by a fair child of some five summers, appeared on the upper terrace of the noble mansion of Mosson. To judge, from the matured fulness of her figure, the lady might be somewhat past middle age, but her blooming cheek and soft blue eye, seemed to disprove the testimony of her matronly person. Despite her heavy velvet robe and the close coif which nearly concealed her still beautiful hair, Mabel Strangeways might easily have been mistaken for one still in the prime of life. She was, indeed, very beautiful;—the full bright eye, the soft infantine smoothness of her complexion, the delicate color on her round cheek, the lustre of the pale brown locks which displayed not a single thread of silver in the bands that crossed her white forehead, all combined to form a lovely picture of womanly grace. The freshness of girlhood had long since vanished, but she had little cause to regret its departure, for, although, her hand had lost something of its exquisite symmetry, and her figure no longer boasted its airy lightness,—although the over-curious eye might perchance even discover a slight footprint of Time in her noble countenance, yet, the beauty of Mistress Mabel had bidden defiance to the blight of years. Shading her eyes, with one fair hand, from the slant beams of the setting sun, Mabel stood, for some minutes, looking anxiously down the road leading from the highway to the gate of Mosson. A slight cloud of discontent passed over her face, and, with a gesture of impatience, she was turning away, when she caught sight of an object moving in the distance. Another moment, and she descried a person on horseback, apparently approaching in eager haste, and a bright blush mounted to her very forehead as she murmured,—"It is he,—it is he,—he has not broken his tryst: but he must not see me thus watching his coming like a love-sick girl,—I will in, and meet him in the tapestried chamber." With these words, Mabel turned, and leaving the child still playing on the steps of the terrace, she re-entered the apartment. Yielding to her sense of decorum, she resumed her seat in the high-backed oaken chair, beside her embroidery frame; but the beatings of her heart shook the hand which sought its accustomed task, and she only *marred* the rose-leaf she meant to *make*, while she listened breathlessly to the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the paved court-yard. A brief interval of suspense followed,—the door was flung hastily open, and as she turned to greet the intruder, she encountered the fierce and angry visage of her brother.

"George, is it you?" exclaimed Mabel, growing as pale as her coif.

"You thought it had been John Furcelle, perchance," returned Major Strangeways, sternly; "Mabel, I have heard things which have sent me in hot haste to my home:—things, which have made my cheek to burn and my blood to boil, and I come to you to learn their falsity. Mind,—I say their *falsity;* for should they be *true*—but no, it cannot be." And the soldier throwing himself into a seat, smoothed his frowning brow, while he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on his agitated sister.

"What mean you, brother?" gasped Mabel, as she sunk back in her chair and gazed upon his unwonted passion.

"Know you not what I mean?" asked her brother, with his eyes still rivetted upon her changing countenance. "Only prove to me that you are ignorant—convince me that it is only terror which now pales your cheek,—let me feel assured that it is not *guilt*, and—"

"Guilt!" interrupted Mabel, starting from her chair, her face crimsoning with indignant surprise; "did I hear aright, George? did you say *guilt?*"

"Ay, *guilt*, Mabel; if men say true, then is the *thing* less strange to you than the *name*."

"And pray, what do men say against my fair fame, that my brother should believe?" said Mabel, with forced calmness.

"Nay, I cannot frame the courtly phrases which alone might fit the tale for a maiden's ear. Mistress Mabel," replied the Major, with a bitter sneer; "what if I were to tell you," continued he, "that men call you my Lady Light o' Love, and whisper the name of John Furcelle, while they jeer at the grey-bearded paramour?"

"The brother who listened to the foul slander, and did not crush to the earth the reptile who uttered it, deserves to be lopped for ever from the noble stem from whence he sprung!" exclaimed Mabel proudly and sternly.

"You brave it well, Mabel, but words are idle vauntings: prove to me that you never received John Furcelle into this house, under cover of the night;—prove to me that his steed has not stood, tied to the park paling, 'till the chimes have stricken the midnight hour—an hour

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when maidenly prudence should have closed the door against all men;—prove to me that there is no color of truth in the vile tale, and I will pursue the slanderer to the ends of the earth, but I will avenge you. You are pale, Mabel: you do not answer—you cannot deny the charge! Great God! that I should have lived to see our name disgraced by a wanton,—and she my cherished sister!"

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Mabel passionately, drawing up her majestic figure to its full height, and gazing upon him with fearful calmness, while her dilated nostril and heaving bosom gave token of the storm which raged within; "tis false! I say. Dishonor will never befall our name through the agency of Mabel Strangeways. Yourself, George—ay, yourself grafted the only base scion on our noble stock," pointing to the little Alice who appeared sporting on the terrace.

"Beware, Mabel, how you arouse the chafed lion;" returned her brother, "Alice is, as you suspect, my child; but her mother was my wedded wife, and though death too early severed the secret tie that bound us, our daughter is no unworthy heir to the name and fortunes of my father. But for a woman—and one too, who has long passed the hey-day of youth; whose blood should now be chilled into icy coldness by the frosts of time,—for her to play the wanton!—"

"Dare to utter that name again, George Strangeways, and from that moment I forget you ever were my brother," exclaimed Mabel, "repeat that insulting epithet, and you will find that the frosts of time have not chilled my blood so far as to render me a defenceless and helpless victim to your tyranny and injustice."

"And pray who will you summon as your champion?" asked Major Strangeways, insultingly, "will you call upon the doughty soldier and the subtle lawyer,—the time-serving villain who forfeited the honor of a cavalier when he became an attorney in the courts held under the accursed Roundheads? Will you call upon John Furcelle to do battle with your brother? I' faith, he must lay down his musty parchments and practise the small-sword ere he can personate the character of a gentleman in the field."

"Call him by what names you will, George, so you but add to them the titles he can claim from me. To me he is the lover of my youth, the suitor of my later days, the *husband* of my choice," said Mabel calmly.

"Never! never!" exclaimed her brother fiercely.

"Listen to me for one moment, George;—when in the days of my early youth, you brought John Furcelle to Mosson, and introduced him as your companion in arms, he was received hospitably and kindly, even as you had desired; but when he became my lover and sought my hand, *you* interposed between me and my happiness—*you* severed the ties that bound my heart to his—*you* influenced my father to reject his proffered suit, because you would not wed your sister to one who lacked the appanage of broad lands and rich possessions. I then vowed to become the wife of none other; and I kept my word. Rank and wealth, and love, have been tendered to me in vain: I was bound to be faithful unto death, and Heaven will assist me to fulfil my vow. Furcelle married, and I trust found that happiness which was denied to me; but death has now severed the ties which united him to a wife and me to a father. We are both free, and now, even now, in the autumn of my days will I become a bride to him who had my love in my joyous girlhood."

"And so you mean to make a *love match*, Mabel Strangeways?" exclaimed her brother, "with the weight of forty years upon your head, you would play the silly maiden and wed the white haired lover of your youth! faugh! it sickens me to hear of such unwomanly conduct. Think you, John Furcelle would remember the fancies of his early days if the object of his past affection were not the possessor of broad lands? No, no, the wily attorney looks well to his own welfare, and the ancient damsel of Mosson would have few of his love-speeches now, did she not hold a noble heritage."

"Jeer on, George Strangeways, jeer on," exclaimed Mabel, with a bent brow and flushed cheek, "but as surely as the beauty which once was my dowry has been faded, and the best years of my past life have been wasted by *your* cruelty, so surely will I wed my early lover."

"And by the God who made me, Mabel," cried her brother fiercely, "the hour that makes you his wife, seals the doom of one of us. I will never live a dependant on the bounty of my sister's husband. The estate was given to you in trust, and you have no right to transfer it to the keeping of another: it is mine,—secured only by your *seeming* claim, and I scorn to be a tenant-at-will of a stranger."

"Brother, had you come to me with kind words," said Mabel, "had you asked me of my purpose in a manner befitting the ties that bound us, I would have told you of things which might have laid the unquiet devil of avarice in your bosom. I would have told you of our plan for assuring to you the half of all the income during my life, and a reversion to the little Alice, whom I have long believed to be your child, though you lacked the confidence in me to tell me so. But you meet me with reproaches and menaces,—you called me by a name I blush to remember,—you accused me of a crime at which my nature revolts,—you threaten the life of him whom I have sworn to wed, and henceforth, unless you recall your revilings and menaces, we must be as strangers to each other. The hospitalities of Mosson shall always be extended to you, but as the *master* of Mosson you never enter here again. The house is mine, until the law shall decide upon some equitable division, and in the meantime, if you would meet a welcome reception within its walls, you must be prepared to treat with due observance, the husband of its mistress."

Starting to his feet, his hands clenched, the white foam standing on his lip, and his eyes flaming with passion, Major Strangeways listened to his sister's latter words. "It is enough, Mabel," he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, as she concluded, "you have said quite enough. Never will I darken these doors 'till I return as the master of Mosson. Mark my words,—I will come as the *master*, or we never meet again. Make John Furcelle your husband, and, as surely as there is a God in Heaven, you

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make your brother a murderer!" With these words, he strode from the apartment, and mounting his horse, drew not his bridle-rein 'till many miles lay between him and his only home.

Pale and agitated, Mabel watched his furious speed with agonized apprehension, for she dreaded lest he should encounter Furcelle, whose coming she had been awaiting, when her brother made his appearance. Accustomed to the violence of his temper, for, although but two years her elder, he had been wont to bear rule over her from her very infancy, she tried to believe his threats were only the bravado of a chafed spirit; and, only praying that he might not meet her lover in his path, she sought to quiet her disturbed feelings. Fortunately Furcelle was detained until an hour much later than he usually came to visit her, and thus escaped an encounter which might have been perilous to both. Fully aware of her brother's early opposition to her wishes, and convinced that he would be even less favorably disposed towards him at the present, Furcelle was by no means surprised at the tale which Mabel had to tell. But, relying on the Major's unsullied honor, he treated his menaces as the empty vaporings of anger, and looked for no worse contest with him, than a suit at law. A recollection of his early attachment, admiration of her still unfaded beauty, a sense of loneliness in his desolate home, and, it may be, a full appreciation of the value of Mosson Farm, had formed the mingled motives with which Furcelle sought the hand of Mabel Strangeways.

In her heart there was but one feeling, and with all the purity and singleness of woman's affection, she beheld in him only the object of her first love. He was changed indeed by the hand of time, who had dealt far less leniently with the lover than with the loved;—his head was silvered with the snows of fifty winters, his brow was furrowed with the cares of life, his heart indurated with the subtleties of his professon, but still he was the being who had first awakened the music of the affections within her bosom, and though his hand might have lost much of its cunning, and her heart much of its melody, yet there were some chords which could vibrate only at *his* touch.

Are there who doubt that thus in age
Affection should awake?
And scorn to think a time-worn heart
For love should throb or break?

Go, look upon the mountain stream
When, checked in its free course,
The waters spend upon themselves
Their pent and useless force;

Then loose the barriers that have held
The waves so long in sleep,
And mark with what resistless strength
The current on will sweep.

The violence of Major Strangeways had hastened instead of retarding the preparations for the marriage, and ere the dark days of November had passed away, Mabel had become the wife of her lover. Happy in the realization of her early dream, the only drawback to her felicity was the difference with her brother, whom she had never seen since the fearful night when he denounced such terrible maledictions upon her marriage. But, manifold as were her enjoyments, Mabel would probably have needed little time to discover, that the romance of early love, however vividly it may exist in the heart of woman, soon fades from the breast of man. There is so much adaptation necessary in wedded life,—so much conformity of minds, and tempers, and habits requisite to constitute perfect happiness, that a marriage contracted late in life, is rarely one of unalloyed felicity. Each party has acquired modes of thinking and acting independently, and the duty of submission on the one hand, and forbearance on the other, becomes a task of tenfold difficulty. But Mabel was not destined to profit by the daily discipline of heart and mind which the duties of married life require; nor did she experience the pang of disappointment in her affections through the chilling influence of time.

A few months only had elapsed, when it became necessary for Mr. Furcelle to proceed to London, in order to conduct the lawsuits in which he was engaged as council; and also for the purpose of making some definitive arrangement with Major Strangeways relative to the division of the property. Leaving his wife and the little Alice (who still remained under her charge) at Mosson, Mr. Furcelle took up his abode, (to use the words of the old chronicle,) "in a lodging one story high, at the sign of the George and Half-Moon, opposite to a Pewterer's shop." "He being retired to his lodging," continues the writer, "between nine and ten, not having been in it above a quarter of an hour, when the fact was done; he sitting at his desk with his face towards the window, the curtain belonging to it being so near drawn, that there was only left room enough to discern him,—*two bullets*, shot from a carbine, struck him, the one through the forehead, the other in about the mouth." His death was instantaneous. His clerk, who was in the room with him, upon hearing the report of the gun, turned and saw him with his head resting on his desk, as if overcome with sleep. It was not until he approached him and beheld the blood flowing from his wounds, that he discerned the fatal truth. The greatest alarm and confusion immediately prevailed. The son of the deceased was hastily summoned, who calling to mind the threats uttered by Major Strangeways, did not hesitate to denounce him as the murderer. In the pocket of the unfortunate Mr. Furcelle, was found the following billet:

"BROTHER FURCELLE:—It argues not discretion in us, of either side, we being both Cavaliers, to submit our causes to this present course of law, when most of our judges are such as were formerly our enemies. Calais' sands were a much fitter place for our dispute, than Westminster Hall."

This note, in the well-known handwriting of Major Strangeways, and containing a challenge, which his adversary had been too prudent to notice, tended to confirm the suspicions against him. Officers were sent in pursuit of him, and, at two o'clock in the morning, he was arrested in bed at his lodgings. Without the slightest delay, he was immediately hurried to the place where lay the body of his murdered relative; and being confronted with it, was desired, according to a superstition then prevalent, to take the dead man by the hand, and, touching his wounds, to declare whether he was guilty of his death. But in this case, the doctrine of

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smypathy proved fallacious, for no supernatural effusion of blood evinced the presence of the murderer, and it was necessary to resort to more efficacious means of discovery.

At length it was suggested, by one of the coroner's jury, that the shops of the gunsmiths' in London should be examined, to learn whether any guns had been sold or lent on that day. But another of the jury, who happened to be a gunsmith, gave it as his opinion that such a search was impracticable, adding that he had himself lent one, and he doubted not many others had done the same. This assertion, being noticed by the foreman of the jury, led to a closer investigation of the matter, and it was ascertained that the gun in question had been lent to a certain Major Thompson, formerly of the King's army. A clue seemed to be now furnished to the eager avengers of blood, and Major Thompson not being in town, his wife was taken into custody. This immediately caused the r turn of the husband, who hastening to a justice of the peace, declared that he had borrowed the gun at the request of Major Strangeways, for the purpose of killing a deer. Of course, the guilt of the murder was now brought home to the vindictive brother-in-law, and he was immediately committed to Newgate.

In the course of the examinations, previous to the trial it had been found necessary to summon the unhappy widow to testify respecting the animosity which had existed between the deceased and his supposed murderer. Thus, while the wife was mourning the untimely fate of her husband, the sister was called to give evidence which must condemn to an ignominious death her only brother. Mabel was almost heart-broken, and few looked with tearless eye upon the pale visage and deep mourning dress of the stately and beautiful woman, who had been the innocent cause of this dreadful tragedy. The sight of his desolate sister softened the obdurate heart of the murderer, and the unexpected presence of Major Thompson, convinced him of the uselessness of further concealment. He therefore, made a full confession of his crime, and was remanded to prison to await his trial.

On the 24th of February, just thirteen days after the crime was committed, the unhappy man was brought to trial, and now occurred one of the most remarkable scenes ever exhibited in a court of justice. The court was crowded to overflowing, for the respectability of the parties, the magnitude of the crime, and the singularity of the circumstances, had drawn together a throng of persons of both sexes. When Major Strangeways was brought to the bar, a murmur of pity and admiration ran through the assembly, for seldom had a nobler figure been presented to the eyes of an outraged public. Tall of stature, with a figure of the finest proportions, a countenance of melancholy beauty, and a profusion of dark curling locks, falling upon his shoulders, after the fashion of the Cavaliers of that day, it seemed scarcely credible that aught so gifted by nature should be branded with the mark of Cain. Out of compassion to the criminal, and a desire to afford him every proper chance of escape, it is the custom for the court, to take no notice of a private and voluntary confession; but to proceed in all cases, as if nothing was known beyond the evidence publicly adduced. The queston therefore was put, as usual, to the prisoner: "Guilty, or Not Guilty?" Every ear was bent forward to catch his reply, but not a word broke the breathless silence. Again the question was repeated, but no reply was returned. A solemn pause now ensued, broken at last by the third and last repetition of the fearful demand. At this moment, the voice of the criminal, clear as the blast of a clarion, rang through the chamber.

"If I may be admitted to die," said he, "by the manner of death which befell my brother, I will plead."

The Lord Chief Justice, surprised by this unwonted course, gravely replied, "that if convicted, the law prescribed the manner of his death."

"Then," returned Major Strangeways, "I shall not plead, since, by refusing to do so, I can both free myself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet, and also preserve my estate for those dear friends who may survive me."

In all crimes of an atrocious nature, the laws of England have exacted a total confiscation of the personal property, and in many cases, an alienation of the real estate of the criminal, *after conviction:* but, by another ancient law, whose cruel enactment dates from the reign of Edward the Third, it is decreed that if the criminal stands mute, and refuses to plead, he must suffer the dreadful penalty therein prescribed for his contumacy; but, as *no conviction* can, in that case, take place, *no confiscation* of his estates can follow. It was to this Major Strangeways alluded in his refusal to answer the charges brought against him. He knew death to be inevitable, whether he were found guilty and suffered on the gibbet, or by an obstinate silence subjected himself to the '*peine fort et dure.*' But the last was a death so horrible, that even the judges on the bench exhorted him to shun such awful suffering, by a compliance with the requisition of the court. He was, however, not to be moved from his purpose, and his answer to his counsel, who urged him to avoid the terrible sentence of the law, was decisive.

"I will not leave my little Alice a beggar," said he. "What matters the mode of my death, or whether my bodily pangs be of longer or shorter duration? I shall be nerved to bear all by the thought that I am not a proclaimed criminal, privileged to leave only an inheritance of disgrace and poverty to my child."

After much vain expostulation the court was compelled to pronounce sentence in conformity with the law, and a fearful shudder ran through the veins of each horror-stricken listener, as it was declared that:

"The prisoner at the bar be sent to the place from whence he came; that he be put into a mean house, stopped from any light; and that he be laid upon his back, with his arms stretched forth with a cord, the one to one side of his prison, the other to the other side of his prison, and in like manner shall his legs be used: and that upon his body shall be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear and *more;* that the first day he shall have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next day he shall drink thrice of the water of the next channel to the

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prison door, but no spring or fountain water, and this shall be his punishment 'till he die."

Such was the cruel penalty inflicted upon one who refused to plead; a penalty derived from the days of early tyranny, when such a refusal deprived the feudal lord or sovereign, of the escheat or forfeiture of the criminal's estate, and was therefore rendered liable to a punishment so severe as to terrify all persons from incurring it. But with unblanching courage Major Strangeways listened to the awful sentence, and upon his return to his prison, wrote to Major Dewie, a member of parliament, who had married one of his sisters, in the following words:

"DEAR BROTHER:—I hope these lines and pressing death will so far expiate my crime, as to procure you and my other friends forgiveness, for my conscience bears me witness I was provoked by many of my brother-in-law's unsufferable wrongs. After divers parlies, finding his inveterate spleen so implacable, as to indict and inform against me at the open bench, my flesh and blood held no longer patience, but sought to usurp the vengeful attribute which God appropriates to himself, when he would not answer me in single combat, though I offered him advantage in the length of weapon. Yet, this I will assure you, that I did not design his death, but by the discharging of a warning piece, to have only terrified his heart from prosecuting litigious suits, and thereby let him know, that he was at another man's mercy, if he continued the same.

"In a word, each man oweth a death, and I *two*, by this untimely fact: the one to my Maker, the other to the law,—which invokes me to pay the one more willingly, being confident that the other is cancelled by the all-seeing eye of Divine mercy and justice. These, in short, are the last words of

"Your dying brother,

"GEORGE STRANGEWAYS.

"*From the Press-Yard, in Newgate, 28th of February*, 1659."

On the last day of the month, at eleven in the morning, the Sheriffs of London, accompanied by their officers, came to the Press-yard, where, after a few minutes delay, Major Strangeways appeared. Clad in a white dress, over which was thrown a long mourning cloak,—"his attire," says the chronicle, "handsomely emblemed the condition he was then in, who, though his soul wore a sable robe of mourning for his former sins, it was now become his upper garment, and, in a few minutes, being cast off, would discover the immaculate dress of mercy which was under it." Accompanied by a few of his friends and the Reverened Dr. Warmsley, who had ministered faithfully to him in holy things, he was guarded to the dungeon from whence he was never to return with life. Kneeling on the floor of his prison, he prayed most fervently, and expressing the sincerest penitence for his offence, he implored the prayers of all present, that he might be supported in his awful trial. Then uttering, with a loud clear voice, his confession of faith, he took a solemn leave of his friends, and prepared himself for the last scene of this dreadful tragedy.

The heart sickens at the horrible recital, and the pen drops from the hand which now indites this record of crime and cruelty. The ancient chronicler dwells with curious minuteness upon the horrors of his last moments, but the eye of humanity quails at the painful view. Whether the compassion of his executioners led them to increase the weights which were crushing out his life, is not known, but his agonizing sufferings were certainly of short duration. His death ensued within ten minutes after he submitted to this punishment.

Such was the end of Major Strangeways, a man of fine talents, of gracious bearing, of a generous nature, and a most loyal and noble gentleman, but who fell a victim to his own vindictive passions. The unhappy Mabel, overwhelmed with the tragic fate of both her husband and her brother, sunk into a melancholy, from which she never recovered. At her death, she bequeathed the estate of Mosson to the orphan Alice, who, while she mourned the untimely fate of her relatives, was carefully kept in ignorance of the crime which had led to so much misfortune; and, during the course of a long life, never knew at what a fearful price her father had purchased for her the *right of inheritance*.

NOTE.—Whether the law which condemned criminals to be pressed to death for refusing to plead, be yet repealed, I know not,—but it certainly has fallen into disuse. By a statute of George III, every person who refused to plead in answer to a criminal charge, was proceeded against as if actually proved to be guilty, and suffered the penalty prescribed by law for the crime of which he was accused. Our laws, however, more humanely direct, that if the prisoner stand mute, the proceedings shall be carried on as if he pleaded *not guilty*—thus affording him every chance of escaping which testimony can furnish. In the legal history of England, there are numerous instances of persons who have had resolution and patience to undergo so terrible a death in order to benefit their heirs, by preventing a forfeiture of their estates, which would have been the consequence of a conviction by a verdict. There is a memorable story of an ancestor of an ancient family in the North of England. In a fit of jealousy he killed his wife, and put to death the children who were at home, by throwing them from the battlements of his castle: and proceeding with an intent to destroy his only remaining child, an infant, nursed at a farm-house at some distance, he was intercepted by a storm of thunder and lightning. This awakened in his breast the compunctions of conscience. He desisted from his purpose, and having surrendered himself to justice, in order to secure his estates to his child, he had the resolution to die under the dreadful judgment of '*peine fort et dure*.'—Vide Blackstone, book iv. note to sec. 325.

Original.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

BY PROFESSOR H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophecying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting 'till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight;
And learn from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden! that readest this simple rhyme.
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, oh! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For Time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest

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Original.

MADELON SANTE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

In the year 1812, being an invalid, I was advised by my physicians to leave the city and find a quiet retreat in some country hamlet. Pursuing their advice, I took up my residence in that of Lignes, in the department of Pas de Calais, at the dwelling of one Madam Sante. The very name appeared to me a lucky omen, and I soon found myself at home in the bosom of the humble and happy family, which consisted of only Madam and her pretty daughter, Madelon. Jaques de Sante, the husband of Madam, had died shortly after the birth of his daughter, leaving the good dame charged with her entire care and support. He had been only a peasant, and saving the little cottage which he had inherited from his father, with a patch of garden ground, he could boast of no other portion of this world's goods; but the pittance arising from his daily labor, amply provided the necessary comforts for himself and wife, while the birth of the little Madelon filled their cup of contentment to overflowing. But death! the spoiler, came in the sunshine of their bliss, and Jaques de Sante was called to an early grave.

After the grief of the young widow had somewhat abated, she thought of the best means to support herself and infant daughter. Her little garden, luckily, was of a productive soil, and with the knowledge of cultivation she had acquired from her husband, backed by her own industry, she contrived to raise sufficient fruits and flowers, the profits arising from the sale of which, was enough to furnish all that her contented mind desired. The little Madelon, as she progressed in years, did also in beauty, and her sixteenth summer found her the loveliest maiden of the hamlet, at least, the young men, who are the best judges of such matters, with one voice awarded her the title of "*the village rose.*"

It was at this period of Madelon's minority that I became an inmate of their happy home, and if ever the hand of nature had lavished the riches of loveliness upon the human form, it had on that of the innocent Madelon. From beneath a clear and open brow glanced two eyes of the brightest lustre. Her mouth, which seemed to speak of love alone, was gemmed with teeth regular and white as the purest pearl. Her hair, dark as the plumage of the raven's wing, flowed in long and luxuriant tresses over a neck and bust of the most perfect mould, while the pure blood mantling in her cheek, shone through a skin of downy softness, in color like the lily when tinged with the fervid beams of summer. Such a form was a fitting shrine for the soul of virtue with which God had endowed this beautiful creature.

At this period, Napoleon was busy in his preparations for the invasion of Russia, and for the purpose of levying troops, couriers were despatched to all parts of the kingdom. No spot was sacred from the mandate of this mighty murderer. Fathers, sons, and husbands, all were dragged into the arena of warfare, victims to be offered up on the altar of Moloch, to satiate the blood-thirsty appetite of a man, who had for his aim, nothing but self aggrandisement,—the gratification of ambitious passions, which he hypocritically clothed under the pretence of a love of country—the advancement of the glory of his "*La Belle France.*"

In the universal conscription, it was not to be expected that the peaceful inhabitants of Lignes should have been exempted from the human tribute; and accordingly, one evening, a young officer rode into the village and proclaimed the orders of the Emperor. His carriage was noble and manly, his figure of exquisite proportion, his manners were bland and attractive, while his conversation pronounced him as one who had mingled in the saloons of refinement. As there was no exact inn in the place, and almost every inhabitant could scarcely boast of more than sufficient accommodation for himself, it was suggested by one of a group who was looking on the young officer with rustic surprise and delight, that the dwelling of Madam Sante might probably afford him the necessary accommodation during his transient sojourn, and the speaker at once offered to conduct him to her cottage. At the garden gate he was met by Madelon, who, never having beheld a soldier in her life, gazed with admiration and delight on the handsome dress and figure of the stranger. He politely inquired for the mistress of the house, and Madelon, with her natural grace and simplicity, which at once charmed and captivated the young soldier, conducted him to the presence of her mother. Having explained his business to Madam, and professing his willingness to be contented with whatever accommodation she might be pleased to bestow, the good dame consented to receive him, and Captain Vervé, from that moment, became a lodger at the cottage.

Time flew on—days had melted into weeks, and weeks had merged into months. The necessary number of recruits had been obtained, and the day of departure appointed. During Vervé's residence, it was to me plainly perceivable, that Madelon's heart and soul were with him. If he spoke to her, her eye would sparkle with delight, if he gazed upon her, the blood would mount in rosy richness to her cheek and her whole frame betray an unusual tremor. More than once I had observed the tear start into her eye when he mentioned the time of his departure; and one occasion, I found her sobbing deeply in the arbor of the garden,—she seemed confused at my presence, and when I questioned her as to the cause of her sorrow, she could only reply by a fresh flood of tears, and fled in confusion and terror from my sight. It was easy, however, to divine the cause. Her heart had been given to the handsome Vervé, and now she dreaded the moment of their separation. The fond and artless mother dreamt not that her child stood in the path of temptation, that the blandishments and artifices of the young soldier were sapping the foundation of her virtue, that the serpent was slowly yet effectually coiling his folds around his victim—that the moment was fast approaching, when the beauteous girl would fall from the summit of her innocence, and her fair name become a thing of mockery and scorn. Vervé, so cautiously did he lay his snares, that it defied the keenest eye to detect their slightest semblance. He sung to her the songs of his beloved France, he depicted to her in the most glow-

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ing colors the wonders and glories of the busy world, 'till her own beautiful and happy home appeared but a bleak and barren wilderness. The mind of Madelon thus unsettled, it was not difficult for Vervé to effect his design. She saw in him only the soul of honor and of truth, deceit she would not believe dwelt in so fair and gallant a form, and in her confiding fondness and simplicity of heart, in a fatal moment yielded to the wiles of the seducer.

Time, who is ever on the wing, at length brought on the day of his departure. It was one of those balmy mornings in May, such as are only at that early season of the year to be found in the sunny soil of France. Summer from her rosy urn had scattered her treasures upon the earth. The trees were laden with their snowy blossoms, the flowrets smiling through their dewy tears,—beauty and love were blended in one harmonious whole.

At the earliest blush of morn, the drum broke the slumbers of the hamlet, and heavily did it fall on many a heart. The conscripts were speedily assembled, burning eyes and throbbing bosoms were thronging around them,—every maiden in the village but one was there, to bid a brother or a lover a long and sad, if not perhaps, an eternal farewell. That absent one it is almost needless to say, was Madelon. Why was she not present to bid her handsome Vervé, "God's speed" upon his journey? Many were the suspicions and surmises exchanged among her companions, but all were ignorant of the proper cause. Alas! poor Madelon lay on her pillow, a weeping sufferer,—'a blighted lily' on the bed of crime.

The last parting was over, the lilied banner of France was unfurled above the little band, the drum and fife mingled their warlike sounds together, and amidst shouts that rose from grief-stifled voices, the conscripts turned their backs upon their native village, followed by weeping eyes, and blessed by aching hearts.

Sorrow, however, must find an intermission. The inhabitants soon relapsed into their accustomed pursuits, and except an occasional remark as to the destiny of the party, no one would have known that the ties of affection and kindred had so recently been sundered. But forgetfulness, peace, and happiness, were strangers to the bosom of Madelon. Her eyes, that once sparkled like those of the gazelle, were now sunken and lustreless. The ruddy tint had vanished from her cheek, her lips, that once flushed like a cleft cherry, were wan and bloodless,—deep drawn sighs occasionally escaped from her,—the usual neatness in her attire was neglected, and to the poor mother it was apparent that some heavy weight lay upon the mind of her daughter, but to all her inquiries, Madelon would only reply, "It is nothing, mother,—nothing."

The summer had passed away, and the brown mantle of autumn was spread over the landscape, still, no tidings had reached the village of Lignes respecting the fate of the conscripts. This was owing to the shrewd policy of Napoleon, who had given orders that all communication should be withheld from the relatives of those who were in the ranks of the army, fearing that the knowledge of their sufferings might chill the ardor of the people, and dim the glory of his mighty enterprise. But, among all who were anxious for intelligence, none was so dreadful a victim to suspense as Madelon. To her, Vervé's silence was an eternity of torture,—"Vervé! her beloved her noble minded Vervé," as in the fondness of her heart in her solitary moments she used to call him, had never sent her the promised advice and assistance to enable her to join him in Paris. Her situation could no longer be concealed, and the poor mother beheld her darling child the creature of guilt and shame. For the first moment in her existence did she feel her honest spirit humbled—and the arrow of grief sink deep into her heart. She had known the pangs of a bereaved wife, but her fair name was then unspotted, her trust was in Heaven, and she had still the image of her husband before her, in the features of the beauteous Madelon. That Madelon, who now was a thing of sin, who had brought dishonor upon her hearth, and her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

The poor woman uttered not a word of reproach, but affectionately embraced her blighted blossom. "Poor Madelon! poor Madelon!" she exclaimed, while the tears of anguish fell from her eyes like drops of molten lead. "Thou art a stricken deer, but pillow thy head upon thy mother's breast, who never will forsake thee—her home is thy home, and thy babe shall not be the less welcome to her arms although begotten in sin and shame."

The unhappy girl could not reply—a thrilling shriek escaped her, and she fell senseless upon the floor.

It was late in the day when the poor creature awoke to consciousness,—her mother was hanging over her in the greatest solicitude. The sight of the parent revived anew the fountain of her grief, and grasping her hand with a look of misery, in a voice of melancholy supplication exclaimed,

"Mother, dear mother, can you forgive me?"

The kind parent fell upon her daughter's bosom, and mingled tears with kisses. As the night closed in, Madelon entreated her to retire to her own apartment and seek repose, assuring her that she was now much better, and needed not her attention. The confiding parent consented, and withdrew to a sleepless pillow, never again to behold the form of her Madelon.—A desperate resolution had taken possession of the heart of the girl.

"Vervé," she exclaimed, "I will find thee if the world holds thee!" and starting from her bed, she hastily collected a few articles of necessary apparel, and taking with her a scanty sum of money, she determined to make her way to Paris. She stole softly from her chamber—she had to pass that of her mother, and placing her ear to the door, she heard the heavy sobs of her sorrowing parent. She fell upon her knees, and in the silence of heart, breathed a farewell blessing. As she opened the door of the cottage, the light of the full moon fell in placid brilliance around her. The little garden with its balmy flowrets, the nurslings of her own hands, lay slumbering in dreamy beauty, not the sigh of a midnight zephyr disturbed a leaf or blossom. She paused as if in hesitation, her heart beat heavily, tears gushed into her eyes, she was departing from the home of her childhood, a lone,

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unfriended, guilty creature. She felt that memory was busy within her, that reflection might make her waver in her purpose, and with a desperate energy rushed from the cottage, gained the path that led from the hamlet, and ere the first streaks of light had silvered the eastern horizon, was several leagues on her road to Paris.

On the mother repairing to Madelon's apartment, in the morning, she was surprised to find she was not there. Suspicion of her departure in a moment fell upon her, and the fact was made manifest by the absence of the articles which Madelon had carried with her. Frantic, she searched every corner of the cottage, then in the bewilderment of her grief rushed to the village. No time was lost in endeavoring to trace the footsteps of the fugitive, but in vain. No one had seen her. Far beyond the distance which she could have journeyed, since her absence was discovered, messengers were despatched in the hopes of overtaking her, but all of them returned with the chilling intelligence, that no signs of the unhappy girl could be found. The most horrible suspicion now flashed upon the wretched mother,—a deep conviction of her child's destruction entered her mind. "My Madelon, my child!" she unceasingly exclaimed; and when the evening came, a cold and frightful stupor had settled upon her—insanity had claimed her for its own.

Sick and weary of this scene of misery, I quitted the once happy dwelling, and departed again for the metropolis of France, indulging the vague hope, that I might discover the unfortunate Madelon, and restore her, if not to her former state of happiness, at least to watch over the waning moments of her maniac mother.

Four months had passed away amidst the bustle and confusion of Paris, but no sight, no tidings could I gain of her. I however learnt, that Vervé had, immediately on his arrival from Lignes, been despatched to the head quarters of his regiment, but previous to which, he had allied himself to a young lady of considerable beauty and accomplishments, forgetting his promises and plighted faith to Madelon. But, as Providence, sooner or later follows such acts with its retribution, he shortly after fell in the conflict of Vitepsk.

One cold and dreary morning in February, I happened to be passing in the neighborhood of the Morgue,—a dense and excited crowd was assembled in front of the building, and my curiosity led me to inquire the cause. I was informed that the body of a young female, with that of an infant bound to her bosom, had been taken from the waters of the Seine. An indescribable feeling took possession of my heart, a horrible presentiment of something fatal. I approached the door of the building, and with trembling hand, applied the heavy iron knocker. The loud sound rung dismally through the walls, and died away in a low, long, and melancholy echo. The porter appeared, and stating my wish to behold the bodies, he at once conducted me to the receptacle of death.

The light of day glimmered faintly through a narrow casement, revealing the interior of a gloomy stone apartment. In the centre, stood a long table, on which the outlines of a human figure were seen, through a thin drapery carelessly cast over it. My conductor beckoned me to approach, I did so, and on his removing the covering, I started back with a wild exclamation of horror and surprise. Great God! it was the corpse of the beautiful and unfortunate Madelon. Her long, dark tresses were yet dripping with the cold waters of the river. Her eyelids were closed—a faint smile seemed settled on her pallid and lifeless features. By her side lay a dead babe, apparently of a few weeks old, beautiful as the mother, the mutual offspring, no doubt, of Madelon and her heartless seducer.

On inquiry, I found that the poor girl on her arrival in Paris, learning the conduct of Vervé, was seized with a dangerous illness. Her peculiar situation attracted the commiseration of some kind hearted individuals, who administered to her wants. After giving birth to her unfortunate babe, she resolved upon her own and its destruction. With the fondness of a mother, she had bound the hapless nursling to her bosom with a scarf, once the gift of its libertine father, and in the dark and silent hour of midnight, they had together found a grave in the deep waters of the Seine.

Original.

STANZAS.—EARTH AND ITS DESTINIES.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

'Tis vain to tell me what this world can give,
When I see daily what it takes away
From spirits that would seem too bright to live
In realms where e'en the wicked weep to stay!

II.

This earth—and its sad destinies!—behold,
Their passing mastery of the great and good—
'Till, like creations of a meaner mould,
They bow before an influence cold and rude.

III.

Then what is glory, and its trumpet song,
Pour'd round the pathway of our pilgrimage,—
Its echo, though for cent'ries, were not long,
Compar'd with fame that lives upon the page

IV.

Of Heaven, and Truth eternal. If we die
In battle for great Virtue, we have won
A splendid wreath for this mortality,
Beyond all mightiness of earth's renown!

V.

Then think too of that joy, the memory
Of those who love us, and of those we love!
'Tis worth all riches this side of the sky,
And type most blessed of our wealth above.

VI.

And count not wealth by mines, nor joy by fame—
They hold, beyond the stars, their radiant home!
Let us look upward for a jewel'd name,—
Where angel tongues do greet us as we roam!

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Original.

THE MOLTEN CALF.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

A CLOUD on Sinai's summit sleeps
Which o'er the plain no shadow throws,
The tempest which around it sweeps
Mars not its deep repose.
And though the gusts be wild and loud,
The hill before their force shall bend,
Ere in its slighted folds they rend,
The tabernacle cloud.

Within its deep, mysterious folds
JEHOVAH's presence dwells in light,
And Israel from the plain beholds
His GOD upon the height,
Unseen but visible, as when
A veil of flesh the cloud supplied,
And covered, though it could not hide,
GOD from the eyes of men.

And he, of sinful mortal mould,
Admitted to that veil alone
High converse with his GOD to hold,
Before the cloudy throne,
Hears in entranced and trembling awe
Syllabic thunders round him roll,
Revealing to his inmost soul
JEHOVAH's holy law.

The moon, since first he climbed that hill,
Hath waned and waxed, and waned again,
While sinful thoughts and wishes fill
The crowd upon the plain:—
And, whilst the tents around them shake
With Sinai's thunders loud and dread,
Their hearts to holy impulse dead
JEHOVAH's laws forsake.

And he, borne on by floods of sin,
Whose lips should sacred truth unfold,
Reddens the furnace, and throws in
The desecrated gold:
And from the mould their hands had made
Comes forth their god!—a molten beast—
In whose foul worship Levite, Priest,
And People bow the head.

And marvel we that man, with all
God's power displayed before his eyes,
Should from his high allegiance fall
To senseless sacrifice?
Like those whose feet the desert trod
Trifles and toys our bosoms fill,
Earth claims affection deeper still
Than holiness and GOD.

Look round; whe'er thine eye can rest
A present Deity is there,
His footsteps on the billow's crest,
His voices in the air,
His hand in every tree and flower,
His eye in Heaven's eternal blue,
And in life,—instinct,—reason,—view
"The hiding of His Power!"

And still from Him we turn away
And fill our hearts with worthless things,
The fires of Avarice melt the clay
And forth the idol springs!
Ambition's flame and Passion's heat,
By wondrous alchemy, transmute
Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
To fill JEHOVAH's seat.

Boston, 1840.

Original.

ODE TO WASHINGTON.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

SON of the free, first-born of fame!
Serene but great in soul,
Supreme as truth shall live thy name,
While storm and tempests roll!
Graven upon each freeman's heart,
While life endures, 'till time depart,
While freedom's banners wave;
First, last, alone, its spell shall be,
Flame on the altars of the free;
Enduring as the grave.

What was thy course? Not his of Gaul, (3)
Whose star hath set in night;
The scourge of earth, the comet king,
Who flashed upon the sight—
(Where the red god of battle stood,)
Careering over fields of blood,
His glance a nation's blight;
With death and flame upon his sword,
An Attila, scourge of the Lord!

What was thy course? Not his of Greece, (1)
That spread his pinions forth;
The vulture conqueror of peace,
A fire-brand o'er the earth;
From East to West, o'er land and sea,
While millions bent to him the knee,
Nor dared to doubt his worth;
And Monarchs bowed beneath his nod,
As mountains 'neath the breath of God!

What was thy course? Not his of Rome, (2)
Who left but one to weep,
And met beneath the Senate dome,
Death's everlasting sleep;
Returning conqueror of the earth,
To perish by his natal hearth,
While faction's bell tolled deep;
A thousand triumphs crumbling down,
He dreamt the footstools to a crown.

What was thy course? The bird of kings,
Down from his starry dome,
With conquest glowing on his wings,
Made freedom's land his home—
And perched upon thy banner, stood,
Lord over seas of foreign blood,—
Nor sought again to roam;
His fiery glance, the polar star,
That nations wond'ring, saw afar.

While the red foeman's battle cry,
Swept fiercely on the gale,
And, foremost, where death's shafts flew by,
When wert thou known to quail?
Unflinching 'mid the conflicts toil,
Thou proud Achilles of the soil,
With virtue for thy mail;
We hail'd thee mighty—"first in war,"
And honored thy triumphal car.

When blue-eyed peace, her pennon spread,
O'er vale and hill and sea;
Fame twined the laurel round thy head,
And bent to thee, the knee—
"First *then* in peace"—thy will, a throne,
A nation's love had made thine own,
But choosing to be free;
Thou livest yet, shrined in each heart,
First, last, supreme, while life hath part!

Philadelphia, Dec. 1840.

3. Napoleon.—1. Alexander.—2. Cæsar.

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Original.

CONVERSATION ON PERIODICAL TALES AND THEIR AUTHORS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

PERSONS present, Mrs. Saville, her daughters, Mary and Louisa, her son, Henry, Mr. Halroyd, their visitant, and her aunt, Mrs. Berry.

Mrs. Berry. "Surely, Mr. Halroyd, I did not hear you aright? I am indeed that obsolete creature, an old woman, therefore my ears may be defective. I thought you said you didn't like Pickwick nor Nicholas Nickleby?"

Mr. H. "You were right, ma'am—quite right—I think them excessively *low*—indeed, a very few pages satisfied me. I threw the book or pamphlet, or whatever they call it, down in disgust."

Mrs. Saville. "The observation seems to have made my daughters throw down their work in *surprise*."

Louisa, (reddening). "You need not have changed the word, mamma, for it would have done very well to express my emotion, at least—how anybody can dislike an author of such various powers of entertaining—who brings people before your eyes as distinctly as if they were your daily guests, and enables you to hear their very words, and read the hearts which suggest such words, I really cannot imagine."

Mr. H. "That he does all that, I grant, little as I saw of his book—but the question is, what does he bring before you? So far as I saw, they were either low people, in the second and third rate classes of tradesmen, to wit: Pickwick and his *coterie*, or far below them, servants, coachmen, and such like, but I am told that many of his scenes are actually in prisons and dens, 'where thieves do congregate.' One of his, I hear, begins in a work-house, and ends with murder. I assure you with us down in the country, no young lady *who is a lady*, would think of reading any of Dickens' works."

Henry S. "Heaven defend me from country misses! I have heard a good deal of their starched manners and queer fancies, but I had no idea of such fastidiousnes as this, towards an author who is utterly incapable of awakening a blush on the purest cheek, and who makes vice more hateful than any author I have ever met with."

Mr. H. That may be, but excellence of that kind does not render him a proper writer for young people, and yet it is the young who read tales almost exclusively. Now what can they learn in a workhouse or a prison, that can do them good? Is a conversation between a Beadle and a Bailey, likely to add to the accomplishment of an elegant minded girl? the dissection of a bad man's heart may be cleverly performed; but is yours rendered the better for seeing that which it loathes? You would not take your sisters to witness an execution, I apprehend, and by the same rule would hardly offer to them the contemplation of those heroes who are called upon to exhibit as principal performers. I disapprove the books in question in *toto*. I am sure Miss Mary does not read them?"

Louisa. "Not read them?—she devours them, then, for nobody likes to get into a corner with Nicholas Nickleby, better than she does, though he makes her cry almost every number, and when Oliver Twist came in, mamma hid it, because Mary had been reduced by the influenza, and would have been too much affected by it—indeed, we all loved poor Oliver best of all."

Henry S. "That arises from your *town* education; had you lived all your lives in splendid country mansions, or rural cottage *ornée*, where flowers enamel every path, birds sing in every bush, fair maids talk poetry, and study astronomy—dress like Ida of Athens, in 'woven air,' and are altogether superior creatures, but not, therefore angelic, for angels minister to man even when degraded, if penitent; whereas! these etherialized, azure blue, double distilled, ultra sylph—"

Louisa. "Nay, Henry, don't talk so fast, and look so angry. I am too quick, and you are worse than me."

Henry S. "Perhaps I am! but I thought—I hoped my mother would help me to—to—"

Mrs. Saville. "Certainly not to ridicule country young ladies, Henry, since I have been, and am acquainted with several whom I sincerely love and esteem—there are many charming girls in Mr. Halroyd's neighborhood, well read, sensible, unaffected girls, to whom your epithets will not, (in so far as they are satirical,) at all apply, and I hope you will not pain me by using such to persons of whom you are ignorant."

Henry S. "But they are no better than my sisters?—than your daughters, mother? Surely you will not say that?"

Mrs. Saville. "I am not likely to do it, as the admission would certainly criminate myself, but I can see clearly that different opinions may exist, and different lines of conduct be adopted, by persons who live in different situations, without any reflection passed in condemnation on either side, being just or tenable."

Henry S. "Pray go on, mother. I am sure you will give Dickens his due before you have done with him."

Mrs. Saville. "I admire his genius, research, and industry, so much, that I am by no means equal to giving him his *due*, but far beyond my admiration of his talents, is my esteem for his *motive*, which I do firmly believe to be that of the purest philanthropy, the most effective humanity. We have all heard it said, 'one half of the world does not know how the other half lives;' this author shows us *how*. No other has told us half so much of the dregs of misery in the cup of life—the union of poverty with crime, the fruits of the conviction, and its effects on all the relations of each; yet his pictures are never exaggerated, though their effects are intense—in their truth exists their power."

Mr. Halroyd. "I never dreamt of denying his *power*, my dear madam, but I object to the mode of its exercise. Why, when I seek for an hour's amusement by light reading, am I to be led to a work-house or a prison?—associated with fiends in human shape, who

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drive their fellow creatures to perdition, or their victims whilst on the rack, where they have placed them?"

Mrs. Saville. "I would answer, simply because you are a *man*, one of the great family of rational and accountable beings, who are each called upon to assist the whole, by knowledge, discrimination, relief, arising from instruction, pity or bounty, according to your means. If men and painful objects are offered to your consideration, you cannot conscientiously shut your eyes to them, in my opinion, unless they really affect you injuriously, or because you are sensible of an utter incapability of practising the virtues they seek to call into action."

Mrs. Berry. "But surely these sad scenes may be endured, not only as a duty, but because they are closely connected with the most beautiful traits of high moral feeling, generous impulse, natural affection, quiet self-denial, and pure integrity, that humanity, aided by religious sensibility, could perform?"

Henry S. "Yes, and there is a great deal of humor in them, too—smiles follow the tears speedily, and the tears themselves are pleasurable. I think they afford as good a comment, as complete a justification of Akenside's assertion in that magnificent poem "The Pleasures of Imagination," as ever was written. Nay, you know what I allude to."

Mary. "Yes, brother, I remember he opens thus:

'Behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
By vexing fortune, or intrusive pain,
Shall never be divided from her chaste
And fair attendant, pleasure.'"

Mr. Halroyd. "Nay, if you bring poetry, (and such poetry as that exquisite, though comparatively little read poem,) against me, I know not what to say. I—I certainly never dreamt of uniting such names as Sam Weller with his, who could exclaim:

'Ask the fond youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms—so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour.
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er—'"

Mrs. Saville. "Pardon me for interrupting you, for a more beautiful and touching effusion never hallowed the lyre of the muse, but I cannot forbear saying, that in the affection and tenderness of sweet Kate Nickleby to her very silly, *inconsequent* mother, I find something so touchingly beautiful, so true to nature, and to the highest qualities of duty and girlhood, towards a widowed parent, that if that poor sufferer had been the only portrait of the amiable, he had drawn, I must have pronounced Mr. Dickens a master in his art. Of course I feel the same loathing horror, the same disgust and and contempt, the same wish, that some characters had never been brought before me,

'To blight my eyes, and plague my heart,'

which you do, but—"

Henry S. "Mother, you mistake; Mr. Halroyd has never been horrified by Ralph Nickleby or the Jew; never felt his blood run cold, when that of the wretched girl was shed; he rejected the works because they were *low*. He could not soil his glance by contact with vulgarity."

Mr. Halroyd. "I confess I had this conception of the case, which was confirmed by all that was told in my own neighborhood, but I apprehend we were wrong; it is at least certain, I will read them for myself, and as far as possible, divest myself of former prejudices. That they cannot be as coarse and low-lived as I have heard them represented, is evident, since Mrs. Saville has not only read, but permitted her daughters to read them, but I certainly know ladies who would be surprized to hear it."

Mrs. Saville. "There are mothers I well know, who seek to keep their children from the very knowledge of the existence of evil, and labor to this purpose, of course, from the very highest motives, but certainly such labor must be in vain, in all large communities. We London people may be as innocent, but we cannot possibly be, in these matters, as ignorant as our country friends, therefore we may be allowed to look at the world as it is, when the view is calculated to increase our abhorrence of evil, and strengthen our love of virtue, notwithstanding it is so often the sufferer."

Louisa. "But surely, dear mother, good principle is a much higher motive of action than the mere absence of sinful knowledge. I am sure you always taught us that duty was a far better guide than sensibility, and that the severest dictates must be obeyed. Where can there be a more beautiful example given, than in the patience and industry of poor Madeline, for her horrid wretch of a father?"

Mrs. Berry. "The description of that poor girl's situation, is not overcharged. I have known persons similarly situated."

Louisa. "I hope they did not marry wicked old men, my dear madam? it terrifies me when I think on her situation, and—"

Henry S. "Don't forestall your author, Louisa, it is injustice to him, and disappointment to yourself. You see how angry he is at the theatrical people for botching up their paltry dramas out of his immature schemes, and he may well be so. I am very glad he has given them the indignant lashing he has, and I only wish the law could protect him and other authors, by rendering their every thought sacred, at least, for a given period. I fear, however, it will never be done; there seems to be a combination against authors, interwoven with the principles of society—a kind of tacit, but universal agreement, to neglect and injure that very class of beings to whom we are most deeply indebted."

Mr. Halroyd. "I perfectly agree with you, Henry, on *this* point; we all do wrong to our highest benefactors, and when one, more generous, because more conscientious than the rest, comes forward in their behalf, his single hand is necessarily found inefficient for its high daring; witness Sarjeant Talfourd's failure.

Mary S. "But he has not failed yet, so far as I can learn. He is so clever, and so good, he must succeed eventually. I trust so, at least."

Mr. Halroyd. "I must say 'amen to that sweet prayer,' but I fear the youngest of us will not live to see its fulfilment."

Mrs. Berry. "Let us rejoice in the circumstance of

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some authors being able to take care of themselves. It is said Mrs. Trollope has done so in her new attempt."

Mr. Halroyd. "An attempt, also, said to have failed. I am not an admirer of hers, though I think her abilities of the first order."

Mrs. Berry. "Her endeavor to assist a long oppressed portion of the community, and that, the most helpless, cannot fail to elicit your approbation; besides, you are fond of children."

Henry S. "Not dirty, ragged children—they are *low* creatures, not within the pale of fashionable humanity."

Mr. Halroyd. "Now that is more malicious than I gave you credit for, Mr. Henry Saville, after renouncing my first prejudices as I did. The fact is, I *do* like children, not the better for being dirty, it is certain, but frequently in spite of that circumstance. You know it was only the other day I noticed the beautiful small hands of the orange-woman's child, at the corner of the street, and said, how completely it was at variance with Lord Byron's assertion about small hands being the gift of nature to aristocracy, for I had remarked in a thousand instances the fallacy of his conclusion, for labor, not nature, made the difference by destroying the delicacy."

Henry S. "I cry you mercy, Frederick, so you did, and what was more, exemplified your subject by putting a couple of buns in said hands—so now what think you of Mrs. Trollope's factory-boy?"

"*Mr. Halroyd.* "I think she will defeat her purpose by her excess. I know several cotton lords, and amongst them might find one or two, perhaps, as ostentatious as Sir Matthew, but one so hard-hearted, so malicious, insidious, cruel and contriving as him, neither I nor any one else ever has seen, or will see, in these degenerate days, when a man's follies frequently neutralize his ferocities. Educated men are rarely ruffians."

Mrs. Berry. "I can assure you, Mr. Halroyd, that in my young days, I knew a man, the master of a cotton-mill, who used the little creatures under his control as cruelly, or more so, than any thing she has depicted hitherto. He was the junior partner of good and respectable men, who resided in the south and west of England, and left him to his own management, which I firmly believe to have been much worse than any thing ever done in the West Indies, because the unhappy beings he murdered piecemeal, were not purchased by his own money. People were then so zealously engaged on behalf of the negroes, that the case of white slaves was never considered. I thank God I have lived to see the time, when having emancipated one race, they have time to think of the other."

Mr. Halroyd. "*Think* they ought, and not only think, but act in behalf of their suffering fellow creatures, but exaggeration rarely effects its object, and very frequently defeats it entirely. The man you speak of, could not, in the present day, be so far tolerated as to escape public odium. I believe, formerly, the system of closing the mills against inspection, did hide outrages which are, at present, unknown."

Mrs. Berry. "The company I speak of, had two mills, one in Devonshire, the other in Yorkshire, and in order the more effectually to enslave their victims, an exchange was made of the children working in each manufactory, by which every young creature was torn from its country, its parents, and every other connection, precisely during that period of existence when tenderness and watchfulness are most called for. The difference of climate must be one source of suffering, and in a class of their description, the difference of language might be called another, so great were their provincial difficulties. Scantily fed, poorly clothed, and often cruelly beaten, seldom knowing exactly their own age, and unable to learn it from their neighborhood; kept closely in their prison house, and taking their only exercise within the high walls of a small play ground—always short of the usual stature of manhood, their apprenticeship had no end, and many a care-worn face, with the lineaments of thirty, attached to a body of eighteen, might have been traced amongst them. Now and then an adventurous spirit might escape, and throw himself and his bleeding wounds before the eye of justice, in which case he never failed to be liberated and sent home, but this circumstance only closed the doors more effectually. Such a state of things, thank God, could not exist now."

Louisa. "Dear aunt, do their successors behave well to them at this time?"

Mrs. Berry. "My dear, they built a second mill close to the first, and worked them both night and day, and the sleepy children set the mill on fire, as it was supposed; at all events, burnt it was, and never rebuilt. I was then married and gone, so I know little of the circumstances belonging to its destruction, but the way in which it was carried on, I know but too well, for the 'secrets of the prison house,' came repeatedly under my observation. Well do I remember seeing a child sit on a stool beside a wheel, to join cotton when broken, who was in the last stages of dropsy, and said he had been ill a year. In forty-eight hours after I spoke to him, I saw his corpse conveyed to the grave, as he had dropped from his seat dead, soon after I had seen him."

Henry S. "Poor child, those around him remembered not that

> 'On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious hand the closing eye requires.'"

Mrs. Berry. "Pious hands and pitying hearts were certainly little known in those cases, formerly, and I fear are not much more common now, nevertheless, I have known one or two excellently-conducted factories. There was a large one near Mansfield, the owner of which was of the society of Friends, that was every way humanely conducted, but I fear there is still a great deal to be done before this Augean stable is cleansed."

Mr. Halroyd. "True madam, nor will such an effect result from a lady's pamphlet. Elephants are not whisked away by fly-flappers."

Mrs. Saville. "Don't be too sure of that, young man. Satire has long been 'able to make those humble who escape the law,' and when to this is added the power of truthful pathos in describing a mother's agonizing solicitude—a child's terror—the actual sufferings of

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sickness, cold and hunger, as a widow-woman can best paint them, because she has contemplated most closely. Surely there is promise of great good being done even by a feeble instrument."

Mrs. Berry. "At all events, her intention is noble, as well as humane, for she takes the field against enormous wealth, considerable knowledge exercised on a subject of great national importance, and a mighty phalanx of dependant agents, whilst her only clients are those who are generally deemed 'the offscouring of all things,' the poor, the ignorant, and frequently the wicked. Wretched creatures! so immersed in the debasing slavery they endure, as to be not only incapable of estimating her services, that they may be said neither to desire nor deserve them."

Henry S. "She certainly has, for supporters, the humane, the religious, and a considerable portion of the political. If it were not so, the crusade on which she has entered might be deemed quixotic. To the charitable among the aristocracy, which are a numerous party, may be added, also, the class who seek to repel the encroachments of wealth, also, many who have formerly been themselves in business, and seek to purify the body to which they formerly belonged, so that altogether she must be well supported, and will, I trust, find the obloquy she is sure to encounter, atoned for by the eventual good she will achieve."

Mr. Halroyd. "It is desirable that good should be done by any one, rather than left undone, but I confess my prejudices run high. I cannot consider woman properly situated, in any state of warfare—a creature formed to soothe the cares, and embellish the comforts of life, ought not to fight its battles with the pen."

Henry S. "You would have her quiescent and genteel. So would I for my companion and equal, but those qualities would not serve the turn for one Irish fish-woman, whose husband was killed by accident, and has left her with three children, (helpless infants,) who can only be supported by her industry and energy. The women and girls of Underwalden drew the cannon for their husbands and fathers, to the mountains, in order that their defenders might be strong in their resistance to the enemy. Was not the strength of their minds as estimable as the weakness of their frames was interesting? and surely a woman of genius does not depart from her character as a lady, when she can benefit her fellow creatures by the exertion of her talents?"

Mrs. Berry. "On the contrary, as a Christian, she is called upon to do it. Her talent was not given her to be wrapped in a napkin."

"*Henry S.* "Certainly not; but mind I speak of her as a public character. In domestic life, I hate and dread pugnacious ladies. No Joans de Arc in drawing-rooms for me."

Mrs Saville. "Ah! Henry, you are beset 'with your sex's weakness,' after all. On this point, you all agree woman must be submissive, whether to lawful authority or despotic power. The Moslem's answer, 'I hear and I obey,' is always demanded from them—however, it is something to allow us genius. With respect to the work on the *tapis*, I can, as yet, say little. I think Mrs. Trollope's attack will be answered and commented upon so extensively, that much truth will be thrown before the public, and happy shall I be to find her premises as untenable as her intentions are estimable. I cannot think things can be right when I see such enormous fortunes made of factories, where the laborers are so scantily rewarded, since it is plain that they might be well supported, and very noble property secured to him who ventures his fortune in such concerns. Beyond this, I have no right to condemn, because I have no means of personal examination—enough for me to say to the advocate of starving children, and heart-broken mothers in *this* cause, I bid thee 'God speed.'"

London, 1840.

Original.

MILTON.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

WHO knows what thou hast done, prophetic bard?
"On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,"
Thy heaven-illumined genius wandered through
Chaotic regions, and from thickest night
Unveiled the golden age—the age of good,
When man, in wedded bliss, walked Paradise.
Thou sang'st his fall, when from obedience
Adam, the first great church, with tears beheld
Self-degradation, as the sensual will
Usurped the will of Heaven. Of evil thoughts
And thence of evil deeds that then ensued,
Thy holy song was filled, 'till moon-like faith
Disjoined from sun-like charity, drove man
Weeping from Eden. Thus thy song did end.
Yet was thy work unfinished—once again
Urania, crowned with stars, and pointing up
The avenue of Heaven, commissioned came,
And touched thy hallowed lips for prophecy.
Then thou didst sing of Paradise Regained,
Unknowing what thou sang'st, but haply dreaming
In thy celestial vision, that thy song,
Fraught with high truth, would do its little work
As a mere work of genius, and call down
The laurel on thy brow in after years,
Uniting thee in fame, thy ardent hope,
With "Thamyris and blind Mæonides,"
Both blind like thee, blind to the sensual glare
That shuts out Heaven. Who reads thy poem now,
And does not think that Milton's genius fell
With his hymned fall of man? But ages hence,
Men will pour o'er thy Paradise Regained,
And comprehend it as they cannot now.
Then, when the Lord's New Church shall have advanced
In this the second golden age of man,
The last age sang in the Cumæan songs,
Foretold by all the prophets, then great bard!
Thy name will rank with the wise men of old,
Whose lips were instrumental to confirm,
"And justify the ways of God to man."

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Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. VII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' ETC.

I HAVE just returned from a second excursion through the city and environs of Saint Louis, and, were I a good Catholic, I should most fervently thank Saint John for my safe return. The spirited black ponies, with which we drove out yesterday, were, this morning, purchased by a young bachelor friend of mine, who takes to himself great reputation on being a good "whip," that is, one who can sit square on his box, hold the "ribands" (as market-women are wont to do,) one in each hand, make his horses move fleet as deer over the ground, and touch the hub of a passing vehicle without striking it. In these requisites for a first rate "whip," my friend is eminently proficient. Having purchased the ponies, he invited myself and one or two ladies of our party, to ride out, that he might show off his purchase. At four o'clock the barouche was at the door, and in a few seconds we were flying through the streets of the town. In Saint Louis, gentlemen drive their own barouches—a thing seldom done in Natchez. My friend was on the driver's seat, with fire in each eye, and a "riband" in each hand. Away we dashed, neck or nothing—now striking fire out of some stone which had no business in the road, and for which my friend had too much contempt to turn out, now sinking suddenly into a rut, equally contemptible, and thereby being nearly spilled to the ground, or now, turning a corner, with a velocity that tilted the carriage on its two right hand wheels, and scattering little boys, pigs, and old women, like chaff before the wind. Mem. It is the duty of such cattle to keep out of the way; it is enough for a "whip" to take care of his horses, and keep their speed up, without looking out ahead! A good driver should never take his eye from his right horse's right ear! Bump! thump! rattle! jump! away we go over a deep fissure across the road, bouncing us into the air two feet, and bringing us down again upon the seats, with imminent peril to our bones and the carriage-springs. At length we got out of the streets, and with a smooth road before us, we whirled along with a speed that rendered the spokes of the wheels and the horses' feet, almost invisible to the passer-by. Every eye was upon us. Everybody stopped and looked. My friend was evidently at the height of his ambition. "Jim! see them ere horses, how they cut dirt," said a loafer to a companion on the side-walk. My friend's kindling eye, heightened color, and more determined attitude on his box, convinced me that he had drank in the praise. We were now in the suburbs, moving at a rate suburbians had never before seen, and, as on a former, and no less memorable occasion,

> "The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
> Up flew the windows all;
> And every soul cried out "Well done!"
> As loud as they could bawl."

At length we arrived at the foot of the Indian Mound, a mile north of the city, without any very considerable detriment or damage, either to our persons, the carriage, or the horses. It cannot be expected that I can say much of the scenery on the ride, for we were whisked past it too quickly for any thing to be seen very clearly. I have, however, an indistinct perception of having passed a market-house, by the token that we grazed its corner post, to within the ninth part of a hair—and of a row of wooden houses, a carriage repository filled with handsome vehicles (how I envied their repose!) three or four pleasant suburban villages, some pretty green fields on both sides of the road, a mound, on which are the water-works, and several new and half finished buildings, with a view of the river, and beyond, on our right, the pleasant shores of Illinois. When we alighted, our horses were panting, and their large veins were distended, their nostrils dilated, and their slender limbs trembling with over-exertion. It is a very erroneous impression that a *good* driver, is one who can take off a porker's ear or tail, without hitting the animal—whose horses are driven beyond their speed—who disregards obstructions—who delights in urging his horses to do their best, and loves to show how well he can sit on the box—who is so wholly absorbed in himself, as to forget or disregard the convenience of those he drives, and who listens with more pleasure to the praises of a passing loafer, than attention to the solicitations and warnings of carefulness, by the ladies under his care. A good driver will avoid every obstacle. If he must run his wheel into a rut, or cross a gutter, he will do it with the least possible inconvenience, and in every thing he will drive not so much to set boys shouting at the fleetness of his horses, or make young clerks envious by his attitude upon the box, or show his skill in carving such animals as his fore-wheel encounters, frightening old ladies and gentlemen, and setting mothers screaming after their children, as in regarding the security, enjoyment, and comfort of his companions. A good driver is emphatically one who forgets himself in the consideration of others. A good "whip" is too apt to be a bad driver. The contrast, in point of comfort, between the rides of yesterday and to-day, is great enough. Yesterday, with the same horses, under the experienced, careful, yet sufficiently fleet driving of our courteous landlord, we rode in perfect security, and enjoyed our ride without constant terror of annihilation, by contact with a post, or the wheel of a passing carriage, or of being upset by dashing into a rut, or tossed into the air by crossing a drain. To-day we have been in momentary danger of our lives, and when we drew up to the door, we all thanked Heaven most devoutly for our escape. The result was, that the pole of the carriage sprung from the socket just as we drove up to the hotel; the carriage came against the horses, while the end of the pole rose high in the air above their heads. But fortunately we had stopped, and the horses were quiet. If we had ridden ten yards further (it was down hill,) with nothing to hold the barouche back, it would have run upon the horses, and then, as Aaron Burr said at the siege of New-York, "we should have had our own fun." Our "whip" was much chagrined at this accident, and we were very much pleased, in as much as we had been

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prophecying an accident from the first. And then it is so gratifying to say to one, "I told you so."

The Indian Mound is about forty feet high, one hundred paces long, and eight broad at the top. It has been supposed, by some, to be natural; but it is evidently artificial. From the summit is a pleasant view of the city at the south, the river with its pleasant shores, bordered with woodbine and pasture. The view towards the country is rural and cultivated; indeed, the scenery all round Saint Louis is delightful—a charming mixture of grove and lawn, as if nature had chosen this field to out-do art. A more lovely country than this, and a more beautiful site for a city than that of Saint Louis, cannot be imagined. There are two or three other lesser mounds, with smooth, green sides and summits, in the vicinity of that we ascended; on one of them are the water-works. About a mile from the "Prairie House," and six miles from the city, is a still larger mound than either of these, from which there is a prospect of thirty miles round. It is not, however, so imposing as that at Selsertown, nine miles from Natchez, which is the most important structure of the kind in the Mississippi valley. Leaving the mound, we drove through the upper part of the city, passing many handsome dwellings, in several of which, I was told, resided French families of the *ton*. French, English, Virginians, Yankees, Dutch and Spaniards, compose the mixed society of this place. A knowledge of the French language is necessary for a general intercourse with society here. Better elements for the structure of a good society than are found here, cannot well be gathered; and in a few years, when wealth, education, luxury, etc., find their level, or rather summit, and amalgamation combines the discordant particles in one harmonious whole, Saint Louis will lead the fashion in the West.

We rode in sight of the convent of the Sacred Heart, half a mile south of the town, but could not approach it on account of the badness of the roads in that direction. It is a plain, two story brick building, forming two sides of a square. The school bears high reputation, and now contains sixty young ladies. To-morrow we commit ourselves once more to the tender mercies of a steamboat, on our way to Louisville.

J. H. I.

ADVICE.

In giving advice, we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.

Original.

THE CONTADINA.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

A queenly shape by labor formed,
Yet still erect and free,
With rustic joy she walks beneath
The sky of Italy.
How pleasant for a kindly heart,
To mark the graceful pride,
With which, upon a festal morn,
She treads the mountain-side!
A fresh, round form, with tresses dark,
Lips that invite the kiss,
And smiles that winningly declare
A calm, familiar bliss;
Her manner, gentle and sincere,
A kindly reverence shows,
As with sweet greetings she salutes
The stranger as she goes.
A white mantilla deftly thrown
Above her braided hair,
Her cherished silver ornaments
That gleam so proudly there;
Or hat of finest straw enwove.
Gold cross and boddice small,
Not less than her delighted gaze,
Bespeak a festival.
How cheering in the summer air,
To hear her song resound,
Amid a laughing group, who send
The ruddy wine around!
Or see her at their frugal meal,
At noon, beneath the trees,
Like the fair goddess of the scene,
Reclining at her ease!
'Tis hers to hasten forth at dawn,
For water from the spring,
To train the vine, and press the grapes,
Or glean the harvesting;
To dance, on holidays, at eve,
A wreath of love to share,
And, constant at the village-church,
Prefer her humble prayer.
Tho' warmest suns her face have browned,
Its hue is rich in health,
And lighted by an eye, whose beams
Bespeak contentment's wealth;
Her bland expression breathes of peace,
A simple soul serene,
Bred amid vineyards' olive-grounds,
And fields of living green.
A blessing on thee, peasant-queen,
And on thy lowly life,
'Tis fairer than thy princes boast,
And free from sordid strife.
I think of thee with with azure skies,
With consecrated rills,
And dreams of rural peace enjoyed,
Amid the Tuscan hills.

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Original.

VISIT TO AN ILLINOIS SEMINARY.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

WHILE journeying through the western states, last summer, I found, upon the Mississippi, a seminary, conducted on so judicious a plan, that I am convinced it has only to be made public, to be followed by other institutions. It is calculated for the wants of that people, and, in fact, would be of great benefit to the young females of the Atlantic border.

Boarding-schools, in general, and particularly fashionable ones, have never given satisfaction to the sober class of the community, and have provoked severe criticism from the travellers who have visited them. Our young women are, it is said, educated to be only ladies —not ladies in manner, merely, but also in their habits. With abstruse studies, the pupil mixes music, foreign languages, and light accomplishments, while I know of no institution where the knowledge of household duties, construction of garments, and other useful branches are taught. When returned from school, she is, of course, of no use to her family, but sits in the drawing-room half the day, receiving company, and the other half, paying visits, or in dabbling with music and light reading. Elegant idlers are very well in their way, and in their station, but every reasoning person must acknowledge they are out of place in a country where all the men, with few exceptions, are *operatives*, and those who live upon inherited wealth, are frequently indebted for it, to their farmer, professional, or merchant father. This state of things would not be so open to objection, if wealth were stationary, but while 'riches have wings,' and while property is so exposed to 'chance and change,' as it is here, surely it would be wise for every one to be prepared for any alteration in their circumstances. Reverses are so common, that it is rare to see every member of a family enjoy, through life, that wealth which was theirs in their youth. How often, on the contrary, do we observe the names of those who once commanded every luxury and elegance, appended to the doors of boarding-houses, or seminaries. The father dies, and when his affairs are arranged, it is found his property is not as extensive as was supposed—his widow finds herself with a large family, and slender means—she takes boarders, and then her young children bitterly feel their ignorance. Their little income is diminished, in order to hire servants to perform those light tasks that might have been done by the young women, if they had been educated with a view to usefulness. Or, if the father die wealthy, his property is divided among his children, and each daughter receives a portion. She marries a young man, who, with the share of his patrimony, supports himself by business, or a profession, and they begin house-keeping on a moderate scale. Without any knowledge of household duties, she sees, with despair, her house in disorder, her husband uncomfortable, and her servants ruling her, and wasting her stores. How does she deplore the time occupied in frivolous amusements or studies, which might have been devoted to subjects of far more use to her now.

These cannot be called extreme cases, as all must acknowledge such instances are very frequent, especially in cities. If the servants of this country were as able and as faithful, as those in Europe, and particularly in England, the ignorant mistress would not be exposed to so much vexation; but, being as indifferent as they are, how cruel it is to keep a young woman in ignorance of duties, which, in this state of things, must devolve upon the wealthiest!

These evils are particularly felt by those who emigrate to the western states. In many parts of that region of our country, it is almost impossible to obtain servants, and much of the household business must be undertaken by the mistress of the mansion. Many have I known, who have married and settled in 'the west.' The suitor is, perhaps, a lawyer, physician, or merchant. He paints his new home as a little paradise, and tells of the immense fortune which he soon expects to crown his labors. The cherished daughter cannot be opposed —she marries the man of her choice, and gaily sets out towards that far abode, which distance renders so enchanting. A female is perhaps hired to go with her, that she may be sure of one domestic, and, for a time, all goes on smoothly. Soon, however, her domestic marries, and they have no other 'help,' unless some old woman of the place is induced to yield to their entreaties, to work for them at intervals. Then comes the struggle. The wife being educated for the parlor, cannot conduct the business of the nursery or kitchen, and her once smiling face is clouded with mortification and care.

While in Missouri, I visited one of these lady-birds, whom I had seen leave her father's luxurious mansion in New-York, a few years before, with the light of hope in her eye, and the tint of happiness glowing upon her cheek. She had just returned home, after spending eight years in a fashionable boarding-school, and, in consequence, totally unfitted for the life upon which she had entered. Alas, she knew not the trials that awaited her! I found her occupying a handsome brick house in a pretty little village situated in a charming and fertile region of country. Her husband was a lawyer, and had realized his anticipated wealth. But, in that land of fatness, where the rich mould yields four fold, and where work-people are in great demand, and every one can support himself by better trade than household service, domestics cannot be procured, even for money. His gentle wife had, in consequence, been forced to learn those lessons which should have been taught her by a tender mother, or kind instructress, by the rude teachings of experience.

"Alas!" she said to me, "how many tears have I shed over these lessons!"

Her children were ill-dressed, her furniture dull, and badly arranged, and the air of comfort which a good house-keeper would have thrown over the apartment, was wanting here. I observed her youngest child playing rather roughly with a guitar, which lay upon the carpet, and stooped to rescue it from him. "Let him

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keep it," she said, sadly, "it is only fit for his plaything. Learning house-keeping occupies so much of my time, that I have none to bestow upon music. If I had been taught 'to brew and to bake,' as well as to touch that instrument, it would have been easy for me now, to practice each art in tune, and thus lighten labor with music; but being totally ignorant of any thing useful, it requires all my time to learn."

This lady informed me, with a glow of joy unusual to her pallid countenance, of a new academy for girls, lately erected near Alton, upon the other side of the Mississippi. Here, the useful arts were taught, as well as accomplishments. To this place she intended to send her daughters as soon as they were of the required age. We had already intended to visit Alton, and promised, while there, to ride once to Monticello Seminary.

After a charming drive over the arcadian plains of the Florisante prairies, we found ourselves again in the city of Saint Louis. Here we entered a steamboat, and in two hours arrived at Alton. This town looks very well as you approach it from below. It is built upon a sloping, uneven ground, and every little eminence is crowned by some public building, which displays to much advantage from the river. The Baptist and other churches, are thus rendered quite conspicuous, as well as numerous dwellings and hotels of brick, and the penitentiary, and rows of ware-houses of white limestone. We repaired to the Alton House, a very large hotel, where we procured a handsome coach, and set out for Upper Alton. After ascending the rising ground behind the town, we found ourselves upon a plateau of rich prairie-land, from which we obtained fine views of the swift-rolling Mississippi, and across it, the verdant plains of Missouri, with the green swelling Manimelle bluffs rising beyond. A drive of two miles brought us to Upper Alton, a pretty rural-looking village, with many spires, and neat houses, peeping through the trees. We found our friends in a large and picturesque house, in the cottage style, surrounded by piazzas, whose pillars were wreathed with clusters of Michigan roses, and shaded by the graceful cotton-wood, and pretty Red Bud and locust. Here, indeed, was a paradise of the west! Here were realized those visions so many have sighed after. Upon the Mississippi's banks we found this 'lodge in a vast wilderness,' so often courted; a secluded retreat far from the haunts of men, where the confusion and the follies of the world are only remembered as a troubled dream, and nature is looked upon in all its grandeur and freshness. A charming young family, a large and well-selected library, and, above all, a *well-educated* wife, renders our friend's retirement the most pleasing of any I have met in this boasted west. We entered our friend's carriage the next morning, and after a charming ride through an oak forest, found ourselves in sight of the institution we came to visit.

Monticello Female Seminary is a building of the white limestone of that region, one hundred and ten, by forty-four feet, and four stories in height. It stands within a park, ornamented with groups of trees; and a fine garden is laid out in the rear. This extensive establishment was projected and founded by Benjamin Godfrey, Esq, a gentleman of Alton, who, to this benevolent purpose, devoted a very large portion of his property. While a resident of the west, many examples had come before his eyes, of the miseries arising from the imperfect education of the young women. The dearth of servants rendered it necessary for the young wives around him to superintend, if not assist in household labor, and he saw how much better it were they should come prepared for those duties, and quite able to perform them, instead of wearing themselves out, and pining away over tasks, which, by being new, appear much more arduous than they are in reality. As the evil lay in a defective system of education, this generous individual at once saw how great a desideratum an institution would be, uniting useful with ornamental accomplishments. With a public spirit to be much applauded, Mr. Godfrey erected this spacious building for educating 'wives for western men.' Eighty young ladies is the limited number, all to be over fourteen years of age. With the course of scientific study usual in female seminaries, the pupils are taught music, instructed in religion, and in various *household duties*. Among others, they are required to take lessons in setting table, and in arranging their rooms. They also sweep and scrub the floors of their rooms, and wash, starch, and iron all their own clothes. Some young ladies, who had been bred in idleness, or had come from the luxurious mansions of Saint Louis, where slaves awaited their nod, were very reluctant, at first, to undertake these menial employments, but the advantage which so good a school presented in its other departments, rendered their parents deaf to their complaints. They were soon, however, broken in, and sing as merrily over their wash-tubs as the other pupils. As gain is not the object of its generous founder, the price of admission is placed quite low; still, there are some, whose means are too straightened for even this, and these are allowed to pay for their instruction by labor in the house. The eagerness of the people to procure education for their children, is very great, and many thus receive instruction, who are of high respectability, and are enabled to teach others, or attend to the younger members of their family.

Some of these young girls are beneficiaries of a benevolent society, called the 'Ladies' Association for educating females.' The directresses are mostly ladies of Illinois, but many belong to the surrounding states. They assemble once a year at Jacksonville, Illinois. The object of this society is to 'encourage and assist young ladies to qualify themselves for teaching, and to aid in supporting teachers in those places where they cannot otherwise be sustained.' Young females of all ages are selected from poor families, and placed in schools, where they are watched over by these benevolent ladies, their tuition paid, and to each, every year, is addressed a circular letter of advice, with the donation of an appropriate instructive book. When prepared, they are placed in situations where they can support themselves. Several have become missionaries. Their board at Monticello, and other seminaries, where they are placed to receive instruction, is paid for by

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their own labor while out of school. We must indeed admire—to quote the last report of this society—"The moral dignity and energy of mind thus displayed," in being willing "in the hours of recreation, to relinquish the play-ground and all social pleasures."

To show the eagerness of the mothers of Illinois to obtain an entrance into Monticello Academy, and their gratitude for aid extended to them, I will give an extract of a letter to one of the beneficiaries from her mother.

"I am truly thankful that you are at school, and regard it as Providential you are there. It was my most earnest desire and prayer to God, through the summer, that you might go to Monticello in the fall; but I did not see how you could, unless we, by our own exertion, could procure the means of sustaining you there. Then, when I came to be laid aside by *sickness*, I supposed it must be given up. But we see God is not wanting for means, when he has an object to accomplish. I hope you will view the subject in this light, and feel the *obligation* resting upon you, to *improve* your time and privileges in the best manner; having *greater usefulness* as the sole object in view. It is of little consequence whether we move in the high, or more humble stations in life; if our object is to *do good*, we shall find plenty of employment in either."

The great amount of good performed by the Ladies' Society, entitles them to the good wishes of the benevolent and patriotic. The Reverend J. Spalding, in his address before the seventh annual meeting, tells us—"Since its commencement, it has aided *one hundred and forty-seven* young ladies in their preparation for usefulness and Heaven. During the last year, it has aided fifty-two young ladies, thirty-one of whom are professedly followers of the Lamb."

Two of the Monticello beneficiaries, are of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, and are preparing to be teachers among their own people. They are fine, intelligent girls, but I am sorry to learn they will be obliged to leave the institution, as the Ladies' Association find themselves obliged to reduce the number of beneficiaries. It is to be hoped they will be sustained in their 'labor of love.' I will conclude this episode of the Education Society, with the concluding words of the above Reverend gentleman's address to it. "Go on, gather the gems from these groves and these prairies; brighten them for earth, and burnish them for the skies!"

When we entered the academy, we were shown into a neatly-furnished parlor, where we were soon joined by the principal of Monticello, the Reverend Theron Baldwin, a gentleman of great information and piety. He kindly explained to us the principles upon which the seminary was conducted, and then offered to show us the house. Every thing seemed arranged with the greatest order and neatness. The dining, school, and recitation rooms, were large, clean, and airy; and the bed-rooms commodious. Upon the ground-floor was a chapel fitted up with the beautiful black-walnut of their woods; here, divine service is performed by Mr. Baldwin to the school, and people of the neighborhood who assemble there every Sunday. In one of the halls, we saw a young girl upon her knees, scrubbing in payment of her board and her lessons—one of a family who had seen 'better days,' and who cheerfully undertook such services, in order to obtain the great blessing of education. When qualified for the undertaking, she would be enabled to support herself and her parents, by teaching. She was about fourteen, and quite pretty—her sleeves rolled up to avoid being soiled, displayed a plump fair arm. She did not seem abashed by her situation, but calmly arose to give us room to pass, glancing a firm, but modest eye towards us. It was a sight which touched my heart. It is not usual to admit visitors upon 'cleaning-days,' but we obtained a peep into an upper gallery where the broom and the dust-brush were keeping time in a merry cadence with happy young voices.

I hope my young friends may never be forced to such extremes as here narrated. In this region, the young house-keeper can obtain help of some kind; still, her hour of need may come, and if she is not called upon to clean her house, or cook her dinner, with such instruction, she may be able to direct her ignorant servant. I hope the Monticello Seminary will be the model upon which many of our boarding-schools shall be formed; and our young wives be not only capable of entertaining their company and family by their accomplishments and intellectual conversation, but by their knowledge, instruct and direct their households.

We left the seminary, pleased with its arrangements, and wishing all success to the generous individual who originated the establishment. It is delightful to see wealth so well employed—to see the 'just steward,' thus ably disposing of his master's property. Such disinterestedness shone out in bold relief from the selfish and reckless waste of fortune, which we had beheld in our pilgrimage—like one of his own 'oak islands' upon a sunny and treeless prairie.

Original.

CONTENTMENT.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THIS life is not the vale of woe,
Which stories paint in declamation,
For countless blossoms round us glow,
Which breathe the sweetest exhalation.
Then let's enjoy our sunny hours,
Nor mourn anticipated gloom;
'Tis folly to neglect the flowers
Because they may not always bloom.

Let fools for rank and honor seek,
I envy not their elevation;
Ambition's path is wild and bleak,
Content is in an humbler station.
May sweet content, dear girl, be thine,
Health, friendship and a faithful lover,
And never let the dove repine,
Because the eagle soars above her.

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Original.

FORMS OF THE PAST.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

SOMETIMES, to cheer me, as I pass
This vale of life adown,
In various forms o'er Fancy's glass
Flit shapes of old renown,—
Shapes that, in history or romance,
Thronged round the author's brain—
The haughty chivalry of France,
The high grandees of Spain.

I love upon the magic scene
In dreamy mood to gaze—
For lo! before me lies the scene
That most I wish to raise.
I see, if such my bold desire,
Grey Kings by ages hid,—
Whose tomb, 'till Nature's final fire,
The mighty pyramid!

I see the monarch of the East
With nations at his call,—
I am, Belshazzar, at thy feast
And view the lurid wall.
Darkness fell on the blazing light,
And from its shroud there came,
An armless, bloodless hand to write
Strange syllables of flame.

Uriah's wife—oh, fair, too fair!
Pale, statue-like she stands
Veiled only by her golden hair,
And by her marble hands.
Wild with the vision, Israel's king
Forgets his holy lyre,
Or from its chords his fingers fling
But sparks of passion's fire.

And, if I will, to classic land,
The land of gods and men,
I turn, and with advent'rous hand
Bring heroes to my ken.
Achilles sitting by the shore—
As solemn watch he keeps
And listens to the billows' roar—
In lonely sadness weeps.

Urge on thy cohorts, Cæsar, urge!
The day and Rome are thine:
Beat backward, as the rock the surge,
The Carthagenian line.
Triumph has built her trophied arch:
The laurel's on thy brow,—
And monarchs by thy chariot march,—
Jove! who has empire now?

If prone, to later days I turn,
The days of England's story;
And in my sight in splendor burn
The deeds and times of glory.
Come, Richard of the Lion Heart;
Come, warriors sheathed in mail;
Come, Barons bold, for freedom's part,
The tyrant to assail!

Come lords and lovely ladies bright,
It is the tourney's sound:
The silken pennons wave in light,
The lists are ranged around.
Strike, ministrel, strike thy harp to swell
The praise that none gainsay,
And in fit-falling measure tell,
Who bore the prize away.

Last in the glass that Fancy lends,
My native land I see;
Lo! lost in thought the hero bends
"'Tis done! we must be free!"
He grasps the simple scroll that gives
Him power to lead them on:
Oh, in that face what wisdom lives—
The patriot, WASHINGTON!

Here let me drop the veil, nor try
With lesser lights to mar,
On glory's clear and lustrous sky,
That one superior star!
All heroes of the past above,—
His name, on history's page,
Shines out, most worthy of the love,
And worship of our age.

Original.

AUTUMN CHANGES.

BY WM. G. HOWARD.

SUMMER'S soft winds are o'er!
They fan the cheek,
And sweep along the blooming sod no more;
The air is bleak.

Hushed is the hymning breeze!
Sweetly and lone
It breathed rich music thro' the waving trees;
Now list its moan!

The flowers of varied hue,
That decked the lawn;
Sprinkled with rosy light or evening dew—
Are sere and gone.

Stripped is the 'brave old oak!'
Its branches bare
Seem blasted by the lightning's angry stroke;
No leaves are there.

The earth, erst robed in green,
Is now bereft;
Of all her peerless gems of chrystal sheen,
Not one is left.

'Tis pallid Autumn reigns,
With ruthless sway;
She made the verdure, of the groves and plains,
Fade fast away.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

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Original.

THE TWO PARLORS:

OR,—DOING AS OTHER PEOPLE DO.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"It is very well for people to live in what is called style, if they have every thing in agreement," *but* "no style of living is good, or *genteel* that it is not *thorough, consistent, and well carried through*."—*Three Experiments of Living.*

"Don't you think, Henry, that now since your business begins to increase, we might afford to go to house-keeping?"

"I hardly know how that would be, Eliza."

"Then I do wish you would deliberate upon it—it is so disagreeable to be living in boarding-houses, particularly to persons like ourselves, who have children to take care of. Harry and Agnes are really to be pitied, poor little things!—they are compelled to stay shut up in our room the whole day long, without air or exercise, except when I take them, myself, into the streets to walk, which is very troublesome from their being so young. They have not played in the yard for two months, in consequence of their voices having disturbed Mrs. Downes in one of her nervous spells, after she had been removed into the back building for quiet; and if I let them, at any time, run about the house for a change, they are in danger of falling down stairs, or of incommoding some of the old bachelors. Mr. Townsend looked cross at me for a week because Agnes happened, one day, to catch hold of his coat skirts when her hands were daubed with molasses-candy, and Mr. Twaite wondered why people could not keep their children in their proper places, and complained of having had to re-write a letter several times on account of Harry's rattling with a stick against the bannisters. And you know it is next to an impossibility to find a boarding-house without old bachelors?"

"Of course, my dear;—what were boarding-houses instituted for, if not for the accommodation of those who could not be expected to have agreeable homes of their own."

"Then that is not all. As we cannot afford to keep a nurse to look after the children, and as it is inconvenient to Mrs. Williams to send their meals into our own apartment, I am always obliged to remain in the dining-room and wait on them myself, while every now and then, I hear the servants grumble about being required to leave the table standing so long. Then, if they happen to spill their coffee or break an egg, old Hannah never fails to let me know that her washings of napkins and table-cloths are always larger on their account, than that of the whole family besides. And, really, I should not wonder if Mrs. Williams, herself, were dissatisfied, though, to be sure, she never hints it. Only last week she lost a chance of three additional boarders, a gentleman and his wife and a single, who were every way pleased with the house and accommodations, but could not agree to remain where there were children. I overheard their objecting to it myself."

"All very cogent reasons, Eliza, and, to tell the truth, I have also been thinking occasionally about the matter of housekeeping for some time past,—not, however, from such causes as yours, exactly. I should like to have my sister Jane to live with me, now that my uncle is dead; I am averse to leaving her with his family, and think it proper that I should take charge of her myself, particularly as I can better afford it than formerly."

"Oh, certainly,—I should be delighted! and in that case, house-keeping would be the only plan. The expense of her boarding added to that of our own and of our washing and so forth, would make up an amount very little less than would be required to maintain us all in the comforts of home."

"That is the conclusion I had partly come to, but there is another matter to be thought of. Though I could easily spare enough from week to week for the family expenditures, it will require what to me would be a considerable sum to make a beginning, to get furniture and all that. My share of capital in business is so small and money is so hard to raise in these critical times, that a few hundred dollars to be withdrawn, is a thing of some consequence. However, we must economize, and content ourselves with as little as possible, and we may do very well. I know of a house in a genteel neighborhood, pleasant and of a suitable size, which will be vacant in two or three weeks, and, if we have decided upon the project, I can make application for it."

"Pray do, and if you succeed in getting it, I will immediately write for Jane. By the by, had we not better make some arrangement about servants? you know what a trouble every one has with them here in the city. Do you remember my mother's woman, Liddy Baker? If we send for Jane it would be a good thought to let her bring Liddy with her. I have always promised her a home, whenever I should have a house of my own. She is an excellent cook, washer and ironer, and would come for even less wages than an ordinary girl here. With her to do the principal work, and a small girl to attend the children and run errands,—I might get little Phœbe, who used to live with Mrs. Williams,—we could do admirably."

"Exactly so, but we can settle that after we have found a house. I shall inquire about the one I spoke of, before I come in to dinner."

We must premise, before going any farther, that Mr. Henry Waters, the gentleman whom we have introduced, was a partner to a very limited extent in a mercantile house, in which he had formerly served as clerk. He was a native of a retired part of the country, and had married an old school-mate of his own, contrary to the suggestions of prudence with regard to pecuniary affairs. Consequently on this, he had always been restricted to careful economy in his manner of living.

Mr. Waters secured the house, which was to be vacated in two weeks, and, before the expiration of that time, his sister arrived, accompanied, according to agreement by Liddy Baker.

"Really, we were very fortunate in getting such a house as this!" exclaimed Mrs. Waters, whilst they were all examining it on the day after their predecessors had departed. "I am very glad that the kitchen is on a level with the parlors, Liddy has such a dread of basements, of working under ground as she says; and these

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parlors, they are beautiful. There is such a difference in rooms, even in those of the same size and general appearance. These are designed to show every thing to advantage and will hold a great deal of furniture."

"Rather more than it would be convenient for me to put into them, under present circumstances;" returned her husband; "however, I can afford to furnish this front room very neatly."

"This front room, my dear," said Mrs. Waters, laughingly, "you forget that every body furnishes both parlors pretty much alike, now."

"But I am not able to do as every body does. I would rather put up with all the discomforts of boarding houses, than to run in debt to furnish my own. Besides it is not necessary with us. We have very few acquaintances, and they ought to know our circumstances well enough not to expect to see us attempting style. However, if you insist upon having both rooms furnished alike, I have no objection; but you will have to put up with plain articles and a scant number. Indeed, I like the plan of having both rooms in use at once, very much; one can feel much more at ease from having the greater space to move about in."

"But there are certain things absolutely necessary to making a genteel appearance," said Mrs. Waters, with a look of uneasiness, and she ran over a considerable catalogue; "every person of my acquaintance has them, and it would appear strange if we, who are of as good standing as any of them, should not live as well as they. Such and such articles are the fashion, and for our own credit it would not do to do without them."

"Your ideas on that subject are wrong, my dear, begging your pardon. The people you know all belong to a particular set, and an exceedingly limited one. When you extend your acquaintance you will find that the greatest variety of domestic arrangements is to be met with in every circle, as, indeed, is unavoidable in a populous city."

"But we won't be likely to make up with people plainer than the ones we visit at present. You are known to many of the gentlemen in this neighborhood, and, it is probable that their families, certainly some of them, will call on us. They all seem to live very finely. I glanced in at the windows as we came along, and noticed that every house was apparently furnished elegantly. And to continue the acquaintance of those who may show us attention, it will be necessary that we should keep up some equality of appearance."

"I should not object if we had any equality of means, but that, unfortunately, is far from our case. As I said before, I can furnish one room handsomely, and that ought to answer our purpose for the present. If your neighbors call, they will hardly come *en masse*, and, otherwise, this room will be quite sufficient to hold them. By the time we are in circumstances to increase our visiting list, so that both rooms will be in requisition, I hope I shall be able to make some additions to my household stores. In the meantime, the back parlor must remain in a decent undress for an eating-room. My idea was to get such things as we might purchase of a good quality, so that as our stock gradually enlarged, the articles on hand might not look shabby or incongruous beside new ones. I have the cash by me for that purpose."

"How much have you concluded on laying out, Henry?"

Mr. Waters named the sum.

"Why I think, my dear, that out of that we might contrive to furnish both rooms very well," said his wife.

"Not besides having things comfortable in the chambers and kitchen, which I have determined on. Here is what I allow for parlor furniture. I have made a close calculation. By occasionally asking the prices of different things, in this line, when they came in my way, I am pretty well informed as to their value. Here is a catalogue of those articles we shall need, with their prices annexed."

Mrs. Waters examined the paper. "The prices you have placed here, Henry, are very liberal;" said she, "I am confident that with a little management we might make this sum reach to furnish both rooms. It would be a pity to keep these doors closed;" and throwing them back, she contemplated from the front windows the vista to the end of the other apartment, deciding to herself the effect of a mirror here, and a sofa there, and so forth.

"It would have to be management more ingenious than I could devise," said Mr. Waters, smiling, "you remember I told you that I wished to have every thing of a good quality."

"Certainly, certainly,—but that could be had at very reduced prices by going to the auction-rooms."

"You are mistaken, my dear, good furniture sells at pretty much the same prices all over the city,—in auction-rooms nearly the same as in shops. Well-kept second-handed articles bring, sometimes, almost as much as new, and by going to auction-rooms we might miss a chance of being properly suited, from having less variety to choose from."

"But I don't mean the most extensive, fashionable sale-rooms,—the common second-hand-furniture warehouses are the places I would go to. The most astonishing bargains are sometimes to be had in them. You know that goods kept there are mostly repaired and dressed after being sent in, so that what is got from them looks quite like new."

"A process by which the defects are hidden, and we are prevented from knowing what our money is given for. I always prefer going to people who have established a reputation, and are interested to keep it,—then, I feel, I run no risk."

"But, Henry, it must be our own look out that we make good selections; and, if we can have them at little cost, my plan certainly would be the better one. It was Mrs. Williams that gave me these hints, and, you know, she is a capital manager. You should have seen the bedstead she bought at one of these establishments the other day; it cost her literally nothing, and it is fit to be placed in a very genteel chamber."

"I did see it, and predict that when the warm weather returns, its lodger will discover the reason of its cheapness."

"Well, just give me leave to test my plan. Jane and I can go around to these places, and if I should be disappointed in them, I will submit to your opinion.

When Mr. Waters came in to tea, his wife met him

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with a look of triumph. "What was the price of the pier-glass you described to me for the front parlor?" she asked.

"Thirty-five dollars,—ten under the usual cost."

"I saw a pair to-day, only a trifle shorter and scarcely less wide, for—guess how much?"

"Very little, I presume, from your countenance."

"For fifty dollars, both of them; I was absolutely astonished!"

"They must be old ones, or must have very inferior plates."

"No, they are new, perfectly new. The frames were wrapped with paper to preserve the gilding, but the man uncovered them for our inspection. The plates were dim with smoke and dust from standing so long exposed, but we cleaned a part of each and found the glass of unusual thickness. We might take take the two instead of the one you spoke of; it would be an extraordinary bargain. One of them would do to place between the front window, and the other on the back parlor mantel-piece."

"There must be something wrong about them. Good articles are rarely offered so much below their common value."

"How suspicious you are, Henry!—I assure you they are excellent, and at the same place we saw a centre-table for little more than half the price of the one I looked at with you. The pedestal was very much the same, and the only perceptible difference was, that the top, instead of being a solid slab, was incrusted with marble."

"A very material difference, Eliza. But why not be satisfied with a plain mahogany one? I don't like sham things. Besides, if we had a marble-topped one, I should always keep a cloth over it; I can't bear to sit at one of those hard, cold things, they always remind me of grave-stones, when I lay my hand on them."

"But marble slabbed tables are the only kind fashionable, and this one, though nearly as low priced as a plain mahogany one, looks as well as if the top were solid. The man says it is quite a new style,—one that will supersede the present fashion entirely. I wish very much you would go and look at it, and the glasses! There are other things, too, that might suit us,—among them a pair of astral lamps, very low, indeed."

"I have no fancy for trusting second-hand lamps, one good new one would probably be worth more to us than the pair; but I have something more important to occupy me for the present. I will be obliged to set off for the country to-morrow before day, to attend to some urgent business that will keep me away for a week. I have been in a state of uneasiness about it all the afternoon."

"Then I'll let these matters rest for the evening. When you go, just leave me the money, and I can arrange them all during your absence. You know we ladies have a superior knack at such things."

"As you please, my dear, only be careful not to meet with imposition. I think you had better wait 'till my return."

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Waters quickly, in fear that she might loose so favorable a chance to carry out her own views; "you shall see how well I can attend to it, and on your return you can come into your own house, and find yourself snugly seated at home without further trouble."

Mr. Waters got through with his business satisfactorily, and on his return to the city, he found, with all the gratification that a man of domestic feelings and habits enjoys on the occasion of first entering a house of his own, that his family were comfortably established in their own domicile. After the first greetings and congratulations were over, he took leisure to scan the arrangements. The parlors were thrown open, and displayed every article held indispensable to persons of some pretensions; yet, in almost each could be detected, without much scrutiny, some indisputable signs of its being second-handed. There were dark places in the carved parts that sand paper could not reach, cracks filled up with glue, and ridges and streaks in the varnish that betrayed hasty and careless workmanship. All, however, were disposed with taste, and made quite a showy appearance.

"Well, Henry, I suppose you will now agree that my notions were best after all;" said Mrs. Waters; "I have accomplished furnishing both rooms on your allowance, and, besides, have made it reach to supply a quantity of ware sufficient for a large dinner party. Here it is in the sideboard. To be sure, the knobs had been broken off the covers of some of the dishes, but they are so neatly and durably cemented, that it will never be perceived, and though a good many of the pieces are wanting, the set is still large. I got it also for half price. Is n't that large tureen beautiful?—the shape is so uncommon and so elegant. It is an excellent piece,—so heavy, and so clear of defects. Look what substantial handles!—they would hold up a hundred weight!"

"I am satisfied, of course, seeing you are so," returned Mr. Waters, "but I feel rather out of order from my journey. I must put on some clean clothes;—why what induced you to cover the glasses?" going up to one of the mirrors to survey his dishabille;—they were both veiled with thin gauze.

"Why candidly, Henry, there was some mistake about those glasses. After they were sent home, and we had washed them, we discovered that a great deal of the dimness and nearly all the spots, which, we had supposed, were occasioned by the dust settling on them in damp weather, were blemishes in the glass. This made them look so badly that Jane and I determined to cover them, that the gauze might hide it all. Every one can see that we have mirrors in their proper places, and in parlors they are more for show than for use."

"But that does not content me,—they must be sent back."

"Unfortunately, that is out of the question now. The establishment was closed the day after I had made my purchases, the owners having prepared themselves to set up in another city. It was owing to this that I got every thing so cheap."

"Then, I suppose, as it can't be helped, the less we say about it the better. I am afraid, though, that you have been drawn into some bad bargains. But is n't it

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tea-time?—I am ready for a double portion of good things, as I got no dinner on the road."

"Jane has just gone to have tea set on the table, and there is the bell now."

"Why, I see no table, my dear."

"Come this way,—we have concluded to eat in the little passage between the entry and the kitchen;—see here,—does not it look quite comfortable?"

"It is contrary to my theory, that a passage six feet by eight can be a comfortable eating-room for three grown persons and two children," said Mr. Waters, looking anything but agreeably surprised; "will you close the kitchen door, Liddy?" called he, after they had seated themselves as compactly as possible around the little table.

"It can't be kept closed, sir," called Liddy in return, "the kitchen smokes outrageously when we shut it."

"Then open the windows."

"That only makes it worse, sir."

"No matter, I can't eat while my eyes are filling with smoke."

"Never mind, my dear, we will have the cooking stove up in a day or two," said Mrs. Waters, persuasively, "and then this objection will be at an end. That was part of my plan. The kitchen door can then be left open, and the stove will warm this place delightfully in the cold weather."

"And we are to have the odors of the kitchen sent to our table along with the heat?—I put my veto upon any thing of that kind."

"But in a case of necessity, my dear. All the other families in this block, I understand, use the apartment above the kitchen for an eating-room, but, on account of economy, we cannot follow their example. We must have a warm chamber for the children and also for Liddy, on account of her rheumatism, and as that one can be heated from the stove below, I have placed beds in it. Besides, Liddy would soon become dissatisfied, if she were obliged to carry every thing for the table up a steep flight of stairs."

"You have done right in that case, but why not eat in the back parlor?"

"Because, my dear, by eating in one of the parlors, it would be necessary to keep the folding-doors closed a good part of the day, and also, furniture gets very much abused in an eating room."

Owing to the limited size of the apartment, the high chair of little Harry had been placed against the door, which opened into the yard, and as his parents were too much occupied to attend to his wants, he leaned it forward to help himself, when a man, whom Mrs. Waters had employed to assist in the removal, suddenly opened the door, by which the child was precipitated on the table, his hand overturning his father's cup, and then lodging in the butter.

Mrs. Waters colored at this incontrovertible argument against her cause, and when her husband, on leaving the table, repeated his wish that it should hereafter be set in the back parlor, she acquiesced without opposition.

A week or two from this, while Liddy was clearing off the breakfast things, Mr. Waters' eye fell upon his wife, who had opened the doors of the sideboard, and, in a stooping posture, was looking at the shelves, with no ostensible purpose other than that of admiring its contents.

"How did it happen, Eliza," said he, "that after you had made up your mind to be so very fashionable, you allowed that huge side-board to come into one of your parlors?"

"Because there is no dining room to take it into, and as we have no closets in the house, it was necessary that I should have something to keep my china in. I wish you to be punctual at your dinner, my dear, I intend to treat you to a dish of your favorite soup."

"Am I to understand that you wish alone to gratify my palate, or is your object also to show off your dinner-ware in full operation?"

"Nonsense, Henry!—you take such delight in teasing me!—but don't forget."

He complied with her injunction and returned in proper time. Mrs. Waters met him at the parlor door, as she was carrying her vaunted tureen into the kitchen, and stopped to congratulate him on Liddy's success in concocting his favorite mess. In a few minutes she returned, preceded by Liddy bringing the soup, and followed by little Phœbe bearing some requisite accompaniment. But before they had reached the table, the triumphal procession was wofully deranged. The tureen fell from Liddy's hand, and, far and wide, the carpet "drank in the genial moisture," while a fragment of the china rebounded, and cut a broad gash in Phœbe's cheek, close to the eye.

"How on earth could you have been so careless, Liddy?" screamed Mrs. Waters, between fright and vexation.

"How could I help it, ma'am?" replied Liddy, with becoming dignity. "It was all the fault of the tureen!" and she held out the handles, which she still grasped. They had been cemented along with the other things, in such a manner as to be imperceptible to the sight, and the heat of the soup had melted them off.

"Pray, Eliza, don't let it disturb you so much," whispered Jane, after endeavoring to quiet Phœbe, who was crying with the pain of her wound; think how easily this poor child might have lost her eye by the accident! if that had happened, our bargain might have been a reproach to us all our lives," and with this consideration, the lady allowed herself to be pacified.

The removal had taken place in September, and the weather soon began to grow cold. Mrs. Waters went out one afternoon to lay in wearing apparel for the winter, and did not return until her husband was ready to accompany her from his business in the evening.

"Tea has been waiting for you this half hour," said Jane, when they had got home, "come into the front parlor,—I have filled and lighted the pier-table lamp, as Henry directed me last night. Does it n't burn beautifully?—I think it throws out more light than the other."

"Where are the children?" asked Mrs. Waters.

"In the back-parlor, both riding in the large rocking-chair."

"Well, let them be,—I wish to show you my new purchases, and my present. See, this elegant shawl. I

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had been denying myself one for three or four years, because I thought we could not afford the cost, and it was very kind in Henry to give me this now, when he has been at such unusual expense in fitting up the house. He says, however, that he has just made an extra profit on a lot of them, and that therefore he is able to let me have this without much disadvantage."

After Jane had sufficiently admired the shawl, Mrs. Waters folded it up carefully to make room for her other acquisitions, when they were startled by a crash and scream from the other parlor. Hastily throwing down her shawl, she ran out with Jane, and found both the children screaming on the floor. The arm had broken out of the chair, one of the bargains, and little Agnes had fallen with her face against an edge of the sideboard.

"Mercy on us!—my child's nose is broken,—she will be disfigured for life!" exclaimed Mrs. Waters, wiping the blood from the little girl's face, while Jane picked her up, and Mr. Waters, whom the noise had attracted down stairs, could give her no better hope,—but, at her entreaties, hurried to call in a physician.

"That abominable chair!—I did not think I could possibly have been deceived in it!" cried the disturbed mother, and while Jane was soothing little Henry, who also had been hurt, though but slightly, she continued to bewail the probable loss of her child's beauty. By the time the doctor came the nose was dreadfully swollen and discolored, but it was pronounced not broken. For better than two hours no efforts could still the cries of the little sufferer, 'till, at length, an opiate was administered, and after that she allowed herself to be carried to bed.

Liddy made fresh tea, and having taken a quiet supper, Mrs. Waters proposed retiring to calm herself after her agitation. Preparatory to this, she went into the front parlor to gather up her packages, and found that the lamp had gone out. She called for a candle, and could hardly credit her senses at beholding the spectacle the pier-table exhibited. The lamp, which they had never tried before, had leaked itself dry, and the shawl, which in her haste she had thrown directly beneath it, was completely saturated with oil! A rare instance the lady would be who could bear a thing of that kind philosophically, and such an instance Mrs. Waters had not trained herself to be. Now, from her late alarm about her child, and the reflections cast upon her dearly bought chair by her husband, she was in a peculiarly excitable state, and throwing herself into a seat, she wept heartily. Mr. Waters and Jane tried vainly to comfort her, and for the night and the next day she labored under a severe nervous headache.

The winter passed through, and without bringing further mishaps, at least of a similar nature. The furniture began, however, through use, to exhibit its true quality. The sofas, for instance, creaked and trembled so violently, that their occupants, not unfrequently, thought proper to seek resting-places less precarious, while their cushions sunk to half their former plumpness, and left the hair-cloth, which, evidently, had been manufactured for sale rather than for wear, lying in wrinkles over them. The back-parlor carpet, also, from the washings to which it had been subjected, on account of the soup and the dust settling in the remaining grease, was in such a state that Mrs. Waters was ashamed to leave the doors open when she had any particular visitors. But this last source of vexation, she consoled herself with thinking, could be removed in the spring by a supply of matting, and the time for this at last came.

Mr. Waters sent home a piece of matting, and the front-parlor furniture was removed into the back room, until the upholsterer's man should have covered the floor. A pair of small girandoles, really pretty articles, and the principal ornaments of the apartment, had been placed by Mrs. Waters' direction on the sideboard, along with the vases of wax-flowers, which Jane had manufactured to aid in concealing the defects of the back-parlor mirror. The man got through, and while Liddy and Phœbe were replacing the furniture, he commenced at the other room. The sideboard required to be moved a few inches, and as he gave it a push to effect this, one of the feet broke off, and the corner of the cumbrous machine sunk to the floor, while the valuables on top rolled down and were shivered to atoms. The things that had given such an air of gentility to her rooms,—poor Mrs. Waters!

Meanwhile, Jane had been improving the time by captivating, and engaging herself to a very worthy young gentleman, a Mr. George Somerville. He was her brother's neighbor in business, and his intimate friend. Mr. Waters was very fond of his sister, and very much pleased with her projected match, and, as she was entirely dependant on his generosity, he exerted himself to give her an outfit as liberal as possible. In this his wife assisted him with great kindness and assiduity. The marriage was to take place early in autumn,—and Mrs. Waters, anxious to try an experiment at party-giving, insisted on having the ceremony performed in the evening, in the presence of Jane's acquaintances, of whom she had now a pleasant circle.

The evening came, and the bride expectant, leisurely arranged herself at an early hour. Just as her toilette was completed, a note was brought to her, from Mr. Somerville, stating that the clergyman, who had been engaged to officiate, was unexpectedly obliged to decline and asking whom she would prefer as a substitute, the Rev. Dr. D——, or the Rev. Mr. A——. Jane had no writing materials at hand, and, as it was too early to be interrupted by any of the invited guests, she ran down stairs, where ink and paper were to be found on the centre table. She began her note, and her brother stood beside her looking on. As he did so he rested his hand with his whole weight upon it on the table, which, alas! had never been intended for such usage. The top tilted from the pedestal, and, before she could think, the inkstand slid over the smooth surface into the lap of the poor girl, and discharged itself of its contents on her white satin dress. Fortunately, Mr. Waters caught the lamp before it had so far lost its perpendicular as to follow.

The scream of Jane and the furious ejaculations of her brother, brought the whole household into the room. Mrs. Waters exhibited as much horror on beholding the black puddle and its outlets as the most physical actress could have done at the sight of imitation life-blood on the

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robes of a tragedy heroine, while Liddy shook her head ominously, and hoped that such an accident on the wedding night, might not be a bad sign. A seamstress, who had been employed to assist in preparing Jane's wardrobe, was the only person who had composure enough to think of a remedy. She examined the dress, and finding that the front breadth alone was injured, she proposed running to the store at which the material had been purchased, and getting a piece to supply its place. Jane threw her arms around the young woman's neck in gratitude for the suggestion, and, disrobing herself, helped to rip out the ill-fated part. The satin was obtained, and basted in, and the dress re-adjusted on its fair owner before the arrival of the bride-groom.

"I am glad to see all is righted again," said Mr. Waters to his sister, as he accompanied Mr. Somerville to the apartment where she was waiting, "I had no idea that a misadventure of the kind could be so speedily repaired. It could not have happened at a more appropriate time to be a lesson to you,—that is, if, among your reflections, you recurred to the original cause."

Mr. Somerville inquired what he alluded to.

Mrs. Waters shook her head deprecatingly at her husband, but, without heeding her, he laughed and continued,—

"Jane will tell you the story, from beginning to end, when you have more leisure to listen, but, as all the parties concerned are drawn together, with a marriage in perspective, like the characters at the end of a play, I, as being the greatest philosopher of the group, will point out the moral, that you may lose nothing whilst waiting to hear the incident:—never attempt to do as other people do, unless you have the means to imitate creditably and with safety.

Baltimore, Md.

Original.

"HIGH CONNECTIONS."

"I GRANT him good and handsome, dear,
This charming Julian Stanley,
A genius and a hero too,
And courteous as he's manly.
I own his heart a generous one,
And rich in warm affections,
"None know him but to praise him," love:
But—*kas* he *high connections!*"

"He has, the highest!" Jane replied,
With smiles and blushes blended,
"Ah! then all's right!"—her crony cried,
"Who are they?—how descended?"

"His kin are *all* the great and good!
He's linked with them for ever,
By *Sympathy*—the only tie,
That Death will fail to sever:
And higher still—his noble mind,
His pure and true affections,
Have won *for* him a home in Heaven;—
There are his "*high connections!*"

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Original.

EARLY LAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' ETC.

SONNETS.—FANCY.

I.

VOICES are on the wings;—I hear them now,
Floating around me, musical and sweet,
As sound the waves of ocean when they meet,
Curling and flashing round some sunny prow;
Then, with a flow of rippling melody,
Back shrinking from the lately-sought embrace,
Even as some trembling virgin, bashfully,
Doubt in her heart and blushes on her face!
How melancholy, yet how sweet withal,
Those murmurs—their first meeting and their fall!
They swell upon my spirit's ear by night,
And morning brings them on her purple wings
As from her golden couch i' the East she springs!
Fancy!—they are thy voices of delight.

II.

Not of delight alone!—the murmur swells
To sorrow, as the rosy day declines;
And, folding up his wing among the vines,
The wandering zephyr of his garden tells,
By the Euphrates:—Exiled from its flow'rs,
His wing is weary—he forgets its powers,
And his heart sinks with the decaying light,
Most wretched—the Capricious!—three long hours!
E're dawn, he plumes his wing for fresher flight,
Dreams of enduring joys in other bowers,
And wild his song of rapture that same night!—
Rapture in sadness finds its fit repose,
As toil in sleep;—and Fancy's self rebels,
Denied her evening bower and brief repose.

III.

Whoso denies this wholesome, natural want,
Endangers her existence. She must bask
Among the woods she rifles;—free from task,
The master's eye and hard command;—and nap
Where Nature yields her groves and matron lap;
Birds singing sleep, and the far-hunted doe,
Assured of safety, stops awhile to pant!
Thus resting, she arises prompt and strong,
With eye all vigor,—wing prepared to go,
To Rapture, in the upward-gushing song!
Unwisely he, the Bard, who rash and wrong,
Gonds ever his dull hackney;—hence his gait
Is hobbling, and his flight, though seldom slow,
Is heavy, halting, flound'ring, carrying weight.

W. G. SIMMS.

POVERTY has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind, to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost contriving for to-morrow.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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Original.

GULZARA; OR, THE PERSIAN SLAVE.

Among the various intellectual amusements which characterize the reunions of the *beau monde*, of the present day, "*Tableaux vivants Proverbes, etc.*," Private theatricals, calculated as they are to display to the greatest advantage, beauty, grace and talent, should form a more frequent feature. I had the pleasure, a short time since, of being present at an entertainment of this description, when "The Star of the goodlie Companie" was herself the authoress and heroine of the beautiful little drama.

Music announced to the assembled guests that the play was to commence. Leaving our drawing room, we proceeded to another, filled with benches conveniently arranged, that all might see, before the folding doors of an apartment, where hung the green curtain; which slowly rising, disclosed a miniature theatre, perfect in all its appurtenances of scenery, foot-lights, etc, etc. The scene was the interior of a Sultan's Harem—the walls rich in arabesques and gilding—perfumes burning in a censor, added a delicious softness to the scene. Upon a couch in the centre, reclines, in an indolent, Turkish attitude, a fair girl, whose sunny ringlets overshadow the embroidery-frame she holds, on which her delicate fingers seem to trace a flower. She is the Sultan's daughter, the young Sultanah Zuleika. At her feet, upon an ottoman, sits a gazelle-eyed lady of the Harem, whose strictly-correct costume, and dark oriental eyes, might make one fancy her some bright bird of passage, who had flown from those sunny shores of romance, where the gilded minarets of Istambol brighten the waters with their reflected beauty. The Sultan is absent, engaged in foreign warfare; in the meanwhile arrives at the palace a beautiful Persian slave, the recent purchase of the "Harem's Lord." The young Sultanah, wishing kindly to welcome the stranger, summons her to her presence. She enters, lovely, but sorrowful. Zuleika addresses her—entreats her to be happy in her new home, and in the love of her new lord. Gulzara, newly torn from parents, *lover*, friends and home, refuses to be comforted, and in a tone of thrilling pathos, bursts forth with the abhorrence in which she holds the gilded slavery of her new state.

The following extract is from the opening scene.

Zuleika. "Welcome, young stranger; in my father's name,
I bid you to his palace welcome."

Gulzara. "I were ungrateful not to give you thanks."

Zuleika. "Nay, spare them until fairly won, for still
That eye with gath'ring moisture half flows o'er,
That brow is shadow'd with'n voiceless gloom.
In yonder sumptuous harem find you aught
Engend'ring grief?"

Gulzara. "Oh! yes—no—yes—spare me,
Gentle Sultanah, spare your slave, until
My tongue has learn'd (to what 'tis now unused)
The courteous reply, despite a heart
O'er swelling with such thoughts as may not break
The barrier of my lips, that to your rank
Is due."

Zuleika. "You wrong me;

* * * * * * *

I would hear uncolored truth.
What in the gay Zenana like you not?"

Gulzara. "It lacks to me the humble look, the dear,
Familiar aspect of my native cot.
Your 'broider'd cushions cannot bring me sleep,
Or flatteries; joys, or gorgeous splendor; peace;
'Tis not my *home*!"

Zuleika. "What art of ours can render it less strange?"

Gulzara. "None! none! unless to these rich walls you give
The unpolished rudeness of my father's hut,
Where ev'ry object that I gaze upon,
Brings back the hist'ry of some childish hour.

* * * * * *

I dwell upon my mother's gentle tone,
Whose warbling makes the bulbul's music harsh,
And laughter of gay children glad mine ear.
Take back your splendid luxuries; in lieu
Of wealth or ease, these humbler treasures give,
Though labor be my lot, and scanty food
Toil's recompense; give but this Heaven-sent boon,
And I will call your palace-prison, *home*!"

Zuleika. "Yet the day will come,
When changed Gulzara, more than home or him,
Shall love the Sultan Suliman."

Gulzara. "Love *him*!
For the first time of aught that Allah made,
I have to teach my lips not breathe, *I hate*!
Love him? thy father? Ay, great cause is mine,
To *love* the Sultan Suliman! to pay
Him back, for banishment from all most dear;
Parents, and home, and sweet companionship
Of joyous sisters, with the only gift
The poor can offer—love!
Zuleika! born in high estate, and chained
By chilling forms, that riches makes itself,
To curb down speaking Nature's warmer impulse,
Thou canst not know the sweet reunion round
The evening hearth, when day toils cease; the shout
Of gamboling children, mingling with the low
And thrilling music, by the Zeber waked

* * * * * *

Oh, could we ever thus have lived! Despite
More barbarous usage, had my father vowed,
His offspring (buds of the sweet shelter'd vale
Of Khorassan) should untransplanted round
Him bloom; strangers alike to slavery
And shame. His oath was scorned! The evil eye
Fell on us! How or when the Sultan saw,
Or wherefore fixed on me, I wonder still.
The Kislar Aga to my father sent;
A noble price was offer'd; all in vain
I wept and prayed.

* * * * * *

Resistance, were to war with thunder-bolts,
Or with unshielded bosom tempt their burst.
The dreadful moment came; the parting one!
Oh! 'tis a fable all, that hearts can break,
Else were this breast that fearful instant riven!

* * * * * *

My mother wild
With woe, with streaming eyes, on bended knees,
Implored the transient respite of an hour.
Rudely they tore me from her twining arms;
But, ah! I see her now, as from the rich
Embroider'd draperies of the Araba,
I looked my last; and saw her stand with arms
Wide-stretched, eyes from their sockets starting out.
And when the shroud of distance, like death's pall,
Had veiled me from her sight, the shriek that burst—
My mother's shriek! E'en now it rings to mad
Mine ear, and shuts out ev'ry mocking sound
Of comfort!"

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Urged by Zuleika, the fair Persian reveals the story of her love. Saved from the grasp of an Arab, who would have borne her away, by an unknown huntsman, whom chance led to the rescue, they became lovers.

"Ask me not, 'twere sacrilege
To paint the mystic weavings of the chain,
Or breathe how love more closely knit our hearts.
Day after day passed on, and still he came,
More joyful each new meeting, and more sad
When warned the setting sun, that we must part.
* * * * * *
'Twas while thus sped the pleasure-laden hours,
The Sultan's mandate came. In dizzy haste
I sought the old accustomed trysting place,
But Hafed came not; the appointed hour
Drew near, he tarried still; the morrow's rise
Beholds the Sultan's victim sacrificed!"

She yet again seeks the accustomed place, and there once more beholds her lover, who, when he hears the story of her despair, tells her reproachfully that she is dazzled by the Sultan's splendor, and willingly went to grace his gilded cage; he was forgotten.

"But soon he yielded to
My vows, banished transforming frowns and soothed
Me with bright promises, that we should meet—
Should blissful meet again; bade me believe;
Swore that I still should be his bride; and left
Me suddenly."

The Sultan has a son, the young Prince Amurat. Ayesha, the wife of the Sultan's favored fisherman, who had formerly been a slave in the palace, and now inhabits a hut in its precincts, is instigated by motives of revenge, to steal away the young Prince. Her own son had been torn from her, and imprisoned by order of the Sultan, as a punishment for the inadvertent transgression of a law, the penalty of which was death. She succeeds in her dark design. While the young Amurat is walking in a grove with Gulzara, Ayesha beguiles the Persian from his side, and seizing the boy, bears him away to her cottage by a secret path. The innocent Gulzara is thrown into prison, being supposed guilty of the cruel murder of the Prince Amurat, whose cloak she had carried for him during their walk, (he having become impatient of its warmth,) is found in her chamber; this confirms the suspicion, and she is doomed to death by the bow-string. Zuleika visits her in prison, to prevail upon her to confess her supposed guilt, and leaves her, half convinced of her innocence.

Gulzara. "Come you to comfort or upbraid? For either,
Bootless your errand; for to *comfort*, you
Must want the power, and to *upbraid*, do lack
The cause."

Zuleika. "I come for neither, but to pray,
Beseech, Gulzara to avow; what shall
I say?—the madness that gave birth to this
Most monstrous crime."

Gulzara. "I've heard, it is their wont,
In lands where tyrants reign, and subjects tremble,
On wheels to break, or torture on the rack,
The haplessly accused, 'till the crazed wretch
Groan forth confession of black deeds, never
Committed. Princess! are you coldly come,
The executioner, to test if *I*
Shall prove as weak?"

Zuleika. "I pardon you the taunt;
Despite conviction, reason, everything,
I cannot think you guilty to this last
Degree; not—not of murder."

Gulzara. "Speak that word
Again! It is the Heaven-sent nectar-drop,
Curing the plague upon my vitals preying;
Oh! I am innocent! you own it: there
Is one, when doomed Gulzara breathes no more,
And the dread story of her guilt, is told
In loathing; one who will proclaim the tale
Is false. You trust me?"

Zuleika. "I must henceforth live,
Mistrusting all my senses would approve,
If I did not."

Gulzara. "Then is the bow-string but
The bar that draws, to open Paradise.
I do not ask for life; what is't to die,
Without the stain that makes death terrible?
A passing pang, a quiver of the limbs;
Then rest, that fear, and care, no more disturb.
They who have suffered in the *soul*, shall own
That transient pain a jest, to agonies
The spirit must endure. One boon I crave;
When ruthless slaves have done their duty; when
In bloody sockets glare the starting eyes,
And the last bursting sigh is choked ere 't scape,
When mocking menials, aweless, shall insult
The freezing corpse with merry ribaldry;
Oh! as thou hopest to cross Al Sirat's height
With foot unfaltering, promise me, Zuleika!
My aged parents from thy hands shall know
I perished innocent, as when they last
Called down a blessing on their guileless child."

While the whole household of the palace are in the greatest grief and consternation at the mysterious disappearance of the prince, and the gentle Zuleika, overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of her brother, anticipates with dread the moment when she must meet her father, and disclose the terrible story of his doubtful fate. Amurat, himself, appears before them! He has dexterously contrived to elude the vigilance of Ayesha, and made his escape. Gulzara's innocence is apparent, and she is liberated. A letter now arrives from the Sultan, with tidings of victorious achievements, and to the astonishment of all, orders for the instant preparation of a magnificent bridal, he being about to choose a bride. Wonder and curiosity take possession of the fair ladies of the Harem. Who is to be the chosen one? Gulzara trembles, but not with joy. Zuleika, who holds the letter, and has been reading it aloud, now continues to read silently, when suddenly uttering an exclamation of joy and surprize, she turns to the fair Persian, and imparts to her the blissful truth, that Hafed, the huntsman who rescued her from the Arab, the lover, to whom her faith was pledged, is Sultan Suliman! Overwhelmed with happiness, she faints in the arms of Zuleika, but soon revives, when all hail her as Sultanah.

The characters were well supported. The dark-eyed Ayesha, 'the villain of the piece,' looked and performed her part with great spirit, and when the play was over, and we beheld her smiling gently upon her partner in the dance, we could scarcely believe that her fine eyes which now wore so sweet an expression, could so well pourtray the darker passions of hatred and revenge. The part of Gulzara was beautifully supported by the authoress. The impassioned speeches given with all the fervor which we may well imagine as belonging to those children of the Sun, and the pathetic prayers were uttered in a tone whose melting music touched every heart. B.

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Original.

FAREWELL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I WILL not say remember me,
Though all too soon we part,
And sadly and regretfully,
Thought lingers round my heart.
A few short days of gladness
And sunshine still is ours;
But then will follow sadness,
And moments traced in flowers,
May linger in the memory—
A pleasant joy but past—
Like a soft and golden sunset
All lovely to the last.

And yet I do bethink me
That in this life of ours,
Are green and sunny places,
Flushed with the gentle flowers,
That weave their clinging tendrils
Around two kindred minds,
And, spite of time or absence,
Their foliage still entwines.
True hearts that feel together,
Are like a voice and lute—
Or the breeze that seeks a casement,
Where a harp is lying mute;

That when the strings are trembling,
Awake a softer thrill,
And with its gentle whispering,
Calls out its tones at will.
Some breezes swell so quietly,
The harp's best music flows
From off its strings harmoniously
As incense leaves the rose,
And that is like the friendship
Enrooted in this heart.
Its strings retain their music,
Though from the breeze apart.
They tremble with sweet memory
And breathe a plaintive tone,
And the music swells for ever
Though the harp be left alone.
The breeze may spread his pinions,
But they have caught a strain,
While blending with the harp-strings,
That cannot die again;
While the lone harp is tuneful,
With melody from Heaven,
The breeze will sigh more sweetly
With a music caught and given,

As when it has been revelling
In the lily's pearly bell;
Or down among the violets
That flush a greenwood dell.
I will not say, "remember me!"
If friendship's in that heart
Thou never canst forget me,
Though years and leagues apart.

Original.

WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' ETC.

How beautiful is woman's life
When first her suppliant woos and kneels,
And she with young and warm hopes rife,
Believes he deeply feels.

Then day is gladness, and the night
Looks on her with its starry eyes,
As though it gave her all their might
Over men's destinies.

Wrapt watchers of the skiey gleam,
Then men are like astronomers
Who gaze and gladden at the beam
Of that bright eye of hers.

And if a frown obscure its light,
'Tis like a cloud to star-struck men,
Through the long watches of the night,—
Oh! for that beam again!

How heart-struck that astrologer,
A gazer on the starry one,
When first he looked in vain for her,
The lovely Pleiad gone.

But men watch not the stars always—
And though the Pleiad may be lost,
Yet still there are a thousand rays
From the surrounding host.

And woman, long before the grave
Closes above her dreamless rest,
May be man's empress and his slave,
And his discarded jest.

Still may that Pleiad shine afar,
But pleasure-led o'er summer seas,
Who dwells upon a single star
Amid the Pleiades.

Man courts the constellations bright,
That beam upon his bounding bark,
Nor thinks upon the left lone light,
'Till all above is dark.

Then when he knows nor land nor main,
And darkly is his frail bark tossed,
He counts the separate stars in vain
And mourns the Pleiad lost.

F. W. T.

REASON and free inquiry are the only effectual antidotes of error. Give them full scope, and they will uphold the truth, by bringing false opinions, and all the spurious offspring of ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest, before their severe tribunal, and subjecting them to the test of close investigation. Error alone needs artificial support; truth can stand by itself.—*Lawrence.*

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Original.

THE WAR-WOMAN'S CREEK.

In Georgia and North Carolina, there is hardly a river, creek, or stream, that has not connected with it some old Indian tradition. The title of the present sketch is taken from one of these—I believe one of the principal tributaries of the Natahalee River, in the Cherokee Nation, North Carolina. The story, as told by the few Indians remaining since the removal in the fall of 1838, runs thus:

Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe attacked the house of a squatter somewhere upon their borders, during his absence, and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring; scalped like them, and apparently dead. She was not, however, wounded so badly as they had supposed, and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than disengaging herself from the heap of slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered stealthily from the door, and, finding her enemies no longer in sight, hastily extinguished the fire, which, before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had, as yet, made very little impression on the green logs of which it was composed. Wiping from her eyes the warm blood which was still reeking from her scalpless head, she directed her agonized gaze to the bleeding and disfigured forms of those who scarce an hour before were playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter, and as she felt, in the full sense of her desolation, the last ray of hope die within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes. Her eye gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue, in the one absorbing and fell purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes, until, at night, she came up with them encamped at the side of the creek, which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of thesurrounding darkness, on her hands and knees, she crept noiselessly towards the fire, the blaze of which, as it flickered upwards, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, five in number, who, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapt in deep sleep, with their only weapons, their tomahawks, in their belts. Her own stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of the burning pine fell upon it with more or less distinctness—now exposing its lineaments clotted with blood, and distorted by an expression which her wrongs, and the sight of the desolaters of her hearthstone, exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shading all, save two gleaming, spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon. Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks, and dropped all but one into the creek. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution in her heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifting the instrument, to which her own and her children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow, buried it in the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side, gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position, quite dead. Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before despatched all of the sleepers, but one, to that long rest from which only the last trump can awaken them. The last devoted victim, however, was aroused to a consciousness of his situation by the death-struggles of his companions. He sprang to his feet and felt for his weapon. It was not there, and one glance explaining every thing to him, he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand, and with it, succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away. In this piteous plight, the poor woman remained until near noon on the following day, when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of whites, to whom she told her story, and then died. After burying her on the spot, they made some exertion to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale, the little stream, before-mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale-faces, as the "War-Woman's Creek." A. L. S.

Original.

THE BANKS OF THE JUNIATA.

How have I loved at eventide, to climb
Thy banks, wild Juniata! and look up
At rocky bluff, and rude o'erhanging cliff,
As lofty, as they were the eyrie-home
Of the fair clouds of ever gorgeous hue,
That sweep the everlasting canopy!

Then to look down into thy dark blue waves,
And trace the eddying of each limpid curl;
The sunbeams dancing in their wanton mirth,
Atween the shadows of the giant trees,
Whose tall tops skirt the arched roof of heaven—
From out whose branches comes the joyous song
Of thousand birds, whose choral strains are fraught
With harmonies of love; with praise to HIM,
Whose mind, infinite—arm, omnipotent,
Alone could plan, create, and beautify
A world, as ours so wonderful—a scene,
As *this*, so gloriously fair!

LEWIS J. CIST.

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Original.

STARLIGHT RECOLLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

'T was night. In the woodland alone,
We met with no witnesses by,
But such as resplendently shone
In the blue-tinted vault of the sky.
Your head on my bosom was laid,
As you said you would ever be mine,
And I promised to love, dearest maid,
And worship alone at your shrine.

II.

Your love on my heart gently fell
As the dew on the flowers at eve,
Whose bosoms with gratitude swell,
A blessing to give and receive.
And I knew by the glow on your cheek,
And the transport you could not control,
No power had language to speak
The faith or content of your soul.

III.

I've loved you as none ever loved,
As the steel to the star I am true;
And I, dearest maiden, have proved,
That none ever loved me but you.
'Till memory looses her power,
Or the sands of existence have run,
I'll remember that star-lighted hour,
That mingled two hearts into one.

Original.

THE SOUND OF THE BELL.

BY J. M'LELLAN, JR.

I love to hear that pealing knell
Of the resounding curfew bell,
When o'er the darkening scene of day,
The glimmering shades of evening play;
Each smoky grove, and purple hill,
With the melodious cadence thrill,
Wide o'er the sleeping lake it floats
Prolonging still its dying notes,
'Till wearied echo sinks to rest,
And silence folds her to his breast.

When flames the morning's earliest fire
Upon the faded belfry's spire,
The swinging bell the silence breaks,
And all the slumbering village wakes;
Then mounts the hamlet's curling smoke
Above its old embowering oak,
Then forth the plough-boy leads the team,
Forth hies the angler to his stream,
And shrill the sharpening scythes resound,
Where the stout mowers sweep the ground.

It calls man to the house of prayer,
When the sweet Sabbath calms the air;
It calls the marriage group to come
With blushing bride and manly groom;
It bids with solemn knell the bier
With all its mourning train draw near;
It warns us when the wasting fire
At midnight lights its flaming pyre;
It summons to the battle field,
The patriots deadly blade to wield.

Oft have I heard with joy the peal
O'er the New-England village steal—
Oft where the winding Merrimac
Leads thro' green meads its shining track;
Oft by the noble Hudson's shores,
Oft where the Susquehannah pours,
Oft where the dear Ohio's flood
Rolls thro' its lone o'erhanging wood;
And ever thy deep voice did chime
Sweetly and sad the lapse of time!

I've heard old Notre-Dame's grey tower
Measure the passing midnight hour,—
Where dark and swift the Seine below
Murmured in ever-restless flow;
Have heard Cologne's and Strasburg's bell,
O'er the deep Rhine, the moments tell;
Have heard their chapel-bell invite
The Switzers to the vesper-rite;
And grand Saint Peter's soaring dome,
Sound hollow o'er imperial Rome.

Have heard the Latin Convent's peal
Summon the Christian Greek to kneel,
In famous Athen's ruined street
E'en at her pagan-temples' feet;
Have heard it in Egyptian land,
And over Syria's yellow strand,
Bid dusty Pilgrim, tired and faint,
His vows to offer to the Saint,—
E'en where the Mosque's grey Priest did call
The loud Muezzin from the wall.

Sweet sounds the camels' bell at night
To Arab by the camp-fire's light;
To traveller lost o'er fount and fell,
Sweet comes the tinkling sheep-fold's bell:
Sweet is the ship-bell's accent deep,
That sends the sea-boy to his sleep:
Sweet 'neath the midnight winter moon,
The jingling bell's melodious tune!
Sweet to the homeward voy'gers ear,
His well-known church-bell, pealing clear!

But sadly its lament doth fall,
On prisoner in the dungeon wall,
Reminding that its sands will pass
Soon thro' his brief life's empty glass,
When this fair earth, so green and bright,
Must vanish from his aching sight;
Sad sounds it on the crowded deck,
Of the fast-sinking, storm-tossed wreck;
Sad sound! to those whose mournful tread
Bears to the dust, the lovely dead!

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Original.

VENERATION FOR THE DEAD.

ANXIETY respecting the appearance and disposal of our remains, seems to be an inherent quality of man. "Aim at the heart, and spare the face!" exclaimed the splendid Murat, as he fell. "Don't throw me overboard—kiss me, Hardy!" were among the last words of the dying Nelson. Indeed, to die "*decently*," and have a little marble on our graves, is among our chief desires. "Man is a noble animal," as says a certain writer, "splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." It is this which distinguishes us, in a measure, from the brutes that perish. In this respect, every man is a kind of Cheops!

The veriest peasant, who has been familiar only with his cottage-home—whose most ardent desires have hardly wandered from a bed of straw, at the hour of death, has been known to be even scrupulous in choosing his final bed beneath the green turf of his native valley; and how often does the poet, as he enters the vale of years, choose for his final resting-place, some loved spot—some spot made dear to him by a thousand recollections. His choice, perhaps, is by the bank of some sunny stream, or the sea shore, where the blue waves may greet him in his last repose, and where he may for ever listen to the peans of a mighty God. Imagination casts her charms around his chosen grave, and he dreams not of the beetle or the worm. The great Cæsar, that he might die '*decently*,' adjusted his robes while falling at the base of Pompey's statue. It seems as if he felt to imitate the setting sun, as he enfolds himself in the drapery of an evening sky.

And if Cæsar was thus actuated, so is the untutored Indian. Shategaronnah, a Wyandot chief, we are told, was ordered to be put to death. The messengers finding the aged warrior, commenced digging his grave by the side of his wigwam. Entreaty was vain, and *dressing himself in his best war clothes*, and taking a meal of venison, he prepared to die.

The rich of earth, to cheat the worms, and ensure respect, spare no expense. The iron coffin must be had. There must be a profusion of crape, and gold must swell the tide of splendid woe. Monuments must greet the heavens, and the mourners go about the streets, because a "man has gone to his long home."

We *all* expect some one to praise our deeds, and extol our virtues, while the wide mantle of charity is to cover our weakness and our faults. With melancholy fondness, we expect our grave to be decent, our coffin polished, and our last tunic clean and white. Perhaps we please ourselves with the thought of some cherished friend fondly embracing our cold urns, and dropping the mournful, silent tear. Consoling thought! Oh! could we be assured, in our last moments, that our friends would remember us—that the violet on our graves would not make its appeal in vain—that the tear of grief would sometimes flow for our departure, how would this assurance destroy the pang of death! how would it ease our dying pillows! Imaginary as this may be, nevertheless it is a suggestion of our natures—a suggestion which has its birth in the feelings both of the aged and the young. And as we are all, both old and young, thus cheered with the idea of tributes of respect, so there are none who can endure the thought of having their remains insulted after death. "Expose me not to the jeers of the populace!" was the last request of a dying emperor. It is virtually the request of all. Man shrinks instinctively from the thought of posthumous insult.

It is this which lends half the agony to the death-bed of the prisoner. Visions of the dissecting-knife haunt his soul. Governments are well aware of this effect, and, indeed, of the influence upon the living person, of the idea of any indignity offered to his remains. Not many years since, I have somewhere read, the Parisians seemed determined upon their own destruction. Half Paris appeared about to commit suicide, and the other half were eager to find a preventative. Finally, a law was passed, that the body of a suicide should be dragged naked through the street. The law needed but to be executed ere the desired effect was produced. The fine feelings of the Parisians recoiled at the idea, while the cold, hasty remarks of a gazing populace—"what lips! what a face he had!" chilled their very blood with horror.

It is true that our bodies, when dead, are alike unknowing of kindness or of wrong; but those kindnesses or wrongs which we experience this side the tomb, we imagine will cheer or pain us beyond it. Why should tenderness cease where the empire of the grave begins? Passing strange if it must be so! One thing there is of which I have often thought. Who that can tread upon the grave, even of a stranger, without experiencing those debasing sensations, which ever follow upon offering insult to one who is helpless? The injury recoils upon ourselves. It drinks half its own poison. We sympathize with the injured dead. We lay ourselves within our narrow home, and fancying the intruder's unfeeling tread, we realize full deeply the sacredness of the motto—"*Peace be with his ashes!*"

In consideration of the above, I have often thought it a most repulsive feature in the profession of an antiquary—his willingness to rob even the sepulchre, if the ornaments and lachrymary vases therein concealed, will tend to blazon his name, or gratify his unhallowed and insatiable curiosity. Not only the temples of the gods must suffer pillage to enrich a cabinet, but search must be made among the very ashes of the dead. Far different must be the feeling which would prompt to such an action, from that which would lead us, as we behold the sculptured marble, or the more modest grave, to pause and pay the accustomed tribute of respect; and, indeed, how few are they who can pass on. Why is this? Why do our feelings demand of us to pay to the dead the tribute of respect, or the charity of our silence? Why? unless it be that we will soon, in our turn, make the same demand of our surviving fellows? It is then but the golden rule, that we should venerate the dead. And, oh! why not? Heaven grant that my grave, and the graves of those I love, may be cast in some sunny spot—

"Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

S. C. L.

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Original.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The cold blast at the casement beats,
The window-panes are white;
The snow whirls through the empty streets—
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait—
Fill! to o'erflowing, fill!
Though Winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis Summer still!

For we, full many Summer joys,
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared!
And, as I look upon thy face—
Back—back, o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is Summer still!

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing-birds are flown—
The verdure is not faded quite—
Not mute all tones that thrill—
And seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis Summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back,
With light and life once more!
We scan the Future's sunny track,
From Youth's enchanted shore,
The lost return. Through fields of bloom,
We wander at our will;
Gone is the Winter's angry gloom—
In our hearts 'tis Summer still!

Original.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

"And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, 'Write blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"—*St. John.*

Who are the blessed dead? The host who fall
Upon the crimsoned battle-field?
The victors and the vanquished—o'er them all,
Death flings with fearful haste his gloomy pall,
To him their common foe they yield;
And useless then are sword and shield.
They bleed and die for conquest and for fame,
And leave behind them but an empty name,
Their hands with human blood are red—
Not they, not they, the blessed dead!

Who are the blessed dead? The men who sway
The mighty sceptres of the earth?
The titled ones, whom multitudes obey,
Before whose thrones, nations their homage pay—
Wear earthly honors from their birth,
Nor envy dare dispute their worth.
But thrones and crowns are perishable things,
And Death respects not Emperors and Kings;
With life their glory all hath fled,
Not they, not they, the blessed dead!

Who are the blessed dead? The men of lore,
Whose well-earned fame outlives their age?
The boundless fields of science they explore,
And toil to gather intellectual store;
In Wisdom's book they read each page,
And thus their noblest powers engage:
But human wisdom sheds no blessed ray,
To light their spirits to the Realms of Day;
It cannot cheer their dying bed—
Not they, not they, the blessed dead.

Who are the blessed dead? Have all our race
No promise of the life to be?
Behold that smile upon yon sufferer's face,
And mark the triumph of redeeming grace!
His soul from sin's dread curse is free,
His grave has lost the victory;
He sleeps in Jesus, 'till his mouldering dust,
Shall rise to holier life among the just:
Who die like him—the Spirit said—
They, only, are the blessed dead!

Original.

STANZAS.

BY F. S. JEWETT.

Start not back ye timid mortal
From the grave's unfolding gloom,
For ye pass this world's portal,
Only when ye pass the tomb.

Blinded hope but clings to sorrow,
For the sun of life is grief;—
Beckons pleasure to the morrow;
But to-day knows not relief.

Dim, and dread beneath the shadow,
Hanging o'er the door of death,
Seems the spirit's life hereafter,
Ere it flies its mortal breath.

Still, beyond the magic ceiling,
Lights the spark of fadeless day;
Death is but the bright revealing
Of its spirit-lifting ray.

Fast returning—fast retiring—
Pass the hours that bind us here;
Pause, oh, man, for each, expiring,
Counts a step that mounts the bier!

Life of toil—an ardent vision,
Transient as its baseless prize—
Breathes an hour in mock derision,
Of our end and aim—and dies.

Thus a struggle, vain and fleeting,
Marks the transit of our strife;—
Earth to earth in kindred meeting,
Triumphs—and we enter life.

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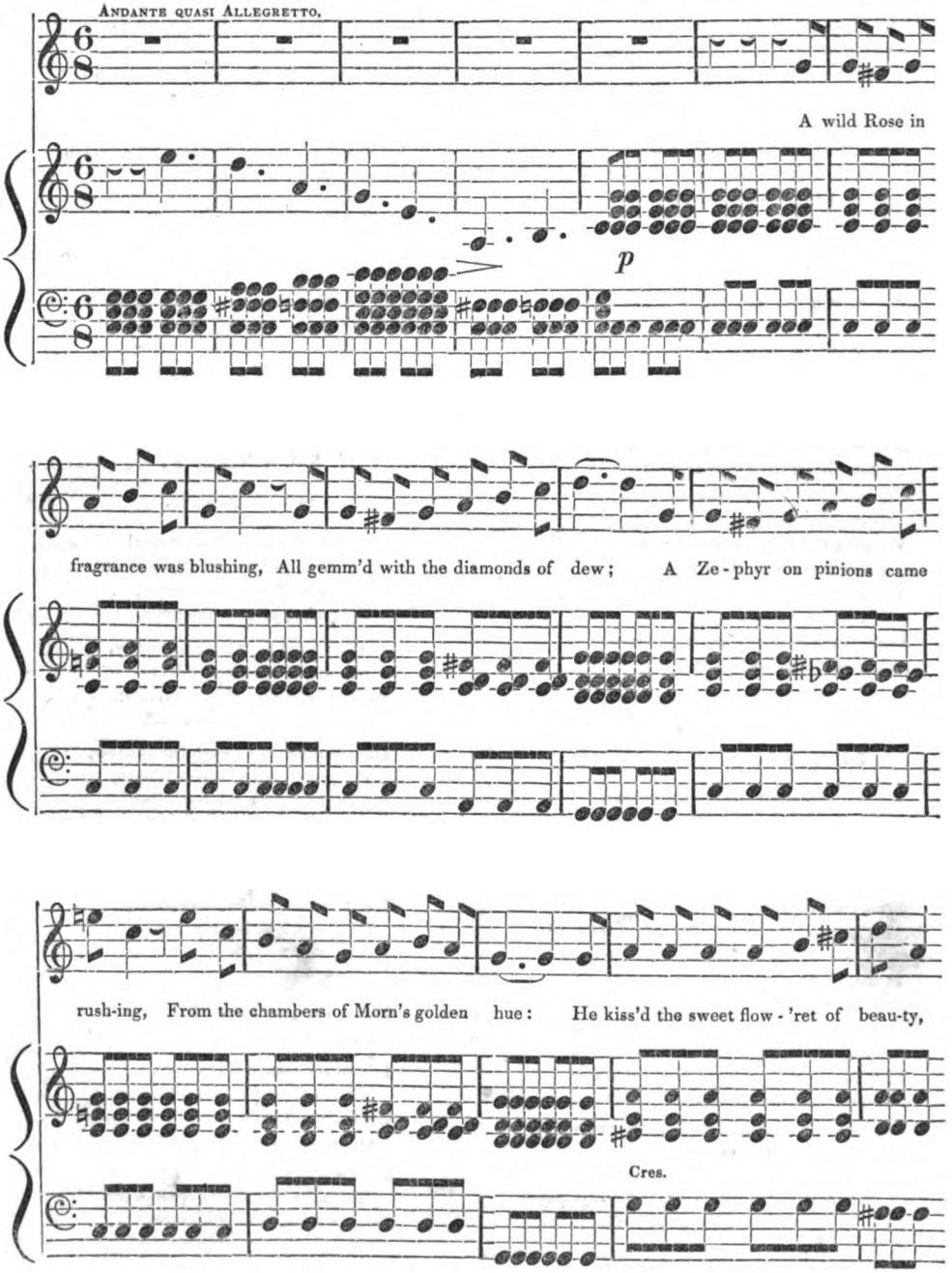
THE ROSE AND THE ZEPHYR.

A BALLAD.

WORDS BY ROBERT HAMILTON—MUSIC BY JAMES G. MAEDER.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' COMPANION.



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As the tears from its sweet petals fell; Then sped on his balm breathing duty, Sighing, Rose of my

Rall.

bo-som, fare - well! Fare - - well! Then sped on his balm breathing du-ty, Sighing,

Ad lib.

Rose of my bo-som, fare - well!

Decres.

SECOND VERSE.

When Evening in glory was glowing,
I saw then the Rose—but how changed!
O'er earth were its crimson leaves blowing,
And Zephyr o'er other flowers ranged:

"True emblem," I cried, "of hopes slighted,
Sweet type of Young Love's broken spell;
Like thee are Life's blossoms thus blighted,
Thou Rose of the wildwood,—farewell!

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LITERARY REVIEW.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE;—*by James F. Cooper: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is the worst production that has yet appeared from the pen of this writer. It possesses neither interest of plot nor originality of character. The heroine, from whom the romance derives its title, is a mere commonplace young lady, such as is to be met with in every novel of the present day; while her lover, Louis de Bobadillar, is one of those youthful and accomplished cavaliers, the usual romantic companions of such pouting and amiable beauties as Mercedes. Isabella and Ferdinand are most feebly delineated, for which, no excuse can be offered, as their own characters and the age in which they lived, afforded ample material for the pen of a good novelist. Then comes the Indian Princess, Ozema, dragged in at the conclusion of the story, to create a kind of melo dramatic excitement, without cause or sense, merely to enable the writer to make out the requisite number of pages in the construction of the two volumes. Christopher Columbus, he has labored hard, but most ineffectively to make appear a principal personage in the novel, but he proves to be nothing more than a talkative gentleman, giving his directions to his sailors, counting his beads, examining his charts, and saying his prayers, like a good catholic. This is certainly most unpardonable, for a more splendid subject, for either novelist or historian, is not to be found in the annals of any country. We imposed upon ourselves the task of wading through the work carefully, in the hope that we might find some redeeming quality that would compensate us for our trouble, but we were most woefully disappointed. There is not one chapter exhibiting more than ordinary talent. In brief, the work is only a compound of historical incidents already known to every one who is in the least acquainted with the life of the celebrated navigator, and feebly drawn characters, the latter talking an infinite deal of nothing, to the fatigue of themselves and their unfortunate readers.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

POOR JACK;—*by Captain Marryat: Carey & Hart.*—This is one of the most natural works that has ever come from the pen of this author. It is written with great fluency and simplicity of language, and free from all absurdity, a besetting sin of the greater part of his former productions. There is not one character introduced but what is graphically drawn and imparting a share of interest to the story. The admirers of Marryat, as well as the main body of readers, will find it one of the best publications of the season.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

THE ABBEY AND OTHER TALES, *by Mrs. Gore.*—There is nothing either to praise or censure in any of the tales comprised in these volumes. They are smoothly written, with here and there a stirring incident, but in no way above the usual character of this style of composition, which is to be found in almost every periodical of the present day. The name of the authoress, we should imagine, is the only inducement to their republication in America, as their claims to superior merit, will never be allowed.

CHARLES O'MALLEY: *Carey & Hart.*—This facetious and mirth inspiring gentleman has presented us with numbers thirteen and fourteen of his adventures. They abate nothing in interest to the former ones. Those who have not supplied themselves with this "right merry" work, should do so immediately, as a more amusing one has not been issued for many years.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY: *by Mrs. E. R. Steele.*—In the December number of the 'Companion' we took occasion to mention this work, then in the process of publication. We have since examined a copy, and from a careful perusal of its contents, we are happy to find that our opinion of its merits has been fully established. American literature, which is already rich in the names of female authors, has now to boast of an addition, in the genius of Mrs. Steele, whose present work promises fair to place her among our most gifted writers. From the extensive sale it has obtained, and the warm encomium it has received in almost every quarter, we are warranted in reiterating our opinion, that it is a publication which should be in the possession of every family who respects the interests of morality and religion.

GEORGIA ILLUSTRATED.—The first number of this magnificent publication, which we referred to in our last issue, has been placed before us. It is impossible to express ourselves of it in any other terms but the most enthusiastic; containing, as it does, all that is beautiful in the art of engraving. No work of a similar character which has ever come from the European press, can *outrival* it, and in most cases the majority of them cannot, in the slightest degree, bear with it in comparison. The engravings on steel, from the beautiful designs of T. Addison Richards, are the most delicious gems of the art we have ever witnessed. The typography, from stereotype-plates, is of the very first order, while the historical and topographical illustrations, from the pens of the editor, William C. Richards, and other distinguished American *literati*, are written with great elegance and perspecuity. For the honor of our native country, we trust that the enterprize and ingenuity of the publishers will meet with the most extensive support.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.;—*by the Rev. W. R. Page: Harper & Brothers, New-York.*—When we consider the great labor and nice discrimination which must have been employed in selecting the material for these volumes, from the multifarious writings of the great English master, all of which are so pure in diction and soundness of judgment, as almost to defy preference in selection, we must pronounce the editor has performed his task with great ability. The essence of Johnson's genius is to be found in this particular class of composition, while every essay has for its definite object the advancement of morality and religion. A concise and well written Life of "the great moralist," by his friend and contemporary, Gifford, accompanies the work, which constitutes volumes 109 and 110 of the "Family Library."

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.—This we consider a very excellent publication, displaying a great spirit of research; the result of which is a minute detail of the buildings, manners, costumes, and religions, principally descanted upon in "the Holy Book." The engravings are taken from the works of the first masters, whose pencils have been employed in pourtraying the most remarkable incidents in the Christian volume, with many other new and original designs, comprising in all, two hundred plates, beautifully executed and illustrated in a copious and elaborate manner.

POEMS,—*by J. N. McJilton: Otis, Broaders & Co.*—Good poetry is the most rare species of writing to be met with in the world of literature, although every being who possesses the art of forming a couplet considers himself a son of song, hence the cause of the numerous tribe of poetasters: those rhyming ephemerue who spread their wings in the sun of vanity, and sport and wanton for their little day. We do not, however, class Mr. McJilton with this race of small literati. We consider his writings far very far above them, but candor compels us to say that the compositions comprised in the present volume, do not entitle him to the character of a first poet. Smoothness of diction and occasional flashes of pretty imagery are the prevailing characteristics of his muse, qualities which give promise of better doings, and which we hope his perseverance will ultimately accomplish.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

SOWING AND REAPING: *by Mary Howitt.*—An excellent moral is to be derived from this work, one that every parent should profit by. The story is simply and naturally told in the accustomed style of this excellent authoress; while the typographical, engraving, and binding departments, are of the very first order, rendering it an acceptable present to young and old of both sexes.—*Appleton & Co.*

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.—Number fifteen of this publication is before us, rich and racy as the previous ones. Independent of its literary excellence, the woodcuts are worth ten times the value of the work.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

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THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The reigning stars during the early part of the past month, have been the Woods, and that sprightly little actress, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, neither of whose engagements have proved beneficial to themselves or the management. So far as respects the ill-success of the Woods, we are not astonished for, during their different engagements, not one original piece has been produced—a succession of worn-out operas and farces being all that they have presented, and depending upon such for popularity and support. The policy of this we cannot comprehend, but certainly it betokens a sorry want of enterprize in some quarter. It is the duty of the management, at least, to *deserve* success, and in theatrical affairs, spirit and novelty are the essential requisites to achieve it. Mrs. Fitzwilliam's want of encouragement, we are not so much surprised at, for her performances, although of the most excellent quality, are, nevertheless, of so light and airy a description, as not to entitle them to the rank of first dramatic productions. Yet, as an actress of versatility, she is one of the best extant; nay, we may say with safety, *the best;* and if half the countenance were extended to her, which often injudiciously is bestowed upon others with a high-sounding name, but not with one tithe of her talent, it would augur well for our theatrical taste, and go far to revive the drooping interests of the drama. During her engagement, several amusing pieces have been brought forward, all of which have been most favorably received, but especial mention deserves to be made of the petite comedy of the "*Banished Star*," from the pen of the prolific Buckstone, the leading incidents of which are taken from the French, and adapted to the English stage, with consummate skill. The characters of Fanny Nonpareil and Charley, being sustained by the "merry little Fitz" and Chapman, with good effect. It is a lively entertainment, and we are happy to record its success was decided.

NATIONAL.—*Don Giovanni.* It is now above half a century since this *chef d' œuvre* of Mozart's was first performed,—since then, it has been represented in almost every city in Europe, and acknowledged to be one of the greatest pieces of composition that was ever produced. It was with feelings, therefore, of delight, that we beheld its announcement at the National, knowing, from the extensive resources of the establishment, great effect could be given to its production. No expense has been spared in every department. The scenery from the pencils of Lehr and Isherwood, is in the first style of the art. The appointments are gorgeous and characteristic, the dresses tasteful, and *nearly* correct, and the orchestra enlarged, and under the direction of that accomplished musician, Penson. The character of Don Giovanni was entrusted to Mr. Guibeli, who made him every thing in acting but the gay and gallant gentleman, he is intended to be. In this gentleman's hands, he was only an inoffensive and respectable individual, who did mechanically what was allotted to him, talked of love, seduction and murder, in the most platonic manner. Now, in our opinion, Giovanni is a dashing, daring, reckless, loving nobleman—a compound of the profligate and libertine; but such a character Mr. Guibeli did not make him, and consequently it was not Giovanni, but Mr. Guibeli. Of the vocal portion of the part, we are pleased to speak in terms of the highest praise. His voice, which is admirably adapted to the quality of the music, he managed with great skill, although in the earlier scenes, on the night of its first representation, a natural and excusable agitation materially impaired its effect. Mr. Seguin, as Leporello, lacked animation, or where he essayed to show it, it was entirely out of keeping, mistaking pertness for vivacity, and often forgetting that he was the servant of a Spanish Don. Respect to his master or his superiors, throughout the whole of the character, should never be lost sight of, or, if the situation of the scene occasionally allows of a certain degree of familiarity, it should never merge into buffoonery, which we were sorry to perceive in one or two instances was the case with Mr. Seguin's Leporello. What, for instance, could be more absurd, than his presenting to Donna Anna a roll of paper several feet in length, containing the names of his master's mistresses? It betrayed the very acme of nonsense, fit only for the performance of the clown of some pantomime. This gentleman's good sense, we are certain, will convince him of his error, and counsel him, in future, to its amendment. His singing was faultless. Mr. Manvers, who sustained the part of Octavio had some of the most difficult music of the opera to execute, which he did in a scientific and pleasing manner. Of the ladies, we must particularly individualize Miss Poole, in Zerlina, as deserving of unqualified praise, both for her delightful singing and natural acting. Her performance was one of the most beautiful combinations of innocence, simplicity and love, that we ever beheld. Mrs. Seguin, who had a most arduous character to support, acquitted herself as she always does, correctly. Miss Wallack pourtrayed the gentle, revengeful, yet loving Elvira, but a timidity which constantly clings to, and paralyzes her efforts, diminished, to a considerable extent, her personation. She should remember that self-possession is one of the first qualities a performer should acquire, and without which, all conception and delineation is more or less weakened.

We have already extended our notice to a greater length than we anticipated, consequently we are compelled to omit our remarks on the other characters, but candor and justice warrant us in saying that all of them manifested a feeling of assiduity and attention, which contributed greatly to the success of the opera. Upon Mr. Wilson, to whose enterprize, taste and liberality, we are indebted for this magnificent musical entertainment, too much praise, respect and remuneration cannot be bestowed.

BOWERY.—A career of success has attended this theatre since the introduction of the new style of performances, unequalled in its most prosperous days. Beauty and fashion nightly grace its walls, and testify their delight by the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause, and certainly, if genius and liberality deserve encouragement, no manager is more entitled to it than Mr. Hamblin. He is a very Napoleon in theatricals, for opposition or bad times are the strongest incentives to his exertion, and if a cloud, for a short time, obscure his sun, it is only to make it shine out with redoubled lustre. Possessed of vast resources, and an indomitable spirit, all obstacles give way before him, and, at this period, when every theatrical establishment is languishing, the Bowery is in the full vigor of success—sunning itself in the meridian of public patronage, and reaping "golden opinions from all sorts of people." We know—and it is a melancholy fact, that *the drama* is now almost discarded from the boards of our theatres, for the exhibitions of spectacle and sound, while we are inclined to believe no one regrets it more than Mr. Hamblin, and that only necessity, that severe master, has compelled him to strike into this new path, which, we are pleased to learn, has established his theatre as the most popular in New-York. The beautiful equestrian dramas of *Mazeppa* and *The Secret Mine*, which have been revived in a style of magnificence unrivalled by any theatre in England or America, have greatly contributed to the pecuniary interests of the manager. They are both very interesting spectacles, and admirably performed. The acting of Mr. Barry, in the latter, is particularly worthy of commendation, while his judicious taste as stage-manager is a guarantee that nothing of a loose or offensive character will be admitted into the performances of this establishment; nothing but what the most fastidious may behold with pleasure, and pronounce to be morally correct.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Mitchell has, in the course of the past month, produced three or four amusing little sketches full of wit and satire. One of them we may particularly mention as containing many wholesome truths with regard to the prevailing *star system*, exposing their extortionate demands—their capricious behavior, and the destructive consequences to managers in succumbing too much to their arrogance. It is entitled Stars at the Astor, and has made a decided hit. The worthy manager still continues to reap profit and fame in his undertaking.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

In appearing before our readers at the commencement of a New Year, it is with pride we acknowledge, that the popularity and increase of the 'Companion,' were never, at any period of its existence, as prosperous as the present, while the ample means thereby placed at our disposal, will enable us to sustain and advance the work to the highest degree of literary excellence. We have again to record an additional number of contributors, among which are several whose productions constitute the *standard of American literature*, who have promised to grace the 'Companion' occasionally with their lucubrations. European writers, too, of the highest order, have also signified their willingness to co-operate with and assist us in our undertaking; while others, already favorably known in our periodical literature, have been secured for our magazine. These, combined with the numerous host already enlisted, will present a roll of literati unequalled by any *similar work* in America; in proof of which, it is only necessary to refer to the January issue, which, without comprising one name of our new auxiliaries, presents a galaxy of talent in a *single number*, unprecedented in the history of our magazine literature. The pictorial, typographical, and other departments of the work, which are already the admiration of its readers, will receive our strict attention, and no opportunity will be permitted to escape that may in any manner add to the perfection of the 'Companion.' In brief, all that enterprize and liberality can achieve will be exerted in the cause of our readers; and, if like some of our contemporaries, we do not *profess* as much, yet, it is well known we at all times *perform* more. With these intentions and prospects, we enter upon the present year, confident that we shall redeem every promise we have made, while in the sincerity of heart we desire to our friends, all that happiness which their generous countenance has brought to us, and that they may be enabled to say to others as we now do to them—the blessing of Providence rest upon you, and the enjoyment of a right merry and prosperous *New Year*.

Our Contemporaries.—We take the present opportunity to offer our acknowledgments of gratitude to our daily, weekly, and other periodical brethren of the city and elsewhere, for the kind hand of fellowship they have extended to us at various times, but more especially throughout the departed year. We are truly sensible of the value of their good opinion, and sincerely trust we may always retain it. At least, we will endeavor to do so, while we cherish the fond hope that far distant is the day when aught else than friendship and honorable feeling shall exist between us.

The Mercantile Library Association.—As far as these lectures have progressed, crowded audiences have attended them, while the different speakers have shown themselves masters of the themes they have selected for oratorical illustration. We rejoice at the increasing love for such intellectual entertainments, as it is a proof of the growing taste of our community for intelligence and learning, the surest guardians of our nation's welfare, and the speediest means of her advancement in the social and political scale of society. Those who are averse to the perusal of abstruse theories and studies, by this species of oral education, are enabled to comprehend and receive instruction, while, at the same time, it presents to the ardent student the advantage of contrasting his own opinions and judgment with those of men of riper years and practical experience. Such institutions cannot be too highly appreciated and supported, and we rejoice to hear that such is the case with the Mercantile Association.

Moore's Melodies.—We have been favored with a glance at a beautiful volume, published by Horn, containing six of Moore's Irish Melodies harmonized for three voices, with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano forte, by Mr. James G. Maeder, the well known composer. From the favorable opinion pronounced upon it by the most competent judges, backed by our own, we can commend it as a work of very superior character. The various melodies have been sung with the greatest success at the principal Concerts in America and England, by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson, and many other eminent vocalists, thereby testing their quality and warranting their claims to excellence. It will prove a most acceptable and appropriate present in these times of festivity; and we congratulate its worthy author, in again adding to the stores of musical science, as we know from experience, that a more profound master of his art is not, at this day, in America; but, as is too often the case with talent, his unconquerable modesty is a barrier to his popularity, while others with a confidence based upon ignorance and impudence, unblushingly bear off the laurels which should wreath the brow of genius.

Postages on Magazines.—In a recent number, we took occasion to comment upon the unequal charges made by the Post Office department, upon magazine and other periodical literature, at the same time we proposed an union of the different publishers, to lay before Congress a memorial, soliciting an alteration of the present heavy existing rates of postage. Since then it has been agitated by others, but we are sorry to perceive a supineness pervades the general body, for, as yet, no effective measure has been adopted. Were they for one moment to reflect how prejudicial the present law is to their own interest, and the advancement of knowledge, which is the aim of their profession, they would, with one voice, make known the grievance, and, we are confident, they would meet with a generous response on the part of the government. We cannot perceive upon what grounds of justice the sheets of a magazine, having for their object the dissemination of knowledge and literary taste, should be taxed more than those of a newspaper. It may be advanced in opposition to the application, that the latter are the great medium of useful and necessary information to the body politic, and, consequently, are entitled to a lighter tax, whereas a monthly periodical, professing only the cultivation of literature and the arts, is, to a certain extent, a luxury which all classes cannot procure, and that those who are able to do so, are also able to pay for its conveyance. This we do not hold with. The progress of literature is of vital importance to a country inasmuch that it is the strengthener of intellect by which mankind is civilized, governments directed, and the welfare and happiness of our fellow creatures promoted. We regret that from want of space we are prevented from descanting upon this prevailing evil to a greater length, but to which, at no distant period, we intend to revert and elucidate more fully. In the meantime we call upon our brethren, who, from the same cause as ourselves, are suffering, to co-operate with us in breaking down this barrier so detrimental to the interests of society, and our own just rights. Let a succession of appeals be made to government for a redress of our wrongs—let us spare no means to effect our object, and we repeat that speedy justice will be awarded to us, which a careless or blinded policy has hitherto withheld.

The Season.—Since our last issue, we have been favored with the most genial weather, which, at this period of the year, has ever visited our city within the remembrance of its oldest inhabitants. It has resembled more the balmy opening of an early Spring, than the cold and cheerless aspect of a Winter. The very meadows seem to put on their robes of verdure; and the rivers, as yet unfettered by their ice-bound chains, leap and sparkle in the golden sunshine. Youth and beauty are perambulating our streets, gay in attire and joyous in countenance, as if the Summer were scattering the treasures of his rosy urn before them. Even old age and the invalid are decoyed from the crackling hearth, to bask them in the cheering sunbeams, while the monarch Winter, seems to relax his frigid mien and share in the laughter of the sunny landscape.—But, gentle reader, we pray you to remember, he is a treacherous friend, and regard his smile but as the precursor to the biting blast and the howling tempest.

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J. M. Wright — A. L. Dick

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

The sky was blue the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly,
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Among the rigs o' barley.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

UNIV. OF CH.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY, 1841.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

The subject of our present engraving is taken from one of the well-known ballads of Burns. Popular as it is, it cannot, however, be put in comparison with the majority of his lyrical writings, containing little of that natural imagery for which they are so eminent, but with Burns as with every other true poet, his muse was not to be wooed and won upon all occasions, and many of his compositions were composed expressly for publication under the immediate pressure of disease and worldly annoyances, and hence the inequality that pervades them. He had given his promise to lend his assistance to the furtherance of a musical work, not for the sake of pecuniary reward, but from a proud feeling that the literature of his country should take a prominent position in the eyes of the world. His honorable spirit would not permit him to depart from his pledge, and therefore, under bodily suffering, legal persecution, and withering neglect, he adhered to, and performed it. The circumstances attending upon his task, and the manner in which he was constrained to its execution, were aught but conducive to the inspiration of his muse, being often obliged to conceive and fashion his ideas to accord with certain airs and melodies, many of which were in no way whatever calculated for a congenial association of poetical feeling and expression, yet he loved the labor, and how ably he has acquitted himself his effusions bear witness.

If a preference may be given to any particular class of his writings, it must be to his lyrics. His more lengthy poems contain the strength of his genius and intellect, but his strong love of nature—his deep knowledge of the human heart, and his poetical beauty of expression are to be found principally in his songs. Whether in his glowing love of liberty—his hatred of oppression—his bacchanalian follies—his social mirth—his graphic delineations of low and rustic life, or the soul-breathing fervor of love and affection, all of them are marked by a truth to nature, and a power of language which only Burns could give to them. In the latter species of song-writing, his genius appears to the greatest advantage. It was love that first prompted him to sound that lyre whose strains will be heard while there is light in the heavens, or music in the groves. Of this he was sensible himself, and his sentiments are beautifully embodied in a letter to a friend, where, speaking of his muse, he says—"I am a very poet in my enthusiasm of the passion. The welfare and happiness of the beloved object, is the first and inviolate sentiment that pervades my soul; and whatever pleasures I might wish for, or whatever rapture they might give me, yet, if they interfere with that first principle, it is having these pleasures at a dishonest price, and justice forbids, and generosity disdains the purchase." Swayed by such feelings he composed those beautiful and tender effusions, which, for richness of imagery and language, no age or country can compare with. The ballad from which our present engraving is taken, is, perhaps, one of the least worthy of his muse, yet when we consider the immense number that he wrote, we are only surprised that he executed all in so masterly a manner. It represents the poet and his mistress locked in each other's "fond embrace," under the canopy of an autumnal sky, between "the late and early hour," amidst the treasures of the golden harvest, where, in the words of the song he is saying:

> "I kent her heart was a' my ain—
> I loved her most sincerely;
> I kissed her ower and ower again,
> Among the rigs o' barley."

Our business now, is not to write an elaborate essay on the compositions of Burns, else we could show how many of his beautiful expressions are obscured to the English reader, because clothed in the poet's native dialect. It is to be regretted that he did not more frequently adopt the language of England, for much as he is prized by every lover of poetry, he would be still more had the difficulty of defining his ideas been, to a certain extent, thus obviated.* Yet where the idiom is not too strong, no poet is more appreciated. In proof of this, we venture to quote a little ballad where the dialect does not impair the imagery, and which also shows that his muse was as competent to the breathing of her inspirations in the language of the sister kingdom, as in that of his own. It is one of the sweetest gems in all his writings, and we often wonder that in giving specimens from the poet, it has not been more frequently selected.

> "Oh, were my love yon lilac fair,
> Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
> And I a bird to shelter there,
> When wearied on my little wing.
>
> How I wad mourn when it was torn,
> By autumn wild, and winter rude;
> But I wad sing on wanton wing,
> When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd
>
> Oh! gin my love were yon red rose,
> That grows upon the castle wa',
> And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
> Into her bonnie breast to fa'
>
> Oh, there beyond expression blest,
> I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
> Sealed on her silk saft folds to rest,
> 'Till fley'd away by Phœbus light."

Nothing can be more perfect; it is all that the mind can imagine of the passionate language of poetry, expressing itself of some beloved object—it is unequalled by any lyric of any other country, and will ever remain one of the unfading flowers in the garland of poetic genius.

R. H.

* Note.—With this, however, Burns did not agree. "There is," says the poet, "a naiveté, a pastoral simplicity in a slight intermixture of Scott's words and phraseology, which is more in unison with the simple pathos or rustic sprightliness of our native music, than any English verses whatever." Such was Burns' opinion, and from which, there was no appeal. "*See Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

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Original.

OLD NAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOWARD PINCKNEY,' ETC.

In my boyhood, while dwelling at my uncle's, about three miles from Baltimore, on the York turnpike-road, I remember to have been deeply grieved by the invitation to our household to attend the funeral of our neighbor and friend, Mr. Richardson. The deceased dwelt about half a mile from my uncle's, between the Falls and York turnpike-road, in a broad strip of bottom-land, where he cultivated a farm, and carried on a mill. The mill-dam, to my boyish ideas, was an ocean! How rankly the weeds and long grass grew upon its sides. The water-snakes therein were only outnumbered by the bull-frogs thereof, while the mud-turtles, like a neutral party, with the assistance of the floating chips that looked like them would have polled somewhat more than either. The summer-barks, that I have set afloat there, and which the sweeping breeze bore to a returnless distance, and which went down, like Tom Moore's, (though not "at sea,") when Heaven was all tranquillity. Well do I remember them! Often have my school-mates and I there proved Cardinal Woolsey's illustration of "Little wanton boys that swim on bladders." By the mill-race how it delighted me to loll and throw chips into the rushing waters! I thought then, and the simile came to me from nature, as it has many times since from books that were a thousand years older than either myself or the mill-race, that like those pent up waters breaking forth, was the outbreak of human passions.

The house stood on a gentle knoll beside the dam, and multitudinous were the numbers of geese, ducks, chickens and turkies which the frugal housewife exulted in raising. Here the two latter races, wandered and worried, when the two former paddled and splashed in the mill-dam. And while chickens and hens, with the rooster in their midst or at their flank or in their rear, and the turkies, with their grand seignor, the gobler, in similar fashion, would take up a scattering trail for the barn-yard or the woods,—it was amusing to observe with what regular solemnity in contrast, the ducks with the drake at their head, but more especially the geese with the truculent and burly gobler in advance, would parade in Indian file, along the devious, narrow race-path to the mill-dam.—In my mind's eye I "see them on their winding way" now. Well may I remember the first time I saw them. I was then but a child, and was sent on the farthest adventure I had ever made from home alone, on an errand to Mr. Richardson's. I passed the grave-yard tremulously, the rustling leaves whispered ghost stories to me, and the booming beetle struck against me like a rushing train of funeral spirits met in mid career, but I got safe through the bars which enclosed the dam. There I thought I might be lost in the hazel bushes, or that some Georgia man, as the negroes then called the slave-dealers, for to Georgia many of the negroes were then sold and it was their horror, would leap upon me from the woods, paint me black and forthwith sell me into slavery. But the bushes were passed safely, though an old stump which glanced at me on the side of the road, had hastened me through them—I had now but to turn a sudden angle in the race-path and the house of Mr. Richardson would be full in view and near by. I trod upon it with my little crutch under my arm bravely. Lo, as I turned the angle, I beheld, not ten feet from me, the old gobler at the head of a considerable troop, making a dignified descent on the mill-dam. The path was of the narrowest, made by the footsteps of those who attended to the dam, and it was closely girt by high thick grass and alder bushes; it was evident, that either the gobler and train, or myself, must turn out into them. Numbers were against me,—but I, who had passed grave-yard and Georgia-men, all alone—I, it was certain, could not nor would not be such a goose as to give way to a gander. No, like Mr. Benton, "Solitary and alone" I had "put the ball"—of my *foot* "in motion," and I was determined to go on. Through the "interstices" of the trees I saw the "yellow-boys," the slaves of Mr. Richardson at play about the house, and I resolved, that notwithstanding the democracy of numbers was against me, to maintain the path. The gander condescended not to notice me until we had gotten within five feet of each other. He then raised his head with a hissing sound; I waved my hand monarchically and ejaculated "shu!" The gander stood for a moment at bay, expanding his wings and protruding his neck, then with a hiss, hiss, hiss, malignant as a viper's, he made right at me. The suddenness, and I may say unexpectedness of the assault, rather than fear, caused me to recoil, and as I did so, my crutch slipped and I tumbled on my side, and rolled over on my face on my way down hill. In that position I seized an older bush with the intention of maintaining my ground and regaining an upright position, when just as I did so, the gander's hiss ceased, and for a good reason. On the skirt of my jacket, the gander seized murderously—over me and upon me he flapped his wings with such diabolical energy, tightening as he did so, his grapple, while his whole bevy raised such a clatter, that I felt myself in a whirlwind of unappeasable wrath, and thought my death hour had come. Oh, the agony of dying away from home. I lifted my voice and screamed aloud. The progenitors of this race saved Rome, but they certainly would have done for me, had not "Old Nat" arrived at this instant and most valorously rescued me.

This was my first acquaintance with old Nat. He wiped the dust and dirt from my face and hands, readjusted my disordered habiliments, and led me to the house, where I delivered duly my message, and departed for home, where I arrived in safety, but not by the mill-race path.

I never saw Nat after this, until I saw him at his master's grave. My uncle had been down to Mr. Richardson's, offering all the consolation and assistance in his power. It was rather late for us to get to the dwelling of the deceased, before the funeral-train should leave it, when my relative returned for us, and as the ceremony was to be performed at the grave, which was between Mr. Richardson's and our residence, it was

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agreed that we should go directly to the grave-yard. In fact, it lay on the side of the road which communicated between the two estates. As it was not more than a quarter of a mile off, my uncle took me by the hand, and with his wife on his arm, we repaired thither. We found ourselves somewhat late when we approached the grave-yard, for the coffin had been lowered into its earthly receptacle, and the clergyman was performing the last offices. The widow did not attend, but the children of the deceased stood weeping over him, and the grief of one of them, John, a playmate of mine, was touching in the extremo.

That we might not disturb the hallowed feelings of the mourners, my uncle stopped with us on the outskirts of the group. I saw him directing the attention of my aunt to Nat, and my eye followed hers. Nat's mother was a dark mulatto, and his father a negro, there was, therefore, a slight admixture of the races in his veins. He was tall, raw-boned, and erect, with very long arms. His mouth was small, considering the predominance of his African blood, and his nose straight, but with very big nostrils, and he had a quick shrewd eye, which wore generally any but a sad expression. Now, it was far different, and any one who might have looked at him, would have known at a glance, that the deceased was a kind master, for he leaned with both hands upon his spade, with which he was to throw the earth upon the coffin, while the big round tears gushed down his cheeks. He looked at my schoolmate, and then into the grave and stepping to his side, said:

"Oh, master John, look here, now! don't take on so."

"Susan," said my uncle to my aunt, as he dashed a tear from his eye, "Mr. Richardson's servants are to be free after they have served a certain time, for which they are to be sold according to his will, and I shall certainly buy Nat."

The day of the sale, in fulfillment of the purpose which my uncle expressed at the grave, he proceeded thither, taking me with him in his gig. Nat was forty years of age, and was sold for five years, at the expiration of which, he was to be free. He expressed great gratitude when my uncle told him he meant to purchase him, saying that "he was glad he hadn't to leave the neighborhood, where he had worked so long with his old master."

As soon as the bidding had ceased, and Nat was struck down to my relative, a broad grin broke over his countenance, and stepping up to him, he said:

"Master, I'll go to my new home now, if you say so."

My uncle nodded assent, and after shaking hands all round with his fellow-slaves, he departed with alacrity. Having no other purpose at the sale but the purchase of Nat, my uncle soon followed that worthy homeward. Our route lay directly by the grave-yard where Mr. Richardson was buried, and as we approached it, we beheld Nat, leaning with his arms on the top of the fence, and gazing wistfully on the grave. Soon as he saw us he took a by-path to my uncle's, where we found him on our our arrival.

My uncle's dwelling was a long one-story mansion, with immense windows, that made it look, at a distance, like a large country church,—for which, in fact, it has been more than once mistaken. It had a basement story, where were the sleeping apartments of many of the slaves, together with the kitchen. As soon as I had finished my tea, for the sale took place in the afternoon, and we found the table set when we got home, I descended into the kitchen with the wish to see my old acquaintance, Nat, and by recognizing him do my boyish best to make him feel at home in his new quarters.

Nat needed not my welcome to place him at home.—He was seated quietly in the chimney corner, smoking a pipe with the ease of a Turk in his own especial *sanctum*. The cook, Viney, who had a race of nearly a dozen about her, was listening respectfully to the new comer, as was also Cuffy, an African whom my uncle's brother had purchased in one of the slave markets of the West Indies. One day my uncle's brother was passing through the slave market, in Cuba, I think, when the poor fellow sprung from among his fellows and throwing himself on his knees before him, implored him, by signs most impressive, to become his purchaser. Touched by the scene he purchased him, and a deep attachment had grown up between the master and the slave. Master John, as Cuffy always called him, was now on a visit to the United States, and had brought Cuffy with him.

Lem, or as he preferred being called in full, Lemuel, the coachman, was pretending to busy himself with something or other by the dresser, as it was called, in which the dishes were spread out on shelves, but he was evidently listening to and scrutinizing Nat, with the desire of not being observed. Lem wore livery, drove the carriage, and waited on the table, and of course held himself in aristocratic elevation above the field hands. He was a short, duck-legged negro, with a forehead slanting directly back from his eye-brow. It was short and to make the most of it, Lem combed with much ease, every bit of wool back from it. His nose turned up as if to take a view over the top of his head, or perhaps to avoid the chasm of his immense mouth, which was garnished with two rows of dusky teeth, that were not half as white as Cuffy's, though Lem every morning in imitation of his master, used a tooth-brush. My uncle was a dyspeptic and Lem was a dyspeptic too. He was an envious, conceited fellow, and nothing would have pleased him more had he have been further South, than to have been placed, whip in hand, as a driver over his fellows.

"Sarvant, master William," said Nat, offering me a chair, and taking a seat on a stool that stood beside him, "I hope old master's things sold well, for missus and the childrens' sake, I s'pose you did'nt notice, though."

"Uncle says they did, Nat," I replied, "what were you talking about?"

"Wether or not, spirits walk, sir, an' I maintains it as how they does, sir."

"Why?" asked I, with boyish fear, approaching near to him.

"Because, I seed my old master the other night, as plainly as I see you. I had been sent in town by missus to market, the Saturday after master died, and feeling sad like I had to take my bitters, pretty often. I felt something was going to happen to me, an' that night

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after I got home, I spent mighty uneasy. The next day being Sunday, I had to myself, and by way of breaking the spell, I goes down on to the road, right by here, and spent my time with the boys. I staid there all day, and just after night time I starts for home. I had always tried to do what was right by old master, so I took my way by the grave-yard, a kind o' sorrowing for him, but not afeard for myself, though I felt rather awful for all. You know the grave-yard comes right to a pint as you are a gwine down the hill. I kind of looks over at the grave, and there, after I looked steady a moment, something white rises. I knew it must be old master, for right at once it came over me that I had been taken too much lately,—and he always 'posed it in every body, might an' main. I tell you my hair rize as straight as yourn. I walked right on as hard as I could go—it followed—you know the fence leads right straight down to the barn by the big grape-vine, war you go into the mill—it followed to there,—I could'nt look round, I heered it—but, as I got over the fence, I looked, an' I saw master, it was him, I saw him as plain as I see you, turn into a little white dog, an'—"

"It was the dog that followed you," said Lem, "from the grave-yard, you must have been intoxhacated."

"Intoxhacated," re-echoed Nat, "I thanks you, sir, for your manners to a strange gentleman. If it had been a dog," resumed Nat, turning to me, but answering Lem, "how comes I to hear it walk with two heavy feet, like master used to walk, behind me, an' hear nothing when it walked away?"

Lem's interruption discomposed Nat's dignity, and he resumed his pipe, and quitted his story. Lem's notion was no doubt, however, correct, for Nat, who was given to the bottle, was a great seer of sights when he had over indulged himself. Nat and Lem never became friends, and I always attributed it to this little circumstance.

Lem, as we have said, imitated his master in every thing, even in his complaints. My uncle was very dyspeptic. He took a great many nostrums without their producing any good effect upon him, (of course.) At last, however, he fancied that old Doctor Mann, a French physician, who kept at the corner of Calvert and Baltimore streets, had compounded certain pills, which gave him relief. My uncle generally obtained them through Nat, whom he sent into the city to market regularly twice a week, and who hauled at other times, wood to the city and manure for the farm from it. The coach was not often used, except on Sundays, when the family went to church, so that Nat went much oftener to the city than Lem. Lem, though, was quite a monied man, for he was always in waiting to hold the horses of the friends of my uncle, when they visited us, and he was sure to obtain a piece of silver when they remounted.

One day I overheard Lem say very pompously to Nat: (slaves with each other generally bear the names of their masters, as the servants in the admirable farce of "High Life below stairs," become dukes and lords with each other, and Nat retained his old master's.)

"Mr. Richardson, you would obligate me, if with this money," putting a twenty-five cent piece into Nat's hand, "you would obtain for me from Dr. Mann, a box of his dyspeptus pills—my bowels am terribly disordered, and there's nothing that takes me to town to-day. Master says them pills helps him and I think they'll help me too."

Nat took the money and said he would do so. About half an hour afterwards he came to me and said:

"Master William, if you will give me some of them old pill boxes of master's what I seed you have, I'll get you all the chestnuts you want."

That I esteemed a most liberal offer on the part of Nat, and I was not slow in c losing the bargain by handing him several of the empty boxes. I heard no more about the pills for three or four weeks, during which time Nat had obtained several boxes of them for Lem, until one day Nat asked him how they operated.

"To a fraction," replied Lem with dignity, "and they am not hard to take, only they 'casion a *leetle* of a nauseum on account of their tasting a *leetle* fishy."

"Master William," said Nat slighly to me when Lem was out of hearing, "I tell's you something if you says nothing about it."

"Not a word."

"Them old pill boxes of master's you got for me—I rubs mackerel eyes in flour—them's the pills,—an' I spends Lem's quarters drinking his health, and a hoping they may do him much good."

Nat was an active muscular fellow, and a great walker. I was passionately fond of attending husking matches, so was Nat. I had accompanied him to several, and whenever I got tired of walking, and I could not go far at night on my crutch, unless I knew the road, and not even then if the ground was soft, Nat would stoop down, and placing his hands for sturrups, with the left arm shorter than the other, I would mount, and he would jog along as easily as if I were not heavier than his axe, in truth I was not much more so. In this way I have gone with him five or six miles, to a husking frolic and back again the same night. There was one stipulation between us always upon these occasions, namely, that Nat was not to get drunk, which would have prevented my getting home, and that I, when we got home, was to supply him with as much whisky as he wanted. This I could easily do, as the keys of the store-room, which was in the basement, were, when not in use always hung up in the sitting-room, and my uncle and aunt indulged me in every thing.

One night, though Nat religiously kept his promise with me, I broke mine with him. He revenged himself. We were late on the next occasion in starting to the husking, which was some five miles off. I walked about an hundred yards and then mounted on Nat's back. Away we went over meadow and ploughed land and through the woods—who more full of fun than I. With my handkerchief round Nat's neck for the rein, sometimes I would lean away back and press my feet in his palms, like a rider who restrains the impatience of his fiery steed, while Nat, humoring the notion, would prance, caper, neigh, and play the Bucephalus entirely to my admiration. Then again I would be seized with the fear that he would throw me, and would pat his big ears and

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cheeks, and coax him into a walk. I even went so far on this occasion as to introduce two large pins into the heals of my shoes, spur-like, but upon my applying them, my steed, like Bnalam's ass, not only became endowed with speed, but laid me right flat down on my back in the woods, nor would he suffer me to remount until I had placed my evidences of knighthood in his possession. After this we got to the husking-match safe, and Nat showed forth conspicuously. His companions pressed him over and over to drink, and amidst their uproarious conviviality, he laid no restraint upon himself, and soon broke loose from the bounds of sobriety.

When I again mounted for home, I found that no spur was necessary. I tied my crutch with my handkerchief so as to fix it to my arm, and seized, with both hands, the collar of Nat's linsey-woolsey jacket, in right down earnest. It was necessary, for Nat pitched and heaved like a war steed, when stricken a desperate blow by the foe, quite natural, for Nat was combating his worst enemy. We got, in this way, into the woods. He staggered fore and aft, brought up butt against a huge tree with an oath, and expanding his palms, gave me a tumble into the leaves at his feet, while he grasped the trunk, steadying himself thereby, he looked down at me and hiccupped out:

"You sees the konsekense, master Billy, of breaking bargains. I kept every word of my word to you on drinking, refusing the fellows and awaiting 'till we got home.—Well, we got home, and there was no liquor the last time. I've got my liquor now because I could not get it at home, an' *you* knows whose fault it is."

So speaking, the old fellow tumbled down in the leaves at my feet, and all I could do I could not rouse him, except to an inarticulate remark. In two minutes he was fast asleep.

Though I felt provoked, I reflected that old Nat had served me right, and I sank down by his side, hoping, that in a half hour or so he would recover. While waiting for that event, I changed my sitting to a recumbent posture, and was soon as fast asleep as himself. I I did not awake until he himself aroused me at daybreak, and hurried with me off home. After that I broke no bargains with Nat.

Nat was a lover of the sex, a kind of "colored" Lothario. One day as I was playing in front of the house, I cast my eyes down the road, and beheld Nat seated on a board in front of the cart, returning from town with a perfect specimen of one of Africa's daughters beside him. She was a likely slave of some eighteen or upwards, whom my uncle had purchased. It was a sight that pair. Nat was seated bolt upright beside her, with an inclination of his person towards the damsel, after the fashion which he had witnessed in the most splendid vehicles of the city, as their lords drove out with the fair. The damsel, whose name was Becky, had less of art and more of nature in her manner. She was dressed in her best, which was a spotted muslin gown, with an old lace cape, that her former mistress had given her. A flaming bandanna was tastefully tied round her head, and she looked tidy, attentive, and neat, but not without a consciousness. Nat was explaining the localities of the farm to her, having no doubt previously satisfied her of the kind qualities of her new master. I had certainly come in for a share of panegyric, for I saw him point me out to her, and a broad grin of satisfaction broke over her countenance.

At the back door, Nat, after the fashion, descended first from the cart, and then handed down Miss Becky. From the side door my aunt spoke to her kindly, and desired her to hand some of the bundles into the house. When they were disposed of, Nat resumed his seat, and I took Becky's beside him, for the purpose of riding to the stable and hearing his opinion of the new comer. To my inquiry, he replied:

"Master bought her to-day from the widow Bushrod, master William. She's a likely colored person. I've been telling her all about our folks and a kind of eased her mind as to her new master and mistress. She's not married, quite a gal like, an' I spose the next thing we shall know, Mr. Lem will be dodging round and axing old master for her for a wife."

"Nat, as you're not married either, why don't you get uncle to give her to you?"

"Master William," replied Nat, quickly, "I've been thinking of that, but in course old master will give her to the one she likes, an' you know what a fooling way Lem has. I'm a getting on to the outskirts of the vale of years, as the preacher says, an' Lem's not twenty-three; any how, I'm a free man in six months from this, my time will be out then for which my first master sold me, my master that's now maybe though would hire me if I was to get Becky, so I could stay about the place."

"You knew Becky before?" I remarked.

"Yes, slightly, as you'd say, master William, an' Lem never seed her before."

A fierce rivalry forthwith commenced between Lem and Nat for Miss Becky's favor. Well do I remember the tactics practised by either party, and many a lover whom I have met in society, practised his arts with not half the tact of these "colored gentlemen." As for Becky, she proved that the gift of coquetry was not confined exclusively to the fairer portion of Adam's race and her sex. It was my wont to go into the kitchen on winter evenings to discourse with Nat upon the intricate subject of bird and rabbit catching, and there I witnessed man catching practised with equal adroitness.

Lem was coachman, so he considered himself Nat's superior. Nat was possesed of a great deal of ingenuity, could do almost any thing about a farm, and often when Lem was otherwise employed, drove the coach, therefore he was disposed not at all to yield to Lem on the score of personal pretension, except as regarded years, and they, Nat said, when not conversing with me on the subject, but to his fellows, entitled him to the greater respect,—a consideration, which a prudent personage, would not certainly press upon the sex in a love affair.

In the progress of events, it appeared certainly that Lem was about to be victor. He had greater facilities for obtaining money than his rival, from the fact that he held the horses and waited on my uncle's visitors, and much of it he spent in making propitiatory sacrifices to the goddess of his idolatry. While affairs were in this

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posture, the time for which Nat was sold, expired. He was a free man. Struck with jealousy at the success of his more fortunate rival, he determined, like Ernest Maltravers, the Bulwerian hero, when he thought Vasgrave about to be the happy man, to exile himself from the presence of the charmer. Accordingly Nat announced his determination to my uncle to go back to Hartford county, where he was raised. Now, Nat was my uncle's man of all work, his man Friday, and my relative felt that he should be at great loss without him. Besides, my uncle was much older than my aunt, notwithstanding this and in spite of many rivals, he had succeeded in his suit. He was aware of the rivalry which existed between Lem and Nat, and I believe, from a fellow feeling, he entertained a sly wish that Nat should out-general his compeer. Controlled I think by these feelings, my uncle offered Nat twenty-five dollars a month to stay with him, which our "colored" worthy most thankfully accepted.

A few days after Nat's first monthly payment, Lem's star paled, for Nat was as generous as a prince, and rivalry as well as love and generosity, combined to make him open his purse strings for Miss Becky.

My uncle paid Nat his twenty-five dollars in silver, one Saturday night, no doubt with a purpose, for he was full of sly humor, and was fond of observing the characters of those about him. Becky had been engaged to go with Lem to the country Methodist church on Sunday, but she suddenly declined, and was all smiles to Nat during the day. The next Sunday she appeared at church attended by Nat, in habiliments that far outshone the gaudiest daughter of Africa in the throng.

From that day forth, Lem's case was hopeless. It had a speedy termination in despair, for the following Sunday, Nat and Becky appeared together at church as man and wife, after the fashion of their people.

By way of revenge, Lem broke open a blacksmith's shop down on the road, stole the tools and buried them in a patch of ground which my uncle allowed Nat to cultivate for himself. Search was made for the tools, and Lem, with an accomplice and backer named Tony, who belonged to a neighbor, asserted that they had seen Nat secreting them in his patch one night. Luckily Nat proved an *alibi* conclusively. Alas, for Lem, it was decided that he should receive thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, and by way of preventing mistakes, he was compelled to count them himself. This was not all, he was degraded from the coach-box into the field service, in which he speedily recovered of his dyspepsia, and became a hale hearty fellow.

And yet this circumstance, which placed Nat in the ascendant, was, after all, his ruin. He was elevated to the coach-box. As my cousins were growing up, the carriage was called into frequent requisition, and Nat was driving to and from town constantly. His opportunities for the attaining of liquor were frequent, and alas, like many a better man, he not only availed himself of every opportunity to drink, but he exhibited a great deal of tact in making them. No matter how drunk, he could drive, and his constitution was one of those hardy ones in which the vital powers hold on to the last, and the extremities yield first. Gradually his left foot increased to double its size, became misshapen, like a club-foot, and the old fellow had to have a shoe made expressly for it. Still he sat on the coach-box. But this was not all, one Christmas eve, returning from a shooting match down on the road, and supplying himself from a flask of whisky which he had stowed away in his pocket, he became so drunk as to be unable to proceed, and pitched down into the snow where he remained all night. The consequence was, that old Nat became a martyr to the rheumatism, which not only rendered him incapable of service, but an expense to my relative for medical attendance. It was two months before the old fellow could crawl out, and then he made his appearance on crutches.

When Nat was first taken, Becky's attentions to him were unremitting. She was so anxious to restore him to the field, and thereby prevent the abatement of his wages; but, as his prospects of future labor diminished, and his medical expense to my uncle increased, Becky became indifferent to him.

The great minstrel of the North, after speaking of the general waywardness of woman, says in that hackneyed quotation, (hackneyed we suppose, because true:)

> "When pain and sickness wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

Becky might have been a "ministering angel" to old Nat, but she removed her quarters from his room and made her visits like other "angel visits," a good distance apart.

Almost by miracle, Nat's rheumatism left him for a season, and Becky lit the torch of Hymen anew; but the flames had scarcely ascended, when the old fellow had a relapse. In this way for years Nat lingered along, at times, apparently well except his lameness, but with relapses, that at each recurrence were at lesser intervals and more severe. Becky's attentions to him graduated accordingly,—when the probability of his recovery became apparent, her attention redoubled.

At last Nat's wages were reduced one half, and her complaints against his habits were loud and frequent; but old Nat was sincerely attached to her and bore them after the manner of Socrates. Becky made, meanwhile, a less brilliant appearance at church, though her domestic qualities gathered no new energy.

Years slipped away, and I approached man's estate. Nat eked out now what my uncle allowed him, which was but a few dollars a month, for he had become almost useless, by setting traps and snares for rabbits and partridges, which he sold to the neighbors or at market. Almost every cent he received was transferred to Becky ere it touched his pocket.

I was a good deal amused one day, poor fellow, at his lamentation over his lame leg. He said:

"Master William, I don't care for the looks of the thing but for the thing itself. You see Becky will dress, an' old master has docked my wages on account of my rhumatiz, an' my not being able to work as I did,—an' now, when I expected to make something a catching of rabbits and partridges, the nigers all about here tracks me through the snow, by my game leg, and steals every thing. There's Bryant's Tony, I suspects him strong. Master William, suppose you walks down with me

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to-morrow morning, to the clump of trees in our field next to Bryant's? Right in the sheep track there I've set my gum," (a trap made out of a hollow log,) "and by hokey, I know we'll catch that Tony stealing my rabbit out, if there's airy one in."

"Agreed," said I, and the next morning, bright and early for the purpose of defending the old fellow's rights I attended him to the clump of trees. There stood the trap with the fall down, about ten feet from us.

"We're afore the tarnal rabbit-thief this morning, master William," exclaimed Nat, stepping up to the trap and preparing to take from it the live captive, "every morning afore this, for these three mornings past, there has been some body here and helped themselves, and there set the trap again, for I has a 'tickler way of setting my traps, an' can tell."

By this time, *secundum artem*, Nat had extracted the rabbit from his trap, and with the afrighted animal under his arm, was proceeding to set it up again, when he looked up and observed:

"See! master William, yonder! that's Tony, Bryant's Tony, he's the thief, you may depend on it. He's coming this way—he's looking out for other traps but he haint seed me yet,—let's hide, master William, in the trees, and catch the varmint."

We accordingly hid, and in a whisper, Nat pointed Tony out to me, at some distance off on the skirts of the woods, closely eyeing the ground as he walked on in search of traps. With an eye glittering through the bushes at him, Nat said:

"The aggravating varmint 'll find the trap down and think there's a rabbit in—he, he."

Tony walked directly to Nat's trap, and finding the fall down, concluded, of course, that the game was there. Accordingly, he got down on his knees for the purpose of purloining it, muttering to himself as he did so,—"I'll save old Nat the trouble again."

Nat meanwhile, was not an uninteresting picture. He stood in a stooping attitude, glaring at the thief, while he held the rabbit by the hind legs with its head under his arm. Every now and then the animal gave a convulsive start in its efforts to escape, at which, the old fellow would grasp it harder, and gaze the keener at Tony, who, on finding the trap empty and down, concluded that some other poacher had been there before him. He therefore determined, it seemed, to remove it to some place where he could make sure of its contents, and accordingly, he very deliberately lifted it up and adjusted it under his arm. At this instant, Nat stepped forth and confronted him, saying with great dignity:

"You're no occasion to take that trap."

Tony started and dropped the trap, but in an instant recovered himself, and putting his foot on it, said:

"The trap's mine."

Nat, full of courage from my presence, though I was unobserved by Tony, exclaimed:

"You lie, you thief!" and forthwith he slung, (forgetting in his passion what would be his loss,) the rabbit full in his face.

Tony had the reputation of being a dexterous fellow, and amply proved it on this occasion, for he caught the rabbit as it struck him, and bursting into a loud laugh, he held it over his head a moment, in derision, and then darted off like a deer with it into the woods.

Matters were in this stage with Nat, when I left my uncle's and domesticated myself in the city, as a student of the law. In due time I was admitted to practice, and did so for nearly twelve months, when increasing indisposition compelled me to repair to the country for my health.

There I found old Nat a hanger on about the farm, incapable of doing anything but feed the poultry or some such light service. He earned no wages now, and as a matter of kindness, my uncle supported him.

Meanwhile, a stout black free negro, named Joe Mooney, of about Becky's age, and a preacher withal, made his appearance at my uncle's as a visitor of Becky. Nat hated him from the first, for he was fond of discoursing against intemperance, and doubtless did so intentionally, aiming his shafts at Nat in the presence of Becky. She was held a beauty by her race. She was now reduced to the plain habiliments of a servant, and could no more make the display on Sundays at the meeting house, which was her wont in the days of Nat's prosperity. If we could dissect human motives to their first main-spring, I have no doubt we should find Becky's first partiality for the preacher, arose from his complimenting her upon the plainness of her attire, with well directed observations upon the impropriety of appearing in gayer habiliments, for she was anxious to make it known, that choice not necessity, had caused the change. The result was, Becky joined the church under Mooney. The next thing her conscience was troubled about, the unceremonious manner in which she had become Nat's wife, so she discarded the old fellow, eventually. She and Mooney held long conversations together, and the issue was, that she determined to be "married over again," as she expressed it, but not to Nat.

The old negro plainly proved that the demon, jealousy, is not confined to its habitancy of a white bosom. He was now old and decripid, but he remembered well, and it made his age the more desolate, that all his means, when he had any, were given without scarcely a cent's expenditure upon himself, to one who now, from compunctions of conscience! spurned him from her bed and board.

He advised with me about speaking to my uncle on the matter, but I told him it would be of no use, for he well knew, as his own case proved, that my relative never interfered in such matters among his slaves.

Nat's only resource now, was in the bottle, and he thanked his stars that I was near by, from whom he could obtain the needful "bit." I could not find it in my heart to refuse to add a dram or two to the daily one my uncle allowed him, which was always sent down to him at dinner-time. In the morning, early, it was that the old fellow said he most needed his "bitters," and then it was that I used to start one of the little black boys off to the tavern on the road, for a pint for Nat. How the old toper's eyes gloated on it when it came! In fact, his long habits of intemperance had made stimu-

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lus necessary to his existence. At least, so the country doctor said, who was given to stimulus himself.

As soon as Nat had his bottle filled in the morning, he would repair instantly to the barn-yard, where, after having poured into a tin cup a considerable portion of "old rye," he would fill from the glowing udder of the cow, the remainder, up to the brim, with the warm milk, and take it down as a Virginian or Kentuckian takes his "mint julaps" at rising—with a gusto—a lighting up of the eye—followed by an immediate tendency to loquacity.

Alas for old Nat; it was then that he would come and take a seat by me, and live his life over again. How he would chuckle as he reminded me of the time I had to sleep out all night, and how he would laugh over Lem and his "dyspeptus" pills.

After taking his morning bitters, Nat touched not again through the day, except at dinner, when he disposed of the dram which my uncle sent him. But at night, and particularly if "Parson Joe" came over to see Becky, he was sure to have recourse to the black bottle, which was as sure to be ready for my "bit" in the morning.

Besides the pocket-money that Nat gathered between my uncle and myself, my relative frequently gave him vegetables, fruit, etc., which he sold to the neighbors. After my relative had set out his early York cabbages, he told Nat that he might have all the "plantings" that were left, which amounted to a thousand or more, and were selling at twenty-five cents per hundred. Happy in the opportunity of putting so much "grog-money" in his pocket, Nat went forth among the neighbors to effect sales. There was an old man near by, named Tatem, who was always called Squire Tatem, from the fact that the governor had given him a commission in the magistracy. This commission brought Tatem little more than the dignity, for there were squires enough before he was made one. He had kept an extensive shoe-store in Baltimore, and failed. He lived, at this time, on a little farm of few acres, which, previous to his failure, he had deeded to his wife. The front of Tatem's barn bounded on the opposite side of the road from my uncle's, about a quarter of a mile below the termination of his estate. As Tatem had been used to a town life, and liked company, it was his custom whenever the weather permitted, to leave his house, which was situated an hundred or more yards off of the road, and take his station by the road fence, leaning thereon, and stopping whatever passengers he chanced to know, in their way to and from town, to learn the news.

Nat had sold four hundred of his early York "plantings" to Squire Tatem, but on their delivery, the squire had failed to make payment, and had put Nat off from time to time, whenever the old negro had requested him thereto. One day Nat came to me, and stated his grievance, saying—

"You must know, Master William, that I sold him—that Squire Tatem, the four hundred yearly York "plantings," at twenty-five cents a hundred. You can see how good they was, for look at old master's, and look at the squire's, or mine, for mine they are, when you pass by his place. Finer early Yorks the hand of black or white man never planted. Well, after I handed 'em to him, he said he had no change then, an' that he would pay me the first time he seed me. I let him, Master William, see me every time I had a chance, for a full month afterwards, but he never said a word. So one day I meets him down at the tavern, on the road, where there was a quantity of gentlemen, an' I says to him as purlite as possible, taking off my hat at the same time, 'Servant, squire, says I. 'Nathaniel, my worthy,' he called me, at full length, Nathaniel—'Nathaniel, my worthy,' says he, very kind, 'how's your health?' Says I, 'I thanks you squire, very kindly, my rheumatiz is better—how does 'em early Yorks come on?' 'Early Yorks,' says he, snapping his eye quick at me. 'Oh, my fine fellow, near the road? admirably. Your master never had any like them, hey?' 'Yes, Master Squire,' says I, 'them ere come from old master's, there growing first rate, and, squire,' says I, making a low, purlite bow, 'Nat would be your 'bedient servant, if you would let him have that change for 'em,' 'Change,' said he—'them few plantings I got from you, wasn't worth a damn; it's my opinion you stole 'em from your master, you drunken vagabond. I shall call and see him, but for my respect for him, I should commit you to jail right off.' Then Bob Hollands told him that the receiver was as bad as the thief. How everbody did laugh, but the squire looked so angry at me, that I thought it best to leave, and so I did."

"Have you ever spoken to him since, about the matter." I asked.

"Yes, Master William, the other day I finds him leaning over the fence, and he told me if ever I spoke to him in the company of gentlemen, about such things again, that he would cowhide me the first time he caught me on the road. He said when he had any change he'd let me know, without my axing for it. Now, Master William, you knows the law; what are a colored man to do under the circumstances."

"Was there no white person by," I asked, "when you sold the cabbages to the squire?"

"Not a soul, black or white, Master William."

"It's a pity, Nat," I replied, "that he did not confess the debt in the presence of some of those gentlemen at the tavern. You are now a free man, and you could sue him for the amount, and bring one of those gentlemen to prove that he confessed the debt."

"Ha, now I understand it, Master William. That's the reason why the squire didn't want to hear any thing of it before them are gentlemen—he knew I could make him pay. So if he was to confess, in the presence of a white person, as how he owed me the money, then I could sue him, and make him pay?"

"Precisely so, Nat," I replied.

Nat chuckled to himself, and then said, "The squire'll find I'm not such a cabbage-head as he takes me for."

A week or so after this, and when I had forgotten the circumstance, Nat was one day driving me into the city in the carriage. As we approached Squire Tatem's, Nat turned round, and said quickly to me—

"Master William, there's the squire now. Don't let

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him see you, and just mark now how I'll tickle him, along about the cabbage. If I stops, he'll think of a konsekince, there's nobody in."

Accordingly, with great respect, Nat spoke to the squire, and was immediately asked by him what the news was.

"Nothing 'tickler, squire. I hopes you is well, to-day, sir."

"Very well, Nathaniel; how's your master?"

"Well, I tanks you, squire. How nice your place looks! You beats up the whole of us all hollow, squire, a gardening."

"Yes, the place looks pretty well. What do you think of those cabbages, you rascal, hey?" and the squire spoke half humorously.

"That's a great soil, your's, squire; our's is nothing like em."

"Why didn't you say so, then, the other day, you black scamp, when I asked you?"

"I don't like, squire, to run down things at home before company."

"Ha, ha, you don't hey? but you come dunning before company, do you?"

"You wouldn't hear me through, then, squire. I was guine to say, when you stopped me, that master talked about buying that cider-press of yourn, to get all ready for the cider season."

"That was it, hey? I have said I would sell it to a neighbor, so I will."

"Master wants me to look at it squire."

"Ay, come and do so, Nathaniel, as you come out, and we'll talk about that little change I owe you. How much was it?"

"Four hundred, squire, at twenty-five cents a hundred," replied Nathaniel.

"Yes, yes, so it is—exactly right. I owe you one dollar, Nathaniel, and when your master buys the cider-press, I'll pay you."

"Squire," exclaimed Nat, in a changed tone, "whether master buys that press or not, you've got to pay me. I just tell you I have a white gentleman in here, an' he prove it." And before, between indignation and surprize, the squire could reply, Nat put whip to his horses and away we went.

Nat informed me, a few days afterwards, that he had met the squire on the road since—that the squire "gave him a hard cussing, but chucked the dollar at him."

"Who can control his fate?" as Othello says. Nat struggled in vain against his. Becky, after she had discarded Nat, and the formalities of a courtship were gone through with, married "Parson Joe." I must do Joe, too, the justice, to state that by hard labor he obtained the means, before the birth of her first child by him, of buying her from my uncle. The old gentleman let him have her at half her value, and rented cheaply to her husband, a cabin and lot on the road side. Joe treats her well, and is doing well. Joe never entertained any ill feeling towards Nat, but on the contrary, treated him with kindness; with much more than Becky, whom I have seen stand in great dignity at the door of her own household, and offer Nat three cents to split wood for her, and rate him soundly for not splitting the money's worth!

I had made up my mind to push my fortunes in the West, and on the eve of my departure, I left the city to which I had again returned, for the purpose of spending a week with my kind uncle and aunt, before I left. My cousins had all married off, and they were the only white persons on the farm. There was old Nat, and right glad was he to see me, and have his bottle filled, but he felt desolate and deserted, and could not get over Becky's treatment of him. Sad, sad was my parting with my relatives. Nat had not driven the carriage for some time, but he asked permission to drive me into the city on my leave taking, and I could not refuse him.

Just as we reached Barnum's steps, we saw the stage in which I had taken my seat, turn from Market (now Baltimore) street into Calvert. "Master William," said old Nat, with heart so full that he could scarcely speak it, "you'll never see Nat any more. We'll never have any more talks together. Though you're guine far over the mountains, you must think of old Nat when you're there, an' when you write to home, you must name me in black and white, an' old master 'll read it to me. If old master lives, I shall have a good home as long as I wants one, but if he dies afore me, I shall end my days in the poor-house, but it is no matter where old Nat dies—he's old now, an' of no account no how, to any body. Master William"—and here the old fellow's voice grew firm and admonitory—"remember this what I tell you at our last parting. Master William, arter the experience of sixty years, a woman can deceive any man."

"The stage waits, sir," exclaimed the driver to me. Old Nat assisted me in, grasped my hands convulsively, but had no words. The tears down his dusky cheek spoke for him. Away we dashed, and the last sight I caught of my humble friend, was as we whirled round the corner; he was gazing after me with a full heart.

I am still a bachelor. Nat's advice certainly has not confined me to my present solitary state; yet it is as certain that on many a night of festivity in lighted hall, and on many a moonlit ramble, his words have crossed me like the disenchanting power of some ugly old elf o'er the wanderer in fairy land. F. W. T.

Original.

THOU ART ALONE.

Thou art alone! Then, come with me,
Thy life shall lose its bitterness,
And sympathy its power exert,
To soothe, to comfort thee, to bless.
Thou art alone! My love will strive
The heart's pent feelings to unlock,
To send its gushing streamlets forth,
As when the Prophet touch'd the rock.
And when the mournful hour may come,
To bid farewell to thee, my own,
One heart will know the bitter truth,
And feel, indeed—*Thou art alone.* E. M. R.

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Original.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE;

OR, THE HEART'S ORDEAL.

BY ANNIE FOSTER.

PART I.

"The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife,
Gives all the strength and color of our life!"

"Whatever is, is right."—*Pope.*

PERHAPS there never existed two characters more entirely dissimilar and widely opposite, than those of Alice Fairfield and Isabel Legard's, and yet more closely allied by friendship's most enduring bond. From the earliest period of infancy, their joys and griefs had been one, their thoughts as the sun's dial to each other, and the tide of that same stream of mutual confidence and love, which had never been stirred by the winds of distrust or contention, whose limpid nature had never been darkened by the fickle jealousies of childhood, continued still to ebb on its wonted bright course, as both approached that period of life, which a selfish experience has too often proved detrimental to the friendships of early days. Alice was of a gentle, yielding temper, Isabel, self-willed and imperious. Alice was meek and fearful of self—Isabel, proud and vain of power—the former rarely manifesting those ebullitions of ungoverned passion and indomitable spirit, which too often swayed the otherwise noble nature of the latter. As equally unlike, also, were their mothers, who had, likewise, preserved untarnished, amidst the various mutations of time, the precious, (because rare,) jewel of female friendship. Mrs. Fairfield was a woman of stern and exacting principles, when once the fiat of her will had gone forth.

"'Twas fixed irrevocable as the doom of Jove,
No force could bend, and no persuasion move."

Alice had, therefore, learned to yield unmurmuring obedience to her every slightest mandate. Her early life had been devoted to frivolous pleasures, and spent in a giddy whirl of thoughtless folly. A few years after her marriage, she became a self-inflicting *religieuse*, and like those whose characters tend to extremes, seemed eager to atone for her former worldly servitude by a future life of almost ascetic piety and restriction. The beautiful principles of Christianity—its soul-elevating tendencies were rendered unlovely and gloomy by her morose and undue condemnation of those innocent pleasures and joyous inclinations so incidental to the youthful nature. Her husband early learned to treat it with sceptical indifference, whilst her children shrunk from those tenets and precepts so clothed in monastic gloom, and almost adverse to the happy freedom, as well as to every cheerful impulse of the human heart. Alice was naturally of a gay and elastic temperament, but the rigid exactions of her mother's discipline had apparently subdued as well as saddened her native spirit, and when, at the early age of fourteen, the pressure of affliction in the death of her father, on whom her heart leaned with the most confiding tenderness, was added to that of maternal austerity—the heavy stroke seemed to chill for ever all innate buoyancy, causing the youthful feelings of her crushed heart to be shrouded with the dark pall of brooding woe. Mrs. Fairfield's resignation at this bereavement, partook more of a self-righteous, and outward pious submission to the will of Him "who doeth what seemeth right," than springing from that stream of pure devotion and humility, which always ripples in the bosom of a true Christian. "The heart should cherish no earthly idol," was her exclamation, but could that very heart have been bared to the world, it would have showed the triple head of Mammon on its highest pedestal. The death of Mr. Fairfield discovered his affairs in a lamentable disarrangement, but by her frugal and judicious management, she was enabled to support her usual genteel style of living, though somewhat curtailed of its many former luxuries. The deprivation of the latter she bore, also, with a stoical composure, but the ruling passion still held on its sway; kept only in a necessary abeyance, and wanting but an opportunity of action, to wield its sceptre. The future prospects of Alice shadowed forth to the ambitious mother's mind—this desired field of action—and the untiring filial obedience of the gentle, passive daughter, could not fail to promise the surety of a happy success—which desires, time developed to the fullest fruition; but we must not preface the following events, with an anticipation of the sequel.

George Landon was the second son of a large and interesting family, who were intimate associates of the Fairfields. No eye beamed a brighter welcome on Alice, when she joined their happy social circle, than that of George, a youth almost of womanly feelings and sensibilities. From the dawning of childhood's recollections, an indefinable link of sympathy seemed to draw them together, and as they neared the boundary of man and womanhood, this feeling deepened into one of a more yearning and deferential cast.

It was not until circumstances called George to part from the loved ones of his youth, to leave the scenes of boyish sports, and enter on those of stirring action, which were necessary to prepare him for usefulness in society, that he had ever paused to analyze the nature of that affection, which he then found to have become identified with his whole existence. Truly did he find her image

Hoarded in his bosom's depth,
"Till it was twined with every life-string there
Too closely to be severed."

It was at the sunset hour of a lovely eve, that George sought Alice to whisper the dread farewell—a word conveying to their hearts, young as they were, a fearful knell to Hope, causing, they knew not why, the saddest forebodings of coming darkness. True, they loved each other tenderly, and with a no common love. Scarce sixteen summers had passed over her head, or the experience of nineteen had fallen to his share, and, as yet, their sky of life had unclouded been, but withal, they both felt in that bitter moment of parting—it was one which involved more ominous sorrow, than most young, hoping hearts are wont to indulge.

"Alice," said he, as he took her hand, and bent on

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her tearful face his last look, "you know I love you, and I feel it is not in vain. but many a weary year, perhaps, will intervene, ere the hand of Fortune may unite our destinies. I will not fetter your love by any binding vow, or seal it with a mutual covenant, for should a change come over the heart of either, the greater would be its faithlessness from having been linked by the purity of Love's oath. But the strength of my deep affection cannot resist breathing this wish, that time may prove you, in truth, the same Alice of my boyhood."

He was gone, and Alice, after gazing on his retreating form, until the dimness of her vision caused all objects to mingle into a hazy indistinctness, turned from the window to meet only the stern look of astonishment with which her mother regarded that involuntary burst of her sorrow. Coldly chiding her for such girlish weakness in thus weeping at the departure of a *mere* school companion, who, ere her present tears had passed away, would carelessly forget her—then desiring it should be the last indulgence of an over-wrought sensibility, which might result in misery to both herself and parent, Mrs. Fairfield left Alice alone, to wrestle against the bitterness of her grief. The full import of that meaning look she dared not revolve, for, inexperienced as she was, it was, evident to her unsuspecting mind, that ambition was the moving principle within her mother's breast, and, of that deeply-rooted nature calculated to submerge even the claims of maternal affection, when they warred against the accomplishment of her own wishes. Daily instances proved to her sinking heart, the goal of her ambitious aspiration was a brilliant matrimonial settlement for herself. To instil into the mind of Alice the necessity of such an event, was her constant care, nor did she fail to insinuate, in various ways, the utter folly of marrying only for love, and her inflexibility of opposition that *she* should ever enter the state without other more *solid* advantages, for the insurance of *her* happiness. Whether Mrs. Fairfield indulged a suspicion of the strength of her daughter's early love for George Landon, the former knew not, as she had always cavilled at the bare possibility of such a passion being of any permanency in the youthful breast, or, in fact, in one of *maturer* years, when it was unattended by any adventitious *externals*. The unwelcome remembrance of George's poverty often caused the naturally ingenuous and uncalculating heart of Alice to repine at the "unjust balance of equal" which Heaven, unaccountably to man's judgment, so variously disposes. But notwithstanding the engrossing tendency of such feelings, she shrank from soliciting that sympathetic counsel which none but a confiding mother could have imparted to her in those moments of secret despondency. This made her turn to the love of Isabel, with a greater overflow of tenderness and less reserve than most of her sex are wont to repose in one another, and should not, when the more paramount claims of filial affection exist.

How different was the position of Isabel. Her mother did not, like Mrs. Fairfield pursue that exacting course of parental discipline, but ever wooing the confidence of her children, teaching them that no friend sticketh closer than a mother. No fanaticism or blind enthusiasm marked her religious character, which, as also, her life, evinced the loveliness of well-regulated principles, and cherished Christian virtues. The conviction of her own affability made that of others more pardonable, and it was always her unceasing wish to cherish the generous impulses of youth, to cultivate a judicious observance of the pleasures of society without those extremes which a too latitudinarian or restricted system of education are sure to produce. Although entirely opposed, on such a subject, to her friend, nay, almost deprecating the severity of her domestic government, yet she never failed to encourage an implicit obedience on the part of Alice. Not so with Isabel, whose indignation continually burst forth at every instance of (as she thought) tyrannical restriction, and feeling very sensible that Mrs. Fairfield was bitterly opposed to her influence over Alice, she became the more eager to increase and exercise it. She was so far successful as to witness her power becoming dominant, her sway almost unbounded, which invariably counteracted that of the machinating mother, exciting in each a mutual dislike, notwithstanding which, the intimacy of the two girls continued unbroken. Isabel was too independent and high-minded to be affected by the cold, calculating intrigue of Mrs. Fairfield, and Alice too affectionate and obedient to prove insensible towards their individual claims on her love.

Time sped on his swift-winged chariot over the changes of three years, scattering, in his course, roses here, and thorns there, blighting the springing blossoms of Hope in the pathway of some, while those fading unto death, were made to bloom anew in that of others. Alice and Isabel had fairly "come out," and entered the gay society of H——. If, in character, they were so dissimilar, in person, they were far more so. The beauty of Alice was not of that striking or soul-enchanting caste, transfixing the eye, and steeping the senses, at one glance, nay, perhaps she would have been passed by, without attracting more than a careless look from the seeker and admirer of, what is commonly styled, beauty. But so lovely was the harmony and regularity of her features, so quiet and heart-soothing the sweet expression of her gentle face; it was impossible for one, after a strict examination, not to *feel* that she was one not easily forgotten. The pensive tenderness of her azure eye, bade you dream of some sister seraph—her soft and fair complexion, seemed, in its transparency, to shadow forth an inward purity of soul, whilst oft and anon the usual paleness of her cheek yielded to the roseate impress of Nature's deep feeling. Her hair, never elaborately dressed by fashion's hand, generally hung in simple curls around her face, like a golden halo of light, and as the eye would dwell on the beautiful proportions of her small and delicate person, the mind would still dream of some bright spirit of the air.

Isabel was tall—a form of exquisite mould, and flowing with graceful ease. Her features, to a connoiseur's eye, were not so regularly beautiful as those of Alice, though no very visible defect seemed to mar the beauty of the whole; but so intellectual and ever-varying was the expression of her striking face, that one rarely paused

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to lose, in a tardy criticism, the enchantment of her speaking countenance. Perhaps her eye might have been wanting in feminine softness, but then it flashed forth such animating intelligence, that this objection could not have existed long; her mouth might have been deemed too full and voluptuously curved, but when open, shone forth such dazzling lines of pearl, and around which there played so much laughter-loving mirth, that the heart was made to feel, at once, a full-barbed arrow quivering in its every smile. Her hair was of a midnight hue, and from her broad pale brow, it was ever singularly pushed back, heedless of any deference to a prevailing fashion, displaying the beautifully-veined temples, and well-developed intellect of her classically-formed head. There was rather too much olive in her complexion, but when the brilliant flow of converse, the sparkling of wit would illuminate her features, there would be seen the rapid return of the deepest carnation rallying around that spot consecrated to the roses, causing Isabel Legard to be acknowledged unsurpassed in her regal loveliness.

It was when on a visit with Isabel, to her aunt, in Somerville, that Alice first met with Douglas Aubery, a man of considerable wealth, and highly esteemed for his noble virtues. Many a bright eye beamed its radiant welcome on him, as he entered the gay saloons of fashion; and anxious was the disappointment of their looks when he would silently retire without attaching himself exclusively to any one. Although several years above thirty, yet his heart had passed unscathed through the ordeal of temptation, which the galaxy of beauty so powerfully presented in Somerville. Never, until he saw and knew Alice Fairfield, had the quiet of that heart been stirred by any excitement of the master passion. Not that it was naturally cold and unloving, but a careful study of man and womankind had somewhat o'ercast its inherent susceptibility with distrust and suspicion. But when the vision of *her* unobtrusive loveliness, uniting such feminine gentleness, crossed his path, he felt that the ice was rapidly thawing which had congealed around his heart, forming its perfect panoply of safety, and "every hour of day, or dreaming night," were the tones of *that* voice "ever gentle and low," breathing in his ear more music than an Æolian's strings. Deep and increasing as was his admiration, yet, strange to say, Alice was perfectly insensible to its nature and extent. Still cherishing her love for the absent George, she scarcely bestowed a thought on the probability of exciting the same feeling in the bosom of another, far less of returning that affection. She returned to H—— without harboring the least suspicion of the truth of what the gossips of Somerville so confidently asserted, respecting his attentions. But not many weeks had glided by, when Douglas was announced, and then, when she met his look of rapturous hope, as he took the extended hand of unsuspecting friendship, did her heart whisper the real state of his. Ardent and passionate was his avowal of love, but she felt only a regret that such was breathed to one who could not re-echo a similar response of feeling. Embarrassment and surprize, on her part, gave rise to a painful silence, which his glowing energy of manner construed as favorable to his anxious hopes.

"Alice, dearest Alice," continued he, after awaiting her reply for some moments, only confirm your present sweet confusion and silence, with the assurance that they bid me hope with the dearest certainty. Oh! speak but that one little word that I do not love *alone*."

Slowly her trembling lips parted, and with her downcast eyelids quivering from gentle sympathy, she firmly replied—

"No, Mr. Aubery, both deceive you, for truth compels me to declare my heart has never once been thus interrogated, and I cannot requite such a disinterested love with a full reciprocity. I am not your equal in fortune, nor in many other respects. Seek, then, one who may be, and henceforth forget me."

Deep was the shade of disappointment that passed over the face of Douglas Aubery; long was his revery, but suddenly, as if a gleam of hope seemed to chase away the gathering shadows of defeated expectation, with reviving energy he again plead his suit.

"Perhaps I have too precipitously declared my sentiments to one of your uncalculating nature. I should have prepared you for such a confession, ere you left Somerville, and would have done so, had I not thought my love was as evident to yourself, as to every one else. Oh! Alice, let me then attribute your present rejection to an unreflecting surprize, and implore your calm consideration of my dearest hopes and aspirations. They centre in *you*, and the love of *your* heart I would prize above that of the most highly endowed of your sex. At the shrine of your virtues do I yield the first freshness of my warmest devotion. Believe me, dearest Alice, I cannot exist if the fire of my affection is thus so cruelly extinguished."

He paused. It was, indeed, a most unusual sight, to witness the generally cold and unmoved Douglas Aubery, thus powerfully excited. And was it not weakness in Alice to yield to his importunate earnestness, to consider on a subject in withholding from him a confession of the truth on which was based her first decision, when she felt the deliberation of years would not—could not change her present feelings into other than those of grateful friendship? But the remembrance of the following expression of her mother's, on hearing Isabel banter her about her dignified coldness towards one possessed of so many worldly requisites, flashed across her mind.

"I hope Alice would never hastily reject any advantageous offer, without first consulting her only parent."

The following conversation, however, may tend to throw more light on the sentiments of both mother and daughter, respecting a subject involving so much important *interest* to the former, and everything to the latter.

Some mornings after Douglas Aubery's declaration of love, Alice sat alone with her mother. She felt, nay, she knew it would be more than sanctioned by her, therefore she dreaded to disclose what had passed. In vain had she rallied her courage to the dread point of explanation, often raising her eyes from her work, to see if there was the slightest expression of her mother's countenance which might call forth an unre-

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served confession on her part. But it was stern, cold, and unmoved. At last meeting the anxious and embarrassed looks of her daughter, Mrs. Fairfield laid aside her own work, saying, in a somewhat confiding manner:

"Alice, think not the cause of your present agitation is unknown to me. You will probably be surprized to hear that Mr. Aubery had solicited my consent and favorable interference, previous to addressing you; which, knowing my opinion of *him*, I would choose as your partner for life, and the consciousness of his own merit, you cannot wonder, was most cheerfully granted. I have waited patiently for you to speak with confidence to me, as every daughter should to a mother, but it appears that with me rests the advancing step. I hope, then, I do not wrong your judgment in supposing his suit has been preferred, for it is impossible that one of your discernment of character and appreciation of worth, could be *insensible* to the many advantages resulting from an union with one so estimable in every respect as Douglas Aubery."

Mrs. Fairfield could not disguise the truth, that she regarded the *affections* of her daughter as merely a secondary consideration when placed in opposition to the eligibility of such a desired matrimonial settlement. It was some time before Alice replied to the hopeful supposition, and when she did, it was with much hesitation of manner.

"I do not love Mr. Aubery, and, dear mother you surely would not wish me to jeopardize his, as well as my own peace of mind, merely because I would be accepting, according to the world's estimation, a most propitious offer, and one of apparent advantages. To join my fate with one for whom I only feel a friendly regard, would be a step inimical to what I deem an insurance of *my* happiness."

She would have pursued her opinions further, but her tongue became paralyzed, her heart almost pulseless, when her mother's look of fixed determination was bent in scrutiny on her; it partially softened as she answered,

"You speak with truth, my child, but the promotion of our happiness depends much more on the correct estimate and opinion of the feeling love, than upon any external, fortuitous circumstances. But when I speak of love, I do not mean that incipient sentiment based on some imaginary hypothesis, leaving all sober reality out of the question. I hope, sincerely, I do not find in a 'daughter of *my* house and heart,' any such romantic and irrational notions, which like an *ignis fatuus*, have misguided so many from the quiet path of blissful contentment, often to leave them in the quagmire of unavailing regret?"

"No," replied Alice, firmly, "I am no advocate or admirer of such extremes, but I feel well assured that the basis of my happiness in the married life, must be a well-grounded love, united with a friendly esteem. I cannot, in justice to my own heart, as well as the nobleness of Mr. Aubery's affection, admit that such a sentiment has ever mingled with that of the latter in my feelings towards him. Believe me, then, I could only anticipate misery's portion, were I to marry him."

Alice felt that it was her own fate she was about to decide, and therefore, for once in her life, she was firm and self-confident, though opposing the opinions of one, whose most trifling will and precept she had never before dared to question. It was with unfeigned astonishment Mrs. Fairfield beheld the determined bearing, and heard the fearless assertion of her daughter, but being a person whose purpose, as I have before said, no persuasion could move, no force oppose, it was with much decision of manner, and energy of voice that she again spoke.

"Alice Fairfield, hear me! Your present feelings were once mine. I vowed never to marry unless I absolutely adored my choice—nay, I carried out to a greater extent the imaginary possibility, by ever vaunting the surrender of my heart must be involuntary on first sight. Your father and I met. I can, with truth, say that that moment witnessed the confirmation of all my romantic and fancied theories. We were an instance of mutual love at first sight, and naught afforded me so much proud exultation as the truth of this imaginary apex of happiness being at last clothed in a positive reality. We were married, both the victims to this dreamy delusion. I pictured a life of unchanging joy—one of perfected bliss, for how could it be otherwise when my affections centered on the idol of a first young love? But, my child, although I would fain pause here, yet the truth of my experience bids me show you the shades as well as the bright coloring of the picture. Time and sober reflection, alas! convinced me of my foolish error in being guided *wholly* by a morbidly-excited, and undisciplined imagination. Although I will not pretend to say I was fated to receive more indifference from your father than the generality of wives meet with, yet I often found my own heart craving the green verdure of the honey-moon, the freshness of those early months of our wedded love, and yet that heart could not have pointed out one *positive* cause for its dejected repinings. Why was it thus? because I had assumed the responsibilities of such a station, without proper incitements and common-sense views—the ungoverned intensity of my nature became dissatisfied with the quiet habits and even tenor of an every day married life. I soon perceived my keen disappointment produced only a gnawing misery, and I was forced at last, to woo contentment, to subdue the excess of *my* passionate idolatry, and to fill the 'circle he even destined I should move in.' But from that moment I determined, were I ever blessed with daughters, it should be my daily endeavor to eradicate all such fallacious notions, to convince them, if possible, of the necessity of a due estimate of meritorious worth, united with a well-regulated esteem which should alone guide them in so important a selection. All else, dearest Alice, will prove entirely chimerical, as you can but acknowledge, when the experience of one, like myself, who, having thus passed the turbulent Rubicon, testifies to its truth."

Mrs. Fairfield paused, as if awaiting her daughter's assent, but no word escaped her lips, whilst her head was bent in deep reflection on her throbbing bosom. She then continued in a tone of the tenderest modula-

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tion. "You, dearest, have been the pride and joy of my chequered life, your unwearied attention to my interest and happiness, has greatly tended to cast over its pathway, the only remaining light left to cheer its earthly gloom. I have struggled hard with the adverse winds of a fallen fortune. I have buoyed up my frail bark, because maternal love directed the helm, but I cannot always thus stem its tide, for I feel I am passing down the stream most rapidly, soon to be swallowed in the greater one of eternity. Could you, then, as a destitute orphan, eat the bread of humiliating dependence? A mother's love is proverbial in all annals of the past. Consent, then, to pay the devotedness of mine, by being the bride of Douglas Aubery."

The mother's arms were twined around her silent, bewildered daughter, tears hot and fast, fell from her cold, stern eye, which was fixed in intense supplication on that gentle face. "Those weapons of a woman's power, at once her spear and shield," availed and conquered all selfish, though natural resistance, and laying her head heavily on her mother's shoulder, Alice murmured—

"Be it as *you* wish—forget your tears and all sad remembrances of the past; *your* happiness should alone be mine, and I feel assured of success in every effort whereby it can be promoted. however great the sacrifice, or fiery the ordeal that *my* heart may be called upon to endure. This evening I will promise to wed him who is *your* choice."

Alice's fond embrace was tenderly returned, but when she again looked into her mother's face, she saw all the previous agitation of affectionate interest had been entirely usurped by its usual unsympathizing coldness. Her heart sickened—she felt as if left alone to encounter a most fearful strife; but still her promise was faithfully fulfilled. Alas! how strangely calm, how unnaturally still was that heart, when she breathed into the raptured ear of her lover, a faint consent to be his chosen one for life, and as her own lips sealed her doom, she felt as if some fabled wand had transformed a being of warmth and life into the insensibility of a statue. But thought, uncontrollable thought, dwelt on another so engrossingly, as to banish the dread meaning of those words, involving the happiness of another, as well as ominous of inly woe to herself. They were passed, and nought was left her but the vast storehouse of memory.

And was *such* a consent calculated to satisfy the ardent nature of one who loved as Douglas Aubery did. The fervor of hope which had sprung up within his manly, disinterested bosom, became suddenly dampened; he knew not why, but he was not so happy as those words ought to have made him; insensibly in that moment of bliss, did he feel the truth of those lines—

> "Oh, thoughtless mortal! ever blind to *fate*,
> Too soon dejected, and too soon elate."

But banishing all unwelcome suspicions when he beheld Alice perfectly resolute and gentle in her peromise, he resigned his whole soul to the exstasy of love and present happiness.

Only one short month was to elapse. and Alice would seal, at the altar, her fearful promise. One evening as she sat beside that same window, where, on that very day, four years, she had parted from George, wrapped in a dreamy trance, whilst memory faithfully conned over her treasures of the past, and with her potent wand, called up recollections that poured their gushing waters over her sorrowing soul. She had, of late, endeavored to banish his image from its wonted throne, but on that evening it was in vain, and, like the trembling magnet-needle to its attracting power, so yielded her every thought to that absent one, the "morning star of her memory." What various changes had come over her life's prospects! he left her sad, 'tis true, but the wooing voice of Hope, in a measure, dispelled that sadness. She was revelling in the sweet dreams of scarce sixteen, now around her lay the scattered fragments of those early hopes—the bright chain was broken and dissevered in its links, and Alice wept that hardly twenty years of her life had passed from the measure of those allotted her. How unutterably sad must be that young heart, when it mourns that Time should "drag so slow, his length along."

"Oh! listen, Alice, I have such wonderful news for you!" said her youngest sister, as she burst into the room, with a face expressing the most important intelligence. "What do you think, poor George Landon has just been brought home in a carriage, and I saw them lift him out. You can't think how helpless and pale he looked. One of the servants ran over here for some hartshorn, and said he was very ill."

The little prattler was too much lost in her own sad surprize to notice the gasping agitation of her sister, and soon left her alone, that she might, child-like, circulate the unexpected piece of information.

There is an inherent scepticism in the mind of every one, as it regards *their* actual life of future misery; and, it is rarely, that the heart, however oppressed it may be by grief's most cumbrous weight, cannot relax and yield to the touch of an opposite change—even to one which may scarcely have the frailest tenure to which reason may attach itself. Thus was it with Alice, on hearing of George's return, though it was under circumstances truly unfavorable to the most sanguine expectations. She had long been aware of his ill-health—but it was a relief to the canker of suspense to feel, that once more they might meet, ere that fearful hour,—and the result of that meeting, she dared not trust herself to anticipate. She resolved, however, to smother every feeling, either of hope or regret; to bid every working muscle be still, in the presence of her mother; and, though great was the mortal effort, yet Alice's short life had been too fraught with self-restraint, herself too often bound down with the pressure of self-command, to be unsuccessful in this last, but most trying attempt. It was with astonishing firmness she inquired of her mother when she returned from having seen George, the cause of his illness. Mrs. Fairfield looked at her with some slight suspicion, but perceiving there was only a calm and friendly solicitude expressed in her face, she told her:

"George had had a dangerous fever, from which he was scarcely recovered, when by some imprudent exer-

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tion he ruptured a vessel so seriously, and having naturally weak lungs, a rapid consumption was the fatal result."

"Did you see him, and is he much altered?" faintly inquired Alice.

"Yes," replied her mother, "but so shockingly altered I hardly knew him, and do not think any one would. He expressed a wish to see you, Alice, but for the present, his physician has interdicted the excitement of company. Poor young man, I fear all will be in vain, that medical skill can avail little to a disease as irremediable as his appears to be."

It was well that the dimness of twilight partially concealed her agitation from the keen penetration of Mrs. Fairfield, whose own knowledge of the human heart often caused her to doubtingly scrutinize the apparent submission and self-control of Alice. Oh! how long and anxiously, after she retired to her chamber, did she watch the pale light of the lamp, which showed the apartment where lay the loved sufferer. How fervently did she wish to be one of those passing figures around his bedside; and still, eager as was her desire to see him, she felt almost relieved when hearing the presence of every one was forbid, for she was certain that the resolution of a life-time, would not support her in a trying interview. The short month of her probationary freedom passed rapidly away, bringing very near the hour of her doom, and lessening those of the more fatally destined George.

One short week was only left her to nerve herself for the momentous epoch of the next. She had not seen George, whose disease had assumed its last most fearful aspect. He was candidly apprized of his situation, and to prepare himself for the worst. It was then he became importunate to see Alice, though he knew well the cause of her absence, and finally prevailed upon his sister Mary, to request her to see him once more, for the last time.

"How is it that this bright covering shades a brow so clouded by sorrow?" said the gay Isabel Legard, as she playfully lifted the disordered ringlets, which the summer's evening wind had scattered in careless confusion, around the fair, but sad face of Alice Fairfield. "Fye on you," she more gaily continued, "for such apparent insensibility, nay, I must say, ingratitude towards Dame Fortune for her prodigal favors, thus to sit moping, and looking as if next week was to hang you to a gallows, instead of the matchless, dignified Aubery, in the enduring bonds of Hymen. I just this moment passed his stately majesty, and pon honor, he brushed by me, without even a civil recognition. Judging from his lowering visage, I should say he was wrapt in dark and murky thoughts, more so than *I* would wish to harass *my* bridegroom elect. What's in the wind, my fair one, for I find the same ominous shadow resting on the bright impress of thine?"

"Thank Heaven, Isabel, you have thus opportunely come, like some sweet ministering angel, to shake from my soul the dread incubus of oppressive thought. Alas! how the bulwarks of my fancied security are borne along with the resistless torrent within."

And with the despairing action of one for whom little was left to cling to, the head of Alice was tearfully bent on her trembling hand. A moment, and she raised her eyes to the face of her companion, who, wondering and astonished, was standing still, with her bonnet in her hand, as if doubtful whether to inquire the cause of her uncommon excitement of grief, or to leave her alone. Alice threw her arms around Isabel's neck, earnestly imploring her to remain with her.

"Do not leave me this evening, dearest friend, you are more than usually welcome, for when I am with *you*, I feel as if the gushing fountain within may no longer be restrained, but whose waters unchecked, continue ever to flow soothingly on."

For a moment, the glad sparkle of Isabel's bright eye was dimmed, the joyous and playful railery of her laughing lip was banished, as she sat down beside the weeping Alice, and in a voice of deep sympathy, earnestly said:

"Come, tell me dear Alice, why this outbreak of some cherished sorrow—this present abandonment of grief? You know I love you, that my proud and wayward heart yearns towards you with a no ordinary affection—the earliest and well-tried companion of my childhood. Our friendship has stood the test of years—and, as in days of yore, we unburdened our bosoms to each other of all our childish and imaginary griefs, let us now do the same, when mutual sympathy and counsel are, perhaps, more needed. Believe me, when the heavy hand of affliction presses on thy brow, mine feels the same weight,—answer me then, why are you thus dejected this evening?"

"I fain would, Isabel, but I fear my honest confession of the truth, would arouse within you a feeling of contempt at my weakness, my want of proper independence and irresolution of purpose. I know those deficiencies and points of character never fail to excite your bitterest condemnation,—but, oh! you should remember the variety of temperaments and dispositions amongst mankind, as also, that few are possessed of such an undaunted spirit and determination like yourself. See here, I have just received a note from Mary Landon, requesting you and myself to visit her brother, probably for the last time, as the physicians have forwarned him that his end draweth near."

The quivering lip of Alice scarce articulated the last words. Isabel after reading it, fixed a searching look on the agitated face of her friend, almost unconsciously murmuring:

"It is as I have long and painfully suspected," then in a tone of wooing confidence she added after a pause, "Do not deceive your own heart in thinking, nor that of Douglas Aubery's in leading him to believe you love him as his betrothed should, as his destined partner for life ought."

Again did Alice's hand shade her face, as if to exclude from her vision some unwelcome object, or to drive away some intruding thought—then with increased energy, she vehemently exclaimed:

"Oh! pity my weakness—but if I die in the effort, this poor struggling heart shall be stilled, and I *will* see George Landon, ere this hand is plighted at the altar to Douglas Aubery. Not love him as you say I should, Isabel? Alas! I fear it is a dread truth—and for the

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devotion of his generous heart, a poor paltry esteem is all *I* can bestow."

"Why then, Alice, have you consented to wed him? Remember the solemnity of such a step—in a few days your faith, which can but be false when such feelings are paramount, will be plighted, when its accompanying vow can never be recalled without the direst misery to both. Oh! Alice, Alice, I do fear you are bartering away your happiness for mere shining dross, for that which daily experience has proved unsatisfying, and even turning to ashes the golden apple of life."

"Isabel, you wrong me in supposing it is all for myself alone. True, Douglas is rich and I am poor—all may deem the splendors of his station in life irresistible to one moving in the circumscribed sphere that I do—but while ambition owns *this* powerful attraction, the heart must acknowledge his superior merit, and mine, the purity of his love—yet withal, truth compels me to confess the golden bait no lure, nor that the devotion of the latter arouses an answering feeling within my bosom. It is my mother, my only parent, for whom I make the sacrifice of my freedom of choice. She has implored me to smooth and make happy the moment of her life, by accepting one so wholly *her choice*. You know not, Isabel, how importunately she has pleaded for my compliance to her wishes—and now that I have disclosed the whole, can your own sense of filial obligations, lead you to blame *me?*"

"Blame you, Alice?" and the fire of Isabel's eye grew fiercer, her lip curled with the deepest indignation, "blame you?—what else could I do—to see you so abjectly the slave of an ambitious mother's will. She who from the veriest infancy, has required of you the sacrifice of every innocent joy—and now, when you have merged into a new era of existence, one in which woman begins to feel an instinctive perception of another life, still weaves on the tissue of her uncompromising tyranny, by counselling this last most hated sacrifice. It is a *mother*, who calls upon her child for the surrender of her dearest privilege; viz., the free bestowal of her heart's dowery—who bids her vow to love one she cannot, the sanctity of which vow none will regard, unless sealed with some strong truth. You wrong yourself, Alice—you do injustice to the noble confidence of Douglas Aubery, by withholding from him, the same candid confession—and believe me, you will repent when repetance availeth not."

The impetuous Isabel paused, for the reproving eloquence of despair expressed in the face of Alice, subdued her indignation,—then a tear, big and bright, quenched the flashing of her own dark eye, trembling in its gem-like abode, until, succeeded by others, coursed down her glowing cheek, commingling in sympathy with those of her gentle companion, on whom, but a moment before, she had showered so much scornful reprehension.

"Thank you, Isabel, for these tears, after the threatening cloud of your scorn, *they* seem to me the rainbow of restored confidence and future amity. You think because I do not love Aubery, that its very opposite will cause me to falsify my vows. Is there no medium? I feel his worth and fully appreciate it, nay I prefer him to all, save one; that one, you know, is George Landon. Then, for the sake of others, whom the ties of nature draw close around my blighted heart, I may endeavor to tread the path of quiet friendship with another, whom reason would otherwise select. Yes, this I can, and will do,—and the only pittance of happiness I crave of the future, is a *possible* contentment."

Then, as if thought and every energy seemed to sink into a stagnant apathy, Alice sat for some time silent and totally heedless of the presence of Isabel, who stood beside the window, as equally wrapped in melancholy abstraction. How rarely was that joyously bright face thus contracted and indented by the harsh lines of painful reflection!—how seldom shaded by so deep a cast of sadness! Heaving a long-drawn sigh, Isabel turned, and in a voice of earnest emotion, asked—

"Alice, are you firm in your resolution of seeing George Landon to-morrow, regardless of how such an interview, under existing circumstances, may affect the event of next week?"

"Yes," replied she, emphatically, "and, although I know full well how terrible the ordeal will be to my crushed heart, disciplined as it is by self-government—yet all and every contingency shall yield to this, my last weakness. Douglas was present when I received the note, and though I mastered my agitation, when I told him I should obey its summons, yet from his manner and eager desire to accompany me, I suspect there are other motives than friendly interest that induced him to express such a wish."

"Alas!" said Isabel, "it will be a heart-rending sight for me to witness his once noble form so stricken down in its pride and beauty, by the felling hand of disease. What will it be to you, Alice, who long before you confessed it, I thought loved him with all the fervor of a first, undying love. How could I have thus probed and rightly guessed your feelings, unless a vibration of similar emotions, within my own heart, opened the eye of suspicion?—what, but the same electric power could have divined such in another? You look astonished, Alice, but, though Isabel Legard has so often vindicated a perfect freedom of heart and will, though she has decried the bare possibility of ever yielding wholly to love,—yet, there breathes not one whose bosom, nay not even yours, ever throbbed with a greater intensity of these feelings, than hers doth. Within is throned at this very moment, an idol at whose shrine, are consecrated my every thought and power of will. Careless as my laughing mirth may ring on your, and as well the world's ear, yet, oh! how seldom is its merry echo whispered *within*. Isabel Legard, when alone with herself and her God, is not the same glad being whom every eye beholds clothed in the bright array of seeming happiness."

Alice forgot the sorrows of her own heart when listening to the deep tones of her friend's voice. She looked incredulous on her altered face, scarcely believing its expression of aroused passionate grief, could so strongly bear the evidence of a corresponding truth. Truly then, she saw before her not the same Isabel, usually so happy

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and light hearted, one who could so easily cast off the most pressing cares—ever treading lightly on the piercing thorns of life. Bewildered and astonished, Alice continued to gaze on her, until Isabel, as if conscious of having yielded to the weakness of an unguarded moment, pressed her hand to her brow, and in that brief interval her wonted vivacity of spirit regained its power.

"Come," continued she with somewhat of her former gaiety, "we have both indulged sufficiently in contemplating the shades of our past life's picture, let us look more to the coloring of present and future touches, and principally in the foreground, is your approaching marriage."

Long and engrossing was their overflow of friendly confidence, until the well-known knock of Douglas Aubery, interrupted its freedom—and when Alice saw his animated face beaming with the brightness of affection's halo, as he seated himself beside her, she felt it was an effort due to him that she too should smooth her brow and wreathe her lip with smiles, though the

"*Inward* ray be gone."

The next day was decided upon for their visit to the ill-fated George Landon. Tremblingly did Alice enter the room where George awaited their presence. In a large arm-chair sat the invalid, his person arrayed with all the care and habitual neatness it once used to bear—but, alas! how terrible were the ravages, that desolater of mankind, Consumption, had wrought on a form

"Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!"

for George Landon, in the time of bursting vigor and health, was such a one. His clothes hung like drapery around those limbs once so nerved and filled with youthful strength,—his voice, once so clear and manly, welcomed them in tones fearfully hollow and sepulchral, and as Alice instinctively shrunk behind the tall form of Isabel, his thin hand had pressed hers graspingly, 'ere she had dared to lift her eyes to that well remembered face, but when she did, and met the earnest glance of his, so unnaturully bright, when she herself saw the impress of a scourging hand on those loved lineaments, it was enough—and the fair smooth brow of Alice Fairfield contracted with convulsive emotion, her mild eye became distended, her pale lips parted widely for the escape of an uncontrolable anguish within, the tightly drawn heart-strings relaxed their power—in a moment more, the head of the insensible girl rested on the bosom of Isabel. Even George seemed restored to the action of health, as he bent o'er her, with all the passionate fondness of his youth—gently placing her on a sofa, and with his cold hand, chafed her temples, whilst he breathed on her cheek, the breath of love to warm it into life. All his previous pain and situation as the greatest bodily sufferer, were forgotten, and he who had so feebly arisen to greet them, seemed suddenly renovated with a supernatural strength, as his own arm supported Alice. Anxiously he watched the return of consciousness—a long drawn sigh slowly passed from her heaving bosom, a pale pink flush spread o'er her bloodless cheek, then faintly raising her beautifully veined eye-lids, which were suddenly closed when her wild glance fell on him, and pressing her hand to her throbbing brow, quickly withdrew herself from his support.

"Thank Heaven! you are restored, dearest Alice, murmured George, as he tottered to his chair, "and if it be not too unreasonable a request, grant me a few moments of converse with you alone, for I have much to say to you."—"Alice," continued he, when they were left together, as he bade her draw near to him, "I know the dread truth—it is meet that I should only say 'God's will be done,'" and the youth's cheek glowed with that bright carnation, so beautiful amidst the wreck and ruin of health. She answered not, for there are

"Griefs which hunt like hounds, our speech away."

"Listen, Alice, to the request of the dying; it may be a selfish one, but nevertheless, prompted by a natural sensitiveness. When I am laid in my last resting-place, *then* register your vows to Douglas Aubery, for their chilling echo cannot reach my murmuring ear in that world on whose threshold my spirit now hovers."

"Talk not thus, George—oh! you know not the strength of my deep tenderness—you only have I loved, and when my unwilling hand was betrothed to another, of you alone I thought, and it was only when my heart whispered, 'who art thou dreaming of?' did it feel the blasting reality of disappointed affection. Douglas Aubery's is a disinterested love, and you know, George, my mother's will should ever be mine!" She paused, and breatlessly awaited his reply.

"It is then, as I expected, an unwilling bondage—but methinks, Alice, you might, in mercy, have withheld this last stroke from my bosom, already lacerated by disease, in waiting until death had chilled its deep stream of love, whose bubblings will only cease their motion with life's last throb, and on whose closed ear the merry sound of your bridal's gay mirth would undisturbedly have fallen. This you might have done for love and memory's sake, thereby greatly mitigating the pangs of an inevitable death."

The voice of George Landon grew hoarser and more gutteral—the clear, blue depth of his eye became glazed as it was fixed, in melancholy reproof, on Alice. Sinking beside him, with upraised hands, she wildly exclaimed:

"Hear me, oh! Heaven! though I forfeit the love of Aubery,—tho' the voice of my mother fall on my ear, with all the terrors of an upbraiding judge—yea, tho' the whole world shower scorn on my weakness, in loving thee, when betrothed to another, yet hear me, George; these lips shall breathe no other vow of love, this hand shall be no others but thine! Yes, so long as life animates thee, will I live yours only—your own Alice, as I have ever been."

And as she bent her head over their clasped hands, his eyes closed, a shooting pain quivered his body, causing her to start with horror to see the deadly paleness of his face. But soon recovering from it, whilst a seraphic smile illuminated his wan and wasted countenance, he answered:

"Fear not, beloved, 'twas but a frequent pang and difficulty of respiration, to which I am subject. Death yet stays the arrow of his bent bow, to test the truth of your solemn vow to the dying. And now, dear Alice, I must plead exhaustion. Inform *him* of what has passed, and oh! do not fail to return and soothe my dying moments."

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Alice arranged the pillow with her own soft hand, smoothed back the beautiful hair which so luxuriantly clustered around his broad brow, then left him, with a promise to return on the morrow, and rejoined Isabel and Douglas restored to her usual serene composure.

How felt, and what thought the latter, during that scene so wavering to his own hopes? Alice was right in her suspicions, that other than friendly motives urged him to accompany them. He had heard it murmured there had existed an early attachment between George and Alice, and he could not resist the desire to witness their first meeting, that his own observation might determine the truth of what he sometimes anxiously feared, though hoped against. When all around were endeavoring to resuscitate her, he, in unbroken silence, remained a passive spectator—nothing but his compressed lip and pallid face betrayed the internal whirlwind, and when he saw the head of his affianced bride reclining on the bosom of another, not a word nor gesture of apparent sympathy or chagrin moved his outward hearing. No, even in that moment, his heart was too generous and bursting with kindly feelings, to yield to the darkness of revengful envy towards so stricken a rival, for one glance told too sadly, the opening grave would soon shut out all earthly passion from that bosom which held his own treasure. But the scene was enough to fix deep the truth, that he was not loved *as* he loved, and painful as was the conviction, he felt it would be a weakness too ignoble, to heed the voice of jealousy in such an hour. Pity and regret alone moved his breast, though he shrunk from offering any restraint to their overflow of hopelesss love. How fierce was the contest between love and justice, generosity and selfishness, in his heart, as it regarded his position with Alice; but the grim face of the tempter was shrouded by the light of his *honor's* guardian angel, guiding thought in her steady path, and permitting *action* to prove the wisdom of *her* decision.

"Alice," said Douglas, when alone with her, "it is best perhaps, that we should part. Speak truly, do you wish to be freed from those hateful shackles, which were placed around you, by other hands than those of love? Say but the word, though it falls blasting on my ear, still it is only *your* happiness I desire in this sad moment, and, oh! if any false notions of delicacy or honor prevent you from dealing candidly with me, in being the first to sever the hated bond—I myself will free you from its unwilling thraldom. Consider then only yourself, dear Alice, regard me as a brother, and say, is it your wish that we shall henceforth part?"

As the last words were uttered, the firmness of Douglas somewhat yielded—he took her hand with all the inviting confidence of a brother,—a tear of grateful friendship fell on it, as Alice replied:

"You wrong me, Douglas, by that word, hateful, for I do most sincerely esteem your generous tenderness and affection, but the charms of an early love bid me assert its superiority, and such have bound me from youth's first recollection to George Landon. You, to-day, witnessed what I would fain have spared both you and myself. I offer no explanation, for the *heart* has none to make. I have promised to be yours, but another more solemn one must be fulfilled ere I could with truth seal my vows to you. It is to him who 'first won my young affections that this promise is made, which is, that the sun of George Landon's existence must have sunk in the dark shades of death, ere this hand can be another's, or this tongue pronounce the marriage vow. Bleeding as my love was at every pore, for one thus dear, and early doomed, how could I have been so heartless as to refuse his dying request? But I know it is in vain to arrest the decree of an all-wise Providence. 'Whatever is, is right,'—and I trust to the healing power of His hand for the amelioration of my grief. That acme of unfeminine stoicism which for ever weeps o'er the grave of a first love, I do not desire to arrive at, for I feel the capacities of my nature will require some object to love and live for. Then will I be yours, all I ask is a postponement of our union—and oh! forgive, Douglas, in wishing to love another, whilst he lives—but, if *your* heart craveth more than this—then indeed, it is best we should *for ever* part."

The love which Douglas Aubery felt for Alice Fairfield was so firmly entwined around his existence, that like a drowning man, he clung to the frailest spar which offered hope. The buoyancy of imagination even then, sketched forth the sky of the future, tinted with the brightness of a newly awakened affection, and in the perspective, the welcome vision of love bearing on her head the helmet of Hope, and scattering joy and bliss before her.

"I am yours, Alice," replied he with reviving energy, "to wield as you will. Perform faithfully your promise to him you so purely love. When the expected stroke falls on your young heart, then will I return—and if the devotion of a life can serve to alleviate the poignancy of your sorrows, that of Douglas Aubery's shall be wholly thine."

They parted, and the death of George Landon was to decide again the period of their nuptials. It was the sad effect of a sadder cause, but love acted as a powerful umpire.

Four weeks had passed away,—each day found Alice hovering, like some ministering angel of light, around the couch of the fast waning George. No hand but hers proffered his medicine or smoothed his pillow—no other was half so tender and careful in administering to his various wants. Hourly did his strength seem to decrease, but not one murmuring word or impatient gesture escaped his lips.

One beautiful evening, as she sat beside him, he bade her sing to him his favorite hymn. She did so, but it was as if called upon to produce harmony from some broken or jarred instrument, so discordant did her spirit answer to the echo of her voice. She ceased, perceiving a gentle sleep had stolen him away for a while from his sufferings. It continued so long and uninterrupted, that she tremblingly watched his breathing, fearing it was other than the slumber of life. At last he moved, and in an unusually clear voice, whilst a heavenly smile brightened his sunken features, said:

"Your song, Alice, caused me to think I was in that world were only such music can swell my soul. I

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thought I saw the numerous host of those made perfect, and as I drew near to read my own name in the great book of life, your hand gently waved me to take my place in the sacred ranks, saying, 'such was the Saviour's commission to you.' Oh! Alice, how cheeringly does that vision, and yonder sky woo me to bathe in its Heavenly light, there to bask for ever in the eternal sunshine of a Redeemer's love."

"You have been dreaming, George, and should not thus permit a passing vision to hang like a weight on your spirits. I hope you feel no worse?"

"No, Alice, there is no increase of pain now racking this poor frame, but something whispers, 'Now arm for the conflict, thy last enemy approacheth!' The cheerful hope which now animates me, the Heavenly calm that reigns within, gives me the full assurance, that 'my house is set in order,' and that the strong armor of righteousness girds me with power to face the terrible foe. I long to enjoy the presence of that Saviour whose smiles now radiate my dark passage to the tomb. Mary, call hither our parents that their last blessing may speed me on my way."

Sad was that group assembled around the dying youth's bedside—to each one he spoke some word of consolation, then turning to Alice, with a look of deep solicitude, fixed on her weeping face, said:

"Banish your tears, sweet friend, let all be calm, that my last words may be remembered. Alice, I thank you for the kind fulfilment of your vow, its observance, has, if not prolonged my life, greatly gladdened its last moments,—for the frail tenure of existence never could have withstood the trial of knowing you to be the bride of another. A just Providence forbade our earthly union, but though our mutual vows of love have never been blended at an altar here, take now this ring, (drawing one from his finger,) and before the present witnesses in this solemn hour, let it be the binding token of our spiritual union." He gently placed it on her finger, then feebly drawing her face towards him, pressed her trembling lips. "One only word of entreaty and warning ere I leave you, my Alice—it is to prepare your soul for a renewal of our spiritual association in another happy world. Make clean your heart from its inherent stain of depravity, in the blood of Redemption. Oh! my beloved one, strive then to lay up your treasure, so that like bread, cast many days upon the water, you may regain them in a future and more joyful day."

The gorgeous hues of a summer's sunset illuminated the chamber of the dying. A shudder passed through his extended frame, and when Mary applied restoratives to his benumbed limbs, he calmly said:

"All is in vain, dear sister, it is the icy touch of death, but I fear not—its chill is even now fast stilling the parting current around my heart—yet God has mercifully granted me strength to stem the roaring waters of eternity—Alice—my own—your hand—" and with the sinking sun's last gleam of red light, sped the happy spirit of George Landon.

Dark and heavy as was that hour of desolation to Alice, the star of Bethlehem beamed o'er her bereaved soul, with its unerring light guiding her thoughts and hopes to that haven, where she felt a broken and contrite heart might repose all its sorrows, 'neath the spreading banner of a pardoning Saviour's love. Alice Fairfield mourned, but not as one without hope, and humbly kissed the rod which so sorely chastened her, believing that 'affliction springeth not from the dust,' but is oft in mercy sent.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Fairfield's mansion was brilliantly lighted—it was the wedding-night of Douglas Aubery and Alice Fairfield. Sounds of merry mirth resounded through the rooms—many happy and friendly faces were there to witness the long anticipated ceremony. Isabel Legard's hand tastefully arranged the pensive bride's dress. One single row of pearls, the gift of that attached and generous souled girl, bound the light hair of Alice, no gew-gaw, or useless decoration, no costly array detracted one glance from the loveliness of her face, beaming with a soul's own brightness. One single ring sparkled on her hand and as Isabel bade her remove it for the bridal one, tears slowly fell on it, whilst she murmuringly replied:

"No, it was the seal of my union in spirit with George Landon, and there shall it ever rest, beneath all others."

"Come, come, Alice," returned her gay and brilliant looking friend, "it is always expected that brides should be very pensive and of the *doomed caste*, but for once take me as your model, and wear a happy face, for methinks, on such a one as Douglas Aubery, even *I* could shower the light of innumerable smiles."

And when Isabel saw that gentle face, if not beaming with deep-felt happiness, expressing the sweet look of contentment, her dark eye filled with unbidden tears, as she remembered what was hidden within, not only that pure bosom, but in that of her own, which caused her in that most triumphant hour of her beauty's power to acknowledge—

"If every one's internal case
Were written on their brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who move our envy now."

Yes, this truth stamped itself on her heart. Tho' her face was clothed in the gayest smiles—tho' the gathered crowd around hung on her lively and pungent sallies of wit, yet how that heart would have shrunk from the searching scrutiny of even one single eye which then dwelt on her so admiringly.

We must here leave it to the imagination to faithfully depict the increasing happiness of the firmly placed love of Douglas and the gradual developement of affection in the heart of Alice, whilst we dwell on those incidents of Isabel Legard's life, whose contingent effects resulted from the mixed good and evil so strongly blended in her character.

To be continued.

I AM not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences, who are ever cautious of professing and believing too much; if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of, are the men who believe every thing, subscribe to every thing, and vote for every thing.—*Bishop Shipley.*

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Original

LOVE AND SPECULATION.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF DISCOUNTS IN NEW-YORK.

BY EPES SARGENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene was the room of a young artist in Broadway—the season midsummer—the time of day eleven o'clock in the forenoon—and the *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Frank Buckwood, a nice young man, and Mr. Harry Singleton, who was, to all appearances, the proprietor of the cans of paint, the easel, the brushes, pallets, lay figures and broken casts, which were scattered in picturesque confusion about the apartment. Mr. Buckwood was reclining, after a fashion peculiar to himself, in a luxurious arm-chair, a segar in his mouth, and one leg stretched upon an adjacent table, while the other rested upon the head of a plaster Shakspeare. Mr. Singleton, who wore a tightly-fitting, and richly-figured dressing gown, in the pockets of which his hands were thrust, was pacing the floor with impatient strides, and with a face, which betrayed anxiety and vexation.

"Be cool, man," said Mr. Buckwood, lazily exhaling a cloud of tobacco-smoke; "take comfort. It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

"Comfort! Don't talk to me, sir, of comfort," replied Mr. Singleton. "I am inconsolable—wretched beyond description."

"Don't walk the room in that way, Harry. It is decidedly vulgar. The true mark of a gentleman is, to appear consumedly indifferent to every thing. Nothing is more plebeian than to be miserable, unless it is to be happy."

"Oh, hang up philosophy! Wait 'till you are tried as I am."

"And, pray, now that I think of it, what is the matter?"

"Oh! if you but knew. Well, why shouldn't I tell you? Buckwood, don't sneer, and I will impart to you my story. You know Eveline Gray?"

"Certainly; the little dowdy heiress in—what is the name of the street? Her hair is what you might call flame-colored."

"Caitiff! She is a sylph with auburn ringlets. Don't laugh at me. We met at Niagara last autumn. It was before my father's death, which event, as you know, was accelerated by the loss of his fortune, in consequence of his ill-advised endorsements. The art, with which I then dallied for amusement, is now, alas! my sole means of support. Well; I met Eveline at Niagara. I took her likeness, read with her, gazed on the rapids with her by moonlight, by sunlight, by starlight, by twilight, by no light at all, save what flashed from her own blue eyes—and finally—"

"I understand. Go on," said Buckwood.

"Don't interrupt me," implored his friend. "Finally we were engaged. Parents gave their consent, and the course of true love ran unwrinkled by a wavelet or a ripple. But fortune suddenly shifted. My father was ruined, and I was ruined with him. But Eveline—Eveline was true! Not so old Six-per-cent, her father. As soon as he heard of my mischance, he forbade me his house—threatened to kick me down stairs—me, Harry Singleton! I would have dashed my fist in his face, but consideration, like an angel came, in the shape of Eveline, and I bowed and withdrew."

"Well; what is there in all that to make you miserable?" inquired Mr. Buckwood, lighting a new segar,

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," returned Harry, in a somewhat doubtful and perplexed tone. "I considered it pleasant—devilish pleasant. But my story isn't quite finished."

"Of course," said Buckwood, "you had a carriage at the lady's door the next evening—chartered a steamboat, and carried her off to Providence, where the knot was tied, and no questions asked."

"No. I succumbed to the blow in the fond hope that the storm would blow over, and the sky brighten once more. For months, as you know, I have devoted myself to my art with an exclusive devotion. I have wooed excellence with unremitted assiduity, and, I flatter myself, Buckwood, not altogether without success. But you grow impatient. In one word, then, there is a rival in the case—a vulgar, black-looking foreigner, with long hair curling over his coat-collar, a dirty imperial, and whiskers, which the dyer has made black. He calls himself Count Mareschino, and is quite assiduous in his addresses to Eveline. She, poor girl, is evidently disgusted with the fellow, but her father and mother have the fatuity to favor his pretensions. The wretch is reputed to be rich, and he talks of his estates on the Rhine with magnificent self-complacency. By the way, he has had the impudence to sit to me for his portrait. Here it is. Did you ever see such a graceless-looking vagabond?"

Here the young artist brought forth a canvass covered with a half-finished portrait, the only remarkable feature of which was an unnatural mass of curly black hair, and submitted it to Mr. Buckwood's inspection. That excellent person, on seeing the picture, appeared to be suddenly roused from the apathy which had hitherto characterized his demeanor. He turned the canvass admiringly to the light, then struck his forehead thoughtfully with his hand, and, at length, with uncontrollable enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"Beautiful! What a noble-looking fellow! Fie upon you, Harry! It is your jaundiced imagination, which blinds you to the charms of that manly face. What an eye! What whiskers! If Eveline can resist those whiskers, then is she impregnable."

"Pshaw!" replied Singleton, somewhat chagrined; "of course the face is flattered, but, without prejudice, I consider it superfluously hideous. Pah! The hug of a black bear would be exstasy compared with the contact of that bushy excrescence. Hang the fellow! What shall I do, Buckwood? How dispute the claims of this infernal bandit?"

"Invite him to take a sail with you over to Hoboken, one of these pleasant mornings. But no, I fear the fellow isn't worth shooting; and as you seem to be in earnest about this matter, my dear Harry, I will lend

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you a helping hand. If I can't extricate you from this dilemma myself, I know the man who will do it, if human ingenuity and audacity can prevail. You know Mr. Moses Timberstock, of course?"

"Timberstock! Moses! Never heard of such a person."

"What! Do you not know Moses? Wait here awhile. I will bring him to you, and we will consult upon your case. Not know Moses! Poor ignorant youth! A capital fellow is Moses—the prince of speculators and of humbugs—and the envy and detestation of his Wall Street brethren. Oh, you must see Moses. Cheer up, Harry. This is a lucky thought. Moses shall make a man of you yet; and if he does not astonish your particular friend Count Whiskerandos, he is not the Moses I took him for. Adieu for five minutes."

And so saying, Mr. Frank Buckwood abruptly threw away his segar, put on his hat, and knocking down a Venus de Medicis in his progress, quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

Singleton was alone; and taking his brush and pallet, he commenced painting. The subject which he had marked out upon his canvass, was a fancy sketch, representing the stolen meeting of two lovers. The lady had her finger raised in the attitude of listening, while the youth had his hand upon the hilt of his sword, as if he heard the foot-falls of hostile intruders. His left arm was round the slender waist of his companion. A noble white charger tied to the bough of a tree, completed the picture, which, in its attitudes, was spirited and graceful, and extremely well colored. The young artist, however, did not seem to regard it with much complacency; and after two or three touches, he threw by his mall-stick, his brush and pallet, and, taking a chair, did what young gentlemen in love are very apt to do—he soliloquized:

"In vain do I try to rally the hopes that have forsaken me. Existence stretches before me one barren level, unillumined by that orb, which would have made its desolation a paradise."

As he uttered these words, a sound of persons approaching was heard, and the next moment Count Mareschino, marshalling Mrs. Gray and Eveline, entered the studio. The nobleman was certainly a very extraordinary person in appearance. His hair was very black and very bountiful—enveloping the principal portion of his face. A quizzing-glass was stuck before his right eye, and kept in its place by the compression of his brow. Around his neck was a black satin kerchief, sprigged with gold; and his vest flamed with all the colors of the rainbow. His pantaloons were of light blue, and he wore a frock cout frogged in the most sublime fashion. He carried a stupendous cane, twisted into as many convolutions as the serpent of the Laocoon.

But in what language shall I describe Eveline? Neither the pencil nor the pen could do her charms even imperfect justice.

"This way, ladies," exclaimed the Count, with an apparent affectation of broken English, and a foreign accent—"here is the apartment of our *grand artiste*. By gar, he is not quite equal to Monsieur Isabey, who painted my likeness at Paris, but he promise very well."

"So, my rival," muttered Singleton, who, in his apathy, did not even turn to see who were his visitors. "I should like to burke him, the black-whiskered rascal!"

"Voila, madame!" said the Count, addressing Mrs. Gray. "What say you to dat portrait, ha?"

"Ah! Count," replied the lady, "it does you no sort of justice. It is a mere caricature—is it not, Eveline?"

"It is, indeed," returned the young lady thus accosted; adding in a lower tone, "a caricature of humanity, but at the same time a flattered likeness of the original."

The Count looked perplexed. "Does she mean that for a sneer," thought he to himself. "What does she say, madame?"

"She says it can hardly be called a flattered likeness," said the matron, swallowing the fib; and then turning to the daughter, she rejoined—"Fie, Eveline!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, is *trop gracieuse*," said the Count, with a grim smile.

In the meantime, Harry had started at the well known sound of Eveline's voice. "Is it possible;" he exclaimed, in a whisper; "was it not she who spoke?"

Nor was Eveline less curious to discover who the young artist might be, who was manifesting such a cavalier indifference to the presence of his visitors. "It can be no other," said she, timidly approaching, so as to gain a view of his face. "It is he!"

An exclamation of surprize escaped her, but the Count and her mother were too intent upon examining the pictures, to observe her movements. Harry had started forward and taken the proffered hand of Eveline, and pressed it to his lips.

"Do we indeed meet again," she began, "and under circumstances so singular?"

"Eveline! This recognition is indeed kind. Eveline—"

But here the keen ears of Mrs. Gray caught the sound of his voice, and coming forward, in all the dignity of starched muslin and rustling satin, she turned upon poor Harry and said:

"*Eveline*, indeed! What insolence! And she suffers him to hold her hand! So! our old acquaintance, Mr. Singleton! This presumption, sir, is ungentlemanly after what has passed between you and my daughter. And you, Miss Dignity, should be ashamed of yourself, to encourage such attentions from a pauper."

"A pauper, Madame!" exclaimed Eveline, her cheeks flushing, her eyes kindling, and her whole frame dilating with indignation, as if, like Coriolanus, her heart were not big enough for the passion which had entered it—"a pauper! Say no more, lest I forget I am your daughter, and remember only my affection for"—but here a flood of tears came to her relief, and she sank upon Singleton's shoulder,

"Like the weak Pythian when her god has left her."

"Ah! that look—that half-spoken sentence have more than repaid me," whispered Harry, "for the contumely cast upon me, and checked the retort that was quivering upon my lips."

"Oh, I shall burst with rage," exclaimed the anxious mother; "my poor nerves!"

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"Madame, s' il vous plait, exposez this mystery," said Mareschino.

"It is the young man I told you of," replied Mrs. Gray—"he who was at one time engaged to Eveline. Mercy upon me! He is kissing her hand again, and see how they are whispering. There is treason going on. It is now time for you, Count, to interfere."

"Never fear for me, madame. I will—vat you call it—pulverize him with one of my terrible frowns, by gar!"

Hereupon the redoubtable Count approached our friend Harry, and striking his colossus-like cane upon the floor, began: "Young man, sare!"

"Well, *sare*, what is it?" said Harry, disengaging the fair arm, which would have detained him, and advancing so close upon the toes of Mareschino, that the latter receded several paces, not without betraying that his corns had been somewhat rudely pressed.

"Sacr-r-re! Permittez-moi," said the Count, who was evidently more at a loss for his French than his English words—"let me tell you, sare, you make too dem free with that demoiselle, who is *affiancee* by her parents, to myself."

"Well, sir, what have you to say against it?"

"Ahem! Sare, I have to say that I sall—I sall—"

"Well, sir, you *sall* what?"

"*Sall* not pay you for your dem picture, sare."

"Oh, is that all?" retorted Harry, bethinking himself of one of Joe Miller's pleasantries. "It is no sort of consequence. I can dispose of the portrait elsewhere. Mr. Saint John of the Museum wants a likeness taken of his ourang-outang. It will not cost me much trouble to paint in the tail.

"By gar, I shall demand one grand satisfaction, sare," said Mareschino. "Expectez-moi, and tremble! *Allons*, madame, *sall* we go?"

"Come along Miss Obstinacy—no last words," said the prudent Mrs. Gray, to the fair culprit, who seemed hesitating between disgust for the Count, and love for the young artist.

"Grant me but one word with her," exclaimed Singleton, regaining Eveline's hand. "It shall be spoken loud enough for all of you to hear."

"On that condition, I do not object," replied Mrs. Gray.

The diffident young man drew the fair Eveline towards him, and implanted upon her lips a kiss, that resounded through the apartment.

"Farewell, Eveline!"

"Farewell!"

"*Sacr-r-r-re!*"

"Impertinence! You shall be locked up in your chamber for this, miss!"

CHAPTER III.

The door was closed upon his visitors, and Harry, kicking one of Mr. Fowler's phrenological busts from the hearth-stone into a corner of the room, walked backwards and forwards, rubbing his hands, and manifesting in various ways the elation of the moment. So carried away was he by his enthusiasm, that he did not perceive the entrance of an urchin, with a very suspicious-looking bit of paper in his hand, who stood with his mouth open, gazing first at the pictures and statues, and then at Harry, as if in doubt which of the company to address.

"It is all settled," exclaimed Harry, tossing up his arms, and clasping his hands over the back of his head, while with his foot he upset a can of paint. "It is all settled! Stocks are looking up again. Eveline consents to an elopement. Carriage must be at the back door by seven—chamber-maid can be easily bribed—and off we go with two of Brower's best horses."

"Well, sir, what do you want?" said our hero, who was, in nautical phrase, "brought up all standing" by the apparition of the boy.

"Please, sir, this is Mr. Brower's little bill. He would like to have it settled."

"Oh, certainly, all right, and no mistake," muttered Harry, taking the bill. "The charges are quite reasonable. Tell Mr. Brower I shall patronize him."

"He would like to have you pay him," replied the juvenile collector.

"Very well, my lad. Exercise will do you good. Call here again to-morrow, or some time next week."

"Yes, sir."

As the boy departed, another dun, a stalwart fellow, in his shirt sleeves, entered.

"Mr. Cabbage's bill for the clothes, your honor. He has got a small trifle of a note to take up to-day, and must have the money. He says the bill has been standing these six week, your honor."

"Standing these six weeks!" exclaimed Singleton. "Patrick, you are a reasonable man, and a philosopher, and if your master, (bad luck to him!) has been cruel enough to keep an honest bill standing these six weeks, go home and ask him, why the divil he doesn't let it sit down."

Poor Pat was evidently quite confounded by this irresistible appeal. He scratched his ear, looked at the wall, and then at Mr. Singleton, and ended by saying—"Long life to your honor! Shure enough it's but raisonable what you say. I'll ask Mr. Cabbage where he larnt his manners, your honor."

The honest Irishman took his leave, and Harry, after indulging in a momentary laugh, checked his mirth and said—"I do not half like this. Shall I suffer Eveline to share with me this life of penury and humiliation? No, no! Generous as she is, and ready to partake with me my humble lot, it would be scoundrelism in me to urge her to the sacrifice. I should not—cannot—will not do it!"

A carriage stopped at the street door, and a moment afterwards, Mr. Moses Timberstock, a watch in his hand, and followed by the exemplary, Mr. Buckwood, entered the studio. Harry was a little amazed at the character of the former gentleman's apparel. It did not partake of the picturesque. A broad straw hat was upon his head, and he wore a frock coat of brown linen, diversified with ink-spots, while his pantaloons were of light nankin, plaited wide at the top, and tapering 'till they met the instep, over which they parted, and were tightly buttoned underneath.

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"Have got just fifteen minutes to spare," said Mr. Timberstock, in a peculiarly hurried and abrupt manner —"must be on 'change by one o'clock—got five hundred things to do—grand tea sale to attend—Mississippi cotton lands to buy—India rubber stock—malleable iron —Canton—Maine timber-lands, and—is this your friend, Buckwood?"

"Yes; allow me to make you acquainted, Mr. Timberstock, with Mr. Singleton, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Timberstock."

"I am most happy to make your acquaintance," said Singleton, bowing. "I have heard so much of Mr. Timberstock's business talent, his activity, his—"

"Enough said—know just what you were going to remark—save yourself the trouble—can tell by a man's eye what he is going to say."

"Another proof of the sagacity for which I was about to give you credit."

"Credit, sir? If you have any funds you are not using, I am the man for—pshaw! Excuse me. I was on a false trail. Buckwood has been telling me your story."

"Yes, Mr. Timberstock, and he has impressed me with a very high idea of yor capability and shrewdness."

"As for that matter, Mr. Singleton, I trust I can make or lose a fortune as fast as any one. To-day at the top of the wheel—to-morrow on the lowermost spoke—to-day a bull, to-morrow a bear—but always ready to serve a friend. The secret of success in this world, Mr, Singleton, is embraced in one simple word. That one word is your genuine philosopher's stone, your true elixir, by which all you touch may be converted into gold. That one word is—let me whisper it in your ear."

Harry inclined his ear to his new monitor, who whispered the mysterious word.

"Humbug! Did you say *humbug?*" ejaculated our hero.

"Exactly," said Mr. Timberstock.

"Sublime!" rejoined his pupil.

"Touching your own case, now," said Moses, "let me inquire have you any rich relative, from whom you expect any little legacy?"

"Not one," replied the artist, "not one from whom I hope to receive a brass farthing—though, to be sure, I have an uncle in Canton, but whether he is rich or poor, I know not."

"What is his name?"

"Doyle—Daniel Doyle; and when I last heard from him, he was in robust health, and likely to live these fifty years."

"No matter for that, sir. We must kill him."

"Kill! *kill?* What do you mean, Mr. Timberstock?"

"I said kill—ay, kill, kill, kill, sir! Can any thing be more explicit? We must kill him, and let you inherit the whole of his property."

"Sir, if you are jesting, let me tell you, I am not in a mood to relish buffoonery."

"Don't prattle—don't interrupt me," said the imperturbable Moses. "I will settle your business for you in five minutes. Buckwood, amuse our friend while I am writing,"

Mr. Timberstock drew a table towards him, seized a pen, and commenced writing with immense velocity. The young painter looked towards Buckwood for an explanation, but that gentleman preserved an unmoved countenance.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Singleton, "upon your choice of acquaintances, and thank you for introducing to me such an amiable cut-throat as this Mr. Timberstock appears to be."

"Pooh! it is all in the way of business," said Buckwood; "it will not be the first murder he has committed. On paper—" added he to himself.

"Is it possible, Buckwood, that you can palliate the monstrous profligacy of his proposition—you, whom I have regarded as a gentleman and man of honor?"

"Nonsense, Harry. You should be above such childish prejudices by this time."

"Prejudices, indeed!"

"This will do," exclaimed Timberstock, rising from his seat. "Here is some news for *Messieurs les Redacteurs.* Listen to this paragraph: '*Fortune's Freaks*—The Brighton, which arrived at Boston, from Calcutta, on Wednesday last, brings intelligence of the death of Mr. Daniel Doyle, the chief partner of the extensive house of Doyle & Co. The whole of his immense property falls to his nearest heir and nephew, Mr. Henry Singleton, a young and accomplished artist of this city. By this windfall, Mr. Singleton comes into the possession of upwards of two millions of dollars, and is lifted from a condition of comparative penury to affluence. We are glad to learn, that the young gentleman is in every respect worthy of his good fortune.'"

"And do you think," exclaimed Henry Singleton, "that I shall lend myself to such an imposition?"

"Buckwood, your friend is *green,*" said Timberstock, quietly raising his glass. "Come, we won't be offended Mr. Singleton; you have confided your interests to us, and we will take care of them. My young friend, do not hope to move a step forward in this world with the reputation of a poor man. First, make the world believe you are rich, and then they will thrust riches upon you. Let them suppose you to be poor, and they will deprive you of the little you have. Such is human nature!"

"And so your principle is—"

"Humbug, sir—principal and interest—plain humbug."

"Well; what do you propose doing?"

"I propose giving you an opportunity of making your fortune in earnest. To-morrow your endorsement will be as valid among the rabid speculators of Wall street, as the name of John Jacob Astor. They will see the statement in the newspapers, and swallow it with a gudgeon's eagerness. Stocks are daily fluctuating,—you must buy on credit and sell for cash—and continue to buy and sell until your fortune is made. I know many cases where fortunes have been staked upon lighter presumptions. Now, tell me, what stocks you will have. Here is a splendid opportunity for speculation in the 'Grand-Rag-Sugar-Anti-Slave-Labor-Company."

"Rag-Sugar! What the devil is that?" ejaculated Harry.

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"The Company was formed," said Timberstock, "upon a report in the newspapers, that a French chemist had discovered a process for extracting sugar from old rags. On this hint, we have gone ahead. The capital of our company is three hundred thousand dollars. We have already established a grand Rag-Depot, at the Five-Points, and our apparatus for the manufacture will soon be constructed. Suppose I put you down for a hundred shares? The stock is only ten per-cent above par. We shall drive it up to fifty in a day or two. What say you to a hundred shares?"

Harry Singleton began to suspect he was the victim of a quiz—or, as the knowing ones say, that he was 'sold.' He resolved that he would be even with his 'victimizers,' and so said, with assumed carelessness:

"Oh, put me down for a couple of hundred shares, while you are about it."

"Why that is twenty thousand dollars!" said Buckwood.

"Only *twenty* thousand!" exclaimed Singleton—"Well; if you think that too little, put me down for three hundred shares."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the broker, noting down the order—"three hundred shares for Mr. Singleton, in the Grand Rag-Sugar-Anti-Slave-Labor Company."

"To be paid for in rag money," added Buckwood.

"Ah! here," said Mr. Timberstock, "is the most wonderful project of all. We call it the '*Patent-India Rubber-suction-hose-Atlantic-Milk-supplying Company*;' and our proposal is, to establish a grand milk reservoir at Montauk Point, and to supply ships crossing the Atlantic, with milk, by means of three thousand miles of suction hose, composed of India-rubber. Between you and me, I got up the company to help on my India-rubber stock. How many shares will you take?"

"As the project is rather a bold one," replied Singleton, "and as I entertain some philosophical doubts as to its feasibility, I think I will venture to take only a couple of hundred shares."

"Now, you had better say three hundred," said the broker, with his most winning smile; "I assure you, upon my honor, the stock will rise ten per-cent before the week is out. If you were not a particular friend, I should not think of letting you have it at any price. Shall I say three hundred?"

"Well; it is all the same to me. Let it be three hundred."

"Three hundred it is. Let me see, what comes next on my list—a plan for ameliorating the condition of quadrupeds—pshaw!—Plan for carrying the mail by balloons—the Saw-dust and Shavings Association, who have taken out a patent for making deal boards out of sawdust and shavings,—Submarine Exploring Company,—the Tar and Turpentine Paving Company,—the Bubbleton Timber Association,—Zounds! does no one among all these hit your fancy? Well, what think you of Wholehogopolis city lots?"

"Oh, I will take them by all means, to any amount," said Singleton, with alacrity.

"Good! I will put you down for five-hundred shares. And now I must be off. In the morning you must give me your note for these stocks, endorsed by Buckwood, and before the week is out, you shall be a rich man, in spite of yourself, Mr. Singleton. For the present, good bye. Come, Buckwood."

Now it chanced, that as Messrs. Buckwood and Timberstock were taking leave of their friend and approaching the door, they confronted Mr. Cabbage, the tailor, who was entering with a very formidable looking bill in his hand. Harry Singleton, wearied and vexed, had thrown himself upon a sofa, unconscious of all that was spoken.

"Cabbage, my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Timberstock, striking that individual upon the back with a vehemence that made him draw up his leg with pain—"Have you come to congratulate our young friend here?"

"Yes, if you call *that* congratulation," replied Cabbage, displaying his bill with a grim dryness of manner.

Timberstock glanced over the document, and then whispered, with much apparent earnestness,

"Nonsense, Cabbage; your charges are too moderate. Clap on at least fifty per-cent. He will pay it. Why do you stare? Have n't you heard the news?"

"What news?" gasped forth the astonished Cabbage.

"Old Doyle is dead—that good old man—Singleton's uncle. The boy pockets a cool two million. You will see it in the newspapers to-morrow. I advise you to keep on the right side of him."

"Two millions of dollars! I am paralyzed! Two millions of dollars!"

"Certainly; the last arrival from Canton brought the news. So clap on the items, Cabbage, to double the amount. The boy will pay, and ask no questions. And Cabbage, if you are in want of funds, come to me, I have the investing of his property, and you, you dog, shall have another kind of *in-vesting* to do for him—do you take? Capital pickings! Mum's the word."

Thus saying, and blinking, and touching his nose in a most mysterious manner, Mr. Timberstock and his companion departed. As for Cabbage, he stood mute with amazement, trying to take in the immense idea, which had been so suddenly imparted. A thousand golden visions flitted through his brain. It was no later than yesterday, that he had rebuked his daughter, Lucy Ann, for remarking that Mr. Singleton was a nice looking young man. Now, if Mr. Singleton could only be persuaded to think that Miss Lucy Ann was a nice looking young woman, what a nice speculation it would be for the family of the Cabbages! But here he was interrupted by an ejaculation from the wealthy heir himself, who abruptly rising, exclaimed:

"How could they so sport with my misfortunes?"

"His misfortunes! Poor youth! He was fond of his uncle," said Cabbage, aside.

"To intrude themselves upon me in this hour of my affliction with so absurd a project!"

"That fellow, Timberstock, has been trying to league him in with him in some of his fancy stock speculations. Prudent youth, to refuse to have any thing to do with him"—thought Cabbage.

"No, Emily; it must not be! I must give you up."

"Some poor girl, that he now feels too proud to mar-

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ry," said the tailor, with an inward admiration of his own sagacity.

"Give her up! I cannot! I will rush to her arms." Singleton turned, in the ardor of his emotions, and found himself affectionately clasped by Cabbage.

"This meeting is as unexpected, sir, as it is—delightful," said Harry, with a wry expression of face and a faltering tongue.

Cabbage hastily tried to conceal his bill, and began,—"I beg pardon, Mr. Henry, for intruding at such a moment, but I could not forbear offering you my—"

"Your bill of course," interrupted Harry. "Well, out with it, man. You needn't put on that tombstone face."

"You misapprehend, Mr. Henry. It was my condolence, my sympathy, my—"

Here poor Cabbage was so overcome with emotion, that he drew forth a white pocket-handkerchief, applied it to his eyes, and then in language broken by subdued sobs, continued:

"Most worthy man was your lamented uncle, Mr. Doyle. Excuse this display of feeling, but my interest in the family, my—"

"Eh? How? What is the meaning of all this?" said Harry. "Wasn't that your bill in your hand?"

"That, sir? what, sir?"

"That paper in your left hand—the one behind you."

"Oh, that, sir! That is the paper—ahem!—I brought to take your measure with. Of course, you will want a new full suit of mourning."

"Full suit! Mourning! Oh, ah! Oh, yes, I recollect. (This is a very pleasant delusion.) But touching your little account."

"Oh, I beg you not to speak of it."

"But how will you take up that note?"

"A matter of no consequence. The bank will renew it. Upon my word, Mr. Henry, I shall take it as unkind if you insist upon hurrying the payment. I beg you will permit it to stand."

"I am very anxious, at this moment, to pay off all my accounts; but seeing it is you, Cabbage, why, ahem, the bill may stand."

"Much obliged—and now, if you will step round here to the light, I will take your measure."

"Ah, now, for the full new suit of solemn black."

Before retiring to repose that night, Henry Singleton, addressed the following note to the lady of his love:

"DEAR EVELINE,—We must abandon our project of an elopement for the present. My motives for this reconsideration will be explained when we meet. Could'nt you rally the Count into challenging me? *Ton ami; qui t'aime.* H. S."

CHAPTER IV.

The next forenoon, after a late breakfast, Henry Singleton walked forth to breathe the sea air on the Battery. Of the events of the preceding day, his interview with Eveline seemed alone to remain upon his memory. If he thought at all of Messrs. Buckwood and Timberstock, it was only to smile at the folly and flippancy of the proposition, which the latter individual had made to him. It was a brilliant morning. All the beauty and fashion of New-York seemed to be flashing through Broadway. Since the reverse in his fortunes, Harry had mingled but little in society, and, to be candid, society did not appear to miss him much. The people who gave dinner-parties, had quite dropped him, now that a sumptuous dinner was a rarity to him, and mammas with marriageable daughters, who used once to insist upon treating him as 'one of the family,' now always managed to have their attention attracted towards something beyond, when he met them in the street.

But, for some reason or other, on the morning in question, a most miraculous change appeared to come over every body, who had ever known or seen him. He had not proceeded the length of a square, before he was accosted by Mr. Snob, who shook hands with him for nearly five minutes, a fact sufficient to have given Harry unlimited credit with half the tailors in town. Snob was what is called 'a solid man.' He was a Director in the Bullion Bank, and had been kind enough to recommend to Singleton's father, the endorsements, by which the latter was sunk. In consideration of this friendly act, Harry had, soon after his parent's demise, called upon Snob with the request that he would assist him in getting discounted at the bank some good paper, to the enormous amount of two hundred dollars, a request which Snob superciliously rejected, recommending Singleton to lay aside his kid gloves and French boots, and to 'live as he had lived at his age.' Harry had a better memory for benefits than for injuries, and so, when Snob took him by the hand, he did not repel the familiarity.

"Come and dine with us to-day, *en famille*," said Snob; "Maria often speaks of you, and the rides you took at Saratoga. She has improved astonishingly in her playing. We dine at six."

"Indeed, you must excuse me to-day," said Singleton, wondering at the inexplicable condescension.

"Well, suppose you say to-morrow, or the next day," continued the bank director.

"I will send you word in the morning," said Harry, "should I be able to come during the week."

"Nay, we will fix a day, and send you word," said Snob. "Good bye, my dear boy. Expect to hear from us soon."

As Harry continued his walk, all his acquaintances seemed to be at extraordinary pains to bow and smile. Mr. Whip, the editor, who had cut up his pictures in the last exhibition so unmercifully, stopped and made known, that he had written a most laudatory critique upon Harry's portraits at Clinton Hall. Mrs. Somerset, who had stricken Harry's name from her visiting book for the last two years, beckoned to him from her carriage, as he was passing Stewart's, and begged he would come to a small musical party at her house, that evening. Mr. Cameo drew his greys up to the curb-stone, in his natty turn-out, and invited him to ride over to the races. In short, before he reached home that afternoon, he seemed to have shaken hands with half the city. He entered his room, mystified at the occurrences of the day. What could have made people so very friendly all at once? His eyes fell upon the centre-table, and there lay some half-dozen unopened notes in delicate envelopes, and sealed with fancifully-tinted wax. He hastily conned the directions to see if any of them were in Eveline's

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hand-writing. Alas, no! They were invitations from Miss A. and Mrs. B. and other worthy people to small parties and family *re-unions*.

"What the deuce does all this mean?" said Harry, thoughtfully, "am I dreaming?"

He sat down, carelessly took up the newspaper of the day, and abstractedly ran his eye over the editorial columns. He was in the midst of a very able 'leader,' which was proving to his entire conviction, that the country was completely ruined, and that the Barings would have it in their power to sell the whole United States at auction, to the highest bidder, before the year was out, when his head sank with drowsiness, and the soft influences of dreamland lulled his senses. He suddenly started, however—some mischievous imp, commissioned by Queen Mab, having respectfully intimated to him, that Count Mareschino was slapping him on the back. He smiled at the joke—picked up the newspaper, and again attempted to fix his attention upon its contents; but the letters swam before his eyes, which opened and shut, opened and shut again, and finally stared wide open, as if unclosed by a spring. Their gaze seemed riveted with an expression of consummate horror upon the paper. What did they behold? It was the announcement penned by Timberstock, in which our hero was declared to be the fortunate heir of two millions of dollars! There it was, printed—published, with the name of HENRY SINGLETON, ESQ., at full length! So, the mystery was explained! Poor Harry! He thrust on his hat, seized a cowskin, and rushed from the house.

CHAPTER V.

In a small office, attached to the basement story of a building in Wall street, sat Mr. Timberstock, expounding matters financial to his latest victim, Mr. Gregory Gray, the father of the interesting young lady, whom we have introduced to the consideration of the indulgent reader. The room was hung around plentifully with very minute maps of unexplored timber tracts, all plentifully intersected by navigable streams—plans of magnificent cities in the wilderness, with sites marked out for the court-house, the theatre, the park, the hotel, and the bank—formulas of all unimaginable inventions, and drawings of new steam-boats, new bridges, new engines, and new architectural designs.

On the shelf were arranged various specimens of granite, marble, soap-stone, gold-ore, malleable iron, and many other articles belonging to the mineralogical and metallic kingdoms.

"There are the bonds, old boy," said Timberstock, handing some papers tied with red tape, to Mr. Gray.

"And there is the money," said Mr. Gray, delivering a check upon the Bullion Bank, to the broker.

"You have got a great bargain out of me, Gray," said Timberstock, depositing the check in company with a mountain of bank bills in an immense pocket-book. "I would not have suffered any one but an old friend like you to come over me in that way."

Mr. Gray put on his spectacles and turned to the splendid lithographic map, which covered nearly the whole of one side of the walls.

"Let me see," said the old gentleman, tracing with his cane the course of a very circuitous and many-armed stream, "my tract lies off in this direction. Are you quite sure the rail-road will run to this point?"

"My dear sir," said Timberstock, "look at its natural advantages, and then tell me if you can entertain a doubt upon the subject. Standing as it does at the confluence of the Great Humbugbee, with the Little Mudwaddy, what site could be selected better calculated to become the great metropolis of that mighty region—the sublime pork emporium of that rich and romantic valley? And then, the name—*Wholehogopolis*—what could be more felicitous—and *pig*uliar?"

"That's very true. And it strikes me that the names of some of the neighboring cities are also rather peculiar. Pray what sort of a place is Frog's Misery?"

"Frog's Misery? Ahem! Why, as for the location, it is somewhat swampy, I confess—but the city is populous, sir, uncommon populous. I don't like the inhabitants, however—a devilish dull set of croakers. They put up at the Cornucopia, when they come to New York."

"I shouldn't like Frog's Misery," sighed Mr. Gray. "And here are Scampville, Bucket-borough, Wa-hootchee-pootchee-ogee-bawahaga, and others, which must be be very odd places, if I may judge from their names?"

"Thriving places, sir, thriving places. Saw-mills, wind-mills, rail-roads, canals, court-houses, beautiful new jails and penitentiaries, meeting-houses and distilleries going up all the time. Fine country. Wages high, produce low. Only wants women to civilize it. No wives to be had for love or money. Great speculation to send out a few cargoes."

Poor Gray muttered devoutly to himself, "I wish they would take Mrs. G. I would sell her cheap."

"But touching my other stocks, do you think the Grand Rag-Sugar-Anti-Slave-Labor-Company, will actually destroy the cane-growers."

"Beyond a doubt, reduce the revenue of Cuba, ninety per-cent. Look at that!—what do you think of that for sugar?" continued Timberstock, thrusting into the hand of Gray, what resembled in its hue a nest egg, that had served the incubatory purposes of a dozen generations of venerable hens.

"It strikes me that it has a sort of mouldy taste, as it were," said Gray, making a wry face.

"Ah!" replied Timberstock, "the flavor is devilish fine, when you get used to it. A splendid article, sir, and no mistake! It beats beet-sugar and canes cane-sugar all to nothing. I am President of the Company, and ought to know."

"Pray, when does the milk-supplying company go into operation?" inquired Gray.

"Let me see, you have only fifty thousand of that stock?" said the broker.

"That is all. I hope it will continue to rise, Mr. Timberstock."

"Oh! never doubt that, old boy," said the speculator. "It will go up, up, up—up, like a rocket, sir."

At this juncture, a spruce young man entered the office with a flushed countenance, and apparently big with intelligence interesting to his employer.

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"Well, Mushroom, what is it?" said Timberstock.—"Never mind the present Company. Are stocks down?"

"Down, low as Lucifer. Rag Sugar ninety per-cent below par—Milk-supplying stock down to nothing, and Wholehogopolis city lots refused with a premium to purchasers."

Mr. Timberstock buttoned up his coat, put his hands in his pockets, and strode up and down the apartment, ejaculating, "The devil! When does the next steamship start? Which way shall I *slope?* Gray, my old boy, we are dished."

"How? What!" exclaimed Gray, who stood stupefied by the intelligence.

"We are done for—used-up—extinguished. Shall we go to Texas, or take a hotel in Paris? Stocks are down, lower than plummet ever sounded."

"Give me back my notes, sir; give me back my notes," said the old gentleman. "The transfer is n't valid."

"Stop, sir," replied the broker, "remember that I have been merely the agent of the owner of the stock in this business. These notes belong to him, and he has merely cleared the paltry sum of fifty thousand dollars in the operation. If he chooses to release you, it is well. But I have no authority in the matter."

"Who is the person you speak of?" inquired Gray with eagerness.

"You may learn something concerning him, from that paragraph," said the virtuous Timberstock, pointing to the imaginative announcement of Singleton's good fortune.

"The very man I turned out of my house," replied Gray, growing very pale, and sinking into a chair.

"Let me relieve your apprehensions," returned the broker, "the young gentleman is passionately enamored still of your daughter."

"He shall have her!"

"But there is one peculiarity in his conduct, of which I would apprise you, and which seems to indicate a mental hallucination, that may terminate in insanity."

"So much the better," said Gray, rubbing his hands, "I can get myself appointed his guardian."

"He stoutly denies that he has inherited any property from his uncle—says it is all a hoax—and insists upon it that he has n't a cent in the world. Now, my dear sir, if you will humor him in his conceit, and consent to his immediate marriage with your daughter, notwithstanding he is so desperately poor—"

"Desperately poor! Ha, ha, ha! Yes, I like that. Desperately poor! Only got two millions!" said Gray. "Oh, it shall be done, by all means. And then, he will of course let me off from the payment of these notes."

"No—no," said Timberstock, thoughtfully. "The effect of this sudden accession of fortune has been to render him avaricious. He will make the terms easy to you, but will insist upon his claims. But what of that? The money will all be kept in the family."

"That's very true," muttered Gray.

At this juncture, the young gentleman himself walked into the office, with very belligerent intentions towards Mr. Timberstock. But, on seeing Mr. Gray his wrath was for a moment checked by the surprize, and the broker fortunately took advantage of the amnesty to say,

"Ah, Harry, my dear boy, give me your hand. We have settled every thing with father-in-law. All is explained, and Eveline is yours."

"All is explained! What! have you told him, that the ridiculous story in the papers concerning myself is a stockjobber's hoax?"

"Yes, yes, he has told me all," said Gray.

"And do you, in spite of its falsehood, consent to our alliance?"

"With all my heart. Eveline shall be yours."

"Timberstock, I forgive you. This cow-skin will explain the object with which I came here; but you have vanquished and disarmed me."

"So, you would have thrashed me for putting money in your purse? Well, there is no accounting for tastes. However, I accept your apology; and now, run and throw yourself at the feet of Eveline."

CHAPTER VI.

The denouement of our story may be briefly explained. The foreign Count, who had so entirely won the favor and good will of Mrs. Gray, turned out to be a journeyman tailor from London. He was arrested at the suit of Mr. Cabbage, from whom he had borrowed, without permission, the clothes with which he astonished the natives. Singleton released his intended father-in-law from the obligations, which the old gentleman had incurred in the purchase of fancy stocks—the consideration for the release being the hand of Eveline. The day after the marriage of the young people, Rag-sugar, Milk-supplying company stock, and Wholehogopolis city lots rose a hundred per-cent above par. Timberstock advised Singleton to hold on to them in the anticipation of a farther rise, but the latter declared that unless they were immediately disposed of he would incur no responsibility in regard to them. Fortunately, they were sold, and our hero realized by the advance a handsome little fortune. I suspect they afterwards fell in value almost to nothing, as I never see them quoted in the lists of sales at the Brokers' Board.

WOMAN.

THE prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform—to entertain, when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manners is its associate; united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature.—*Dr. Blair.*

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Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. X.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

GENTLE reader, art thou one of those who look upon winter as a season of dreariness? Dost thou shrink from the approach of ancient January with his snowy mantle, and crown of icicles? Dost thou pine for the fragrance of the greenwood, and the balmy breath of genial spring? Come with me, and I will show thee a clime where the sun ever sheds a cheering ray—where the voice of melody is never mute—a clime which one may reach without encountering perils by land and sea. It is true the pride of the garden is no more; the flowers that once diffused beauty and perfume around, have faded before the biting blast, and the window from which we have been accustomed to view the budding loveliness of spring, the mature richness of summer, and the gorgeous splendors of autumn, now discovers to us only the sad ravages of winter. But still at Christmas (it lacks but two days of it while I am writing,) the grass is green and pleasant to the eye, the sun shines out in all his brightness, and the flocks of little snow-birds which hop about the garden walks, or perch on the leafless branches of the red-berried honeysuckle, might almost make one fancy it an early spring, rather than a late winter. If thou wouldst have a cheerful apartment in the dark days of the season of snows, gentle reader, choose thee, one with a southern aspect. Then wilt thou have the midday sun looking in upon thee, and while his slant beams lie around thy feet, thou wilt be apt to forget that the genial warmth which animates thy veins, is not the effluence of his rays. Choose thee a southern room—fill it with books, those tried and trusty friends who will never look coldly upon thee—keep a bright fire burning in the grate, and a kind heart glowing in thy bosom, and thou wilt find the atmosphere of thine own home, to be the pleasant clime which I promised to show thee.

Methinks were winter a far more dreary season than we have yet found it, we should be fully compensated for its gloomy days by its delightful evenings. The very name of a winter evening calls up a host of pleasant recollections. The cheerful fire, the social and domestic circle, the new or rare book, the well-told tale, the light labors of the needle, the simple feast of nuts and apples, with its accompaniment of a temperate draught of rich old wine—such are among the fancies or rather reminiscences which are awakened at the sound. But there is an especial charm in the twilight of a winter's day, which belongs to no other division of time. Who has not felt the calm influence of eventide stealing over his heart as the sunlight faded, and the firelight brightened around him? Who, at such a moment, whatever be his cares and his tasks—who does not give himself up to memory and pensive thought; feeling, as he does so, that 'Hesperus, which bringeth all good things,' brings rest to the world-worn spirit, no less than to the overwrought body? Indeed we might almost trace the different phases of our own characters by remembering the various feelings with which we have enjoyed the twilight hour. The child who beholds the fabled splendors of Al Raschid's court in the fantastic shapes which the magic of the fire king calls up amid the glowing embers; the youth who has forgotten such harmless fancies in deeper feelings, and who sees many a scene of future happiness shadowed forth in the vague, uncertain light of the flickering and unconstant blaze; the world's weary wayfarer who throws aside the burden of the day, and yields himself to thoughts "less glad than grave, less pensive than serene, the aged pilgrim, who lives in the past more than in the present, and who, having reached the eventide of life, is awaiting the night which precedes immortal day: all, diverse as may be their fancies and their thoughts, are alike sensible to the charms of reverie. The creature of mere physical existence—he who loves to eat and drink and sleep, and 'die even as the beasts that perish,' may look upon all this as idle dreaming, and consider that hour as lost, which is not actively employed. But they who remember that when God breathed into their nostrils the breath of life, he gave to them '*a living soul*,' well know how good it is to "commune with one's heart, and be still."

It was on such an hour, when the shadows of evening were fast closing around me, that I read the concluding page of Jesse's Court of England. A new book is to me like a new acquaintance; if agreeable or instructive—more especially if it be both—and I have been induced to spend hours and days in its society. I part from it with gratitude and regret—gratitude to the author for the pleasure he has afforded me, and regret, that the enjoyment is at an end. Such were the feelings with which I closed the book I have just spoken of. Referring, as it does, to the most eventful period of English history—a period when the power of the multitude first made itself felt, and when that war between *peoples* and *kings*—whose first fruits were our own revolution, and whose final results are yet to be seen, was first enkindled—it affords a series of pictures too remarkable to be ever forgotten. The meanness and dissimulation of that dotard, James the First—the Christian virtues and kingly errors of the unfortunate Charles the Martyr—the despotism of the arch-traitor Cromwell—the profligacy of the courtly, good-humored Charles the Second—the conscientious bigotry of the second James, who, to use the words of one of his own churchmen, "lost three kingdoms for an old mass," are most graphically depicted. Surely, if history may be defined as "philosophy teaching by example," the biography of those who held such prominent stations in the world may be considered as the pictorial illustrations, which bring before the pupil the very features, costume and manners of the times.

If the myriads of French memoirs which the same period has produced, could be arranged in a method similar to that which the author of the 'Court of England' has employed—if the diffuse gossipings of De Grammont, Choisy Mds. de Montpensier, Motteville, Caylus, Nemours, and others, could be condensed, and the wheat winnowed from the chaff of the multitude of *livraisons* to which the momentous scenes of the sev-

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enteenth and eighteenth centuries gave birth, we should have a more accurate idea of that portion of history than of any other on record. There is, perhaps, no age round which has been thrown so much of the glare of false glory, as that of Louis the Fourteenth. The victories achieved by the arms of France, the pomp of a court unrivalled, even to this day, in magnificence, and the galaxy of brilliant stars which then adorned the intellectual firmament, have blinded many writers and readers to the 'cloud no bigger than a man's hand,' which then arose in the heavens, and was destined to gather over the nation until it burst in the wild tempest of the revolution. Poverty was treading fast upon the heels of victory—infidelity was following the stately march of philosophy, like its shadow—vice, clad in 'purple and fine linen,' mingled boldly in the festivities of the court, while the voice of a famishing and discontented populace was heard from afar off, like the sullen murmur of a distant ocean. But these coming evils were unmarked by the busy actors in the gay scenes of aristocratic life. Absorbed in the pursuits of interest, ambition or pleasure, they lived but for the present moment, and while the people, in their thraldom, were slowly gathering strength to break their chains, the princes, buried in sloth and luxury, were rapidly losing the power to oppose the encroachments of popular will. The seeds of that tree of liberty which produced such baleful fruits in less than a century afterwards, were sown in the reign of Louis le Grand, while the profligate regency of Philip of Orleans, and the imbecile reign of Louis the Fifteenth, tended to produce, throughout the nation, an atmosphere in which the plant could not fail to thrive. Yet were the nobles blind to their danger, and a writer of the period, the celebrated Saint Simon calmly tells us that "in order to make revolutions, three things are necessary, leaders, minds and money, and France has neither."

But the time came when none of these requisites were wanting—when the people, despairing of finding proper rulers among the mighty, chose them from among the humblest of their fellows, and then began the reign of crime and rapine and bloodshed, which makes the very name of the French Revolution a sound of horror. And what a singular picture of blindness and insensibility is presented in the private diary of the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth, during the progress of those frightful events which hurried him onward to the fatal guillotine. One would suppose, from the perusal of that singular record of private feeling, that he fancied the individual Louis Capet had little interest in the affairs which concerned the King. During the eventful month of July, 1789—the month when the revolution actually commenced—his diary is made up of stag-hunts, masses, and '*nothings*;' 'Rien, Rien' being the word which recurs most frequently. The fourteenth of July, when the Bastille was stormed by the populace, and the head of its governor carried on a pike through the streets, is noticed in his journal by the single word "*rien*." The record of June, 1791 is still more remarkable for its barrenness; even his disastrous flight from Paris is only noticed for the temporary inconvenience it seems to have occasioned; and the momentous July is disposed of in a single bracket, with the words "*nothing the whole month—mass in the gallery*." Had Louis enjoyed the same prosperity as his predecessors, he would have gone down to the grave with the character of a man without passions, affections or intellect—the most imbecile of a degenerate race of monarchs. But adversity aroused great and good qualities which lay dormant within his nature, and of which he was unconscious in the day of his power. He was long in awaking from the torpor of selfish indifference, but he *did* awake, and it may be said of him most emphatically, that

"Nothing in his life became him like its end."

And what was the true character of his Queen? How can we dissipate the gorgeous-tinted clouds which fancy has thrown around her, and gaze at the simple, unadorned fellow being. Possessing every thing that is lovely in woman—beauty, gentleness, delicate taste, refined intellect, exquisite grace of woman, and warm affections—she was richly gifted with qualities to command the attachment of all around her. But the very charms that would have rendered her the ornament of a court, unfitted her to be its Queen. She was too womanly for her high and difficult position. All who have resembled her, have been alike unfortunate in such a station. The lovely Mary of Scotland, the fascinating Joanna of Naples, and the beautiful Maria Antoinette, may be classed as singularly alike in character, and all equally unhappy in their fortunes; while the sullen Anne of England, the masculine Elizabeth, and the termagant Catharine of Russia, ended a life of prosperity amid the blessings of their subjects.

Forgive me, gentle reader, if I have led thee too far into the labyrinths of courts and palaces. The records of those past ages afford many an incident which far exceeds the most extravagant fancies of the votary of fiction; and such is the tale I am now about to tell. An allusion in the sketch of James the Second, by Jesse, drew my attention towards it, and from the various memories of the period, I have drawn the details which may serve to interest thee for an idle hour.

THE ABBOT OF LA TRAPPE.

"Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are its epoch: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness."

MANFRED.

One of the most brilliant ornaments of the splendid and profligate court of Louis the Fourteenth, was the young Abbé de Rancé. Originally destined to the career of arms, the death of an elder brother, which left vacant several rich benefices, produced a sudden change in his prospects, and at the early age of ten years, Armand de Rancé, received the tonsure. Those intellectual tastes, for which he was already remarkable, seemed to fit him in a peculiar manner for an ecclesiastical life, and he devoted himself to his studies with a zeal which promised unbounded success to the aspirant for fame. His early acquaintance with the classics was

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so great, that he published an edition of Anacreon when only twelve years old; and his progress in various other branches of polite learning was so remarkable as to obtain for him the notice and protection of Anne of Austria. Devoting himself more especially, however, to the study of the Scriptures, and of the Fathers of the Church, he passed through the various grades of clerical education with the most distinguished success, and, when permitted to become a public preacher, soon placed himself in the first rank by his learning and his eloquence. Young, handsome, and highly gifted, he became one of the most popular persons about the court, and hundreds who had forgotten to listen to the dictates of virtue in their own consciences, flocked to hear them from the beautiful lips of the young Abbé de Rancé.

Enviable as it might appear, his position was, in fact, one of extreme danger. Endowed with strong passions, those universal concomitants of great talents, possessing a nature extremely susceptible, and a heart overflowing with warm affections—gifted, also, with a person of the noblest beauty, and a voice of the most winning sweetness, he was exposed to temptations which might easily have overcome a spirit far more ascetic than that of the young ecclesiastic. To heighten the perils of his career, his father died ere he attained his twenty-fifth year, and Armand de Rancé found himself not only free from control, but also in possession of a large estate. It was at that period of his life, when pleasure intruded itself within a heart formerly devoted to wisdom—that he first began to feel the weight of his sacred vows. His thirst for fame had been slaked in the stream of court favor, and the allurements of society now offered themselves to him at the moment when his heart turned in weakness from the empty honors which he had achieved. But the morals of the time were not such as to compel him to the practice of much penance and self-denial. His holy office was but a slight barrier to his passions, and however the cowl might *conceal*, it certainly did not *prevent* their indulgence. Living in the daily observation of the most flagitious scenes, and surrounded by those whose rank only served to emblazon their vices, the Abbé de Rancé soon became as well known for his reckless dissipation as for his talents, and while he still continued to utter the most eloquent exhortations from the pulpit, his daily conduct evinced how little effect the lessons of virtue had produced on his own heart. Passionately devoted to the chase, he would frequently spend several hours in hunting, and then, travelling with all speed some ten or fifteen leagues, to reach the spot where his duties called him, he would sustain a disputation in the Sorbonne, or deliver a sermon to the people with as much tranquillity as if he had just issued from his closet. His fine powers of conversation rendered him so desirable a companion, that he was constantly engaged in some wild frolic, and, listening only to the dictates of his unbridled passions, he was ever foremost in scenes of riot and excess.

Among the beautiful women who composed the brilliant circle of Versailles, the Duchess of Montbazon was pre-eminent in loveliness. Her dazzling complexion, so rare a charm in the native of a sunny clime, her splendid eyes, her fine hair, her superb figure, the symmetry of her delicate hands and feet, were claims to admiration not likely to be overlooked in so voluptuous a society, and Adéle de Montbazon had listened to the voice of adulation, until its music had become wearisome to her ear. Moving in the gayest round of fashion, breathing an atmosphere of enjoyment, and surrounded by all that a mere votary of pleasure could desire, she had already begun to feel the satiety which ever waits upon indulgence, when she accidentally encountered, at a masque, the gifted Abbé de Rancé. The charms of his brilliant wit, and the musical tones in which he uttered those sparkling *bon mots* which form the zest of conversation, attracted her attention before she was aware of the personal beauty hidden beneath his mask and domino. Pleased with the mystery of the affair, the romance of Armand's nature was awakened, and he determined to win her heart by the magic of intellect alone, ere he discovered to her the features of her unknown admirer. They met frequently at the many entertainments of the court, but by avoiding her near presence in general society, he managed to preserve his incognito; and it was not until passion had asserted full mastery over the hearts of both, that Madame de Montbazon discovered her secret lover in the person of the handsome and gifted Abbé. It was to both a dream, such as had never before visited their waking thoughts; it was a first and passionate love, for, however inconstant each might once have seemed, other attachments were but the semblance, while this was the reality of affection. Tainted as they were, by evil contact, the voluptuous priest, and the court beauty were, for the first time, sensible of disinterested love, and henceforth the character of both seemed to lose the selfishness which had once been their most striking trait. Yet their love was a crime, and however their guilt might be palliated to the eyes of the world by the licentiousness that prevailed around them, in the sight of Heaven, the sin was too dark and deadly to escape its reward. But the heart of the lover was of far different mould from that of his volatile mistress. There was a wealth of tenderness in his bosom of which she never dreamed: his capacity for loving exceeded hers in a tenfold degree, and all the powers of his noble nature, all the energies of his gifted mind, were concentrated upon this affection. Her dazzling beauty, her bewitching gentleness, her fond blandishments, had completely captivated his senses, and the treasures of his gifted intellect were flung like grains of incense on the shrine of her loveliness. But the fire that burned before the idol, was an unhallowed flame—the smoke of the incense ascended not up to Heaven, and the punishment which ever awaits the deeds of ill, did not spare the denizen of courtly splendor.

As one of the charms of their intercourse was the mystery in which it was involved, the Duchess de Montbazon had given her lover a private key which admitted him by a secret staircase to her dressing-room; and thus they were accustomed to meet without the cognizance of the lady's most confidential domestics. Months had passed without awakening either from their delirium of passion, when, at length, business compelled

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De Rancé to leave Paris, and summoning a degree of resolution of which he was scarcely capable, he repaired to their usual trysting-place to bid her farewell. The lady had just returned from a ball at the Tuilleries, where the lovers had met each other with the careless glance and frivolous words, which served to hide their secret from the eye of prying curiosity. Throwing off her velvet robe, heavy with its embroidery of seed pearls, and loosing her beautiful tresses from the cumbrous head-gear prescribed by the fashion of the times, Madame de Montbazon dismissed her attendants, and awaited the visit of her lover. Never had she looked more enchanting than on that evening. A wrapping-gown of dark flowered silk, displayed the beauty of a form usually encased in the stiff hoop; while her dark tresses fell upon her fair brow and bosom in all the unadorned loveliness of simple nature. Such was the creature who sprang with joy to greet the coming step of the young Abbé, and who lay, weeping upon his bosom, when the hour of parting came. Again and again he bade her farewell—again and again he pressed her to his beating heart, and, as he kissed her fair round cheek, he dared to breathe a sacrilegious prayer that Heaven would watch over the object of his guilty love.

Two short weeks only had elapsed, when the Abbé de Rancé, impatient of his exile, unexpectedly returned to Paris. It was late in the evening when he reached his hotel, and, as he summoned his valet to assist at his toilet, he anticipated the joyful surprize which his sudden return would afford his beautiful mistress. Wrapping his manteau about him, and slouching his hat close over his eyes, he hurried to the abode of the Duchess of Montbazon, and reached the private portal just at the hour of twelve. Noiselessly making his way up the narrow stairs, he approached the secret door, and paused to listen ere he ventured to unclose it. But all was still, and his heart beat high as he imagined his beautiful Adéle lying in peaceful slumbers so near him. Pausing one moment to quiet his excited feelings, he cautiously unclosed the door, and the next instant stood in the midst of the apartment. Good Heavens! what a scene presented itself! Stretched on a bier, attired in the vestments of the grave, lay the body of the Duchess, while on a table near, with the features distorted by the most loathsome of all diseases, lay the *severed head* of her whom he had left in the bloom of youth and health and beauty! Tall tapers, placed at each extremity of the bier, shed a ghastly glare upon this dreadful spectacle; and uttering a smothered cry of horror, the wretched man fell senseless beside the dead. His mistress had died of small-pox, after an illness of only six hours, and amid the confusion and dread which always attended this frightful malady, her remains were so little respected, that the coffin having been found too short, the surgeons had severed her head from her body!

When he recovered his consciousness, the Abbé de Rancé found himself still alone with the frightful images of death. In a paroxysm of incipient madness, he rushed from the apartment, and at daybreak was found lying senseless at the door of his own hotel. When the attendants, who should have watched the Duchess, entered the room, they found the private door unclosed, and a manteau, which was recognized as belonging to the Abbé de Rancé, together with a glove, stamped with his family arms, lying beside the bier. Death had betrayed the secret of their loves, and ere the disfigured remains of the beautiful Adéle were deposited in the tomb, the whole court rang with the tale of horror.

This is no wild and unprobable fiction, gentle reader. Such was the fate, as recorded in the annals of the time, of one of the chief ornaments of a court, and such the revolting barbarity which characterized the obsequies of youth and beauty and rank, in the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

Months passed away ere the Abbé de Rancé recovered from the terrible shock. Madness would have been almost mercy compared to the pangs of grief the stings of remorse, and the fearful recollections which haunted him day and night. The image of Madame de Montbazon leaning on his bosom, her arms entwined about his neck, her eyes beaming unutterable tenderness into his, was frightfully blended with the remembrance of the bloodstained head, the loathsome features, the glazed and half open eyes which had so lately met his view; and often were his attendants aroused at deep midnight by the wild shrieks which told of the horror such visions awakened in the suffering penitent. But time wrought its usual work of peace in the heart. Armand de Rancé rose from the bed of sickness stricken in spirit, desolate in heart, but resolved to expiate the sin for which he had suffered. With a calmness that seemed almost unnatural, and even led to the suspicion that the taint of insanity still lingered about him, he set himself to the task of reforming his mode of life. Dismissing his retinue of servants, he sold all his plate, jewels, and rich furniture, and distributed their price among the poor. All luxury was banished from his table, and denying himself even the most innocent recreation, he spent his whole time in prayer, and the study of the sacred writings. Neither the railleries of his friends, nor the jeers of the gay world could deter him from the course he had now marked out for himself. He sold all his estates, and relinquished all his rich benefices, reserving only the Abbey of La Trappe, which he obtained permission from the king to hold, not as a church gift, but simply as an Abbot, subject to the same laws that governed the brotherhood. To this humble retreat he retired in the year 1662, bidding adieu for ever to a world in which he had sinned and suffered so much.

His first care, after opening the duties of the abbey, was to reform the abuses which had crept into the fraternity, through the relaxed discipline of his predecessors; but finding many of the monks unwilling to conform to his severe regulations, he permitted such as were refractory, to retire into other houses, and commenced his new system with such only as were equally zealous with himself. At first he forbade the use of wine and fish, prescribed manual labor, and enjoined unbroken silence; but in later years, he materially increased the austerities of the order. Prayer, reading the sacred authors, and severe labor divided every

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moment of their time. Every species of recreation—even that of study was prohibited, and the fathers were forbidden to speak to each other, or even to disclose their countenances one to another. So great was the isolation of each individual, that a monk might live for years with the most cherished friend of his youth—might eat from the same board, and kneel at the same altar, yet never learn his identity, 'till death had sealed the bodily eye and lips for ever. The Abbot alone, together with a few lay brethren, were obliged to retain the privilege of speech for purposes of business, but it was only exercised in cases of absolute necessity. The hospitality, however, which had originally been enjoined by the founder of the order, still characterized La Trappe; and amid the silent, solitary, self-denying beings, who glided like ghosts about the noiseless corridors, the spirit of benevolence was ever present. But the health of the melancholy Abbot sunk under the severe penances to which he subjected himself; and even the Pope, unwilling to lose so zealous a son of the church, advised him to relax the severe discipline of his monastery. Inflexible in his purpose, he listened to the advice of none, and having partially regained his health, the only relaxation he allowed himself, was the substitution of *intellectual* in the place of *manual* labor.

Years rolled on, and amid the destruction of armies, and the convulsion of empires, the name of De Rancé had faded from the remembrance of those whom he had left behind him in the busy world. Absorbed in the desire of reforming the abuses of monastic life, and the wish to expiate, by daily penance, the sins of his youth, the Abbot of La Trappe continued to divide his time between writing treatises for the religious world, and practicing the most rigid austerities. All knowledge of political affairs was prohibited in the abbey, and even the stranger who shared their hospitality, was desired to withhold all tidings of the external world from the inmates of the living tomb. Even the Abbot knew little of the changes which society was undergoing at that momentous period, and, if the convulsion, which shook to its very foundation, one of the mightiest nations upon earth, when the consecrated head of majesty fell beneath the blow of the headsman, was felt within the sullen walls of La Trappe, it was but as a blow inflicted on a palsied and scarce sentient body.

On the evening of a mild November day, in the year 1690, a stranger, of sad deportment and careworn mien, attended by a few domestics, claimed the well known hospitality of La Trappe. As he alighted, the Abbot prostrated himself at his feet—an act of humiliation which he always performed to a visitant, and then led the way to the chapel. After the usual religious ceremonies, a supper of roots, eggs, and vegetables was placed before him, and he was conducted to his straw pallet by the lowly Abbot. With the dawn of day, the stranger was astir, and applied himself to the severe duties of the place, with the most fervent devotion. The abbot knew not, and cared not for his name or station; it was enough for him that he was a stranger and a man of sorrow. But even the holy father was moved to tears when he learned that the grief-stricken man, who knelt so humbly to implore his benediction, was an exiled monarch, the misguided, the bigoted, but unfortunate James the Second of England.

The king's visit seemed to awaken a faint glimmer of early recollection in the breast of the Abbot of La Trappe. The things of the world—the stirring scenes of cities and courts—the dreams of ambition, the realities of destiny, once more aroused his long dormant interest, and he listened long and eagerly to the tale of vicissitudes which James could unfold. But he was too consistent not to repent most bitterly of thus yielding to temptation. When the king departed, he condemned himself to additional penances in order to expiate this violation of his own rules, and allowing himself to think of worldly affairs. The severity of his discipline proved too much for his weakened frame and advanced age. In less than a year afterwards, the grave, which (according to a rule of the order) his own hands had dug, received the remains of him who was once known as the gifted, the ambitious, the voluptuous Armand de Rancé. For *thirty-seven years* had he been buried in this desert of earthly affections, and, when, at the age of sixty-five, he laid down the burden of existence, the errors of the youthful priest had long been forgotten in the austerity of the pious Abbot of La Trappe.

Gentle reader thou hast doubtless listened to many a tale of romantic interest connected with the monks of La Trappe, for the mystery which must envelope men who live together, looking not upon each other's faces, and hearing not each other's speech, must ever make them a favorite subject with imaginary writers. But it may be thou knowest little of the history of the singular fraternity; it may be that thou hast never before heard of him by whose exertions it was transformed from one of the least to one of the most ascetic orders of monks ever known to exist. I can only tell thee that mine is a true record of the past; and the austerities which now waste the lives of the solitary Trappistes owe their origin to the melancholy termination of an intrigue of the seventeenth century.

NOTE.—According to Jesse, the house which was the scene of Madame de Montbazon's death, and of the frightful spectacle recorded above, is still standing in Paris. It is No. 14 in the Rue des Fosses St. Germain l' Auxerrois, and is now known as the Hôtel Ponthieu.

ON THE HUMAN MIND.

NOTHING, perhaps, would conduce so much to the knowledge of the human mind, as a close attention to the actions and thoughts of very young children; and yet no branch in the history of human nature is more neglected. The pleasant and extravagant notions of the infantile mind amuse for the instant, and are immediately forgotten, where they merit to be registered with the utmost care: for it is *here* and *here alone*, that we can discover the nature and character of *first principles*. An attention to the commencement and developement of their ideas would correct many of our speculative notions, and confute most of the sentiments of abstract philosophers, respecting what they so confidently advance concerning these first principles.—*Cogan.*

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Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. VIII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' ETC.

It is delightful to have one's pen glide again, smoothly and evenly, over the sheet, free from the nervous twitchings and starts which have characterized it the last ten days, as if the soul of Saint Vitus had entered into it. All who essay to write on a Mississippi steamer, which shakes underweigh, as if a fit of ague had hold of it, must not be surprized if their autograph resembles that of Stephen Hopkins, in the list of signatures at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence. How such a signature should ever have been perpetrated out of a Mississippi steamer, is wonderful. But we are convinced that steamboats did not *obtain* at that period, and that it could not therefore have been written on board of one.

I have been out all day, sight seeing, and will embrace the opportunity a solid edifice affords, of penning the result of my observations. Imprimis: Saint Louis was originally a trading post with the Indians. It was first settled in 1764, by a party of Frenchmen from New-Orleans and other French towns on the Mississippi river. They here laid out the plan of a large town, calling it in honor of the reigning French King, Louis XV. It is known that all the French settlements, in this region, from New-Orleans to Saint Louis, under the appellation of Louisianna, were claimed by France, while to the inhabitants, La belle France, was the paradise of Earth. Subseqent events showed that the site of Saint Louis had been happily chosen. It soon became so important as a point of communication with the Indians of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, that in fifteen months after its first occupation, the French Governmont sent a Governor with a detachment of troops, to the post. The town continued to increase, and in a few years became the Capital of Louisianna, and until the government of the country passed into the hands of the United States, it was the central point of the French power in North America. The original inhabitants were simple in their habits, and their pursuits were chiefly agricultural. The government parcelled out to them the rich prairie-land in the neighborhood for a circumference of two leagues, where, with but one general enclosure to protect their crops from the wild beasts, they tilled the soil, and lived together in a happy and patriarchal community. There were some, however, who traded in peltries and valuable furs, with the Indians, which they shipped on keelboats to New-Orleans, receiving in return, such merchandize as the citizens required.

When the government of Saint Louis, with Louisianna, was transferred to the United States, this town, which had received but little increase by emigration, began to attract the attention of the Americans, who, like a flight of locusts began to flock Westward. About the same period the introduction of steamboats on the Western waters, the first of which, the General Pike, appeared at Saint Louis in 1817, gave new wings to the laborious commerce which had hitherto been carried on in this region, by means of barges. The enterprizing spirit of the Americans diffused itself wherever they approached, their industry and talents begun to lay open the sources of wealth, and under their magic touch, commerce and agriculture awoke into a new existence. It would seem that great inventions appear, just at the time when Nature is ready to apply them. Steam navigation twenty years earlier in the West, would have been useless. Printing and the mariner's compass were discovered at the very era human wisdom would have set for them. Great inventions are a part of the "human scheme," they have their own laws, times, and seasons.

In 1818, Saint Louis began to exhibit signs of commercial bustle; Yankees, with busy faces and speculating eyes, ran against quiet Monsieur at every corner; old French houses, with galleries and perpendicular roofs, gave place to smart looking stores, with gold-lettered signs, the town, or village-green, was covered with warehouses, and the oaks, which grew before the ancient stoop, fell before the devastating spirit of "business." In a short time, the town began to wear an American look, and the Americans, as they do wherever they emigrate in any numbers, gave language, manners, and character to the place. So effectually has every thing French, fallen before the scythe of Yankee enterprize, that I have not been able to find more than three or four French *maisons* of the *ancien regime*, and but few traces of the former state of things. The society is, however, still a good deal French, and in many families of the first respectability, the French is the household tongue. Some of the lovliest females here are also of French descent. There are several heavy French mercantile houses here. The shadow of the old town, with some modification, alone remains, though the substance is departed.

The situation of Saint Louis is highly favorable for commercial purposes. It commands the trade of the Illinois, the Missouri, and Upper Mississippi rivers, with the tributaries, and the fertile regions through which they flow. It also commands the mineral trade, the extent of which is now incalculable. Through the Ohio, one hundred and eighty miles (or, sixteen hours,) below, it is easily accessible from the Atlantic States, and the States watered by the Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers. The national road will also terminate at this place, and will soon be made the central point of several projected rail-roads. The soil of the surrounding country is rich, and minerals almost every where abound—it is easily cultivated, affording abundant harvests, with but comparatively little labor, while the forests are valuable for their timber. Few places in the United States, West of the mountains, none except, perhaps New Orleans, bid fair to rise to a higher rank among American cities, than Saint Louis. The city is built over a substratum of limestone, such as composes the cliffs for many leagues below. Most of the buildings are constructed of this material, which gives solidity without any apparent beauty to the whole town. The levee or landing-place, is at low water, one hundred and fifty feet wide, descending rather abruptly to the water. It is much too narrow for the business done upon it, and the citizens already begin to feel the inconvenience of it. It

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is exceeding rough and broken, and by no means a very pleasant promenade, though to the merchants it is, no doubt, literally paved with gold. If the citizens of Saint Louis appreciated the beauty as well as the comforts of a smooth, even landing, before a town, they would set about improving, by grading and paving their "First street," instead of altogether beautifying other parts of their town. From the water, the town rises gradually to about six hundred yards, to a level plain, (the beginning of the prairies that stretch Westward,) over which it spreads for several squares. This is the newest, and destined to be the handsomest part of the town. The streets are spacious, and houses are going up on them, which are ornaments to the city. The town of Saint Louis was incorporated into a city government in 1822. The income of the city is about thirty-five thousand per annum. Saint Louis proper (or the chartered limits) is but one and a half miles long, on the river, and half a mile wide. The suburbs of the city are called North and South Saint Louis, and are each larger in extent, than central Saint Louis. The commerce of the city is apparently greater than that of Louisville. Twenty-three steamers are now lying at the landing, and more than forty have been seen here at the same time. There are seldom less than twenty here at any one period. All of them bring and carry away full freights. The health of Saint Louis, so far as I can learn, is equal to that of Natchez, which is saying a great deal, for Natchez, is no doubt the healthiest city West of the Alleghanies; this has been proved by its statistics of mortality compared with those of other places bearing the reputation of great salubrity. The present population of Saint Louis, including the suburbs is estimated at about fourteen thousand; it has more than doubled since 1831. There are here a very handsome court house, in the centre of a green square, well-built market-house, an orphan asylum, several hotels, a hospital, five printing offices, several brass and iron foundries, saw mills, grist mills, and various manufactories. There are also the Saint Louis university under the management of the Jesuits, a nunnery, a young ladies' academy, and numerous schools for children. If inexhaustible resources and unrivalled commercial faculties, if new streets, piled with material for building, and handsome edifices going up on every side, if crowded and noisy thoroughfares, if steamers constantly coming and departing, if crowded hotels, taverns, and boarding-houses, if the arrival of from fifty to two hundred strangers daily, and finally, if a spirit of enterprize, such as few cities exhibit, are indications of prosperity, then is Saint Louis the most thriving city in the Great West.

J. H. I.

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Swift.*

Original.

STANZAS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

WE met—that happy hour is thrown
O'er my sad destiny,
Bright as the Heavenly bow that shone
On earth's tempestuous sea,
When the deep solemn voice of God
Recalled the waters of the flood.

The ties which bound my soul to life,
Were perishing and dead,
All blighted by the constant strife
Of fevered thoughts—'till feelings rife
With low sweet music spread,
Along each sad and voiceless string,
And through this heart went whispering,
'Till as a lute, to thy dear will,
Alone, it wakes with tuneful thrill.
Let others strive to wake the strain,
And all its notes are hushed again.

My life's bowl mantled to the brim
With blighted hopes and pain,
The ruby wine was pale and dim—
Around the cold and tarnished rim
The gems had lost their flame.
One drop within the wine ye threw,
Which kindled all to its own hue.
The gem ye cast within the bowl
Shed starry brightness o'er the whole.

The flowers which early shed their bloom
Along my youthful way,
Were sighing for their lost perfume—
As if they blossomed in a tomb
Where human ashes lay.
Then, like a sunshine came thy smile,
The blossoms drooped a little while,
And then, as if they felt the dew,
Upon them stole a blushing hue—
And as beneath an April rain,
Their sweetness all came back again.

How deep the change since first we met!
How deep, and still how bright!
These eyes are sometimes dimly wet
With bitter tears—and sad regret
Still often dulls their sight—
That clouds can ever intervene
Thy noble heart and mine between.
Yet they are but the mists that lie
Upon a blue and April sky.

With years that bowl has brighter grown,
The wine more ruby red.
The music hath a richer tone,
And from each bright and precious stone
A mellow light is shed.
Thy will may quench their light again,
Thy hand alone can rend the chain,
Where gems and flowers and music twine,
To link thy nobe heart with mine.

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Original.

GIANT'S NECK.

The readers of American topography, and more especially the delvers into those compends of Connecticut history, *semi-occasionally* put forth under various titles for the purpose of attracting the attention of persons more or less interested in the annals of the glorious old land of "Steady Habits," and still *more* especially those who navigate Long Island Sound, either as skippers, mariners, engineers, or passengers, in the multitudinous steam-boats, packet-sloops, and notion venders of the great Yankee nation—are familiar with the name of the romantic headland with which we have to do at present; but, it is a decided opinion with us, that few or none of the number know any thing of the origin of the name, and that fewer still are acquainted with the legendary romance connected with that beautiful promontory, and the yet more beautiful bay and islets from whose bosom it projects. It is our purpose to tell them.

Giant's Neck is now one of the most quiet, as it certainly is one of the most charming spots on the whole line of the Connecticut coast, from Rye to Watchill; and that is praise sufficient for *any* spot, either here or in Arcadia; for, we take it upon us to say, that ocean, sea, or bay does not wash its waves on lovelier strands or "bellow its billow-music" amidst a softer scenery than skirts the coast of old Connecticut.

Giant's Neck is not so familiarly known to navigators as "Sachem's Head," because, forsooth, it is more *retiring*, not only in its manners but in its position. "Giant's Neck," however, is abundantly more beautiful not merely in its *locale*, but we intend before we get through with this modest notice of it, to prove that it has more of historic interest, more Aboriginal romance, than all the Heads or *Head*-lands that can be found even by a coast-surveyor from this city to Cape Cod, "all along shore." Giant's Neck is only second to "Black Point" in Indian reminiscences, and may even take precedence of that famous promontory in some of its olden legends. It does not boast of being the birth-place of the Pyunkers, the Wawkeets, the Occuishes, the Obits, and the Soebucks, of that renowned region—its aboriginal pretensions are more humble—it claims only to be a suburb of this seat of Pequod celebrity—branch celebrity we mean, derived from the more prominent renown of the present stock of Indian magnificence.

Giant's Neck, however, though but secondary in its celebrity as an Indian precinct, has taken the lead of Black Point, in the modern history of that region. As an English settlement it became even more famous than the royal seat of aboriginal royalty itself, for the reasons which we shall detail hereafter, and as an *American* point of interest, it has been still worthier of note. For more than one hundred years it has been owned by the *Griswolds*, and during the whole time been in the actual occupancy of that ancient and respectable family. This branch of them are near relatives of the Griswolds of Black Hall, at the mouth of the Connecticut, so long and so honorably known as the proprietors of the soil. A spot that has produced two governors of the state, and still continues the family residence.

Giant's Neck is one of the first nestling spots of the Griswolds, and most devoutly do we hope it may never go out of the family or the name. Nor does it seem likely to do so. The spot where stood the ancient church of which one of the Griswolds was the minister, is about two miles from the old family seat, and within some eight or ten years past, the Messieurs Griswold of this city, who are two of our most eminent and successful merchants, have erected, (or caused to be erected mainly through their means,) a handsome and substantial stone edifice, not only for the continuance of the worship of God in its primitive form, but to preserve and embalm the memory of its old minister and its old parishioners on the very ground where their posterity have so long been wont to gaze over their graves, and endeavor to decipher the quaint inscriptions on their monuments. If those who read this attempt to perpetuate the memory of the spot, will ride out from New London, on some pleasant afternoon, in the proper season, they need to go but seven miles, (probably a little more,) before they will find all we have said literally exact, and only defici nt in the poetic temperament, that should have been more glowing and consequently more true in its description. *Old Niantic* is the name of the region hereabouts, and the name especially of the pretty church just mentioned, as it was the name of the nut-brown edifice of more than one hundred years ago, which it has superseded, and Niantic is redolent of legendary lore, all of it capable of being turned to good account, and which shall, if we live long enough, be turned to good account. Bride Pond, and Witch Ledge, the Obit Spring, the Woolpit Hills, and Manatock Mountains, shall not go down to oblivion, unrecorded, if one of its rustic *ruralizers* in a great city, can do any thing to prevent it. We have the whole romantic region under an antiquarian supervision, and it shall go hard with us but Taber Hill, Sunkapogue, Poneganset Pond, and Griswold Wood, shall yet hold the position with posterity to which the deeds of the original *heatheness* that inhabited them, and the early christianity that superseded the Indian, entitled "Old Niantic."

Our only object *now* is to settle a mooted topographical fact—to put people in possession of a knowledge necessary to a proper understanding of local nomenclature. Why *this* place is thus named, and why *that* is known by another designation, few folks know, and fewer still, we fear, have any desire to know. They *should* know. It is unpardonable that in so young a country as ours, a single spot should bear a name that those who inhabit it are unable to account for, even from tradition. In point of fact, tradition itself is but a sort of treadmill; those who know any thing about it only remember the toil with which they trod its steps, and care little more about those who went before them, than the last *operator* cares for his predecessor, in any other department of human knowledge.

In an early part of the eighteenth century, a furious war raged between the Pequods, a fierce and merciless branch of the great Narragansett nation, inhabiting the left bank of the Pequod river, (now the Thames,) and the Niantics, a tribe descending from the same savage

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stock, who had been long located on a point in Long Island Sound, nearly equi-distant from the Connecticut and the beautiful arm of the sea, which we have already said, is known by the name of the Thames. The Pequods determined upon the annihilation of the Niantics, had prepared a formidable fleet of canoes, on board which they had embarked a strong body of their savage chivalry, intent on this fell purpose. The armament set sail, or rather set paddle from Pauquetannock, the principal *maratime* port of that power—(maratime enough for our purpose, since its waters were then and are now sufficiently brackish to bear good oysters) The armament passed Mamacock with a fair tide, and moon enough to carry them by *Yawcop's Rock* in safety. What is now New London, was then a quiet and peaceable little Saltwater hamlet, sleepy as it is now, and having once gone to bed, nothing under Heaven would have awakened it at that time, short of the arrival of a prize-vessel, as nothing would disturb its slumbers now, but the appearance of a New Zealand whaleman with an uncommon quantity of sperm oil. New London, therefore, offered no opposition to the Pequod squadron. The Indians probably *would* have been brought to by the martialists at Fort Trumbull, but unfortunately that gallant garrison was not established until towards a hundred years afterwards. This we consider sufficient apology for any seeming want of vigilance on the part of that valiant military post. For very much the same reason, Castle Griswold on the opposite side of the river, permitted the Lantern Hill forces to pass without question and without attack. They cleared the "Harbor's mouth" and even doubled Millstone Point, with perfect safety, the inhabitants, a doughty race of warriors having overeaten themselves at a thanksgiving dinner, had actually gone early to bed and slept so soundly through the night, that Saucasus himself might have robbed their henroosts with impunity, and for aught we know, have carried off the family grunter without tying his nose and without awakening his owners. At all events, the adventurers entered Black Point Bay, and reconnoitered Wigwam-Rock without the slightest molestation. Peter Tantiquigeon himself, a Mohegan of distinction, then on a visit to some of his Niantic relations, being the only Indian that *scented* the foe during the still repose of that eventful night; and even his temporary suspicions were soon lulled to rest by the opinion that it was nothing more than the noise of some skunk hunters from "Small Gains," who finding no land game had undertaken to rifle Mr. Maniwaring's lobster pots.

The brave but rather too confident Niantic, therefore, permitted the Pequod forces to pass the point; and at this moment it is necessary for the historian of the expedition to leave them, for the purpose of "bringing up the rear,"—not of the belligerent fleet, but of the history—not to aid the invaders, but to enable the reader to understand the story.

The Indian fort at Black Point was already closely invested by the land forces of the potent Pequod empire, and was actually upon the point of starvation. The *naval* armament was fitted out for the purpose, not only of lending aid to the besiegers by military reinforcement, but with the more important object of preventing any improvement in the *commissariat* of the beleagured garrison. It was intended not only to strengthen the Pequod army by an actual reinforcement of men, but to cut off all supplies which the friends of the Niantics might endeavor to throw into the fort by water. The fort was already in such a strait for want of provisions, that it was quite impossible for it to hold out much longer, and every thing was in this deplorable predicament when the hostile fleet "*cast kellick*" off the cove which separates the lands now owned by Mrs. Griswold on one side, and the P—— family on the other. The Pequods had become befogged in one of those sea mists which, like the fog at Nantucket, frequently envelopes the New England coast in a darkness dense enough to "cut with a knife," and sometimes so palpable that the navigators of Block Island can drive a nail into it and hang up their hats.

Now, it so happened, that while this mighty armament was upon the very point of pouncing upon the unfortunate Niantics, and was prepared at all events, to cut off all the efforts of their friends to recruit the stock of *yokeheag* in the garrison, the mighty men of Black Hall, Four Mile river, and the adjacent regions, had collected canoes laden with Indian provision for the fort, and having passed the promontory already mentioned, and whose name this expedition gave to it, as we shall show in the sequel, the enemy was discovered.

It was, of course, quite out of the question for so feeble a force to make its way through the blockading fleet *vi et armis*, and a council of war was instantly called. Unlike some modern consultations in military and civic operations, the discussion was as prompt as the call. It was decided at once, that stratagem must be resorted to. The succoring squadron run under the little wooded islet, now so beautiful a feature in the lovely landscape to which we have already alluded, and another council held a hasty session. The result was immediate and decisive.

One of the Griswolds, (we wish we had the papers by us to ascertain his christian name,) commanded the expedition, and to him belongs the honor of suggesting the measure that saved the devoted garrison, and gave name to the place, which through our means will, we take it, be immortal in history. This bold fellow proposed to the Lees, the Marvins, the Ingrahams, the Lords, and the Chadwicks, etc., etc., who composed his command, that instead of fighting their way through the hostile fleet, they should frighten the enemy from the coast, and thus relieve the garrison, despite the formidable forces that beleagured it by sea and land. The proposition was unanimously adopted, and the necessary means immediately taken to carry it into effect. The relief vessels were at once prepared for moving, and one Lester, a stalwart member of the band, it was agreed, should be the principal instrument by which it was proposed to circumvent the Indian sea commander. This man was of formidable bodily dimensions in his own proper person, but it was determined to add materially to his altitude by artificial appliances, and being, moreover, a man of uncommon athletic powers, and pliancy as well as

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dexterity of limb, he was well fitted to the important functions assigned to him.

Every thing else being ready, Lester was provided with a pair of *stilts*, which would add at least five feet to his height, with extempore garments to make his corporeal elongation proportionate to the increased longitude of leg. Thus *made up* in size, care was taken to make his face as fierce as possible, and all his *personal appointments* of corresponding dimensions. He was then placed *on end* in the principal canoe, and the whole squadron rowed towards the enemy. Never was consternation more complete than when the Pequod warriors first descried this appalling apparition! We are aware that the classical enviers of this our glorious narrative, will affect to find paralel cases in ancient history, and even claim that several of the heroes of Greece, Rome, Egypt, and the villainous commonwealth of Carthage, have done greater things, and resorted to more ingenious expedients. It is false—nay, we may almost venture to adopt the language of the speech at Patchogue, and tell the varlets they lie! There never was any thing, ancient or modern, half equal to this "moral strategy" of the Block Hull hero, and we hereby give mortal defiance to the caitiff who says there was. This, to those who know us, we take it, is enough! Enough, at any rate for our purpose is it, that the Pequod fleet was struck with a dismay that not a soul on board could disguise; from the admiral down to the smallest *pawpoose* that officiated as powder monkey in this flotilla, the consternation was irrepressible and fatal. Resistance was deemed ridiculous, and flight was the sole alternative that occurred to the mind of Sachem, *private* savage, or squaw, if squaw there was on board—a matter that is much mooted, in the historical records of those days.

"*Sauve que peut,*" was the word that passed at once through the fleet, and though it is understood not to have been in French but good classical Narragansett, it answered the purpose just as well; for every mother's son (and daughter) acted upon that salutary admonition, and the Indians scampered from the scene with more than Waterloo celerity. They came prepared to fight Niantics, Montauks, Mohegans, Hammanassetts, or even the burly burghers of Pettipaug, but they had no idea of waging war with devils, and of course, entertained no doubt that the enormous mass of apparent humanity, was nothing less, (though probably something *more*,) than a reinforcement from the regions, reputed at that time, as they are now, of very unsavory character, and whose forces, very little is gained by encountering. What became of the affrighted fleet in its way back to Mamacock, or whether in fact it ever reached that place, is more than we know, and more than we care, for that matter. It is sufficient for us, that the besieged fort of the Niantics was relieved, and the land forces of the Pequods drawn off, as their sea armament had been. The head-land was for years dreaded and avoided by the savages, and by them designated by the outlandish appellation, which in their heathen tongue signifies—being translated into our more euphonious language—GIANT'S NECK.

C. F. D.

Original.

LAYS OF A LOVER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE BEGUILER.

LOVE is the beguiler—maidens, beware,
He comes in a smile and a sigh;
Shut up and bar up your hearts as ye will,
He'll dart in through the shield of an eye.

He's light as a thistle and swift as the wind,
When he sings—oh, the nightingale's dumb,
Some how or other, he's always near by,
Soon or late he is certain to come.

Keep watch, gentle lady—beware lest he cause
You from soft, downy slumber to start,
And take off when he goes, like a mischievous imp,
Not the roof of your house, but your heart.

He's a terrible chap, though he hasn't a beard,
And does not sport whiskers, but curls,
And his cheek is as red as a sunny-rich peach,
And his lip is as smooth as a girl's.

With the wile of a serpent he makes his approach,
Though as harmless in mien as a dove,
I'd rather encounter an army of men
Than that sly, little archer, young love.

A target for years he has made of my heart,
With an aim so well-taken and true,
That at last it is riddled and torn into shreds,
And now every arrow flies through.

Oh, he's the beguiler and stealeth away,
The very best plumes of old Time:
Beware of him, ladies, but most when he comes
In the fanciful garment of rhyme.

Your poets pretend that their words are sincere,
As a spotless, young angel's above;
When they know in their souls they are only the lies
Of that wicked, young devil, called LOVE.

TO V——.

I saw thee once, my dearest,
But once, and yet thou art
The fondest and the nearest,
To this devoted heart—
Thy soft, dark eyes are in my dreams,
And waking, I behold their beams.

To me there is no gladness
On the earth and in the air,
And life is veiled with sadness,
And nothing seems as fair,
As ere I saw those dark eyes shine,
And pressed thy tender hand in mine.

Ah! fate has not a blessing,
Beloved, in store for me—
Like the rapture of possessing
Love's sweetest gift in thee.
We met, we parted—it is past;
That meeting was our first and last.

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Original.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Young Love one day, in a merry mood,
Snatched up his bow and quiver,
And spreading his wings his way pursued,
On the banks of a rolling river.

There stood in his path a damsel fair,
Of most romantic beauty,
And a bachelor old, with a gallant air,
Was proffering courteous duty.

Young Love from his quiver drew a dart,
And nearer them softly stealing,
He planted it deep in the bachelor's heart,
And left him lowly kneeling.

Onward he went, and crossing the stream,
He came to a stately dwelling;
There the sunlight fell with a softened gleam,
And music's notes were swelling.

He entered a fair and spacious hall,
Where a lady sat commanding,
And near her an awkward servant tall,
With downcast eyes was standing.

Young Love with an arch and merry smile,
Stood gazing for a minute;
But beware of his glance, so full of guile,
Be sure there's treachery in it!

He wounded them both with an arrow keen,
And then from the hall descended,
And onward with gay triumphant mien,
His way to the kitchen wended.

There was a woman ugly and old,
Her nose and chin were meeting,
Her teeth were yellow as any gold—
Oh! beauty's charms are fleeting!

But love has a dart for the plainest face,
As often as for the fairest,
And thou without beauty, take heart of grace,
And see that thou never despairest.

For he pierced the heart of a foolish youth,
And a veil his eyes threw over;
'Twas a merry sight, I ween, in truth,
To see him play the lover.

Love spread his wings and flew away,
'Till he came to a rosy bower;
'Twas twined with the crimson cypress gay,
And the white Clematis flower.

There sat a lady of saddened mien,
Tears o'er her cheek were gleaming;
Her form was the fairest ever seen,
In fancy's wildest dreaming.

"Oh, ho!" said young Love, "this work is mine,
Your sorrow shall soon be over,
Here comes the youth whose heart must be thine,
No longer he'll be a rover."

The lady was rich, and the you h was poor,
But Love is all-powerful ever,
And he kindled a flame that should still endure,
'Till death should those fond hearts sever.

He peeped in a cottage window next,
Where there sat a gentle maiden;
She was quietly reading a holy text,
To a sufferer heavy laden.

Wo and anguish had made their home
In that sad and lonely dwelling,
And many a bitter trial had come,
Their hearts with deep grief swelling.

Softer and purer grew young Love's mien,
As he thought of the days before them;
As gently he turned from the holy scene,
He uttered a blessing o'er them.

To tell of the freaks of Love were vain—
They are countless in their number;
But who would escape from his fatal pain,
Must never let caution slumber.

He lurked in the fold of a lady's shawl;
From her wreathing curls he darted,
As they swept o'er her shoulder's graceful fall,
Like threads from the sunbeams parted.

He entered the halls of the rich and gay,
In the dwelling low and lonely;
Many a heart he pierced for aye,
And some for a moment only.

He joined together the foolish and sage,
Witty and wise with the stupid;
Beauty with wealth, and youth with age—
These were the freaks of Cupid.

Original.

STANZAS.

Cherish that fervor, gentle maiden,
Which fires thy breast;
'Tis with thy Saviour's goodness laden,
Purest and best.
Go where it leads—aye heed its calling,
Nor bid it cease;
Like sound of far-off water's falling,
It calms to peace.
In this thy new devoted feeling,
Fervent and deep,
Anger and envy passed concealing,
Forgotten sleep.
Sure hope to highest joys inviting,
Now bids thee come,
And peace and gentleness uniting,
Thy heart have won.
If tears and sighs in holy sadness
Are sown by thee,
In regions of undying gladness
Thy fruit shall be.
Let others say—"This meditation
Is false and vain;"
With Christ in trusting dedication
Do thou remain.

E. L. L.

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Original.

PAULINE ROSIER.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

It was in the twilight of a cold November day, while a violent storm was raging as I hurried along the Rue De Grace, that I heard a feeble voice exclaim, "Charity! Charity!" I turned to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there, in the dark recess of an old building, sat a human figure shivering in rags. The singular situation, and the wretched appearance of the supplicant, caused me to pause. On a closer examination, I found it was a female crouched upon the damp and chilly ground; a tattered cloak was closely drawn around her person, but yet so scanty in its dimensions, as to suffer her arms to be exposed to the fury of the storm. Her neck and bosom were also partially uncovered, over which hung thick black masses of dishevelled hair. Her face was pale and haggard, while her eyes flashed with a wild and unearthly lustre. On perceiving me regarding her, she extended her right hand, and in a voice of melancholy sweetness, faintly again ejaculated—"Charity! Charity!" I dropped a piece of money in her palm—my heart filled with sorrow at her desolate and cheerless situation. "Poor woman," I exclaimed, "may God be with thee," and turning away, I was about to resume my path.

With a strong convulsive effort, she sprang forward, seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, then falling on her knees, called a blessing on me. The suddenness of the act caused her cloak to fall to the ground, and reveal to view a tall, emaciated figure, in the veriest habiliments of poverty, while I particularly observed a miniature richly encased in gold, suspended from her neck by a faded black riband. Dim as was the light, I could, however, discover that it was the picture of a man—no doubt a treasured remembrance—a gift of happier times—a token of the affections that served

> "To bring remembrance full before the view
> Of the loved lineaments
> Of *those* we ne'er must hope to meet again."

"Pray rise, my good woman," I said—"this is no place for sorrow;" and I endeavored to raise her, but my attention seemed only to increase her suffering; sobs deep and audible heaved her bosom, tears streamed in torrents from her eyes; she held my hand with a grasp like death—a strong hysterical laugh ensued, and she fell senseless before me.

My situation was a most singular and painful one—almost a stranger in Paris—an unknown female in sorrow and suffering lying stretched before me on the cold and stony ground—no one near to aid or advise, for such was the fury of the hour, that the streets were utterly deserted. To leave her exposed to the mercy of the elements—to the chance of recovery, or to the accidental meeting of some individual more able than myself to succor her, seemed an act of barbarity. A thousand ideas flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, and I stood for some minutes the being of irresolution, but humanity whispered to my heart, "She is a woman." My determination was at once taken, and unclasping my cloak from my shoulders, I wrapped it around her stiff and senseless form, and replacing her in the recess in which I had first discovered her, hastened to the nearest dwelling, to solicit for her shelter and assistance.

It was with difficulty, however, that I could find one heart to lend a favorable ear to my story, all to whom I applied, appearing to regard my request as quixotic, for such is human nature, ever too prone to receive with suspicion the prayer of misery, and to attribute to the wretched sufferer, the cause of his own misfortunes. At length I encountered a feeling response in the person of a poor and humble woman, who listened with compassion to my story, and telling her husband, whose heart, thank God, was as alive to my tale of wretchedness as that of his honest partner, to accompany me, we returned to the spot where I had left the sufferer, and arrived in the very crisis of time, to rescue her from two gens d' armes, who were dragging her along with brutal force, and heaping on her the most debasing reproaches. "Gentlemen," I exclaimed, "that female is under my protection; pray resign her to my care."

A loud laugh burst from the minions of authority, accompanied with a threat of punishment if I offered to oppose them in the performance of their duty—at the same time they pushed the poor creature with such violence, that she fell prostrate on the cold and flinty pavement.

I felt the blood of indignation mount to my face. I clenched my fist, and but for the cooler judgment of my companion, who arrested my arm, the ruffians the next moment would have fallen before me. I sprang forward, and raised the sufferer—the blood was streaming from a deep gash above her temple. On perceiving I was beside her, she clung around me with frantic violence. "Save me! save me!" she exclaimed, "they would drag me to a prison—they call me a beggar—a thief—a—a—she could not give utterance to the epithet—a convulsive shudder ran throughout her frame—a flood of tears came to her relief, and she wept bitterly upon my bosom.

The gens d' armes looked at each other with amazement. Their stern visages seemed to relax at the scene of misery. They muttered some words, the direct purport of which I could not hear, but the sounds I thought were those of pity. I seized the moment to appeal to their feelings. My prayer was successful, which, backed by a few pieces—a more powerful advocate than the voice of humanity—they consigned the unfortunate creature to my protection. I now lost no time in urging upon her the necessity of accompanying us to a place of safety. At first she hesitated, as if suspicious that my suggestion was the covert of some sinister design, but my request being seconded by my generous friend, won her confidence, and leaning upon us for support, we directed her tottering footsteps to the dwelling of the good Baptiste—the name of the worthy individual who had listened to my story, and who was now most anxious in his efforts to succor the unfortunate.

Arrived at his dwelling, his kind dame was busy in

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administering to the wants of the sufferer, who now beginning to feel assured that we were guided in our actions solely from the impulse of charity, began to acquire confidence, while her countenance assumed an expression of melancholy happiness mingled with the remains of departed beauty. Her age was apparently not more than forty, while her language and mien gave token of a superior education. The locket already referred to, gave also proof that there was a mystery connected with the situation in which I had found her. Her exhausted state, however, forbade, for the present, any inquiry, and confiding her to the care of Baptiste and his spouse, with means to procure whatever was necessary for her immediate wants, I was about to retire, with the promise that I should be with her in the morning, but the poor creature appeared fearful to part from me. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "do not forsake me. I am indeed unfortunate. I have no friend on earth; all, all have deserted me. You, sir, I feel, were sent by Heaven to extricate me from the wiles of oppression, do not deny me your confidence—your counsel. I am a wretched wife and mother—my husband is—"

"Hush!" I cried, interrupting her; "to-morrow I will hear all—doubt not my friendship—my interest in your case. You want repose. Retire, and in the morning I shall be with you." The poor creature seemed entirely overcome by the little kindness I had shown her; she fell upon her knees, and invoked a blessing upon me. Baptiste and his spouse responded "Amen!" I departed from the house. Darkness had now completely enveloped the world; the elements had nothing abated in their fury, and hurrying through the storm-swept streets, I soon reached my home. That night as I pressed my pillow, I thanked God that I felt a better and a happier man.

On the morning I repaired to the house of Baptiste. The worthy couple received me with the cheering intelligence that their patient had passed a night of good repose, and was, in every respect, much better. I requested to be conducted to her. My demand was at once acceded to, and being led into a little apartment, humble but cleanly, with a bright fire blazing upon the hearth, I found the object of my solicitude seated at a table, gazing eagerly upon the miniature. So deeply was she abstracted, she was not aware of my presence, and when I broke the silence, she started to her feet and hastily concealed the miniature in her bosom.

She was conscious, however, that I had witnessed the act, and a deep blush suffused her countenance. I betrayed no astonishment or curiosity, but slightly adverted to the happy improvement in her looks. She was again about to express her gratitude, when I prevented her. "Well, well, as you please," she said, "but it is fit that you know something of the unhappy creature whom you have so greatly befriended."

"Not without it be congenial to your feelings," I answered. "I am convinced that my protection has not been bestowed upon an unworthy object. That to me is a sufficient recompense, but, as yet, I am comparatively a stranger to you, and therefore not entitled to even your friendship, much less to your confidence."

"Ah! sir," she exclaimed, "did you not save me from famishing—insult—prison—haply from death? Yes, yes, there is a frankness in your manner—a candor in your speech that assures me I may confide in you. Will you consent to become the possessor of my secret—my monitor? Do not consider me an impostor—indeed, indeed, I am an oppressed and suffering being—the victim of villany and power."

I took her hand, and requesting her to be seated, said, "If what you say be true, in the sight of Heaven I promise to direct your acts, and to endeavor to redress your wrongs."

"Thanks! Thanks! God will reward you—alas! I can never. Look here," she said, "taking the miniature from her bosom. "Behold the cause of my poverty and suffering. I looked—it was the likeness of a young and noble-looking man.

"And who is he?" I asked.

"My husband! she replied. Her hand dropped by her side with the miniature, and but for my assistance she would have fallen to the ground.

"My good woman," I said, "compose yourself. Let there be no reserve, no concealment with me. Tell me all, and rely upon me as your friend—your protector."

"I do! I do sincerely," she exclaimed. "Alas, it is a tale fraught with bright days, fond hearts, and blighted hopes; but"—she looked around the apartment as if fearful other ears than mine might hear the recital. I rose, and satisfying myself that all was safe, assured her that she might proceed freely. Thus encouraged, she spoke as follows:

"My maiden name was Pauline Rosier, the only child of humble parents, who resided in the village of Plancy, in the department of Aube. As is too frequently the case, I was indulged in every caprice that my youthful mind could fancy. Seventeen summers had shed their lustre on my head, and life was to me a garden of joy. At this period, there came to reside in our village a young man, by name, De Brian, of noble birth and attractive manners. He had been sent, by his father, from Paris, for the better finishing of his education, under the tuition of the pastor of our village, as well as for the restoration of an impaired constitution, occasioned by the gaieties and dissipation of the capital. Among the inhabitants, he soon became a favorite, and, at our cottage a constant visitor. My heart was captivated by his appearance, and I regarded him as a being superior to all that I had hitherto beheld. He was assiduous in his attentions to me, and at length avowed himself, with the permission of my parents, my lover. This, however, was opposed by the pastor, and his visits forbidden. Young, ardent, and impetuous, he was not to be debarred from my society, and excuses and opportunities were easily found for our meeting. At length, alarmed at the passion of his pupil, the pastor apprized his parent, and De Brian received an order to return immediately to Paris, but before his departure, we were secretly wedded—he trusting that his father would sanction our union when he found it could not be recalled; but alas! the avowal was received with rage and indignation by the infuriated parent, who solemnly averred that I should

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never be received as the wife of his son. Rich, and possessing unbounded influence, he soon found means to cast a suspicion upon the validity of our marriage, and to prevent more effectually our again meeting, De Brian was despatched to a distant part of the empire, in the service of his country, and spies placed about him to prevent his sending to, or receiving intelligence from me. To add to my afflictions at the same time, both my parents were suddenly called from the world, and I shortly afterwards became a mother. Those who, in my days of happiness, had been my friends, now regarded me with contempt, while the odium thrown upon my union, made me a mark for the shafts of scandal. It was almost with difficulty that I even procured employment to support my existence, and that of my babe. Yet even then I found happiness in the hope that De Brian might yet return, and my child behold the father of its being. Alas! that hope was suddenly dispelled. One evening as I sat before my cottage door, the pastor approached; in his hand he held a letter, which he said was for me. It was the writing of De Brian. I severed the seal, and with the eye of lightning glanced over its contents. Just Heaven! they were the announcement of his return to Paris—of his being wedded to another, and a request that my child should be immediately forwarded to him, to be reared according to his instruction. Sense forsook me, and I sank to the ground. When I awoke, it was to madness. For months I was the inmate of an asylum, during which time, my infant was conveyed to its father. On my restoration to consciousness, I departed immediately for Paris in quest of De Brian and my babe. On my arrival, I found that he had departed for a foreign land, and all tidings of my child were buried in mystery. Destitute of money—almost unable to walk—a victim to grief, and the agony of suspense, I knew not how to proceed. At length I received enough to sustain my life by accepting of the most menial employment, but I felt a comfort in the thought that by remaining in Paris, I might ultimately gain intelligence of my child, but for fifteen years it has been denied me. Two months since I was seized with a dangerous malady, and conveyed to the Hôtel Dieu. On my recovery, I was too weak to labor, and the few articles of clothing which had been left in the hands of the persons with whom I had resided, had been sold in my absence, to defray a small sum in which I was to them indebted, while they refused again to receive me, fearing that I might become a burden. For this past week, the streets have been my home, and the pittance of the charitable passenger my only support. It was thus, sir, that you found me, and but for your humanity, I might have perished, and my secret remained unknown." She paused, and regarding the portrait, sighed deeply. I could not reply, but turning aside, gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.

At length mastering my emotion, I said—"And is that the likeness of De Brian?"

"It is!" she replied.

"Will you permit me to examine it?" I asked.

She spoke not, but at once placed it in my hand. Looking closely upon it, it struck me that I could recognize a strong resemblance to a nobleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was high in the judicial power of France. My curiosity was excited. A thousand ideas floated in my mind—the possibility that he might be the very individual, and the thought that as mysterious incidents had been by as singular coincidences brought to light, took possession of my heart, and I resolved at once to ascertain the probability.

"Will you confide this miniature to my care?" said I. "It will materially aid my exertion in the discovery you so much desire."

"Willingly!" she exclaimed, "for I feel assured that you are sent by Heaven, as my good angel, to divine the cruel mystery which hangs over me."

"You shall see or hear from me," I continued, "in the course of the day, and in the meantime, hold yourself in readiness to come to me whenever I send for you." She promised obedience, and I quitted her presence.

I immediately repaired to the Conservative Hall. Count De Brisson, for such was the title which had been conferred upon him, was seated in the chair of justice. I narrowly compared his features with those of the miniature, and although a lapse of years had materially altered them, still I thought I could discover a strong mutual resemblance. Yet how to be assured it was he, I know not. I therefore approached closer to the tribunal, with the purpose of endeavoring to gleam from some of the officers information respecting his early character and patronymic name. The court was occupied with the trial of a criminal for forgery. He was a young man, of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, of elegant form and intellectual features. He had just concluded a most eloquent defence, and the spectators appeared to regard him with intense interest and pity. The jury had retired to consult upon a verdict, and a breathless suspense held possession of the the throng. Their absence was short, for the facts were so palpable against the prisoner, that no ameliorating clause could be found, and the word *guilty* was emphatically pronounced. A deep sigh burst from the body of the spectators, as the judge rose to pronounce the sentence. The culprit appeared to be the only one who betrayed no emotion; his brow was knit—a smile of callous contempt seemed to light up his features as he calmly heard the sentence of "banishment for life to the galleys," recorded against him. Bowing to the judge respectfully, he turned suddenly round to the spectators, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Citizens, you have beheld a father condemn his own offspring. I am Frederic de Brian! Count de Brisson's lawful but discarded son!" A thrill of horror ran throughout the court. The Count grew pale, and tremblingly sunk back into his chair. The prisoner folded his arms upon his breast; a glow of revenge settled on his face, and a long laugh of exultation burst from his bosom. The officers were about to hurry him from the bar, when the Count, starting to his feet, exclaimed—"Hold! remove him not;' then added, "Frederic de Brian, if thou art indeed my son, speak, why do I find thee here?"

"By thy cruelty—thy pride," cried the young man—

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"by thy villainy, which denied me my rightful name and heritage—robbed me of my mother, and left me without a protector to direct my youth. My poor mother, if thou art yet alive—"

"She is alive!" I voluntarily exclaimed. "She lives and mourns thy unknown existence. Behold!" I exclaimed, holding aloft the miniature, "behold, Count de Brisson, the gift of thy love, to thy wedded wife, Pauline Rosier." He uttered a frantic shriek, and falling forward, was received in the arms of the attendants. They raised him—his eyes were fixed and lustreless—blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he was borne from the court. His spirit had fled in the agony of the moment.

That night the widowed mother clasped to her bosom her long lost son, for a remission of his sentence was easily obtained, now that his rank was known, and the cause which led to the deed considered.

It appeared, that after Frederic had been taken from his mother, he had been consigned to the care of two aged peasants, with the strict injunction that he should be reared as their offspring, and his real origin from him be concealed. In this state of rusticity, the young man continued until the age of sixteen, at which time the old woman dying, revealed to him the secret of his birth. He immediately repaired to Paris, but finding that Count de Brisson refused to acknowledge him—and his claims were regarded as unfounded, he connected himself with a gang of *roués*. His genteel appearance, and a natural quickness were well calculated to aid him in his nefarious profession. In a short time he perpetrated the crime of forgery, for which he was apprehended, arraigned, and convicted, as described.

Count de Brisson's second alliance, had proved of short duration—his wife dying two years after their union, and without issue. Frederic was, therefore, the only lawful heir to the title and domains. Happy in the society of his mother, he retired to his paternal castle in Lorraine, but grief and suffering had done their work, and she shortly after expired in the arms of her son. Ten years had passed away, when circumstances leading me in the neighborhood of his estate, I ventured to make myself known to him. My reception was most generous. A beautiful and noble lady was introduced to me, as the Countess de Brisson. My name was already to her familiar, while a blooming family, who called her mother, hailed me by the title of—"Their Father's Benefactor!"

NOTE.—The incidents and character of the above tale, are founded upon facts which transpired in France, in the year 1821, and the individual represented under the fictitious title of Frederic Count de Brisson, was, as late as 1834, residing in the department of *Meurte*, in the province of Lorraine, a wealthy and honored nobleman.

R. H.

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

Original.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

OH, Thou, whose eye, with mercy mild,
Surveys the sinner's bended knee,
Thou, who wast once a little child,
As tender and as young as we;
Dear Jesus, Saviour, Father, Friend,
To thee our lisping tongues would raise,
While humbly at thy feet we bend,
A song of gratitude and praise.

'Twas thy creating word that made
All things below, and all above,
When we admiring, see displayed
Thy matchless wisdom, power and love.
'Twas thy redeeming love that raised
Our soul from ruin, sin and woe;
Then let thy holy name be praised,
By all good children here below.

And may those hearts thy love inclined
To give us intellectual light,
To pour instruction o'er the mind,
Enshrined in ignorance and night,
May they enjoy a rich reward,
In conscious virtues' sweet repast;
Oh, bless them while on earth, dear Lord,
And take them to thyself at last.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Original.

WINTER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

WINTER 's present, winds are howling, snow is falling fastly now,
And a chain of frost is gemming Nature's sad and sombre brow.
Dyes of beauty, changing colors, from the forest wild have gone;
Leafless are the trees and bushes, crooked limbs are there alone.

Now no more I meet my Ella; now no more I see her look
At her face as in a mirror, in the clear and crystal brook;
Now no more I steal unto her, every rising blush to see,
And her image in the brooklet, blushing quite as much as she.

Now no more we stroll together, wand'ring o'er the wavy lawn,
In the bright and sunny weather, soon as wakes the lazy dawn,
For the Autumn, rustic maiden! hath departed with a sigh,
Leaving Winter solely monarch—chill o'er earth, and clouds o'er sky.

Philadelphia, January, 1841.

Original.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

NATURE'S warm spirit's! from thee fled,
As now thou hangst upon thy stem
All sapless, withered, wan and dead,
Yet fragrant still, sweet gem!

So is it with the pure in life;
When, from this earth, they pass away;
Their deeds, with virtue's sweets are rife,
They live beyond *decay*.

R. H.

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Original.

THE STAR AND THE FLOWER;

OR, THE TWO PETS.

"Ad ogni uccello,
Suo nido é bello."

AH! yours, with her light-waving hair,
That droops to her shoulders of snow,
And her cheek, where the palest and purest of roses
Most faintly and tenderly glow!
There is something celestial about her;
I never behold the fair child,
Without thinking she's pluming invisible wings
For a region more holy and mild.

There is so much of pure seraph-fire,
Within the dark depths of her eye,
That I feel a resistless and earnest desire
To hold her for fear she should fly.
Her smile is as soft as a spirit's,
As sweet as a bird's is her tone;
She is fair as the silvery star of the morn,
When it gleams thro' the grey mist alone,
But mine is a simple wild-flower,
A balmy and beautiful thing,
That glows with new love and delight every hour,
Thro' the tears and the smiles of sweet spring!

Her eyes have the dark, brilliant azure
Of heaven in a clear, summer night,
And each impulse of frolicsome, infantine joy,
Brings a shy, little dimple to light.
Her young soul looks bright from a brow
Too fair for earth's sorrow and shame;
Her graceful and glowing lip curls even now
With a spirit, no tyrant can tame.
Then let us no longer compare
These tiny, pet-treasures of ours;
For yours shall be loveliest still of the *stars*,
And mine shall be fairest of *flowers*.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Original.

"SLEEP ON AND TAKE YOUR REST."

See St. Matthew, xxvi., 45.

SLEEP on, ye faint and faithless,
Who could not watch to see—
Though stars grew pale to witness
Your Master's agony!
Sleep, while His spirit wrestles
Alone, with His dread doom;
Now, while o'erwrung with anguish,
He groans, "The hour is come!"

The hour—none Time hath numbered,
Wore ever pall so deep!
Earth 'neath its burden trembles,
And heaven's bright myriads weep:
And cherubim and seraph,
Stand silent round the throne,
For He who reigns in Heaven,
Spares not His only Son!

The hour of hell's rejoicing!
For mighty hordes, set free,
Proclaim, o'er a world's ruin,
Infernal Jubilee!
Full soon their demon triumph,
Shall rending rocks attest;
In this wild hour of terror,
"Sleep on, and take your rest."

The hour of human madness!
And lo, with murderous strife,
The blinded crowd press onward,
To slay the Lord of life!
And ye, while maniac passion
Fills every sinful breast,
Ye followers of Jesus,
"Sleep on, and take your rest."

Oh, ye who say you love him,
Amidst a world of pride!
Was it to pay your ransom,
The Lord of glory died?
Shall sinners now betray Him,
And pierce that holy breast,
And ye, all faint and heartless,
"Sleep on,and take your rest!"

E. F. ELLET.

Original.

CHARADE.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

THE leafless trees and fields embrowned,
And faded flowrets, broken, lay
Beneath the leaden-tinted clouds
Of winter's day.
All earth looks dismal, dark and dun,
'Till full of light, and full of grace,
With noiseless tread, my *first* appeared,
Veiling her face.

Oh! had that gentle visitant,
The gay earth sought in summer-tide,
A richer hue had o'er her spread,
A greener pride;
The fairy wing, which bore my first
In wintry hour, would then be seen
Changed to my *second*, and its flight
More rapid been.

Yet grieve not that amid the storm
My first appeared, for thousand eyes
Looked on its advent with delight
And glad surprize;
And soon the joyous sun of spring
Shone on that first with warmer light,
And, 'mid its graceful folds, my *whole*,
Rose on the sight.

Boston, Mass.

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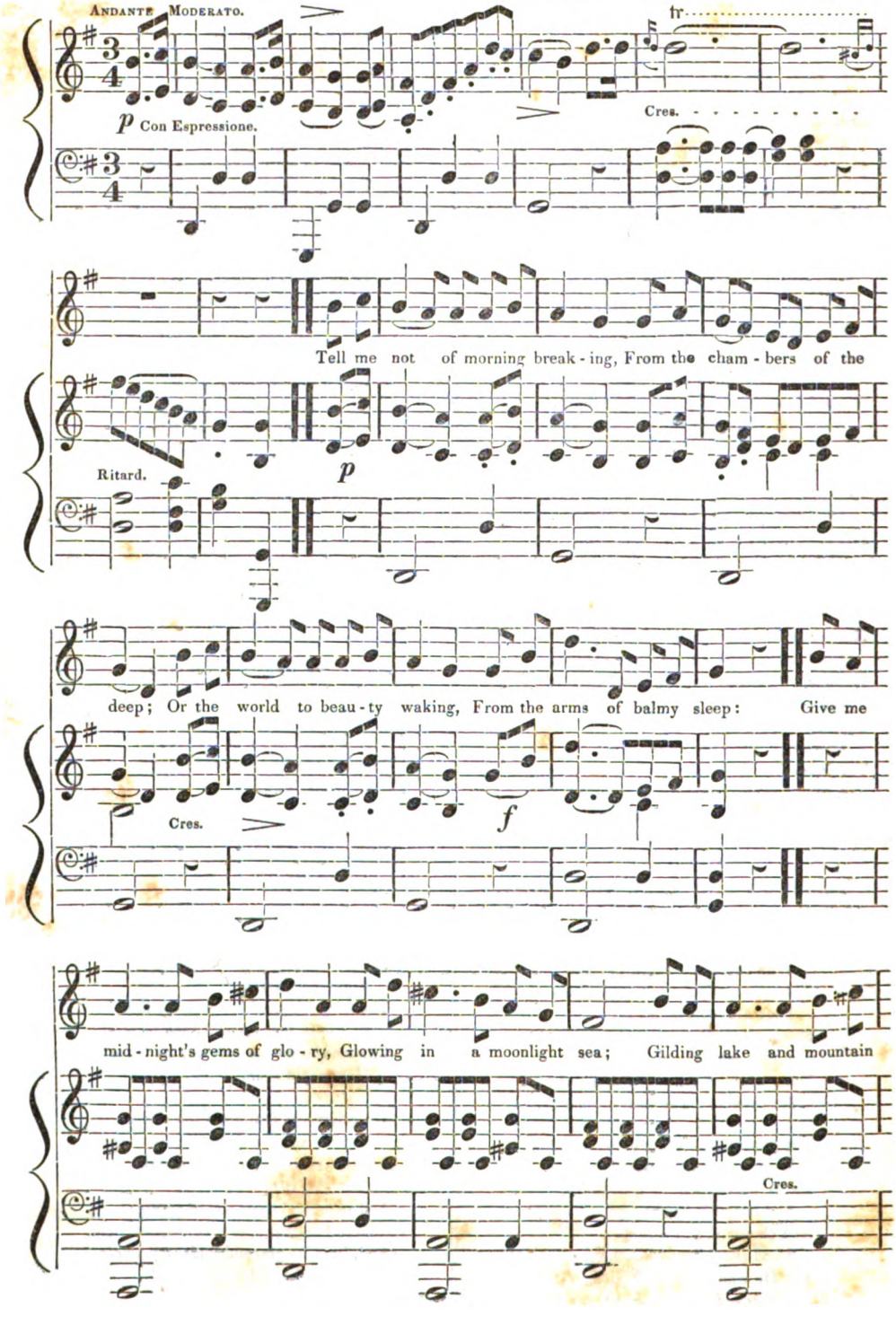
TELL ME NOT OF MORNING BREAKING.

THE WORDS BY R. HAMILTON—ADAPTED TO A TYROLEAN MELODY, AND ARRANGED BY R. ANDREWS.



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hoa - ry, Night, oh! night has charms for me. Tell me not of morning break-ing, From the

f Ritard. *p* A Tempo Primo.

cham - bers of the deep; Or the world to beau - ty waking, From the arms of balmy

Cres. *f* Ritard.

sleep.

p Calando.

SECOND VERSE.

As the Tears from Angels falling,
Turn to Diamonds in each Flower;
And the beetle's hum is calling,
Fairies to the greenwood Bower:
When the holy light is streaming,
And the leaf droops on the tree;
Then when all the world is dreaming,
"Night," oh! night has charms for me.
Tell me not of Morning breaking,
From the chambers of the deep;
Or the world to beauty waking,
From the arms of balmy sleep.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

History of England, by Thomas Keightley: *Harper & Brothers.*—Before the appearance of the present work, all former histories of England were of too prolix and voluminous a character, and written by men swayed by party spirit, who carefully studied to give to certain portions of history, the coloring of their own political and religious feelings. The design of Mr. Keightley has been to avoid this dishonest mode of narration and produce a concise and impartial work from the earliest period down to the present day. The work is not merely a compilation from various authors, but an original history based upon the Saxon Chronicles and other ancient authorities. Every incident worthy of record has been noticed, while the more prominent ones have received his particular consideration. The houses of Plantagenet, Tudor, and the most important of all, that of Stuart, are detailed and descanted upon in the most able and lucid manner. The latter part of the history relating to the house of Brunswick, has been greatly condensed, and we think most judiciously, as since the accession of that family to the Throne, it has presented nothing more than a succession of political intrigues and party warfares. Such a work has long been wanting, and Mr. Keightley has certainly succeeded in supplying it. The notes by the American Editor display assiduity and research, and in many cases will be found of great benefit in the exposition of abstruse passages and questionable opinions.

The Dream, and other Poems, by the Honorable Mrs. Norton: *Carey & Hart.*—A volume by one of the sweetest of England's poetesses, for since the decease of the divine Hemans and Landon, nothing so truly poetical has appeared. There is scarcely a line but what partakes of some beautiful simile or expression, while sense is never sacrificed to sound, or nature outraged by affected and meretricious diction. The work is produced in the best style of its publishers, and must prove acceptable to every lover of poetry.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

Sacred Melodies: *Wiley & Putnam.*—These hymns are composed with the design to suit the comprehension of children, and are accompanied by selected texts from Scripture. The language is chaste, clear, and in some instances very poetical. The work will be found most suitable to parents, teachers, and others, who have at heart the spiritual welfare of the youthful generation.

Visits to Remarkable Places, by W. Howitt: *Carey & Hart.*—From the treasures of antiquity, Mr. Howitt has constructed a most delightful work. The olden times and habits of "Merrie England," the princely palaces and their inmates—the birth-places, homes, and graves of departed genius, and the many stirring incidents and events connected with the most remarkable scenes of history, are given with such graphic power and beauty of description, as to render them worthy of the pen of Scott. The popularity which it has acquired abroad, will, we are certain, be speedily equalled in America, for a more original and instructive work is not, at this time, extant.

Master Humphrey's Clock: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Sixteen and seventeen are two capital numbers, embellished with eight well executed wood-cuts.

Selections from American Poets, by W. C. Bryant: *Harper & Brothers.*—This volume is an honor to the genius of our country, containing specimens of poetical writing, that will vie with many of the master spirits of the English lyre. We know what a difficult and ungracious task the editor has had to perform, and we sincerely congratulate him upon the skilful and discriminating manner in which he has accomplished it. His hint, that a second volume may appear, we trust will be realized, for there is yet a rich harvest to be reaped in this department of our country's literature.

Selections from British Poets, by F. G. Halleck: *Harper & Brothers.*—Two excellent volumes, fitting companions to the foregoing one. They comprise the essence of most of the English poets, from 1553 to the present day. We approve much of this species of publication, making the reader at once acquainted with the style and beauties of the various authors, without having his mind fatigued, and his taste destroyed, in separating the wheat from the chaff. Mr. Halleck, in the execution of his task, has displayed an intimate knowledge with the ancient and modern poetical character of England, and if he has not produced a work to satisfy all tastes, he has, at least, a most pleasing one. He appears not to have been fettered by a partiality for any particular school or style, but has selected his specimens according to the dictates of his own judgment. A more elaborate compilation might certainly have been produced, but we doubt if it would have been as much to the purpose.

Rural Life of England, by W. Howitt: *Carey & Hart.*—One of the most intellectual volumes which has appeared for years. To acquire a perfect knowledge of his subject, Mr. Howitt has penetrated into almost every nook, dell, dingle, and forest of England, as well as a great portion of those of Scotland, suffering not the minutest trait of national character and habits to escape his observation. The result of which is, that he has produced a work of incalculable value to all classes, displaying greater insight into the rural life of England, than any other that has ever preceded it. It is not merely the rambling observations of a tourist, but the mature reflections of a philosopher and practical economist, and should be in the library of every statesman and gentleman who wishes to obtain a perspicuous and impartial acquaintance with the rural character of that kingdom. It is beautifully printed and elegantly bound, reflecting the highest credit on the taste and enterprize of its worthy publishers.

A Vindication of Classical Studies, by Charles H. Lyon: *H. & S. Raynor.*—The author's aim is to excite a greater love for the study of the ancient languages in America. He treats his subject in a lucid and convincing manner and brings the opinion of several of the most able masters to prove that the etymology of antiquity is the only basis of a sound education. It is ably written and worthy of consideration.

The Merchant's Daughter: *Gould, Newman & Saxton.*—This is a very excellent little work, conveying through the medium of a sweet story the opinion that the female character is calculated *intellectually* to exert a powerful influence upon society;—we cordially agree with the author that it does, and in his own words ask, "Should she not be fitted *morally* and (under God) *religiously* fitted to occupy that sphere which, without her, is an unlovely waste, sunless and barren, the domestic circle, *the world of home.*"

The Tower of London, by H. W. Ainsworth: *Lea & Blanchard.*—We know not when we have perused a publication of this character with more satisfaction; for, independent of its merit as a work of fiction, it is also one of great historical intelligence, delineating many of the events and characters of the times in which the scene is laid, with a fidelity and power of description, unequalled by any previous writer. The reader will also find himself made thoroughly conversant with that memorable monument of antiquity, the Tower of London, so deeply associated with the fortunes of England, and of which no perfect illustration has ever before been attempted. We cordially recommend this romance as instructive and interesting, one which will amply compensate for perusal.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

The Poet's Quest, and other Poems, by C. J. Cannon: *Casserly & Sons.*—Some of the minor poems contain considerable merit, but "The Poet's Quest" we do not admire. There is, however, more to praise than to condemn in the volume.

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THE HOUR AND THE MAN: *Harper & Brothers.*—The intention of this work is to exhibit the character of the negro race in the most favorable light, proving their capacity for the highest situation in society, and of their equality in intellect to the white. Miss Martineau's motive in giving this work to the public, is to advance the cause of abolition, a mania which it is well known is the ruling passion of her life. Our province is not to discuss the merits or demerits of the cause, but to speak of the work in a literary point of view, and as such, we must acknowledge it is ably executed. The hero and incidents are based upon the well known negro revolution, in the island of Saint Domingo, in the year 1791, under the direction of Toussiant L'Ouverture, and other well known colored chieftains. The authoress has displayed an immense research into the history and localities of the island, and invested her with peculiar interest. That of Toussiant, to the admirer of the negro, will be found most acceptable, but however philanthropical may be the principles of Miss Martineau, we are afraid the refinement of manners, superior intellect, and beauty of person with which she has endowed her personages, will rather thwart the object she wishes to achieve, than advance it. It is, however, a production of deep interest, and in every liberal bosom, will be justly appreciated.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

THE RENUNCIATION, *by Miss Burney: Lea & Blanchard.*—A smooth and easily told story, without any particular merit to entitle it to especial notice. It may serve to amuse but not to instruct.

CHARLES O'MALLEY: *Carey & Hart.*—Numbers fifteen and sixteen have been issued. We have already expressed our favorable opinion of this excellent work. We have only to say it is in no way lessened.

THEATRICALS.

WE never completely despaired of the decease of the drama until the closing of the Park Theatre; now we are convinced that the true taste for theatricals has departed from among us. The cause has been attributed to fifty different reasons, but the real one is the luxurious manner in which for these last twenty years the appetite of the public has been pampered. All the talent which Europe contained has been imported hither by speculating individuals, who had not the interest of the drama at heart, but only an avaricious desire to convert the temple of the Muses into that of Mammon. Star after star followed—not a month, nay scarcely a week but some "marvellous performer" was brought forward, a constant excitement kept up, and a ravenous curiosity begotten for that which was novel. However mediocre the talent, it was sufficient if it bore the title of *Star*, and no dramatic dish was considered palatable unless composed of *star* ingredients. Shrewd individuals knew this, they therefore built or possessed themselves of theatrical establishments, and regardless of the true purpose for which the stage was intended, made the theatre merely the vehicle for a speedy acquirement of wealth and the destruction of the drama. It is well known, that managers thought not then of how many good plays could be brought forward in the season, but how many stars could be obtained. "*Whole stars* and *half stars*," as they are technically termed, were procured at extravagant terms, and a regular system of dramatic speculation instituted. For a considerable time, the scheme was prosperous; Cook, Matthews, Macready, Kean, the Kembles, and others, were legitimately, *stars*—they were persons of true genius, were justly appreciated by the public, and at the same time, admirably supported by good stock companies. The managers found their project succeed, wealth poured in abundantly, while opposition was never dreamt of—but others deemed, and naturally too, that they were equally entitled to partake of the harvest which the originators of the speculation were so plentifully reaping. New theatres were then erected, new managers were appointed, exorbitant sums, in the spirit of opposition, were offered to the most popular artists, by the rival parties, while their creed was not, who will produce the best performances, but who will in the least space of time, make the greatest number of dollars. This theatrical mania, for three or four years, spread like wildfire—the country was prosperous, money was, literally speaking, of little or no value—luxury extended with rapid strides, and as a natural consequence, theatricals were extravagantly supported, but the fever began to abate—prosperity received a check from over speculation, people found out that they had been living in a sphere of fallaciousness—luxuries were now dispensed with, and, of course, theatricals came in for their share of curtailment, and managers like every other race were compelled to retrench. The stars, however, would not abate in their demands, and the managers had nothing left but to succumb or otherwise play to empty benches. Some remedy was then deemed requisite to supply the funds of the treasury; and an expedient equally unjust to the useful professors of the art as it was injurious to the interests of the drama, was resorted to—inefficient and impaired stock companies were engaged, and every thing made subservient to the talents or pretensions of the stars. Third-rate artists were, by the effrontery of the managers and the tolerating cupidity of the public, styled "brilliant performers," "celebrated artistes" and other fanfaronadical appellations, and nothing but what bore the title of *star* was considered worthy of support. This, for a short time, was successful, but like every other bad cause it soon found its level. What was the result of this false principle? Beggary to the manager and actor. The public then began to look about it for fresh viands, and it at length found them in *cheap lectures, cheap concerts, cheap books*, and *cheap literature*. The company of the Park theatre is now playing at the Franklin, at reduced prices—following the example of the Olympic and Chatham theatres, which are the only establishments succeeding. The Park has been converted into a concert-room. The splendid National Opera-house has, for a time, closed for want of patronage, and even the Bowery, although enjoying a tolerable career of success, has wisely been fashioned into a temporary amphitheatre, while the spirit of Shakspeare and the Muses are left to mourn over the fallen fanes of their former glory and to curse the memory of those men who first introduced to an American audience, the desecrating and ruinous taste for the *star* monopoly.

EDITORS' TABLE.

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW.—The subject of an international copy-right law has been, for a considerable time, a disputed point, and one which is now as distant from decision as when first agitated. It is well known, that as the law at present exists, there is neither safety nor encouragement for literary industry. The least mechanical pursuit being as well rewarded as almost the greatest literary one. It appears a reproach to America, so fertile in art and science, that she is not equally so in literature. The secret of the shame, however, is to be found in the lawless manner in which authors are oppressed, their productions being only made the means to enrich the publisher, and beggar themselves. The cheap works, too, of all kinds, with which our country is flooded, have been highly prejudicial to the encouragement and progress of letters; and if it has been argued that they have tended to the instruction of society, it may likewise be proved that they have, in a greater degree, to its debasement; loose and demoralizing compositions being thereby disseminated at a cheap rate, poisoning the mind, engendering false taste, and counteracting the principles and sentiments which a pure literature was ever meant to inculcate. Another, and perhaps the most inimical of all to the developement of literary genius, is the extensive circulation of European works, for while our publishers can reprint these without incurring expense for copy-rights, it is not to be

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expected that they will extend the hand of support to our native authors. To remedy, therefore, this act of injustice and oppression, it behooves every writer and friend to literature, both in America and England, to be untiring in their efforts in procuring a protection for *literary labor*, which, once effected, will compel the publishers to reward their exertions, and be the means of establishing a sound and *National Republic of Letters*.

Musard Concerts.—A series of instrumental concerts, under this title, are now in operation at the Park Theatre, which has been converted into the form of an assembly-room, or hall, the pit having been floored over, and joined to the stage, and the interior appropriately decorated. An orchestra, comprising about fifty performers, is raised in the centre of the theatre, around which the visitors promenade, or those who are not inclined to do so, can sit in the boxes and enjoy the entertainment. It is a most delightful and rational manner of whiling away an evening, while to those whose principles are not in accordance with theatrical amusements, it affords an opportunity of hearing some of the finest musical compositions. We have heard it rumored that it is the intention of the management to produce a series of sacred oratorios, during the approaching Lent, similar to those given in London at that period, and that Braham, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Bailey and other popular vocalists, will be engaged for that purpose. While we should rejoice that the scheme should be crowned with success, we trust that Mr. Simpson will be politic enough to adopt some method to secure himself from loss, as the public generally expects more than it is willing to reward.

Norma.—This much talked of opera has been at last produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the superintendence of its translator, and adaptor, Mr. Fry. No expense has been withheld to render it as perfect as art and intellect could effect. New and extensive stage appointments have been lavishly bestowed on it; the chorusses are of the most powerful character; the orchestra has been augmented to nearly double its regular number, while the principal parts are supported by Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Bailey and Messieurs Wood, Brough, and other excellent performers. We have been informed by judges in those matters, that it is one of the most perfect productions that has ever been brought forward in this country, and that the true era of music may, from its appearance, be dated in America. Mr. Fry is but a young man, and judging from this specimen of his genius, the highest achievements in the science may reasonably be expected from him.

Our Weeklies.—We have often regretted that the monthly nature of our work has prevented us from acknowledging the many liberal and frequent remarks bestowed upon the "Companion," by our city and provincial weeklies. It has now, however, struck us, that an enumeration of them under our editorial department, will not be out of place, and afford us an opportunity of expressing our opinion of the talents of their conductors, while to our subscribers, we think it will prove acceptable, as a brief record of the character and abilities of that portion of the New-York Press. To begin—the oldest, and therefore entitled to precedence, is *The Mirror*, whose worthy and talented editor, for "seventeen years, man and boy" has striven to advance and uphold the literature of our country—and no one, we believe, has for such a length of time commanded such universal respect in a profession where so many tastes are to be considered and combated. The secret to us appears, that while he has ever expressed himself in a fearless and independent manner, he has done so in the language of civility, not of abuse, swayed by the principles of a gentleman, knowing that to have his own feelings respected, he must ever respect those of others. The next is *The New-Yorker*, the editor of which, in his capacity of critic, is ever guided by truth and impartiality, an able and profound political essayist, while as an imaginative writer, few can be found to surpass him. Then follows *The New World*, one of our best journals, under the editorial conduct of a scholar and a gentleman, one of the sweetest living poets of America, an elaborate and judicious critic and an elegant and correct writer in almost every sphere of literature. In succession comes the *Brother Jonathan*, large in form and large in talent, conducted by two of our ablest editors and authors. The first acknowledged to be one of the most pleasant writers in the department of belles lettres, and whose works are as popular abroad as at home. The other, possessing a fertile imagination, conversant with almost every subject; sound in judgment and fluent in expression. On the heels of this comes *The Sunday News*, one of the best compendiums of weekly intelligence. Its editor displays an independent and well educated mind, with an intimate knowledge of the civil and political administration of governments. The *Spirit of the Times*, which is the next in years, principally professes to be a record of the Turf and other sports and amusements; yet the editor, in his literary and dramatic remarks, always evinces correct judgment and independent principles. Which comes next? *The Atlas*—a valuable paper, prolific in every variety of matter. Its articles are lively, facetious, and intelligent—written with good taste and discrimination. The principal editor is gifted with superior poetical abilities, and as a prose writer, possesses an easy and graceful style. And to conclude, "though last not least in our dear love," comes the witty, pungent, satirical and pithy *Mercury*. The two conductors of this weekly, are gentlemen, endowed with talents and tact peculiarly fitted for their profession. Some of the most able articles in our newspaper press, are to be met with in the columns of the Mercury, written by its junior editor, while a series of compositions, under the title of "Sermons by Dow, Junr.," have won for it an enviable celebrity. These profess to expose and censure the prevailing popular foibles and tastes of our community, and for powerful satire and ridicule, are unequalled by any author since the existence of Swift and Butler. Such are the weekly guardians of our press, and in no community or country, we are confident, can a brighter array of genius be found. Of our provincial brethren we must claim their indulgence to a future number, when a similar estimate of their talents shall be attempted.

Mr. Vandenhoff's Lectures.—This gentleman, whose dramatic exhibitions have placed him in the first rank of the professors of that art, proposes shortly to give a series of rhetorical readings from the most eminent of our English poets, at the Stuyvesant Institute of this city. In Boston, where his efforts have been crowned with the most flattering success, has been conceded to him the merit of the best rhetorician that has ever there been heard. When we consider how few correct readers and speakers there are, however many may arrogate to themselves the distinction, and how truly difficult the acquirement of the art is, we are confident he will meet with the most signal encouragement. In these days of lectures, we know of none that can be more beneficially listened to than those on the art of eloquence and reading, and especially in a government like ours, where the highest honors are frequently acquired by the eloquence of the individual, it behooves every one who aims at distinction to avail himself of all possible opportunities to perfect himself in the art. Indeed, without an eloquent delivery the most profound composition will fall lifeless on the ear of the auditor. It is, as Blair truly says, "the art of persuasion, while it is the business of a philosopher to *convince* us of truth, it is that of an orator to *persuade* us to act conformably to it, by engaging our affections in its favor; solid argument and clear method; all the conciliating and interesting arts of composition, and pronunciation enter into the idea of eloquence." And further says the same author,—"By eloquence we are not only convinced, but interested, and agitated, and carried along with the speaker; our passions rise with his, we have all his emotions, we love, we hate, we resent as he inspires us."

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UNIV. OF CH.

W.H.Bartlett. A.L.Dick.

VIEW OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
(On the Susquehanna.)

Engraved for the Ladies Companion.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1841.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE town of Northumberland, in the state of Pennsylvania, is situated on the point above the junction of the east and west branches of the Susquehannah, two miles above Sunbury and fifty-four north of Harrisburgh. In the early settlement of the state, it was among the first locations of a few hardy pioneers, who dared to penetrate into the wilderness and dispute possession of the soil with the Indian. For some years, the little colony enjoyed tranquillity and prosperity, 'till the "Massacre of Wyoming," in 1778, which extended along the valley of the Susquehannah to Northumberland, and compelled the inhabitants to forsake their dwellings and seek protection near the temporary forts which were then constructed along the frontiers. At length, when safety was established, prosperity again began to flourish. The log huts were displaced by comfortable dwellings; which, in a few years, assumed the aspect of a thriving village, and has gradually increased, 'till now it is a town of considerable consequence, containing a population of from two to three thousand inhabitants. The soil of the district is, for the greater part, of a rocky and steril character; but, upon the broad margins of the river, there is much arable land. The Appalachian ridges, which traverse this district contrary to their general range, extend here from east to west. The principal productions of the county, are iron-ore and coal, which are found in great abundance. The Susquehannah at this place, is broad and deep and admirably adapted to the purposes of navigation, while canals have been designed and partly constructed along both its branches. The West Branch Trunk, as it is termed, commences here, and follows the valley of the river upwards of seventy miles, to Dunnstown, at the mouth of Eagle creek. The scenery on the banks of the Susquehannah, is of the most delightful character, unsurpassed by any in the Union, while its many tributaries are of equal beauty. To the legend-hunter, this district is rich in lore,—not a valley, creek, mountain or forest, but what is associated with some exploit between the red man and the white, while innumerable mounds, and tumuli, are pointed out as records of those actions, or the last resting place of some tribe of *braves*. But, civilization is fast obliterating every vestige of antiquity, and where the yell of the war-whoop once rung, are now heard the shepherd's whistle and the husbandman's cry—the tomahawk and rifle have been supplanted by the ploughshare, and peace and plenty smile upon the land. Here the language of the poet is truly exemplified—

"Where rose the wigwam—now the cottage stands,
And art and labor fertilize the land:
Peace wreathes her olive round wealth's golden crest,
And Heaven benignant smiles upon them blessed.

R. H.

Original.

THE TRAVELLER IN THE DESERT.*

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

O'ER Afric's hot and barren soil
A wayworn, weary traveller passed,
O'ercome by heat, and thirst, and toil,
He deemed that suffering hour his last.

All day he sought, but sought in vain,
Earth gave no lucid spring nor pool,
Heaven gave no drop of blessed rain,
His parching lip and tongue to cool.

Faint, sick, and weighed by sorrow down—
Must here in darkness set his sun?
Here must he lose that high renown
So nobly sought, so nearly won?

Yes! even so.—He throws around
One farewell glance on Earth and Sky—
He starts—a shadow sweeps the ground—
The storm-cloud rises black and high.

Eager the drops of life to gain
Upward his parted lips he turns—
Horror and pain wring heart and brain,
The Simoom's sand his visage burns.

He sinks upon the ground to die,
While the hot tempest o'er him sweeps,—
One prayer—one thought of home—one sigh—
And sense is lost and feeling sleeps.

Again he wakes!—What blessed balm
Has slaked his thirst and bathed his brow?
The Earth is cool—the air is calm—
Heaven sheds its rain-drops o'er him now.

'Tis often thus—the cup of woe,
Deemed full by us, hath room for more;
And Heaven, when hope hath ceased to glow,
Its choicest blessings deigns to pour.

Boston, Mass.

*Taken from an incident in Mungo Park's travels.

THERE is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last, to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison, which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours, is excruciating.—*Bruyere.*

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Original.

MY AUNT BETSY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' ETC.

"What great effects arise from little things."

It is wonderful how little the mother, father, and kindest relative of a child understand of his sensibilities and character, and how often they do violence to his feelings by a disregard of that public opinion, which of its kind, prevails among children as much as it does among men. The boy is as sensitive to ridicule as the man—more so: and he suffers just as much from being laughed at among his companions as the man does among his. How often a child has been compelled to wear a hat, cap, trowsers, or shoes of some ungainly cut, when they might just as well have been made after the fashion of his fellows—which has not only subjected him to ridicule, but given him a nick-name, which made him a laughing stock through life; and which was, perhaps, the first thing that led him to undervalue his own capacity and character, and consort with those below him, who were the gradation to a still lower grade, when he should have directed his pride to the emulation of those who, as the world goes, are held above him.

A recollection of my Aunt Betsy, draws from me these remarks. Each and every Sunday it was her custom to repair, with a precise housekeeper of a gentleman with whom we boarded, to Baltimore, to church. We were spending the summer months in the country. She was a rigid Presbyterian, and was fond of doctrinal points—and to the ministry of the Rev. William Duncan, who then was of the old side, she delighted to devote herself. I know not whether that minister's more liberal opinions which he teaches men would be subscribed to by her, but I think not. The only place of worship in our country neighborhood was a methodist meeting, the latitudinarian principles of that sect she could not sanction—for latudinarians she was pleased to call them.

Our host, Mr. Stetson, was the owner of an old shabby shackling gig, which set low between the shafts, on wooden springs, with an old cloth top, and rattling wheels. To this vehicle, an old family horse, named Sampson, halt and nearly blind, was harnessed, and thus conveyed my Aunt Betsy and Miss Dalrymple rode to church.—They might have ridden to Jericho if they had left me behind them: but no! a stool was duly placed for me each Sabbath in the bottom of the gig, and on this *nolens volens*, supported between the knees of my veteran aunt, to prevent my tumbling out, was I seated, in front, with the bandbox beside me. My shoulders seemed to support the reins, which my aunt held far apart beside me, one in each hand. Whenever Sampson lagged in his gait, no whip was used, but the reins were flapped up and down on his back and consequently on my shoulders.

Meanwhile my respectable relation with her spectacles on her nose, kept a sharp look out for the stones and ruts, cautioning Miss Dalrymple to do likewise, and finding most unchristian fault with her whenever we received a jolt, if she did not receive notice.

"Miss Betsy, there's a stone," exclaimed Miss Dalrymple.

"Where, where?" exclaimed my aunt.

And before she received the intelligence as to what side it was, up went the wheel—my aunt screamed—but we righted again, though with a bounce that nearly caused the dissolution of the vehicle.

"Bless my soul! why could you not tell me on what side at once, Miss Dalrymple?" exclaimed my aunt, adjusting her spectacles.

"I could n't think quick enough," was the reply.

"Think quick enough,—Madam you can see beyond your nose, can't you? Old as I am, I can—but I can't see on both sides at once—do look sharp on your side, and I'll look sharp on mine—Willy, you look ahead, for mercy's sake!"

The mortification I then experienced of being seen by my playmates in this condition, brings a blush to my cheek now.

My aunt Betsy had a house in town which she rented out during our summer sojourn in the country, but she reserved the privilege of putting the gig under the shed in the back-yard, while we went to church—a narrow, steep alley, (I forget the name of,) led to the back-gate.

Arrived there, my aunt and Miss Dalrymple together, the latter holding open the gate, and the former driving in—with Sampson safely hitched under the shed—unless my aunt's tenant, who had an eye to the quarter's day, and the indulgence he then sometimes required, bustled out, opened the gate and let us in full dignity through. Then he would officiously conduct us into the house, leading me with one hand and carrying the bandbox in the other—for my aunt held also another privilege, by tacit consent: that of preparing the extras of her toilet in Mrs. Titlum's back-parlor, the wife of Mr. Titlum, her tenant.

Then the bandbox was opened, the best wig and cap fixed trimly on and with care, though the church bells had ceased ringing All ready at last, these worthies sallied out, stately as Juno's bird, between them leading your humble servant to the tabernacle.

This day, my aunt had been more than gratified by Mr. Duncan's exposition. She came forth leading me by the hand, as if she thought that she herself was entitled to some credit for the sermon, because it expressed her opinions so fully, and she had such firm faith in it. Miss Dalrymple, who in some respect, was inclined to doubt certain of the divine's views on previous occasions, was glanced at triumphantly; she looked meek and mad accordingly. In this christian frame of mind we reached Titlum's.

The quarter's day was near, and while my aunt changed her cap and wig, Titlum got the gig in readiness. We were soon seated in it under the shed—Miss Dalrymple and my aunt, the bandbox and myself. Titlum led Sampson through the gate, headed him right, and so we started fairly.

It was an alley, just back of Calvert street—I forget, as I have said, the name of it, though I think it was "Lovely Lane," from which we emerged, taking our way along Market to Baltimore street, with the intention of

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passing through Calvert street, by Barnum's into Monument square.

That day, with masonic and military honors one of the soldiers of the fifth regiment, who had fought bravely at North Point, was to be buried, and the military were parading in the square. My aunt had scarcely turned Sampson into Market street, when the music burst upon her ear, and ejaculating, "Heaven preserve us!"—she tried to turn Sampson round, but Sampson would not be turned round.

"I should not be surprized," exclaimed my aunt, "if this abominable violation of the Sabbath, should cost us all our lives. To have trumpets sounding and see colors flying on the Lord's day, and we the innocent to suffer, my gracious."

My aunt seemed like Othello in his agony, "*perplexed in the extreme.*"

"Boy, boy," she called out to a black boy on the pavement, "come and turn my horse's head round."

"What will you give me, old 'oman?"

"Old woman, why don't he say lady—I'll give you a fippenny bit." My aunt was economical.

"I axes a quarter," replied he dictatorially.

"A quarter—bless me this was not collection day and I didn't bring any money—Miss Dalrymple did you?"

Miss Dalrymple replied in the negative. My aunt said to the black fellow, after this short colloquy,

"Well, my good boy, you shall have a quarter of a dollar—when—"

"Shell out," exclaimed the black fellow.

I suspect that Sampson, and the gig, and the old bandbox—for my aunt could not have a new bandbox knocked about in a gig—I suspect they penetrated the negro with no respect for either the purse or person of either my aunt or her company.

"Shell out, old one," he repeated.

"I have not any change now, my boy—I'll pay you the next time we meet," replied my aunt.

"Do you see any thing green here?" said the negro, shutting his right eye, and pulling down the lower lid of the left one, until the whole of the white of it was exhibited. He stood a moment, as if to give my respectable relation a chance to look and then coolly walked off, saying,

"There aint nothing green about this child, old one."

"I protest," exclaimed my aunt, "if that boy belonged to me he should have a severe lashing to-morrow morning early. I should almost be tempted to give it to him to-day, though it is Sunday."

But the boy didn't belong to my aunt, so he walked off ha-hawing with contempt, like one who has detected an impostor in the act of defrauding him.

"Sir," said my aunt to a gentleman who was passing, "couldn't you turn my horse round, if you please?"

But no, the gentleman seemed to think with the negro, that my aunt was not respectable enough to receive that attention. If she had been a damsel fair, who had been left for a needful moment by her jehu, the gentleman would have complied, with most courteous alacrity, but an old woman who had come out to take the responsibility of her own safe conveyance, let her take it, and the gentleman walked on. My aunt now applied her own exhausted energies to Sampson. She succeeded in turning him nearly round, when she heard the noise of fife and drum, and looking forth, discovered another company coming to join those in the square. Her only chance now was to go straight out Market street, or turn down Calvert street. Sampson obeyed the rein quickly, which put him on his regular routine, but he made an obstinate stop at the corner of Calvert street, determined to turn into Monument Square. How my aunt flapped the reigns, declaring that hereafter she would drive with a whip, and that Miss Dalrymple could carry it.

The company behind us had now got close on to Sampson and it was evident that the unusual proceedings of the day on the part of my aunt, together with the noise and bustle, had done much to ruffle his temper. In depositing coal in the cellar of the corner house, as you turn down Calvert street, the proprietor had had a board laid over the curb-stone on to the pavement, to prevent filling up the gutter when it was discharged from the cart,—against this Sampson backed, as if desirous of witnessing the display as the soldiers passed into Monument Square. Thinking himself perhaps still in the way, he backed a little, and finding his progress facilitated by the plank, he politely gave the soldiers the street, and betook himself to the sidewalk. His courtesy my aunt neither appreciated nor approved. Greatly alarmed, she waved her hand over the ragamuffin train who surrounded the band, and called to the musicians in earnest expostulation,

"Good people, do stop that noise, don't you see what a condition we are in, and you are breaking the Sabbath."

What soldier was ever known to regard, when on duty, the remonstrances of an old woman in a gig with another of her sex and a child,—no, though only on parade, they never play soldiers, and if all the old women and children in the world were to be killed by frightened horses, that would not abate their martial sounds.

The crowd of boys, when they beheld Sampson and the gig, and all the *etceteras*, and saw my aunt's gesture of expostulation, though many of them could not hear what she said, burst into a yell of derision. One stout fellow, who was on the side-walk, following the band close in the press, feeling valiant from the martial strains which rang in his ears, elevated a long lath which he carried in his hand by way of soldiership, and smote Sampson's hips and thigh. This Sampson could not brook: the music had made him martial too, and it was evident that like his great namesake among the Philistines, he was determined on revenge; for no sooner did the boy strike him than he charged at once into the very midst of the band of music. The sound the soldier loves, died upon their ears instantly—and well it might. The fifer started back in such haste from the advancing Sampson, as to overturn the drummer, who fell flat with his drum-band round his neck, and before he could recover himself Sampson's left leg was knee-deep through his drum-head, whereby he held the musician prostrate as one antagonist would hold another by his neckcloth. The slide of the trombone seemed to have the power of engulphing the

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whole of it, for Sampson's head struck the trombone and it disappeared in the player's mouth. The man who played the serpent was nearly made a victim by it, as were our first parents,—

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

He was a short, ducklegged individual, and wore the serpent, not exactly folded round him, but buckled on. It caught in the wheel and held him there as the boa constrictor twines part of its body round the tree and part round its victim. The drum, however, saved the musicians, though it nearly ruined us. As Sampson raised his drum-incumbered foot to advance, he stumbled flat to earth, thereby ejecting my aunt upon the drummer, Miss Dalrymple into the embrace of the serpent, or rather the serpentine man, and myself and the violated bandbox and its contents full into the street. The last thing that I remember was the infernal yell of the ragamuffins, which rent the air at this catastrophe.

I do not know what my aunt would have done, if Mr. Titlum had not rushed to her assistance. He was fond of martial sounds, and after helping us into the gig he had scarcely entered his house, when the "stirring music of the drum" reached his ear. Desirous of witnessing the display, he passed out of his front door into Calvert street, and then to the corner. He was just in time to witness Sampson's charge, and was the first to raise my aunt. On finding she was not hurt, with much delicacy, he handed to her, her cap, wig and bonnet, which had escaped from her respectable person in the foul grasp of the drummer, who caught in his terror at he knew not what. Miss Dalrymple, unhurt, indignantly disengaged herself from the embraces of the serpent. I must do my aunt the justice to say, that I believe, before she ever thought of the predicament in which she stood, she looked round after me—a glance showed her that I was unhurt, for I was on my feet, endeavoring to secure her new wig and cap from a black fellow who had seized them. I was, however, unsuccessful, for he made his escape in the *mêlée*.

All this while the soldiers were at a dead halt, stamping their feet with impatience, while those behind pressed front, to learn the cause of the delay. The captain, in the confusion, had his coat skirts cut off by some dexterous pickpocket. As he was put behind the band, he was in the midst of the confusion, and a respect for the corps made him forgetful of all personal consequences; so it was easily done. But when it was done, he felt that although in the tented field, 'mid battle and blood, had the foeman's bullet deprived him of his skirts, that he could have fought only the more valiantly; yet, considering the manner of the loss, and that the crowd had ceased to admire him, and were giving evidences of a contrary nature,—and also, considering that the trombone man, the drummer, and he of the serpent, were disabled, therefore it was both proper and dignified, that on the spot he should dismiss his company, which he forthwith did.

He instantly retreated into a neighboring store, from the secluded back room of which he sent for his citizen's dress, and with much meekness repaired to his own domicile.

It might, therefore, be admitted that Sampson won the day. In conformation of this remark it may be stated, that in consequence of the ridicule growing out of this contest, the captain resigned his command, under pretence of a press of business, and the company disbanded themselves and many of them entered different volunteer corps.

But the matter did not stop here with aunt Betsy. The drummer sued for the damage done his drum, and also for an injury he had sustained by twisting his ancle under him as he fell, and spraining his wrist, asserting, that thereby, as a drummer, his occupation was ruined; for, should his wrist get well, of which there was little prospect, his occupation was gone should any company to which he might be attached chose to take a long parade. He of the serpent sued my aunt for the great damage done his serpent, and Miss Dalrymple, for divers and sundry contusions and bruises then and there received by him on various parts of his person, and the trombone man brought suit not only for the utter annihilation of his instrument, but for the loss of three front teeth—which he asserted not only disabled him from playing with any thing like his former proficiency, but which would in all probability, shorten his life, from the fact that his digestion was delicate in the extreme, that his food had always required more mastication than he could bestow upon it, and now he would scarcely be able to masticate at all.

The captain, magnanimously refused to bring suit against my aunt for the loss of his skirts, although a distinguished lawyer gave it as his decided opinion that he was entitled to recover; because, although a pickpocket was the immediate cause of the loss aforesaid—yet the captain would not have sustained the loss had it not been for the confusion occasioned by my aunt's want of control over her horse, and that therefore the captain was entitled to recover consequential damages.

These suits excited an interest at the time, which has not entirely died away yet. When the case came up my aunt's lawyers denied that there was any ground of action at all, but the judge, without hearing the other side, declared that there was. He said, that if a man let loose a wild bull which he knew to be wild, though he intended no mischief by it, yet he was liable for what damages the bull might do, because he ought to have informed himself of the nature of the beast before he threw him upon the community. The question would arise, the judge said, was my aunt capable of driving? If she was, did her near-sightedness prevent her? Could she with a child between her knees and a bandbox at her feet, drive safely through a crowd like that assembled on the occasion aforesaid, though she were a good driver? The judge in conclusion, remarked, that he did not mean to prejudge the case, but that it was clear to his mind, not only that there were grounds of action in the case, but also that the defendant must show conclusively that she was capable of driving,—for, said he, this court never will sanction the doctrine that any old lady, however respectable, may be allowed, whether she can see or not,

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or whether she can drive or not, to start off on the Sabbath to church, with a feeble child between her knees and a helpless woman beside her, and cause the great injury, which it appears from the amount of damages claimed in this case, has been done. Men are not to be ruined in their professions, and their health irrevocably impaired in this way, without a court of justice interfering, and making the party guilty pay for it.

All legal readers are familiar with the great case of "the Musicians, vs. Betsy Hugersford," in the Maryland reports. It twice got up to the court of appeals, and twice got back again, upon some informality. Then it was delayed for years, while a commission to take depositions was sent to New-Orleans, and even to England and France, to which countries several of the witnesses, (we know that musicians are migratory,) who had witnessed the affair had emigrated.

The day before the case was to be finally tried upon its merits, the three musicians, the drummer, the trombone, and the serpent, went on a party of pleasure with many others, on board of a steamboat, to Fort M'Henry. After the bottle had circulated briskly, it was proposed that each of the musicians should take the respective instrument upon which he had formerly played, (for since that eventful day of parade, they had asserted they were disabled,) and try how much skill was left them. In the hilarity of the moment, unsuspicious of consequences, they consented,—and it was asserted by all, and particularly by the band of musicians on board, in their depositions taken that night, that they never heard better playing.

The whole proceeding was a trick of a young lawyer, who had been taken by accident into the case. He was well acquainted with the three musicians, and had got them on the frolic for the purpose of showing by witness, that they were as good players as ever, and consequently had sustained no injury.

Since the parade, the trombone had kept a tavern, the drummer an oyster-cellar, and the serpent a public garden, and in consequence of the great injury which the criminal negligence of my aunt had inflicted on them, they were each extensively patronized by a sympathizing public.

In the morning, when the suit was called in court, the plaintiff's council, who had got wind of the depositions, and who considered that the witnesses were forthcoming, reluctlantly dropped the suit to prevent the accumulation of costs, which he felt his clients would have to pay. But a short time afterwards, when the band above mentioned, who were of the military, had been ordered to Florida, the suit was commenced again, their *exparte* depositions amounting to nothing, and they themselves being without the jurisdiction of the court—and not likely ever to return to Baltimore again.

This case was pending when my aunt died, and the question is now agitating the lawyers, whether her heirs could be made parties to a new suit.

Notwithstanding all the trouble this business gave my poor aunt, I confess it was a great satisfaction to me as it put an end to our gig rides thereafter. F. W. T.

Original.

ACHILLEA.

THERE was a fabled fountain in old Greece,
Whose waters gurgled from their marble spring,
Brackish and salt;—but as they went along
Leaping among the pebbles, and then lapsed
Gently, and more gently, 'till they flowed
Where the young herbage mirrored their fresh charms,
Changed to delicious sweetness, and drew round
Their emerald brink the cumulus flocks whose forms,
Swam cloud-like on the portraiture of Heaven,
While every living thing, with draughts of love,
Replenished its own resevoir of life.

Oh, Achillea! when they fabled thee
Thus rising in thy briny bitterness,
And growing sweet among the verdant meads,
They little knew the wisdom thou didst teach:
For thus our young affections spring to life
Embittering the soul; 'till from the taste
Of self-deluding passion, good thoughts turn
Reluctantly away:—but when the stream
Finds among quiet pastures, a still course,
When the affections, growing calm, reflect
The good congenial to them; then there come
Sweet draughts of that tranquillity which flows
Through angels into man. Then let him learn
To read in heavenly correspondencies
These lessons of deep love.

RUFUS DAWES.

Original.

THE DYING POET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

WHAT is the time that we deplore?
An hour—a day!
The present like the last will seem,
When passed away.

One brings the joys another bears;
Sorrow—delight—
A vision! Such the day! then comes
Unconscious night.

Time? ha! 'tis gone.—Fame? what to me
Is hollow fame?
A word from age transferred to age—
An echoed name.

Then wherefore sing? I sang as man
Impulsive drinks
The air—as breezes sigh—as night
Upon us sinks!

To strike the lyre at beauty's feet—
To mark my power—
To draw the tears from glist'ning eye
In lady's bower.

Oh, vain regret—an idle breath,
And all is o'er!
Oh! give one farewell gush of song!
I go!—no more! E. L. L.

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Original.

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was a bright and bland afternoon in the beginning of June, that Amy Westall, a girl, fourteen years old, was seen hastily walking up the principal street of the village of P——. She was a very lovely girl, and the leghorn gipsy hat, at that time fashionable, ornamented with a wreath of flowers, displayed the brown ringlets which fell in rich clusters down her neck, to much advantage. As she was passing one of the principal shops, Mr. Marston, the owner, stepped to the door, and informed her that he had just returned from New-York, where he had been to purchase goods, and had, as her Aunt Lambert—the lady with whom Amy resided—requested him taken a hundred dollars for her from the bank, which he wished her to take home with her. Amy readily consented, and taking the money and depositing it in her reticule, resumed her walk homeward. A tall, well-dressed man, whose age could not have much exceeded twenty years, who happened to pass at the time she received the money, was pursuing his way in so leisurely a manner, that she must either pass him, or slacken her pace. As he frequently looked back, and stared at her in a manner that was not particularly agreeable, she chose the former. Soon afterwards looking towards the west, and finding that the sun was rapidly declining, she made still more haste, as she had half a mile to go, and more than half of the distance was through a thick wood. She had, moreover, promised her sister Gertrude, a child of four years old, who had been visiting her cousins a few days, that she would take her home with her, which would soon, from the tender age of the child, compel her to walk more slowly. The house of her uncle Brooks, where little Gertrude had been making her visit, was situated near the woods, and when she came in sight of it, she saw her standing at the door, watching for her appearance, ready equipped for her walk.

"What gentleman is that?" inquired her aunt, who came out to speak a few words with her.

Amy looked round, and perceived that the person she alluded to, was the same that she had passed a quarter of a mile back. She replied that she was unable to tell, but presumed he was a stranger, as most of the people were known to her, who resided in the village. Soon afterwards they bade each other a good evening, and Mrs. Brooks remained standing at the door until she saw Amy and Gertrude turn into the path which led through the woods. The stranger, whose appearance was quite prepossessing, continued to walk along like a person much at leisure, and she had the curiosity to continue at the door to see if he passed the wood, or took the path her nieces had taken. He lingered a few moments when he arrived against it, looked back towards the house, and then walked on considerably faster than he had done before. Mrs. Brooks continued to watch him, 'till by the gradual winding of the road. he was out of sight. Amy had told her respecting the money Mr. Marston had requested her to take home to her aunt Lambert, and certain vague fears in reference to the stranger, respecting her niece's safety, took possession of her mind, and when in ten or fifteen minutes she heard the report of a gun or a pistol in the direction of the woods, she mentioned her apprehensions to her husband. He, however, could see no cause for her alarm, and succeeded in partly allaying it, by informing her that he had met a lad who lived in the neighborhood, an hour before, going to the woods with a rifle, for the purpose of shooting squirrels. Although she saw the boy pass soon afterwards with his rifle, and several squirrels, she could not bring herself to feel exactly at ease upon the subject, and it being a bright moonlight evening, she watched a long time at her window, to see if the stranger returned, but she saw him no more. After retiring to rest, her sleep was broken, and she was haunted with terrific dreams, which, although occasioned by the solitude she had previously felt, were considered by her a bad omen. She rose at an early hour in the morning, and at her earnest and pressing entreaty, her husband, in company with a hired man—for she would not consent to his going alone—set out to go to Mrs. Lambert's, to see if Amy and Gertrude had returned in safety. They had arrived at about midway of the wood, when they saw Amy lying across the path, and Gertrude close by her side. Neither of them spoke, but Mr. Brooks, unconsciously compressing his lips, while his breath came quick and hard, hastened to the spot, and bending over them, saw, by the pale and rigid features of Amy, that she would wake no more. She must have died as she first fell, without a struggle, her dress being in no way discomposed, except that the riband which confined her hat under her chin, having been rent off, probably, by the shock of her fall, the hat had fallen back, leaving the white brow to gleam through the curls that fell over it, as if it had been sculptured from the purest marble. Gertrude lay closely nestled to the cold bosom of her sister, with her left arm thrown over her neck. A soft smile parted her rosy lips, and by her regular and quiet breathing, she appeared to be slumbering as sweetly as if in her own pleasant room, where the morning light used to look in upon her and poor Amy through a honeysuckle, which, trained to the very eves of the cottage, fell down in rich and heavy festoons. Amy was lying on her left side, and there was no wound perceptible, although a quantity of blood still stood in a small hollow contiguous. Mr. Brooks remained on the spot while the man who accompanied him ran back to the village to apprize the people of what had happened. He soon returned with a number of the inhabitants, among whom was the coroner. On examination, it was found that she had received a deep wound in her left side, which had probably penetrated her heart, with some sharp instrument, apparently a dagger. The account of the affair elicited from little Gertrude was, that a tall man came out from among the trees all at once, and told Amy that she must give him her money, and that she was so frightened, that she let go of her sister's hand, and ran and hid behind some bushes. She peeped through them, and saw her sister give him her reticule,

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and then he took her hand and pulled off the ring which her grandmamma gave her. She heard a gun just afterwards, and saw John Wright run across the path with his gun in his hand. Amy saw him too, and called to him as loud as she could, but he was a good way off, and did not hear her. The man, she said scolded at her, and told her to be still, but she would not mind him, so he struck her on the side, and she fell down. He then ran away the same way he came, as fast as he could. As soon as he was out of sight, she crept out from behind the bushes, and went to the place where Amy was lying. "She had gone to sleep," said Gertrude, "and would not wake up. I sat down by her, and when it began to grow dark, I felt afraid, and cried, but after I lay down by her side, and put my arm round her neck as I always did at home, I did not feel afraid any more, and went to sleep."

The reticule was found a short distance from the spot rifled of its contents, which, besides the hundred dollars, consisted of a few shillings in change, a silver thimble marked with her name, and a plain linen handkerchief, near one corner of which her name was written with indelible ink. A diamond ring, too, the one alluded to by Gertrude, had been removed from her finger.

A vigilant search was immediately commenced for the robber and assassin, which, although a liberal reward was offered for his apprehension by the friends of the deceased, proved unavailing. No doubt was entertained but that the stranger, who had excited the alarm of Mrs. Brooks, was the author of the tragic deed, he having dined that day at the principal hotel in the village, where he left a few articles tied in a handkerchief, which he never called for. On examination, nothing left by him, was found to be marked except the handkerchief, which was a yellow bandanna, and contained in one corner, the initials J. R.

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We will now shift the scene for a short time, to a house in a dark, obscure alley in one of our large cities. It was the beginning of December, and the declining sun faintly emitted its beams through a snow-cloud, which had been lazily expanding itself for the last two or three hours, 'till nought but a narrow line of unclouded sky lay along the western horizon. On a bed in one corner of a small apartment, into which a scanty portion of light struggled through the dim panes of a single window, lay a young, and certainly once, a very beautiful female, whose life was evidently fast ebbing away. Two women, near neighbors, who had kindly ministered to her in her sickness, and were now present to witness the closing scene, sat by her bedside. The eyes of the dying female were frequently directed towards the door, as if she were anxiously expecting the arrival of some person. At last the door opened, and a very young, and a very handsome man entered.

"Doctor," said she, "I feared you would not arrive 'till it was too late, for, as you may see, I have but a short time to stay."

The young physician could not contradict her, and therefore remained silent.

"I have often thought," resumed she, "when you have come with Dr. Medway, with whom, I suppose, you are studying, that I might venture to request you to perform the last favor for me that I shall ever require, except—except the one that all—"

"Name what you desire me to do," said he, interrupting her with emotion. "I promise faithfully to perform it."

"I have a mother, and she is a widow. She lives forty miles from here, and you pass the door of her humble home, whenever you visit the town of L——, which you casually mentioned the other day you often do. When I first came to this city, I worked in a tailor's shop, and always sent her half of my earnings every quarter, which enabled her to live comfortably, but it is now a long time since I have sent her anything. The last was eight months ago, the week before I was married."

Here she took up a linen handkerchief neatly folded, which lay near her, and removed a diamond ring from her finger.

"My husband gave me these," said she "when he took his last leave of me. He said that he had no money to give me, and as the ring was a valuable one, I could dispose of it for a considerable sum. He said that an aunt who died a short time ago, who was rich, gave them to him, for I was particular in inquiring about them, as I feared he did not come by them honestly. He wrote me a week afterwards, telling me that he should never again set foot on his native shore. That letter, Doctor, was my death-warrant. I felt a strange pain at my heart, and I knew that it was breaking—yet, though conscious that my life must be a continual sorrow, I wished to live for the sake of my aged and infirm mother. This handkerchief and this ring, are all that I have been able to save for her. The ring might have procured me a few comforts during my sickness, but I knew that it could not purchase life, so I preferred to save it for her. Take them, Doctor, and tell her they were the dying bequest of her child. Tell her to sell the ring, and procure fuel and food for the cold cheerless winter that is already here. The handkerchief, she can keep. It will do to wrap round her bible and hymn-book, when she goes on the Sabbath to take her place in the seats set apart for the poor, for she can bear to look on something then which will remind her of her who is gone. Will it be too much trouble, Doctor, for you to do this?"

"By no means. I shall go to L—— in a few days, and will not fail to call on your mother."

She now requested one of the women to take a letter which lay on a shelf, and hand him.

"I wrote a few words to her the other day," said she, "when I was pretty free from pain, and it will comfort her to know, that although it was reported that my husband sometimes kept bad company, and although he sometimes drank too much, he ever treated me with kindness. Oh, Doctor," she added lowering her voice, so as to be heard by no one but himself, "that, which above all else, brought upon me this fatal sickness, was the fear that he really did keep bad company, as was reported, and that he had been guilty of something that

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made him afraid to come home again. It was a dreadful fear, and has kept pressing upon me ever since."

Soon afterwards she seemed inclined to sleep, and the young physician took his leave. The ensuing morning, when he called in company with Dr. Medway, one of the women who had been there the day before, met them at the door, and informed them that their patient was released from her sufferings.

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Twelve years had passed away, since the tragic event related at the commencement of this tale, and Gertrude Westall, now sixteen, fulfilled the promise which her early childhood had given, of uncommon loveliness. She still lived with her aunt Lambert, and although the remembrance of the untimely death of her sister sometimes came over her like a cloud, she was so young when it happened, and the time had now become so distant, that a golden sunshine would sometimes fall even upon its skirts as it flitted away. The buoyant step, the sunny smile, and the beaming light of her large blue eyes, which now began to gather intensity from the mind, all spoke of health, and innocence, and joy.

At this period, a gentleman by the name of Julius Rivers came to reside in the village of P——. He appeared to have plenty of money and leisure, his only employment being that of botany, and as the environs of the town were rich in plants and flowers, he could have selected few places affording a better opportunity to engage in his favorite pursuit. He had evidently been accustomed to good society, and his appearance was, in every respect, much in his favor. Thus much was admitted by all, and there was only one point, relative to which, the opinions of the community were seriously divided, and that was his age; the fairer portion maintaining that he could not be more than five and twenty, while those of his own sex contended that he must certainly be thirty. There was not a young girl in town, who would not have felt herself flattered by his attention, but it soon became evident that Gertrude Westall was the one with whom he was the most pleased. When the young people took a ramble in the fields or the woods, he was almost always by her side, and if he chanced to find a flower of uncommon beauty, he was sure to present it to her. He was, moreover, ever bestowing upon her those delicate attentions often difficult to descibe, which are so grateful to a heart full of sentiment and sensibility. Poor Gertrude, she had given him her whole heart, ere she was aware, and without his even asking her for it. Summer had passed away, autumn was drawing to a close, and he still lingered at P——, although he now could attend but little to botany. He still continued to treat Gertrude with the most delicate attention, and there was not unfrequently a tenderness in his manner, which told as plainly, though not as satisfactorily as words, that she was the object dearest to his heart. For the most part, he was of a cheerful temperament, yet there were times when he appeared to suffer the deepest dejection. At one time, he, for weeks, was sunk in melancholy, when he was sure to be at the door of the post office, at the arrival of every mail, anxiously inquiring for letters, but none came. The expected letter did arrive, however, at last, and his spirits at once revived. That very evening he repaired to Mrs. Lambert's, and after speaking more explicitly of his family connexions than he had ever done before, offered himself to Gertrude, and was accepted. This step received the full approbation of her aunt, for Mr. Rivers had the art, or rather in him it seemed a gift, of rendering himself pleasing to people of every age and class. He had, latterly, too, showed himself to be on several occasions, a philanthropist. One instance, on account of the result, we will relate. A widow, advanced in years, who had, for a long time, earned a scanty subsistence by her industry, had, at length, after a severe struggle with those feelings of laudable pride, which shrink from the idea of asking charity, one morning, put on her well-preserved bonnet and cloak, which had been purchased in days of comparative ease and plenty, and was just stepping out of the door to go and make application to the proper authorities for relief from the town, as Mr. Rivers was passing. He greeted her with his usual affability and courtesy, and finding that she was going in the same direction as himself, accommodated his walk to hers. He found that she appeared dejected, and ascertained the cause. They were soon seen retracing their steps together. He entered with her her humble habitation, and remained some time. Soon afterwards, her home was made comfortable by some necessary repairs, and it was found that she had a life-annuity settled upon her, which would enable her to spend the remainder of her days without the solicitude attendant on poverty. It was soon known that Mr. Rivers was her benefactor, for the grateful heart of the widow was too full to suffer the author of the bounty she had received, to go unproclaimed.

Several weeks after this occurrence, Mrs. Lambert went to a town a number of miles distant, to purchase a few articles preparatory to Gertrude's marriage, which could not be obtained in the village of P——. Before leaving town, she stepped into a jeweller's shop to take a hair bracelet which she had left there in the morning, for the purpose of having the clasp repaired. The owner of the shop was engaged with a customer when she entered, and as she stood listlessly looking at a quantity of jewelry contained in a glass case, her attention was suddenly arrested by the diamond ring. She instantly knew it to be the same that was taken from the finger of her niece, Amy Westall, by the person who robbed and murdered her. Trembling with excessive agitation, she inquired of Mr. Niles, the moment the customer had left the shop, if he remembered of whom he had obtained it.

"Perfectly well," he replied. "I have known him several years. He, at present, resides near you at the village of P——, and his name is Rivers—Julius Rivers."

It was with some difficulty that Mrs. Lambert suppressed an exclamation of horror at this unlooked for intelligence, and it was some time before she could command her feelings so far, as to inquire at what time Mr. Rivers offered him the ring for sale. Mr. Niles informed her that it was only a few weeks since.

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"You say you have known him several years, sir—what character has he sustained during that time?"

"One without reproach, madam."

Without saying more, Mrs. Lambert purchased the ring, and immediately started for home. It was after dark when she arrived at her own door, and she could see, through the window-shutters, remaining unclosed, that Gertrude was seated at the work-table, engaged with her needle, and that Mr. Rivers sat on the opposite side with a book. He was reading aloud, for she could distinctly hear the deep and musical tones of his voice. She felt that she could not meet him that evening with any degree of composure; she therefore went directly to her own room, and sent to inform Gertrude, that although quite well, she was considerably fatigued, and intended, after taking some warm tea, to immediately retire. Having passed a restless night, Mrs. Lambert rose at an early hour. She said nothing to Gertrude respecting the ring, but as soon as she had breakfasted, prepared herself for a walk. She proceeded to the residence of her sister Brooks, whom, fortunately, she found alone. The moment she had taken a seat near the fire, "Susan," said she, "it is a gloomy subject to revive just now, when we are making preparations for Gertrude's marriage, but I want to know if you still remember the looks of the man who, we supposed, murdered our poor Amy?"

"As well as if it were only yesterday that I saw him, that is, as far as I had the opportunity of observing him. You may recollect that I had no very distinct view of his features. But before I say anything more about his looks, I want to tell you something which I think very singular, if you will promise not to inform Gertrude, until we know more about it."

"I certainly will not, if it be best that she remain ignorant of it."

"Yesterday," said Mrs. Brooks, "I went out to make a few calls, and among others, I called on the widow Mr. Rivers has provided so handsomely for. The conversation turned upon his good qualities, particularly his generosity to her, which occasioned her to exhibit a handsome shawl, and a linen handkerchief. As I took the handkerchief into my hand, I perceived a name very faintly traced in one corner, although she, owing to her impaired eyesight, I am certain never discovered it. There had evidently been an effort made to remove it, which had proved partially successful, some of the letters being very imperfect. I, however, could read the name with difficulty, which was Amy Westall. I thought that I should have fainted, but stifling my emotion as well as I could, I immediately rose, and took leave."

"Speaking of the handkerchief," said Mrs. Lambert, "reminds me of the one that was left at the hotel. Was it not marked with the initials J. R.?"

"It certainly was, and I dare say that the landlord has it now, for he said he should be careful to preserve it."

"Perhaps so, and now, Susan, I want you to give me the description I requested, of the suspected murderer."

"He was tall, and his form was faultless, as I have said before, for I have often described him. His complexion was clear, though rather dark. Take him all in all, I thought him one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. I have told my husband a dozen times, though I never mentioned the circumstance to any one except him, that he looked more like Mr. Rivers than any person living."

Just at this time Mr. Brooks came in, and Mrs. Lambert produced the ring. All the circumstances which seemed to point out Mr. Rivers as the author of the crime which had occasioned them so much distress, were talked over, and Mr. Brooks advised that he should be immediately arrested; for should the fact that he was suspected transpire, he might make his escape.

"And why will it not be as well to suffer him to escape," said Mrs. Lambert; "it will spare poor Gertrude's feelings."

Mr. Brooks did not think that a sufficient reason for permitting a robber and a murderer to go unpunished, and that very evening, as Mr. Rivers was coming out of his boarding-house to call on Gertrude, he was arrested for the robbery and murder of Amy Westall, twelve years before. Several circumstances were called to mind by the inhabitants of P——, after his arrest, which, in their opinion, had an unfavorable bearing upon the prisoner. One was, the extreme despondency which he had, at intervals, suffered, which they now imagined might arise from a consciousness of guilt, and fear of detection. They remembered, too, the painful solicitude which he had, at one time, manifested for the arrival of a letter, and his manifest joy at its reception, which they doubted not came from some associate in crime, and probably, not only contained information of some successful robbery, but a share of the spoil, the postmaster having mentioned to those present, after his departure, that it contained money. These surmisings and imaginings, as has often happened in other instances, were soon circulated as facts. As for poor Gertrude, she bent beneath her dreadful affliction, like the flower nursed in the bosom of the oasis, when it feels the blasting breath of the simoom.

On the day of trial, an immense crowd assembled in the court-house. Mr. Rivers was placed in the prisoner's bar, and presented the same manly and open countenance to the gaze of the curious, that he ever had done. The only difference was, he was very pale. His father was present, and exhibited marks of intense mental suffering. He excited much sympathy, for whatever the crimes of his only son might have been, they had certainly never been suspected by him, and the news of his arrest had so greatly shocked him, as to nearly incapacitate him from being present at the trial. The circumstances implicating the prisoner, are already known. There were only two witnesses to give testimony in his favor, who were both middle-aged women of respectable appearance.

The first who appeared upon the stand said, "I have known the prisoner ever since he was a child, and as I often did plain sewing for his mother, had opportunities of frequently seeing him. He finished his studies at college very young, and about the time I was married,

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when he could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, he went to study medicine with the celebrated Dr. Medway; for, although his father said that he did not wish him to practice, he thought it best for him to have a profession in case of a reverse of fortune. Dr. Medway used frequently to take one of his students with him when he went to visit the sick, and I saw young Mr. Rivers with him several times at a Mrs. Brunnel's. She lived the next house to me, and another neighbor and myself took the whole care of her while she was sick. Having known her before she was married, I used often, before she was sick, to take my sewing-work with me, and run in and sit an hour with her and chat; but after a while it began to be reported that her husband was a bad man, and then I visited her less frequently, though I did not entirely give up calling on her until I had lost several articles, among the rest, a yellow bandanna handkerchief, which Mr. Julius Rivers gave me when a boy. I knew that Brunnel took them, but I said nothing about it to his wife, as she was a good woman, and I did not wish to make her unhappy. Her husband went away several days before she was so sick as to be confined to her bed, and finding that she had no person to take care of her, I went in and did the best that I could. One day when she found she could live only a short time, she begged that the young doctor—meaning Mr. Rivers, might be sent for, as she wished to see him when Dr. Medway was not present. Before he came, she requested me to take a very fine linen handkerchief from a chest, and something which lay near it, done up in a paper, and hand them to her. She undid the paper, and took out a ring, which she put on her finger. She then told me to go to a work-basket that stood on the table, where I should find a silver thimble. This she told me to keep, as it was all that she had to give me for my trouble. I saw that the thimble was marked Amy Westall, and as I was afraid that Brunnel had stolen it, I did not like to take it, but would not injure her feelings by refusing. I felt easier about it afterwards, for the handkerchief was marked the same, and she told Mr. Rivers, when she gave him that and the ring, that they had been given to her husband by a rich aunt, a little while before she died."

The manner in which the dying woman confided them to the care of Mr. Rivers being already known, it is unnecessary to repeat it in the words of the witness; nor will it be requisite to give the testimony of the other witness, it being only corroborative of what had already been said in the prisoner's favor. When Mr. Rivers was asked why he retained the ring and the handkerchief so long a time, he replied that according to the promise which he gave Mrs. Brunnel, he called at the house where her mother had resided, the next time he passed, which was in a few days, and found that she had been dead several weeks. Finding that she had no relative who could have a claim on them, he retained them, until happening to meet the poor widow at P——, he concluded that he could not do better than to dispose of the ring, and appropriate the proceeds to her relief. The affair was immediately investigated, and Mrs. Brunnel's mother was found to have died at the time he stated. In the course of the trial, the letter which it may be remembered Mr. Rivers looked for with so much anxiety, was produced and read. It was from his father, and as the briefest mode of explanation, we will make from it a short extract.

"You will doubtless rejoice to hear that Miss Southard was married last Thursday. It was a Gretna Green affair, and entirely unexpected by her friends. My favorite wish, therefore, of seeing you united to her, is frustrated, and I am glad it is through her means, rather than yours, for however averse to the match you might have been, I know it would have given you pain to thwart a project so fondly cherished by the parent who is no more, as well as by the one that survives. I can now have no objection to your offering yourself to the Miss Westall you speak of in terms of praise too warm to be written by any person but a lover."

The jury, after listening to the charge of the judge, retired a few minutes, and returned a verdict of not guilty amid the rejoicings of those who had assembled to witness the trial.

We have made no attempt to portray the feelings of Gertrude, after the arrest of her lover; she could hardly have described them herself. The picture presented most constantly to her imagination, was the tragedy in the wood, which was revived with appalling truth, and even heightened by her own vivid fancy. She had now awoke as from a dream of a black and fearful tempest, and where, but an hour before, the clouds lay dark and lowering, now, as if they had passed through some magic crucible, they were displaying beneath the warm smiles of Hope, a thousand brilliant and glorious dyes. She was introduced to the elder Mr. Rivers before he returned, who approved of his son's choice, and sanctioned their union, which took place a few months afterwards, with his presence and his blessing.

Wolfboro', N. H.

Original.

WOUNDED SPIRIT, REST THEE.

I.

WOUNDED spirit, rest thee, rest,
And hush thy chiding;
If *one* heart loves thee, thou art blest!
Oh, be confiding!

II.

Recall each soft and melting word
In fondness spoken;
And every sigh that thou hast heard,
Deep, deep and broken!

III.

Recall again that sinless brow,
That bosom heaving—
Those gentle tones that breathed that *vow*—
Were those deceiving?

IV.

No, sad one, no!—then be of cheer,
Despairing never;
If one fond heart but hold thee dear,
Trust, trust for ever.

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Original.

RUTH FAIRFAX.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

Mrs. Fairfax was the widow of an officer who had fallen in the prime of manhood, beneath the "starred and striped banner," in one of the sanguinary conflicts of the north-western frontier, leaving an only child to recall to her widowed parent her irreparable loss. The lady had brought to her husband a small property in dower, and poor Fairfax, with something of melancholy presentiment, had secured a further provision for his family, by the purchase of a life insurance. The circumstances of the widow and orphan were therefore easy; perhaps, considering their frugal habits, even affluent.

The loss of Captain Fairfax preyed deeply upon the spirits of his widow—but she had a sacred duty to perform, the education of her little Ruth. An enthusiastic love of nature induced her to retire from the city, and chance led her to Doveden, a pleasant village in the northern part of New-York, which sleeps like a bird's nest, in the hollow of the everduring hills which raise their lofty summits, grey with granite or green with the luxuriant oak and walnut, high against the clear blue sky. She purchased there a pretty house, rather isolated to be sure, and surrounded by aged and luxuriant oaks. It stood upon a hill-side overlooking the village, and its winding river. A smooth and extensive lawn lay in front of it, chequered here and there with clumps of trees and clusters of flowery-shrubs, and vases overgrown with clematis. The windows of the drawing room opened on a garden which the taste of Mrs. Fairfax speedily filled with a profusion of rare plants. In the rear of her residence, rose the gigantic trunks of an uncultivated forest. Two domestics, a female and male, composed her whole establishment. The former was a native of the village, and the chief recommendation of the latter was the fact of his having served faithfully under Captain Fairfax, in whose defence he had received a severe wound, the memorial of which was a deep scar upon his brow.

Retiring and unobtrusive in her habits, the widow was yet not long in winning the esteem and love of the inhabitants of Doveden. The pale and pensive beauty of her features, the grace of her step and manner would have made an impression on a cursory observer, but those who knew her best extolled her unaffected piety, the purity of her sentiments, her charity and her benevolence. She possessed many accomplishments,—excelled in dancing, drawing and music, and was in fact admirably qualified to be the companion and instructress of a lovely daughter.

Little Ruth grew up in beauty. Her docility and intelligence were surprizing, and under the tutelage of her mother she improved equally in grace and bearing.

But Ruth Fairfax—who could gaze upon her charming figure, without wishing himself a painter? Her dark eyes were full of mirth and witchery, and her brow rose pure and lofty, overhung by the most luxuriant curls, that waved with the gay toss of her head or the kiss of the fresh breeze. Her cheek wore the carnation of health, and her soft mouth glowed like the lip of the "red, red rose." Her figure, of the medium height, was round and elastic. Such was the personal appearance of Ruth Fairfax at seventeen.

I shall introduce her "like errant damsel of yore," mounted upon a palfrey and attended by a trusty squire, formerly a corporal in her father's regiment, by name Phil O'Hara. We will accompany her upon one of those stirring equestrian excursions that make the pulses throb and the red blood flow faster through the veins of youth and beauty. It is a glorious morning in October. You may raise your eyes from the horizon to the zenith, but you can't find a single cloud. The dome of Heaven is filled with brilliant color, and the glad birds rush up to it with the sunlight on their rapid wings, like disenthralled souls, singing, as they soar to "Heaven's gate." The wide woods are glowing in their gorgeous and fatal finery, but looking on the deep scarlet of the maple, the red gold of the walnut and birch, and the glowing tint of the majestic oak, you forgot that the flower and the leaf are doomed, and that—

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

Ruth and her companion were descending a steep hill; the path was narrow and difficult, and the cautious Corporal rode ready to catch his mistress' bridle and raise her horse in the event of a stumble. An old and half ruinous mansion lay before them at a short distance, occasionally appearing and disappearing, as it was obscured by intervening trees, or peeped through their opening.

"Careful, madam," said the Corporal, "a steady pull on the snaffle, and jist fale the curb. Body well back, front face—point of the sword,—I beg your pardon, madam, I was thinking of the Seventh!"

"What a forlorn and desolate old mansion that is!" exclaimed the young lady. "A sort of mystery seems to hang over it. I never look upon it with its creaking shutters, its crazy fences, the wind whistling through the broken panes and tearing of the shingles from the old roof, without thinking it the very place for a ghost—if there are such things as ghosts."

The last clause of the sentence was accompanied by a peculiar look at the ancient Corporal, who was supposed not to be very sceptical in such questions. He fidgetted a little in his saddle, as he answered:

"Don't spake of it, madam. There's wiser and better paple than myself that belaves in them. But och! murdher! only to think of a ghost takin' up his rissidince in a protesthunt village, where there isn't a praste to be had for love or money to send him to the right about."

"Upon my word," said the young lady, pointing with her riding-whip, "it has tenants of some kind—there's a wreath of smoke from the kitchen-chimney. You never told me that Castle Rackrent was inhabited."

"And it's myself, madam, that only found it out a day or two since. Quare folks they must be to fix upon a place like that."

"But who are they?"

"Och! there isn't much of a story about it, any way. There came an ould gentleman, and a young gentleman,

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and an ould woman, into these parts, a week or more since, and they passed a day or two at the Blue Eagle. And the ould gentleman went up to the squire's who owns the house, and the next we knew of him, he bought some furnithur' an' moved into the house. And the ould gentleman has a mighty heaps of books and outlandish things, and sometimes he sits up all night long, looking at the sky through a big double-barrelled spy-glass, and so we think he's moonstruck."

"An astronomer."

"Very likely, madam. His name, they say is Murray, and he comes from the ould counthry."

"And the younger individual, is he his son?"

The Corporal was preparing to answer her question, when the loud report of a fowling-piece close at hand caused the young lady's horse to start and spring forward at the top of his speed. The Corporal would have proffered his assistance, had not his Bucephalus reared so suddenly, that the worthy militaire, taken completely by surprize, lost his seat and measured his full length upon the verdant sod of the wayside. But Ruth received assistance from another quarter. At a turn of the road, a young man, attired in a green shooting frock with a foraging cap upon his head, sprang forward, and casting aside his fowling-piece, threw himself upon the startled horse and stopped him in his mad career. The animal plunged furiously, but his mistress maintained her seat with great adroitness, and finally subdued his terror. The sportsman did not relinquish his hold of the bridle 'till the horse was perfectly calm. Ruth remarked that he was tall and handsome, with a dark but prepossessing countenance, in which a cast of melancholy was apparent. She thanked him for the service.

"I have to ask your pardon," replied the youth, "for the danger to which I exposed you by my carelessness. I was wholly engrossed by my ignoble sport. I fear my selfishness has caused you much alarm?"

Ruth replied politely, and at this moment her trusty squire rode up, rather sulkily, upon his recovered Bucephalus, his clothes bearing token of his recent misadventure. On seeing Murray, he saluted him with more than his customary military stiffness.

"Mornin' to ye, sir," said he gruffly. "Ye seem to be wide awake afther the dumb pigeons and partridges, but I'd advise ye, in a general way, another time, just to see whether any body's comin' before you pull the trigger."

The sportsman laughed. "I thank you for the hint," replied he, "but I have already apologized in the proper quarter for my carelessness. Permit me in return to advise you to brush up your horsemanship before you venture to escort a lady again."

"By the powers!" exclaimed the exasperated Corporal, "ax your pardon, madam, but the young gentleman forgets, or perhaps he never knew, about my riding in the seventh dragoons."

The young sportsman seemed willing to amuse himself with Phil, with whom he had a slight previous knowledge, a disposition in which, I am sorry to say, he was certainly not discouraged, by thinking he saw a glance of mirthful mischief in the eyes of the young lady.

"Or at least," said he, "it would do no harm if you learned your horses to stand fire. I could instruct you."

"Insthruct *me!*" cried the Corporal. "Och! murdher, murdher!" and he ground his teeth with smothered vexation.

But the sportsman deemed it improper to prolong the scene. The melancholy air habitual to him succeeded his gaiety, and with a polite bow to the lady, and a civil nod to Phil O'Hara, he whistled to his dog and springing over the fence by the wayside, was instantly lost to view.

"And that was young Murray?" said Ruth.

"The same, ma'am, an' a consated chap he is to be sure. Larn to ride, did he say? Och! that bates Bannagher intirely. He'd insthruct me!—me! Phil O'Hara, a Corporal of the Seventh Light. We were soldiers every man of us. Did the young gentleman never happen to hear of our campaigning against the Indians? By the piper of Leinster! there wasn't a Camanche that could hould a stirrup to us. An', thin he'd larn me to thrain a horse to stand fire! I like that." And the Corporal indulged in a dry cackle, without the least particle of merriment, and ending in a cough. He hemmed twice or thrice, and then added with surprizing volubility: "First you stand a ways off and hould a whisp o' lighted sthraw, and thin you come a little nearer, and thin you sit fire to it under his feet—and thin you show him a pisthol, wid a thrifle o' powder in the pan, an' flash it off—and thin you load an' fire it—an' thin you whang off a blunderbuss, and afther all, the crathur gits so bould that he doesn't mind the report of a field-piece, any more than the crack uv a dog-whip."

And having delivered this profound discourse, the worthy Corporal, finding that his mistress was leading on a gallop, plied steel and whalebone on the sides of his Eclipse, but did not come up with the fair equestrian 'till she had drawn rein within her mother's territories.

THE FATHER AND SON.

"Well, sir, you have returned at last," was the stern greeting which Walter Murray received from his father, as he entered the library. "And pray what successful slaughter have you committed?"

Picture to yourself, hair prematurely grey, shading a stern and haggard countenance, in which the deep lines may have been traced by sorrow, perhaps by remorse, a sinister expression and an athletic frame, and you have a faint idea of the personal appearance of old Murray. He was seated in a deep easy chair, and one foot rested on a crimson cushion. The room was furnished well, but without the least attempt at elegance. A few well-chosen books and some mathematical instruments constituted all its claims to the appellation it bore.

"What luck?" repeated the old man in a pleasanter tone than before.

"A few partridges and a rabbit, sir, are all my spoils."

"Great! glorious!" exclaimed the father, sarcastically. "A perfect Nimrod! Oh, give me the sports of the field! Your partridge is a gallant bird to wage war against—the contest is remarkably equal, and a flight of pigeons may be likened to an army of battle. And this is your boasted 'image of war?'"

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Young Murray heard his father patiently. "You know, sir, my amusements are not always unattended by danger—witness the bear and wolf hunt of last winter."

"Calm yourself, Walter," said the old man, "I do not doubt your courage—or—your thirst for blood!"

"My thirst for blood?"

"That was my expression. 'Tis the curse of mankind, and, sooner or later, we must all indulge it. 'Tis the cruelty that gives its zest to all our sports."

"I beg leave to differ from you, sir."

"Permit me to proceed. The schoolboy begins with his rod and line. What exquisite pleasure his first fish affords him, as it writhes upon his hook. Even in mature age the barb is his delight. Then the use of the gun opens to him new fields of slaughter—thousands must perish and yet not blood enough—no, even when he spurs his hot steed over the piled carcasses upon the field of battle." He paused and gazed upon Walter with a terrible expression of the eye, the frequent recurrence of which had created in his son's mind a suspicion of insanity, and then he continued in a low tone: "These are your wholesale slaughterers—but there are epicures in murder—the time, the place, the victim, are exquisitely chosen. Just when life is opening in its richest bloom, when its paths seem strown with flowers—ha! what think you of a young wife sleeping peacefully beside her innocent child and its father—what think you of an assassin in such a scene? He enters the open window by a ladder—cautiously, insidiously. He raises the lantern above his head, and the beams fall full upon his countenance, the look of hell is there. He approaches the bed. As he looks upon its innocent tenants, he gnashes his teeth and grips his knife—the blow descends, he slays them both." He paused with a look of horror.

"This is a dreadful picture you have drawn, my father," said Walter. "Why do you permit your imagination to dwell upon such fearful scenes?"

The remonstrance was unheeded.

"Let us pursue the subject a little farther," resumed the old man. "Let us suppose the—the murderer—ay he *was* a murderer in spite of wrongs, the deadliest—was he not?"

"Do you ask me?"

"Suppose the murderer, then, to have escaped suspicion—conviction—the gallows. What must be the horrors of his guilty conscience? What dreams must people his troubled sleep—if indeed he sleep! If he look to a brilliant sky upon a cloudless morning, the sun seems struggling through a mist of blood—if he fly to the wine-cup for relief, the grateful juice of the vine seems turned to blood. Walter, draw near me, boy, I *will tell you all*. Hush! is the door fast?" He gazed fearfully round and the hand he laid upon his son's arm trembled. A deadly palor overspread his countenance, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. Walter waited anxiously for him to speak.

"Walter! Walter!" almost shrieked the strange old man. "Don't look upon me with *that face*—it seems like the face of an accuser. Tush! I was jesting. What think you, Walter, I dreamed that I had committed a murder, and my peace was gone. I wandered with the brand of Cain upon my brow, and the constant dread of detection, hung like the sword of Damocles above me. I walked by the banks of a deep, dark stream, and I looked down into it, and I saw *her* there—my victim. I turned and fled. Oh! life seemed strange and wild and hopeless—and yet, weighed down with remorse, I thirsted for more blood—ha! ha! more blood, Walter!"

"What pleasure to know it was but a dream!"

The old man fixed his eyes upon Walter with a wild look, and then hid his face in his hands. 'The dark fit' passed away, and this singular man opened a volume of natural philosophy, and commenced explaining to his son a difficult and mooted subject with a precision, elegance of language, and clearness, completely at variance with the wild and incoherent manner of his moody moments.

"My poor father!" exclaimed Walter to himself, when the lecture of the morning was finished, and he was left alone. "Would to God I could restore thee!"

THE DEED.

Ah! halcyon days of early love—evanescent as the glow upon the sunset clouds, the bloom upon the peach, the bubble upon the crimson surface of the glowing wine! Let us enjoy it e'er life fades into the 'sere—the yellow leaf,' and that cold and reasoning period comes on when we sneer at the ardent passions of our youth as follies. Youthful lovers—prolong the happy period of courtship—too soon will come the 'carking cares' of life. The union may be happy, but there will be stern duties to distract the mind—separation—sorrow.

It would gratify me to depict the progress of events, trifling in themselves, but absorbing to the parties interested, which brought young Murray and Ruth Fairfax into each other's society, ripened their intimacy, and led to their betrothal. But darker events 'cast their shadows before.' It is enough to observe, that in furtherance of the views of the young persons, an interview between the parents took place on an appointed evening. That evening was one of midsummer. The moon rode high in Heaven. The day had been sultry and even oppressively warm, but the heat of the atmosphere was now tempered by mild breezes, and all along the dusky horizon, glimmered the sheeted lightning of summer. Its fitful glare eclipsed the light of the moon, when it flickered on the trees and vases in the garden of Mrs. Fairfax. Here it was that young Murray, who had not presented himself at the house from motives of delicacy, took his station in a favorite arbor, where he had often met his mistress, and watching her window, from which streamed the rays of a solitary lamp, indulged himself in those fanciful thoughts which beguile the lonely hours of the young and ardent. An occasional glimpse of Ruth's lovely form, passing to and fro, seemed to realize his visions, and repaid him amply for his self-imposed vigil.

> "There are some happy moments in this lone
> And desolate world of ours which will repay
> The toil of struggling through it and alone,
> For many a long sad night and weary day."

Thus wore on the hours, but the weather changed with their progress, and the sky became first lowering, then overcast. The moon waded through heavy banks of

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dark clouds, from which she emerged only to throw a wild and wan light upon the landscape. It might have been about midnight when Walter thought he heard the voice of his father high in anger, interrupted at times by the shriller tones of a female voice, but then all was hushed, some minutes passed and then the footsteps of his father fell upon his ear. Murray rapidly approached, and without saying a word, laid his hand upon his son's arm, and drew him within the recesses of the arbor. He appeared agitated and breathed hard. Walter's heart sank within him, for he dreaded an unfavorable termination to his suit.

"Speak, father," he cried, "has anything untoward chanced? What did Mrs. Fairfax say?"

"What she will not repeat. The time is brief—ask me no questions—enough the woman was a fiend—she knew me, Walter—*knew me!* the words have a terrible meaning, though you may not comprehend them. She swore that Ruth Fairfax never should be yours, and threatened to denounce me."

"Wherefore—to whom?"

"Justice. But hear me out. 'Sooner would I see my child the bride of death,' she cried, 'than wedded to one of your accursed race! Thou knowest the knife—ha? the knife with which—no matter—it was in my hands—"

"Father, father! what did you?"

"Removed the barrier between you and your bride."

"Merciless fiend!"

"Walter, it was for you I struck!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man. "Is this frightful scene a reality or a most maddening dream? A moment since he parted from me sinless, and now my father comes back to me, a murderer! No! no! it cannot be? What is to be done?"

"Stay here, rant, rave like a madman, and see your father perish. Every moment is worth a day to me—Fly!"

At this moment rose on the air the shriek of a woman, the tones of which, well known to Walter, thrilled to his very soul. A hoarse voice was heard to cry "murder!" and the alarm of the neighbors was immediate. The murderer seemed uncertain how to act,—not so his unhappy son. A wild energy took possession of him, and he acted under its excitng influence.

"Father," he said in a quick, low tone, "you shall not have it to say that I destroyed you. Follow me—leave this spot by a path which I will show you, and join the alarmed neighbors."

They fled, the guilty and the guiltless. Once Walter paused, and fixing upon his father a countenance of unutterable woe, the expression of which was fully revealed by a sudden burst of moonlight, he said,

"Give me the murderous weapon. If we are suspected, let the suspicion fall on one to whom life is now a worthless boon."

"Never, Walter," answered the father, "it shall fall upon the guilty."

"Give me the weapon!" exclaimed Walter imperiously, and the old man, yielding to the tone and air of command, placed it in his hands.

"Hold," said he, "if possible, do not force me to re-enter that house. I had rather face death. But it is too late."

They are in the throng of excited men, and hurried forward, asking each other questions, which but *two* among the crowd could answer. The villagers rushed into the house of Mrs. Fairfax, and, guided by cries and sobs, entered the room of the deceased. Every revolting evidence of violence was there, and, bending over the body, her dark hair mingling with that of the corpse, convulsed, maddened by grief, Ruth Fairfax met the eyes of Walter.

"Not thus," he muttered, half aloud, "not thus had I hoped to meet thee, Ruth, to-night."

The sound of her name, the voice, dearer even than her mother's, recalled the wandering senses of the maiden. She rose from the bed, and then threw herself into the arms of her lover, clinging to him for support, with convulsive eagerness.

"Walter," she sobbed, "my—my poor mother—did you know they had murdered her?"

The horror of the scene was too much for the unfortunate young man. His face was paler than that of the corpse, and he reeled to and fro. His appearance was so ghastly as to arrest the attention of even the distracted girl.

"And you too, Walter," she cried, "you too are sick, dying." And with girlish tenderness she loosened his vest to give him air. The fatal knife dropped to the ground. O'Hara seized it and held it aloft before the excited spectators.

"He killed her!" cried the servant.

"He is the murderer!" echoed the crowd.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the father in tones of well counterfeited agony. "What devil prompted you to this deed?"

But none of these cries reached the victim. His ear was as deaf to them as that of the dead. He only heard the voice of his beloved, as she murmured—

"*You*, Walter! oh, no! no! no!"

He saw her fall faint and motionless into the arms of a servant, his brain reeled. A moment passed, he awoke to the bitter agony of the doom before him. They were binding him. He gazed upon his father, that father turned away. He looked imploringly upon the multitude, horror, indignation glared in every eye, and low mutterings met his ear as he was dragged away to be examined.

THE PRISONER.

The rays of a declining sun fell over a landscape of surpassing beauty. The rugged aspect of the hills was softened by their influence, and the river-fish sparkled in the diamond blaze, as they broke the limpid surface of the water, and sprang from their native element. The glossy leaves of the oak, wet with a recent shower, glittered as they dallied with the passing breeze. Mere animal existence seemed a rich boon at this season of summer glory, and some of the sunshine fell into the lonely cell of a prisoner. The barred window which admitted it was so lofty, that he could not look upon the earth, but his eye was fixed upon the cloudless summer heaven, and his thoughts were tranquillized as he dwelt

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upon the undying serenity of those holy regions, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' He was young and lusty, on the verge of manhood, and the rose of health was no stranger to his cheek. But a few days since, he had roved the fields and climbed the hills, with a light heart and a buoyant footstep, for love had opened a vista on a fairy scene, whose reality seemed to eclipse all the visions of the veriest romance. How transitory and unsubstantial had been his dreams!

"The summer cloud floats on its lofty course, bearing the hues of Heaven on its bosom, the next moment it is clad in funeral array: and not more suddenly," thought the poor prisoner, "came my fate upon me."

He recalled the horrors of that awful night—the crime of his parent, the agony of his betrothed. As some wild dream grows darker and darker and more complicated in its scenes, until the agony of nature becomes too strong for sleep, so did the dark events of the last few days hurry on each other.

The apprehension was followed by the trial: he had stood before a jury of his fellow men, with the suspicion of murder resting on his fair fame. The agony he felt in secretly contemplating the conduct of the real criminal, and the ruin of his own fair hopes, had been construed into the torture and half avowed remorse of guilt. The knife, marked with his name, and found upon his person, was damning evidence. There was little doubt that the trial would terminate fatally for him. Yes—he must die.

"And what is death," he mused, "but the general lot? A few years, sooner or later, and we must all succumb. Youth has its casualties as age has its decay. But such a death! I once hoped to die on a field rendered holy by the well-fought battle of a sacred cause, with the shout of victory ringing in my ears. Latterly I have sighed for the *euthanasia*—I longed for a life of Christian peace with thee, beloved one, and for a Christian's calm repose,

> 'With cross and garland over my green turf,
> And my grand children's praise for epitaph.'

To die on the gibbet, followed even to the fatal tree by the execrations of a multitude, deemed guilty even by *her*, perhaps, it is too bitter. And yet, better thus, than that he should die unrepenting."

The young man ceased, for he heard the heavy sound of the key grating in the lock. The door swung heavily upon its hinges, but the prisoner did not turn to inquire the cause. A small bird, a truant from some neighboring wood which had been fluttering with many a carol in the sunshiny air, at that moment perched upon the window-sill.

"Happy creature!" exclaimed the prisoner, "why dost thou linger by this hated dungeon. Ay, it was but for a brief space. Away with you, reveller of the bright air, and leave me to listen to the beatings of my own lonely heart. Ah! would that I had the wings of the dove to flee away and be at rest."

A heavy sigh followed the closing words of Walter—he turned—did his fancy deceive him, or did Ruth Fairfax stand within the precincts of his dungeon. His first impulse was to rush forward and clasp her to his heart. He advanced a step or two, but recollecting himself, stopped, and folding his arms upon his bosom, gazed upon the face of his mistress with sorrowful earnestness. She was changed, greatly changed since last he had beheld her. Grief has its miracles as well as joy. The brow and cheek were paler than Parian marble, but the expression was mournfully beautiful. She was clad in black from head to foot. She held out her hand to Walter and smiled sadly, but the delicate fingers which the prisoner raised to his lips, trembled violently, and her voice failed her when she attempted to speak. Walter was hardly less agitated, but he controlled himself by a mighty effort.

"Ruth," said he, "this visit is like the coming of a ministering angel. It has dispelled a suspicion, a doubt, I ought never to have entertained. I feared, shall I confess it, that you believed me guilty!"

"Oh, Walter!" exclaimed the poor girl, after a vain effort to repress her tears, "do not say so. If I was yours in prosperity and gladness, am I not bound to cling to you still more closely at this dreadful crisis? But why do I speak thus? There is hope."

"Beyond the grave," said Walter firmly.

"Oh! Walter! do not look at me thus. Let me cherish the belief that they cannot doom you to death."

"They will but act according to the light of human reason if they do so. Not upon the head of my judges will rest the stain of innocent blood—but upon his—no—no—I will not tell even you; it is too horrible."

"What do you mean, Walter? I conjure you to tell me all. A dark suspicion has already crossed me. Confirm it, and I will breathe it aloud—abroad—and save you—save you from a death of infamy."

"Hush! hush!" cried Walter, grasping her arm. "Crush it—bury it! Instinctively I guess your meaning. No—no! 'twould be too dreadful; let *me* suffer. I owe him a life. What have I said?"

"The knife—the name," muttered Ruth Fairfax to herself. "Could I but save him! Walter! dearest Walter! you shall not die so suddenly—you are too good, too brave, too kind, to suffer such a death. Save yourself—something tells me that you know the way. Ah! you cannot pass resignedly from this lovely earth. Look at yonder glorious sky."

"Beloved one!" said Walter, gently, as he placed his arm around her waist, "I look beyond it. There, we are told, lies the home—the happy father land where the spirits of the lovely and the living shall meet together."

"You cannot leave me."

"But for a season, beloved one. I am young and doubtless full of faults, but I have striven hard to prepare myself for my fate. One dark unworthy doubt crossed my mind; you have removed it. I am now prepared; let me endeavor to nerve you for the scene."

"Oh! Walter!" sobbed the poor girl, hiding her face upon his bosom, "I am indeed unworthy of you. But if my prayers for your safety are unheard, do not think that length of years shall sunder us. I know—I feel that I shall speedily rejoin you."

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"Calm yourself," whispered her lover, "and look to Heaven as I have done, for resignation. Did it come in any other shape, I could almost welcome death, for upon the earth we can never be united. A fatal *event* has placed an insurmountable barrier between us!"

Ruth was about to reply, but the door of the dungeon once more revolved upon its hinges, and the jailor informed her that the hour of departure had arrived. She took a mute and tearful farewell of her lover, who, left alone, once more addressed himself to the consolations of religion. His devotional exercises were long and fervent, and when at length he retired for the night to his humble pallet, a most refreshing slumber steeped his senses in oblivion.

THE CRIMINAL.

Reclining in a deep chair before a table, on which burned dimly a single lamp, sat a solitary watcher. A book lay open before him, but he did not glance upon its pages. A window, open to the floor, disclosed a glorious scene of wood and water. The beams of a young moon played among the branches of the trees, and the pleasant murmurs of a summer night were not wanting to lull the senses into forgetfulness. Yet the occupant of the apartment did not gaze with admiration on the moonlight landscape, nor yet yielded himself to the Elysian of a calm repose. His eye was fixed on vacancy, and ever and anon he started and gazed uneasily about him. The incoherent mutterings which escaped from his lips, at length shaped themselves into something like the following soliloquy:—

"He must die—and wherefore should I seek to avert his doom? Does it not save him, young and guileless, from the crimes and cares of wretched humanity. One would choose a different mode of death, perhaps, but that is a mere matter of taste—yet I shall miss him from my side. Though with every cause to hate him, he contrived to gain a hold upon my affections. How like his mother—in beauty, character, and self-devotion. Oh, Mary! why did I ever cross your path. At such an hour as this have I wandered arm and arm with you—and at such an hour as this—but why do I think of these things now? In my own dark heart be its secret slumber. What would they accuse me of? Murder! ha! me, a man of peace. They lie. I never struck but twice—but then each blow was fatal. Methinks I see the recent victim now. She reviled—she threatened me—she died. But who is my accuser?"

He started to his feet as if a poignard had been stricken to his heart, for, gliding through the shrubbery, a tall female figure appeared before the window of the library.

"I have heard of these phantasms," said Murray, calmly passing a hand across his brow: "wise men have suffered from similar delusions, but I never knew my reason to play me false before." He opened his eyes—the figure was there still.

The features of Ruth, pallid, sad and severe, seemed to Murray those of his victim.

"What would you have?" he asked.

"Justice!" was the reply. It was *her* very voice."

"Do the fiends keep holiday?" exclaimed the wretched man. "She stands there yet—it is no deception. Help, ho! I could pray, but my tongue refuses that office. She waves her wan hand. Why should I follow her? This is some trick," he added, "but the game's afoot, and I must follow on. Lead on!" he exclaimed, as he dashed through the window, and trod in the footsteps of the now receding figure. Once or twice Murray attempted to draw back, but he was now completely under the spell of his guide, and followed her even against his will. Though his joints trembled under him, he still held on his way. "Miserable wretch that I am!" he exclaimed; "the crimes I have committed were most horrible, and dreadful is the punishment reserved. Mercy! mercy! Heaven!"

Ruth paused, and turned full upon him.

"Do you ask for mercy?" she exclaimed, in a thrilling tone; "do you ask for mercy, and show none? Even now you are contemplating a deed of the blackest dye. The innocent must perish, that you may prolong your wretched life. To-morrow, an innocent man is doomed to death. Look to your own morrows, that they may be happier. The fiends themselves will suffer less than you will suffer."

They were now before the door of Judge Heathcote's residence, in the outskirts of the village of Dovedon. The tall building cast its giant shadow on the street. Beyond them the ghastly moonlight glittered on the long perspective of the main street. Murray's hand was on the latch. He turned to look once more at the phantom. She had disappeared. The door was unfastened, according to the custom of the country, and no one challenged his entrance, so that he soon made his way into the presence of the judge, who was seated alone, over his books and legal documents.

The wild and haggard countenance of his nocturnal visitor, the disorder of his dress, and the abruptness of his entrance, seemed evidence either of insanity or meditated violence. Fearing the latter, Judge Heathcote rose hastily, and inquired the business of the visitor with some alarm.

"Be seated, sir," was the reply, "and calm yourself. I have that to communicate which you alone must hear, and you must hear me out. I am an abandoned, desperate man—a villain—nay, start not—I mean *you* no violence. If I did, what would outcry or resistance avail you?" As he pronounced these words, he produced a pair of pistols, and laid them beside him on the table, cocked, and ready for use. He then drew a chair near the judge, and seemed collecting himself for some disclosure. A wandering of the eye—a twitching of the muscles of the face, indicated insanity. Judge Heathcote regarded Murray with no little uneasiness, and resolved to make his escape from the apartment, the moment an opportunity occurred. Disguising his feelings, however, he addressed his companion calmly.

"I am at leisure, sir, and prepared to listen to whatever communication you have to make."

THE CRIMINAL'S CONFESSION.

"Hear me, then. I told you I was an abandoned man. I am one to whom blood, and the thoughts of blood, are very familiar—yet was I not thus always.

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I can remember the time when my heart was guileless and buoyant—when the sports of the field and forest were to me thrilling and absorbing. You may wonder that I can look back on those calm times at this moment. Yet I see it before me—the noble mansion of my ancestors, surrounded by the broad oak woods, in the shade of which the deer sported the livelong day. It was a scene characteristic of old England. I see my venerable father seated in his magnificent library, reciting some tale of my ancestors, who were stern warriors in the olden time, or of the bridals, the hunts, and the archery meetings, that made the hall such a holiday residence in by-gone days. My stately mother is standing by his side, and observing, with a smile, my enthusiastic reception of the narrative. They are both dead, and I am a lonely and lost man. The name I bear is feigned—thank Heaven, that, at least, I have not disgraced the stainless and time-honored name of my family. I was an only son, and the death of my parents left me master of a large and almost unencumbered property. Then it was that the evil passions of my nature, which had heretofore slumbered, were warmed into life by the sunshine of prosperity. I must needs come up to London. I sicken at the recollection of my reception there—the officiousness of pretended friends—the sycophancy of menials and sharpers. The turf—the ring—the opera, I patronized munificently. I led the fashion—dressed, dined, drank to perfection. Weary of London, I went to Paris, and exhausted its pleasures in a brief space. Finally, for excitement, I settled upon gaming. With an infatuated reliance on my luck, I threw myself upon *rouge-et-noir*. I rose one evening from the table, and left the *salon* a ruined man—comparatively speaking. Why did I not then blow out my brains as I meditated, and so rid the world of a monster. It was in the seclusion of the country to which I again retired with the pitiful wreck of my fortune, that I met a beautiful young girl, an American, who, with a female companion, was residing in the same town, being on a visit to an English relative. Lovely and intellectual, she inspired me with the first pure passion that I ever felt. Our casual acquaintance grew into intimacy, and finally I had reason to believe I was beloved. And now, as before, the sunshine of success warmed into life my scorpion passions. I had, heretofore, been a profligate and gambler. I now drank deeply, first for excitement, next, for oblivion of all but my successful suit. Mary perceived a change in my conduct, traced it to its cause, and remonstrated with me vehemently, and, as she thought, successfully. She vowed that she never would be mine until I had for ever renounced the fatal cup. I did so, and the very next week, broke my oath. She finally dismissed me. I was frantic. I sought an interview with her, employed entreaties, oaths and threats to change her purpose, but in vain. She had cast me off, and now quitted the house of her relative to avoid my persecution. For a while, a scorching fever bound me in its fiery chains, and it was many weeks before I received my consciousness, and with it, a portion of my former health. I was now an altered man. I drank no more—my abstemious habits would have shamed an anchorite. I read deeply—revived my collegiate studies, made new acquaintances, and set up for a literary man. I poured some of my wild thoughts into poetry, and the verses, strange, unfinished as they were, attracted general attention. Criticism looked kindly on them, and the world applauded. I wrote a political pamphlet, and both parties anxiously endeavored to unmask the author. At length I disclosed myself. Flatterers crowded about, and Royalty itself deigned to notice me; but I turned away in disgust. I had made all these exertions to reinstate myself in the favor of Mary—to prove that I could render myself worthy of her, and win her back. She came not. I wrote her a burning letter, breathing all my resolves—my hopes. She sent it back unopened. It was then that love was blotted from my heart, so that I knew not the meaning of its very name. Vengeance—vengeance—that was all my cry. It was too galling to sit still and brood upon my wrongs, without the power of avenging them. My recent studies were distasteful to me. I travelled, but wherever I was, wandering by the legendary Rhine, or in the ruins of the Coliseum, or treading the classic shores of Greece, the thirst of vengeance tormented me unceasingly. For a few years I wandered like Cain, longing to deserve the curse he bore. At length the hour came. I returned to England, and revisited my native place. When I went abroad, I had parted with the old family mansion, to obtain the means of travel. It was resold, and a young baronet, Sir Malise Grey, was its tenant. I was curious to see this new man who now called my ancient home his own, and being informed that he was a regular attendant at church, I repaired thither on the first Sunday after my return. He came up to the pew with his young wife. They bowed their heads in silent reverence. The lady turned, and I beheld the face of Mary! She uttered a faint shriek, while I, forgetful or reckless of the place in which I stood, rushed madly from the church. Mark me, sir, I met them not again until the HOUR had arrived. I scaled the window of their chamber, and entered it at dead of night. I killed them both. My vengeance was instantly satiated, and even as I withdrew the fatal weapon, remorse took possession of my soul. At this moment the wailing cry of a young child broke upon my ear. It was that of the boy whom I had just made an orphan. What would become of him? With a singular inconsistency I determined to bear him off. I succeeded in so doing. With him I fled to this country, and, for years, I was a father to him. His countenance constantly recalled my early passions and my crime, and it was a self-imposed penance to superintend his education, and exercise the paternal relation with regard to him. He became the lover of Ruth Fairfax, and I resolved that no obstacle should cross the path of his desire, and turn the fountain of his affection to waters of bitterness. I sought Mrs. Fairfax to arrange the preliminaries for the nuptials. Picture my astonishment, when I beheld, hanging on the wall, the portrait of my early victim. The agitation into which this threw me, gave rise to words and half confessions, that very nearly betrayed me. They might have fallen

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fruitless upon an indifferent ear, but the listener—the mother of Ruth Fairfax, was too keen, too vigilant to permit them to escape—she charged me with crime—the avowal seemed wrung from my lips. In spite of agony and suffering, I had always clung to life. I now no sooner perceived how dangerous a power I had given her, than I resolved the fatal secret should die with her. My worthless life must be preserved. I saw but one way, and I was blinded and stung by her revilings. I stabbed her to the heart. Circumstances fixed the guilt on my reputed son. He lies in prison awaiting his sentence. For days I have been as one upon the rack, now impelled to rush forward and save him, and now recoiling from the face of death and shame. To-night, as I sat in my apartment, torn by conflicting emotions, a warning was sent me. Yes, believe me or not, the dead appeared to *demand* the publication of the truth. You, sir, are a magistrate. Into your custody I surrender myself. Let the law work its worst—it can inflict no torments like those of my own conscience. I ask no mercy! let me meet the punishment of my crime! total annihilation is better than this life of anguish!"

* * * * * *

Calm and cloudless rose the sun upon the morrow, that day which Walter thought would put an ignominious termination to his career. But he was ransomed—the bitter chalice was removed from his lips. In the joy of his emancipation, he forgot, for a moment, that another was to suffer in his place. The confession of the criminal, the tale of his father's fate, threw him back again into a state of agonized feeling, and the only relief he experienced, was in the thought that no insurmountable barrier interposed, as heretofore, between himself and Ruth. Then came the harrowing certainty that one whom he had long regarded as a father, must expiate his crime by an ignominious death. Murray was convicted, and condemned to die, but long before the hour appointed for his execution, his own hand had sent his soul to its dread account.

Not many months had passed, before Edward Grey—such was the real name of Ruth's lover, was united to his mistress. Together they had joyed, together they had suffered—it was not for two such tried and kindred spirits to remain asunder. As they sat in the travelling-carriage which bore them away from the scene of so much suffering, Edward clasped the hand of his bride, and pointing to the receding spire of the village, said—

"Dearest, look your last at Doveden. After what has happened, it is no home for either of us. I go to England to regain possession of my father's estates and title. I long to present my lovely bride to those who will welcome her and me. Yet we shall not linger there long. We must travel. Paris, Vienna, the Alps, Italy, have all their attractions. Beneath a softer sky, we shall learn to look back upon the past with resignation, and coming joy will seem the dearer for the trials we have suffered."

Such were the words of Edward Grey. "Oh! what glorious prophets of the future are youth and hope!"

Boston, Mass.

Original.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

THEY are exiled by Destiny's changeless decree,
From heritage, birth-place and home,
And doom'd like the storm-bird that flies o'er the sea,
Still onward unresting to roam.
They are leaving for ever their own native clime;
They are hastening on to decay,
A few more dark waves from the ocean of Time
Will sweep the last remnant away.

E'en now from the forests that rise in the west,
From valley and mountain and stream,
From the prairie's broad surface, the lake's boundless breast,
They are passing away like a dream.
When a few more brief years shall have rolled o'er the land,
And cities lie thick on the plain,
On our far western hills will the traveller stand
And ask for the red men in vain.

In vain will he ask for the wild-woods they lov'd,
In their happy and prosperous hour,
For the homes and the haunts, and the scenes where they rov'd
In the days of their freedom and power;
No record shall linger to tell of the race,
No epitaph point to their tomb;
The changes of Time will have swept from the place
All sign of their life and their doom.

The streams where their fleet barks once glided about,
Will bear gallant vessels along;
And the hills which have echoed the warrior's shout,
Will resound to the husbandman's song.
On the plains where the forests their arms tossed on high,
Where the red hunter sought the wild-deer,
Fair cities will lift their proud domes to the sky,
And Art's splendid temples appear.

The flocks of the herdsman will feed o'er the grave
Where the dust of the chieftain is laid;
And the rich yellow harvests of Autumn will wave
Where the tomb of a nation was made!
The ploughman will pause in the midst of his toil,
And ask with a wondering gaze,
As he bends o'er the relics he turns with the soil,
"Who dwelt here in earlier days?"

No voice from the past will arise to reveal
The secret he questions to know;
For Poesy's song will not wake to the theme,
Nor Hist'ry an answer bestow;
But echo alone will reply to the sound,
O'er hill-top and valley and plain,
Her voice in low music will linger around,
And repeat the sad question again.

'Tis meet that we mourn for the Indian's doom—
When life's weary journey is o'er
He must sink to a lonely unchronicled tomb,
And be nam'd or remembered no more:
With perishing things he must pass from the earth,
And leave not a trace to disclose
His name or his deeds, or the place of his birth,
Or the spot where he sunk to repose.

WHAT is so hateful to a poor man, as the purse-proud arrogance of a rich one? Let fortune shift the scene, and make the poor man rich, he runs at once into the vice that he declaimed against so feelingly; these are strange contradictions in the human character.—*Cumberland.*

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Original.

THE WAR-SPIRIT ON BUNKER'S HEIGHT.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

The sun walked the skies in the splendor of June,
O'er earth full of promise, and air full of tune:
The broad azure streams calmly rolled to the deep,
Whose waves on its breast stirred like babes in their sleep.

The turf heaved its green to the white-vestured flock,
That fed, or reposed in the shade of the rock;
The birds sang their songs by their nests in the bowers;
And the bee hummed with sweets from the unwounded flowers.

The humming-bird glittered and whirred o'er the cell
Where her nectar was stored, from the hill to the dell;
'Mid the bloom and the perfume that passed on the breeze,
From the rose and the vine, and the fruit-bearing trees.

It seemed like a gala, when nature arrayed
In festival robes, with her treasures displayed,
Reflected the smile of her Maker above,
And offered up hymns of her thanksgiving love.

And yet, in the bosom of man there were fires
Fierce, quenchless and fearful—consuming desires
For right unpossessed, and for lawless domain,
That burned to the soul, and that flamed to the brain.

In the streets there was clanging and gleaming of arms;
In the dwellings, resolve, preparation, alarms;
In the eye of the wife, mother, sister, a tear;
In the face of their soldier, no trace of a fear.

The patriot chieftain had marked out his ground,
To hold, or to fall, if his foe passed the bound:
And now was the hero to close in the strife,
For death as a bondman, or freedom with life.

The war-spirit hovered and frowned on the height,
His eye flashing lightning—his wings shedding night!
From his wide fiery nostrils rolled volumes of smoke,
And the rocks roared afar, as in thunder he spoke.

At his dread shock of Nature, the lamb from its play,
The bee and the bird, in affright fled away.
The branch, flower, and grass, felt the crush and the scath,
And the winds passing by, snuffed the heat of his wrath.

With blood, that in torrents, he poured down like rain,
He drenched the green turf that he strewed with the slain,
'Till the eminence groaned with the carnage it bore,
And its heart heaved and shuddered at drinking the gore.

While the breath of the war-spirit scented the air,
The rivers looked wild in reflecting his glare;
And ocean's cold bosom was torn as he gave
The flap of his pinion to trouble its wave.

The village besieged, wrapped in flames from his breath,
Looked up to the hill where he revelled with death,
And swelled with the essence of life he had shed,
To sweeten their cup, and the banquet to spread.

Oh, war-spirit! War-spirit, when didst thou bring
Such trophies of beauty before the pale king,
Since walking on Gilboa's height in thy power,
Of Israel's valiant to mow down the flower?

Mourn—wail, oh, ye people! and spread wide the pall,
Whose deep, sable fringe down the hill-sides shall fall!
Your brethren's warm blood cries aloud from the ground
That hosts like Philistia's in triumph surround.

The lovely, the pleasant have perished! Alas!
Where they fell may there hence be no dew on the grass!
Let a monument there towards the heavens rear its head
From a base that shall cover the spot where they bled!

Ah, war-spirit! War-spirit, deep was the gloom,
Though heaven was unclouded, and earth all in bloom,
When thou, at the onset, that young summer's day,
Didst strike so much valor to darkness away!

And yet, by that thunder, the land is awake:
'Twas the crack of her yoke in beginning to break!
And out of that gloom is her glory to spread;
Her living be franchised, immortal her dead.

For up from that summit an eagle shall rise,
To breast the thick clouds 'till he sails the blue skies;
And drop, while he bathes at the fountain of light,
A plume from his pinion their story to write.

It shall fall where they fell, on the still purple sward,
Full and warm with the sunbeams their deeds to record;
And move o'er the scroll in the hand of the free,
While the wing where it grew spans the earth and the sea.

Original.

WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM. G. HOWARD.

The rainbow's tints are not so bright,
As the rich streak,
That, like a beam of sunset light,
Gilds beauty's cheek.

Not the glad notes of joyous spring,
That charm the ear;
Nor morning lark's gay carrolling,
Grateful and clear;

Are half so sweet as woman's tones,
In that lone hour;
When Misery's bleeding bosom owns
Her holy power.

As the last, lovely, lingering ray
Beams o'er the west:—
The parting glance of dying day,
Sinking to rest:—

So, when death's shadows darkly frown,
May woman's eye
Fringe them with brighter hues, than crown
The evening sky.

Chillicothe, Ohio, 1841.

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Original.

LOVE IN A LANTERN.

BY J. E. DOW.

I HAVE often thought of the associations of a lantern. A common utensil!—it has witnessed many a queer and many a severe joke—many a sad and many a glad tale. It is not of modern origin—whether Noah had one in the ark or not, is not yet sufficiently ascertained to be affirmed: but, this much I do know, Diogenes had one which he held in the face of every person he met with, while endeavoring to find an honest man on earth; and the lantern of Demosthenes rests, somewhat *opaque* to be sure, upon the Acropolis of Athens, at the present moment. Judas Iscariot, whose price was the cost of a coat of the present day, betrayed his Saviour by the light of a lantern. Guy Fawkes endeavored to blow up the parliament of England, King James and all, with his lantern: and Sir John Moore was buried on the heights of Corrunna,

> "By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
> And the lantern's dimly burning."

Shakspeare had much to do with lanterns: and the grave-digger, the man who represented the moon, and the carrier on Gadshill, all introduced the lantern to full communion with the drama. In the Celestial Empire, the Chinaman and his lantern are wedded together. When the British frigate, Alceste, Captain Maxwell, fired upon the battery at Anna hoy, the Chinese soldiers it is said abandoned the fort, having been influenced *by that fear of being killed*, which generally thins off a newly raised army more effectually than the camp fever, small-pox, or cold plague. In this flight, however, they could not leave their lanterns behind them, but each one took his dearly beloved transparency and clambered with it up the steep hill-side behind the fort. The sight of an army with lighted lanterns ascending the rugged cliff, was ludicrous in the extreme, and the long pig-tails that dangled from the bald pates of both rank and file, seemed ready to *point* a *moral* or adorn a *tale*. The Royal marines in the tops of the Alceste, were so much convulsed with laughter at the sight, that not one of the pig-tailed heroes fell before their hitherto deadly fire. Truly, in the multitude of lanterns, there *was* safety. The Feast of Lanterns, when the natives "chin chin jos, ie, give thanks to God," is a splendid affair—then the lantern is seen in its perfection. It is computed by travellers, that two hundred millions of these gorgeous lamps are exhibited at one time, shedding their crimson light throughout the Chinese Empire. He who feels thankful hangs out his light, and you might as well expect a son of New-England to celebrate thanksgiving without a turkey, as for a Chinaman to "chin chin jos," without a lantern.

During the French Revolution, (I mean that of blood and terror,) the lanterns in the streets of large cities enabled the midnight mobs to hang the proscribed royalists more expeditiously. Every lantern-post became a gallows, and '*mort par le lanterne*,' signified death by cordage. Well might this harmless utensil have been termed a death-light in that night of blood, for it enabled many a man to *see how* to take his leap in the *dark*, and then flared in solemn splendor over his dangling corpse. Lanterns have gleamed in the dungeon and at the altar, and in the palace of the gold worshipper. They have shone from the spires of beacon-lights, to the lowest depths of the damp and dismal mine—from the hands of watchmen in the drizzly streets of a smoke choked city, to the quarter galleries of a three decked admiral, dashing proudly along the foam-capped bosom of the deep. Lanterns have lighted to love, to battle, to treason, to murder, to the gallows and to the grave. One hangs above Mahomet's sacred pantaloons, in the mosque of Saint Sophia in Constantinople, with a verse from the Alcoran, on its side: and another hangs in the capitol of the United States, not far below the speaker's chair, with the significant notice of "hot coffee and pig's feet," staring in red paint at the adventurous visitor, who Æneas like descends to the abode of spirits. Truly, in that magnificent house of the people,

> "There are spirits above and spirits below,
> Spirits of wine, and spirits of woe.
> The spirits above are the spirits of woe,
> And the spirits of wine, are the spirits below."

Lanterns are of all sizes and shapes, and are made of horn, glass, paper, silk, wire, mica, wove willow, and punched tin—they weigh from two ounces to a thousand pounds; and consume, according to the calculation of my old maiden aunt, a *power* of tallow.

Having now made the reader acquainted with the article which has, with love, much to do with my tale, I will commence where every true story should commence: viz. at the beginning.

Upon a sand-bar that juts far out into the gulf of Mexico, from a dense forest near the scene of the Indian war in Florida, the United States, after the session of some *sky* lighting congress, erected a fair and lofty light-house. It was none of your Frog-Point, Horse-Neck, Sandy-Hook, or Scituate squab lights: but a long metred Barfleur light, a real cloud splitter and storm brightener; one which the seaman's eye loved to look upon when night shut in his native land behind him, and one which blest him above all other objects when his returning keel grazed by the rippling reef or silent key.

Several years ago, about the time of the murder of the United States Indian Agent in Florida, by Powell, *alias*, "*the howling black tea-drinker*," it was my lot to spend a short time with the keeper of the aforesaid Light-House.

He who has bivouacked in a Floridian swamp, can dream of the difficulties that surround the brave men who go there from year to year, to fight unseen Indians and die.

The Indian war in Florida, like the Maroon war in Jamaica, stands in a class by itself. There never was any service like it, and I hesitate not to say, that there never can be any service like it, out of Florida. A soldier with a foot-hold should fight and conquer, but when placed in a bog up to his arm-pits, with a heavy cap upon his head, a hundred weight of blankets, rations, etc., in his knapsack, and a musket large enough to be carried on wheels, in his hands, to be kept dry, you should not condemn him for not killing Indians who

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skulk behind the long moss on the cypress, and fire at him, *ad-libitum*, with impunity. All the generals in the world can do nothing with regulars there. They must go as bush-fighters, and like Washington and his little band, at the surprize of Braddock, to take the trees. When this plan is pursued faithfully, the Seminoles will be driven from their swamps—the hatchet will be buried at Tampa Bay, and the calumet of peace be smoked by the soldier and the brave, by Wythalacoochee's dismal shore. But as it is not my intention to write an apology for the army, or to censure the censurer's—I will pass on to my story.

It was a beautiful summer's afternoon, when I took my rifle, called my dogs, and penetrated the hammock in the rear of the light-house, in pursuit of game. After creeping through the under brush that surrounded the swamp, I reached an open space where my dogs were barking furiously. I looked towards them and beheld upon a dead log a beautiful Indian maiden of seventeen; she was not swarthy, and her brown cheeks were red with excitement. I have seen the master-pieces of sculpture in the museums of Italy, and have viewed the Circassian maidens in the bazars of Smyrna and Constantinople, but never did my eye rest upon such symmetry of form, such grace of attitude, as that which adorned the Seminole maiden in her own green bower.

I noticed, as I burst through the thicket, that she saw me not, but continued looking down with breathless interest. I called off my dogs in a loud voice, but she heard me not. Her form seemed singularly agitated, and her hand waved gently before her while her piercing black eyes seemed starting from her head. I had noticed in my former jaunts, that numberless rattlesnakes infested the hammock, and I became convinced that my lady of the wood was under the fascination of one of those scaly rascals, whose thirteen thousandth grand father, caused Mother Eve to sin. I examined my priming, and finding everything correct, moved cautiously around the open space until the ground behind the log was open to my view. Upon a bed of moss, a monstrous rattlesnake lay coiled, ready to spring upon his lovely victim. His eyes were like burning rubies, his colors were beautiful and shifting, as those of the chamelion; his red forked tongue played between his crooked fangs, and a strain of lulling music seemed to proceed from his mottled throat. I hate snakes—I speak not in the seaman's vernacular now—and if I ever admired one's *taste* it was that of the one that coiled before me; and if I had been *in his skin*, I should have bitten the beauty, at first sight, to a *dead* certainty. For a second I paused, but seeing his scaly majesty, slowly laying back his upper jaw to give the fatal spring, I aimed and fired—the hammock sent back the report with a hundred echoes—the snake rolled over and over, minus his head and neck. The Indian maiden dropped her hand, and raised a wild hysteric laugh—a warwhoop rang by my side, and a Seminole chief in his war paint, stalked up to me. I pointed to the snake, and then to the maiden. "Hugh!" said he, and bounding like a cat to the writhing reptile tore out its heart and swallowed it before I could express my disgust at such a proceeding. I presumed this was his way of showing that he loved his enemies, and I feared that he might bestow his next compliment upon myself. The rescued maiden now approached me with a timid look, and plucking a wild rose from a moss bank, handed it to me with an air and grace that would have made little *Vic* of England, hang herself out of envy, had she been present. As she gave me the flower, she spoke in her own wild gutturals, but the language of Tuscany never fell more sweetly from beauteous lips. I could not understand her words, though I read her simple heart, and I answered her in Spanish. Her eye sparkled with delight.

"My mother," said she, "was a Castilian, and I was taught by her to speak her native tongue."

The Indian now approached and seemed impatient for us to end the conversation. The maiden seemed to be laboring under great restraint, and I could see the chief's eye flash fire, as I imprinted a kiss upon her lovely cheek.

"Hugh," said the chief, while a warwhoop rang in the distance. "White man—no good—go."

Instantly the maiden bounded along the tangled pathway, and the warrior, after shaking me by the hand, strode off towards the sound in another direction. As his form was lost in the leafy labyrinth, and the sound of his moccasin died away, the young Venus of the woods peeped out from the moss that enveloped a cypress that towered above me.

"Stranger," said she in a low voice, "we shall meet again—go now, for those approach who are enemies to your race."

I kissed my hand to the beautiful child of nature, the face disappeared, and the moss waved in the evening breeze as silently and as impervious as before. Calling my dogs, I returned to the light-house, musing upon Indian maids, of love in trees, and of rural felicity; which being interpreted, gentle reader, meaneth a bed of damp leaves, a cold turkey, a gourd of slimy water, and an eternal fit of the ague.

—

The keeper of the light-house, Timothy Turnagain Turner, had been an old neighbor of my father's, and like most of the restless spirits of New England, migrated to the Southward, and lost all his family, but one, by the stranger's fever. Truly, strangers should be well treated by the chivalrous Southrons, for they generally turn out the scape goats to bear all their diseases. I have often thought that in the last great day of account, the sons and daughters of New England, will be found in every shrouded legion of the mighty company that comes up at the gathering angel's signal trumpet, to the muster of the dead.

Julia Turner, for she was all that remained of sixteen strong, was a pleasant girl of the Saxon school of beauty. Like the rest of her style, she had a determination of flesh to the feet and shoulders, and like the Irishman's poodle, was the tallest when she sat down. Her features were classical to a fault. Her hair was like Juno's; her eyes melting and piercing, and her voice plaintive and touching. She was fond of pony riding, and boat sailing, had a spice of poetry in her brain, and

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was not afraid of distant thunder. To tell the reader the plain truth, I had been smitten with her charms at a ball at Indian Key, and having compared logs with her father, received a polite invitation to spend a few weeks with him at the light-house on Lugger Hugger Point.

Turner was an excellent hunter, and the savages respected him for his woodcraft. He would drop a turkey with his long ducking gun, that had echoed at Bunker Hill, at almost any distance; and occasionally, it was said, he administered a handful of mustard seed shot, to a red skin or two, in the grey of the morning, in his water melon patch, under the impression, as he afterwards assured them, that they were ground hogs. This the Seminoles considered as adding insult to injury, but fearing that he would give them a charge of double B.'s the next time he found them pilfering, they rubbed their punctured skins with *beef brine*, at his suggestion, and bounded off to the hammock, yelling like so many devils incarnate.

Julia Turner had a soul above light houses and sand bars. She wished to be a *real* lady, and was fond of being noticed by marriageable gentlemen, and the days past pleasantly enough in her company, until the day when I met with the flower of the forest, as before related.

—

As I entered the light-house on the evening of my discovery, Julia stood waiting in smiles and long ringlets, to receive me; and having heard me, on a former evening, express a partiality for a handsome 'Blue Stocking,' she had adorned her insteps with a glorious pair of blue hose that outvied the deep dye of a tropical heaven, and created *an indigo sensation* in my inmost soul.

"William Frederic Scattergood," said she, displaying her well-filled *azures* in the most approved manner, as much as saying, there is a pair of them, and snatching at my wild rose, in the spread eagle style of fashionable life. "You are so thoughtful of me in your *prerambulations*—I am extravagently *fund* of *rosers*. Isspicially *morse rosers*. Where did you *warnder* to *orbtain* such a brilliant *spissimen* of *Flora-riddian blume*?"

"Nay," said I holding on to my rose, "I cannot give you this, it is a present."

"A *prissint*," said she, "and from wheum?"

"From an Indian girl," said I, blushing.

"Umph," said she, turning up her prominent feature, and wiping her hands upon her apron, as though they had been polluted by touching the rose. "*Ingin geerl*, to be sure—well, every one to their tastes, as * * *."

The rest of the sentence fell imperfectly upon my ear, as she retired in high dudgeon from my presence. I saw that the jig was up with me, in that quarter, and hastening up to my room, deposited the precious flower in my trunk pocket.

The next morning, when I descended to the breakfast-table, I found that Julia had gone in the market boat with the light trimmer to visit the nearest neighbor, and I never saw her more.

The only time that I heard of her after her departure, was in a *love case* in Alabama, where she sued a tin pedlar from her own town, for sundry breaches of promise, and obtained a load of tin for damages. Truly great must have been the damage that required a dairy of milk pans to repair; and dreadfully warm must have been that excited affection, that could only be cooled by a score of sprinkling pots and a nest of tin water pails. Poor girl, she never could be a lady because she chose a false standard. Her race is run—*Requiescat in pace.*

—

At the close of the afternoon of the day on which Julia Turner had left the light-house at Lugger Hugger Point, Timothy, who had become exceedingly churlish in his manners, left on a hunting excursion, without giving me an invitation to join him. Somewhat nettled at his conduct, and feeling curious to know where he intended to hunt, I repaired to the lantern of the light-house, and opening a slide, looked out towards the land. The tall Cape Codder, with his rifle cocked and ready to be brought to his eye, was stalking with the legs of a giant along the sand bar, towards the hammock so precious in my eyes, and his grizzly bull-terrier was following doggedly in his steps. Onward strode the keeper, and onward trotted his dog, notwithstanding flocks of blue winged teal, and scores of majestic wild geese floated upon the calm water within the breakers, not a stone's throw from the shore. Turner soon reached the hammock, the wild vines parted before him and in a moment he was hid from view. For a half hour I sat and looked out upon the wild scene that nature had spread before me. The moan of the deep woods came off upon the land breeze, and occasionally the wild bark of the dog rang along the winding paths of the thicket, and burst forth upon the open air in numberless echoes. The hollow roar of the ocean as it dashed upon the breakers, chimed in with the music of the land, and the shrill screams of the sailing sea gulls added the diapason and completed the notes of Nature's hymn. Presently, a wild, unearthly yell, rang in the distance, and then the cracking of fifty rifles awoke the deeper echoes of the hammock. The shrieks of man, and the death howl of an animal, mingled together: and then a wilder whoop rung fearfully round, and all was still.

As I looked on with fearful interest, the beautiful Seminole stole cautiously from the thicket, by the water side, and after satisfying herself that she was not perceived, directed her steps towards the light-house.

The antelope never bounded swifter nor with more grace than did this wood nymph along the sand bar. In a few seconds she entered the door and barred it securely. I hastened down the winding stairs and met her.

"The hatchet is bare," said she, "the Seminole is your enemy. The pale face has gone to his home with the great spirit, and his dog sleeps upon his corpse."

"Have they murdered him then?" said I fiercely.

"They have," said she, "and they will soon be here."

We had four muskets at the light-house, and plenty of ammunition. I hastened and brought up the muskets with sufficient powder and ball to serve us; and then began to examine the sides of the building for a chance to retreat in case we were driven to extremities. Tur-

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ner's best boat was on the side of the light-house looking towards the sea, hanging upon davits. A rope ladder led down to it from the lantern, and the whole was out of sight from the shore.

I immediately placed in the boat a breaker of water, a bag of ship's biscuit, a keg of spirits, and four cold hams. I then placed two muskets ready loaded in the stern sheets, shipped the rudder, topped the mast, and overhauled the halliards, so that I could make sail in a moment. The trap door that opened into the lantern was then closed down and fastened. With two muskets we seated ourselves upon an oil can, and awaited the onset of the savages.

About dusk, dark bodies began to crawl along the sand bar, and the hooting of owls and the yells of catamounts, rung shrilly on the night air and filled the whole evening with sound.

"They come!" said the Indian maiden, pointing down to the black objects, that seemed like a tribe of beavers going in search of fresh bark. "Pale face, we will live and die together. The blood of Castile has triumphed over the darker flow of the red man."

Never had I witnessed such transcendent dignity, such nobleness of soul. I opened my arms involuntary to receive her, and the dew drop of Florida fell upon my breast and wept.

"We will live and die together, my precious wild flower," said I, imprinting a kiss upon her burning cheek. At this moment, a louder cry was heard from the bar.

"He comes," said she, springing to her feet and bending her ear to the window slide.

"Can you fire?" said I, grasping my musket.

"Yes, pale face;" said she, with a look of sternness. "Give me the long arm."

I handed her the musket, and she presented it towards the advancing party.

"Ha!" said she, "I have him!" Her musket rang sharply, and a tall red skin bounded into the air and fell dead upon the sand. "He will trouble me no more!" said she, sitting down upon the floor with a hollow laugh. She had killed her lover.

I picked off another warrior; and in a moment, a dozen bullets rattled against the lantern frame. A louder whoop below, now assured us that the party had reached the door of the light-house. In our haste we had omitted to fasten a little window near the door, and soon we heard another startling whoop, and then the tread of a moccasin upon the stairs. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and at length a heavy thump shook the trap door beneath our feet.

"Open the door cautiously," said she, "and I will send the whole pack down below."

I silently undid the fastening, the door rose upon its hinges, and the fierce head of a Seminole warrior, painted in the most terrific style, popped up, and his fiery eye balls glared around the lantern. The next moment, a musket blazed away at his head, and he rolled heavily down the steep winding stairs, a mangled corpse, carrying with him the advancing Indians, who retired in confusion and fear. For some moments all was still, at length loud talking was heard at the foot of the stairs, and the noise of ascending feet approached the lantern.

"They have found your powder," said she earnestly, "and are bringing it here to blow us up."

"It is time to decamp then," said I, looking down to the boat. "Follow me." As I said this, I descended the ladder to the boat, and was instantly joined by the agile maiden. The boat was lowered to the water in a twinkling, the falls were cast loose, and we glided off into the darkness that rested upon the deep. I now hoisted my lug sail, and seating myself in the stern sheets, with my Indian girl by my side, bade good night to Tim Turner, the Seminoles, and the light-house on Lugger Hugger Point.

We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when a terrific explosion was heard in the light-house. A wilder yell rose upon the breeze, and fragments of glass and tin rattled merrily as they fell in showers around us. We looked, and the light-house had lost its lantern and a red flame was shooting high up from its shattered cone. At this moment, the Seminoles discovered our boat; the laugh of success was turned immediately into howls for the dead, and gathering the mangled corpses upon hurdles, the whole band retired to the hammock. Silence now hung upon the deep woods and the broad ocean, and the tree tops whispered sweetly to the gentle dashing of the surf.

"Dew Drop," said I, faintly, "I am drowsy."

"Go to sleep then," said she, "and I will steer the boat."

I closed my eyes,—the ripple of the boat sang in my ears, and I slept.

—

It was a bright morning in summer when I awoke again. I had been sleeping, to my astonishment, upon a rock of a reef near the light-house. Tim Turner stood over me with a boat hook in his hand, and a most rueful visage.

"Are you dead?" said he.

"No," said I, "but you are."

"Not I, faith," said he.

"An't you murdered?" said I.

"Murdered, the devil!" said he, "you've lost your wits."

"Where are the Seminoles?" said I.

"Robbing a hen-roost," said he, "I peppered two of them for stealing my water-melons last evening, just before the light house was struck with lightning. But let me raise you, you must have been injured by the explosion and fall."

"Injured, no," said I, "I escaped with the Dew Drop of the Seminoles, in your boat."

"Ha! ha! ha! that's a good one;" said he. "Why you've laid here, high and dry, ever since seven o'clock, last evening; and my boat had such a hole in the bottom, from the descending thunder bolt that I could not mend it until daylight."

"And have you not seen the Dew Drop?" said I, inquiringly.

"Dew Drop," said he, "yes, she has been pilfering in my hen roost and robbing my chicken house, this half

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hour; and I am in a hurry to return and give the wench a grist of mustard-seed shot."

As he said this, he raised me up—my hair was singed off of the back part of my head, my boots were ripped into a thousand pieces, a long black mark run down my linen jacket and trowsers, and I began to be conscious that I had been struck with lightning.

Reader, I had had a glorious dream. I was thrown by the thunder-bolt out of the light-house lantern, and had been carried by the tide to the reef where the waves laid me up to dry.

"What is life but a dream?" said I. And echo answered—"But a dream!"

Original.

HAPPINESS LOST AND FOUND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I.

Our cot was in a forest glade,
Where sunbeams stole to mock the shade,
And wild flowers round the lattice played,
By beam and breeze caressed:
And in our Mary's form and face,
Was all the blossom's glowing grace;
A lovely human flower, was she,
Nay! more, a bird, in tireless glee,
The darling of the nest!
She came, an orphan, to our wild;
But fondly on her kinsman's child,
My mother, her true welcome, smiled,
And so our home was blest.

II.

Yet I, alas! unconscious then,
How rich, within our woodland glen,
Were we, afar from world-worn men,
For gaudier pleasures pined:
For I had seen, in dreams at night,
A being, lovely as the light,
With eyes like Heaven, of changeful blue,
And hair, that gleams of gold stole through,
And lips in dimples shrined.
Her name was Happiness, she said;
And soon, by blind Ambition led,
I left our lowly, love-warmed shed,
To seek this maiden kind.

III.

I sought her far—I sought her wide,
I sought her in the halls of pride,
Her angel smile was still denied,
Where gems less lovely shone.
I asked of Fame her fairest crown:—
With mocking laugh she cast it down.
No spell was in the wreath, tho' fair,
To win the maid with golden hair;
And I was all alone.
I asked of Wealth his coffer's key:
He smiled, and flung them wide to me,
The glittering treasure, fair and free,
I lavished.—Soon 'twas flown.

IV.

It bought me rank;—it bought me power;—
It bought me Pleasure's fleeting flower,
And many a plaything of an hour:
Ah, me! 'twas little worth!
It could not buy that being fair,
The vision with the shining hair;
No! far from me, her low, sweet lay,
Young Joy was warbling all the day,
While I, o'er half the earth
Went wandering for her looks of light.
At length, I wearied of the sight,
Of palace-halls. I dreamed one night
Of her, who gave me birth.

V.

And coldly, on the morrow-morn,
With sorrow in my soul and scorn,
I sought the glen where I was born,
How holy seemed the air!
The wild-flower, with its early glow,
Still lightly laced the lattice low;
Still sang the rill;—the forest trees
Bent, as of old, beneath the breeze,
And all was free and fair.
The Zephyr, with its breath of balm,
The sunshine smiling, soft and calm,
Wrought, in my very heart, a charm,
And made it Summer *there*.

VI.

Some dreamy moments passed, before
My trembling hand unlatched the door,
And I, beneath that roof once more,
Stood silent with delight.
My mother welcomed back her boy;
My bashful Mary blushed her joy;
And folding to my heart, the prize,
That now seemed dearest in mine eyes,
And loveliest and most bright,
I saw again the vision fair,
The maiden with the radiant hair;
For Joy and I had *parted there*,
As there we met that night!

VII.

Ah! many a youth will search like me,
Will roam the land and cross the sea,
In quest of Happiness, while she
Sits all the while unseen,
Beside the very hearth he leaves,
And there her golden web she weaves,
Perchance arrayed in lowly guise,
But still with Heaven-illumined eyes,
And frank and smiling mien.
We fondest prize the gem we miss;
We prize for *absent* friendship's kiss;
We know not, 'till we *lose* the bliss
That dwells at home serene.

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Original.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE;*

OR, THE HEART'S ORDEAL.

BY ANNIE FOSTER.

PART SECOND.

"Man oft aspires to find
The destiny that Heaven alone perceives."
There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."—*Shakspeare.*
"Whatever is, is right."—*Pope.*

ALTHOUGH the character of Isabel Legard was shaded by the darkness of ungoverned passion, although the love of power was her besetting sin, and she was well skilled in all the chicanery of its tuition, yet there was much good that counterbalanced the evil warrings of those dark points of her nature. Generous and candid, to a fault, she scorned the indulgence of such petty and ignoble feelings as envy and malice, which, alas! it must be confessed, seem more generally to sway and agitate the female bosom. The highmindedness of her soul scorned the venomed barb of the one, and the cowardly, cringing pace of the other, and ever called forth her deepest deprecation. But to cause the brightness of Isabel's virtues to shine forth from the lamentable rubbish and chaff which clung so closely around, and fettered oft her better impulses, the school of other than pampered prosperity was needed to crush and break asunder that arrogant pride and self superiority which gradually promised to so seriously tarnish nature's gift to her sex, the purity of a confiding soul, destined by an all-ruling power, physically and mentally to look upon, and lean for support on man, the original, but now degraded likeness of his Maker. Even after she had arrived at an age, when maturity of judgment and reason call loudly for self restraint, did she find many innate, gentle, and feminine feelings, swept away by the uncurbed force of that avalanche within, indomitable self will.

Isabel was the eldest of three children, and possessed of a mind of the highest order, an imagination of the most enthusiastic and poetic cast, with all the advantages of refined cultivation, united with a person striking at the first glance, it need not be wondered that the eye of parental indulgence beamed proudly on her as one highly gifted, and that *she*, too, became early impressed, to a no ordinary degree of her own importance, likewise conscious of being, in many respects, superior to her sex in general. When at seventeen, like some bright, peculiar star of surpassing light, she emerged from the obscurity of childhood's probationary thraldom, many were the voices to proclaim Isabel Legard "the fairest pattern of excelling nature"—the prodigy of her native place, which was of that size to ensure every one a knowledge of each other's business, and respective movements. The tongue of prophecy immediately predicted, from the number of her admirers, she would be soon "locked in the nuptial gorget," but Isabel's repeated rejection of eligible and astonishing offers, as soon silenced the favorable decision, and at twenty, like many others, she found herself wondering that the right one had not yet entered the well filled lists. Then arose suspicions of her being cold, unloving and unmerciful in all the grades and phases of Cupid's tuition, or too self-important and opinionated to be won by any being, falling short of perfection's self. And did the heart of Isabel vibrate with the truth of this harsh sentence from the world, whose eye seldom falls on other than the mere exterior? Was that heart sensible of its incapability to love? Did not her imagination, ever glowing with images of the bright and beautiful, picture forth some being who was not *all ideal*, and whom she fondly thought worthy to wear the contested prize, the laurel of her heart? Yes, within the bosom of that apparently cold and haughty girl, there burned the fire of that passion, which, in one like hers, could not fail to partake of the deepest idolatry. How perverted from its destined course does love become in a woman, when, instead of imaging the soft and peaceable stream, it shadows forth as in Isabel's, the first emblem of a

"Torrent, loud thund'ring in its might."

And was such a love as deeply requited? was it centred on an equal or congenial spirit? When the former question would force itself on her mind, the suppressed heaving of her bosom, the long and anxious revery of thought, and, finally, the doubling sigh gave back to the startling query, an almost sadly boding fear.

"Weak as I am," she would exclaim, in those moments of bitter doubt, "in loving Lester Clifford, thank Heaven it is unknown to all save Him, the searcher of every heart;" and without heeding the voice of reason, that the daily cherishing so dangerous a feeling within, might twine, in time, around her the fatal leash of her own destruction, she unhesitatingly yielded to its influence, and would not, because she blindly cared not to be extricated, if the hand and power of self government were to effect her freedom.

Lester Clifford combined every requisite and blandishment calculated to win the affections of a woman, without being one of those gossamer flutterers, found in constant dalliance on her every nod and bend of will. He left H—— when quite young, to reap the advantages of a continental education, though previous to his departure, young as he was, busy rumor had assigned him to Isabel as her devoted champion, in all the knight errantry of Cupid's powerful kingdom. Being on intimate terms with Emma, his sister, they were constantly thrown together during that period, but whatever may have been his feelings then, his uncommon maturity of judgment and correct observations of human nature, counselled a prudent reserve on his part, rarely exercised by one of his years. Isabel, who was therefore ignorant of his heart would have sacrificed every thing to have been assured that he loved her, but conjecture was all she had for the basis of her affection. As time wore away in his absence, all surmises were gradually lost in oblivion; the increasing eclat of Miss Legard's successful career as a belle, soon banished all early prophecies respecting Lester Clifford, her youthful lover, giving room for those of riper years and more *solid* pretension.

* Continued from page 171.

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To be admired and loudly extolled by the male sex, was sufficient guarantee for the shafts of "lean-faced envy," and malice from her own, therefore Isabel in her brilliant but dangerous position, found herself the unlucky target for the aim of such. But she was too independent and ensconced in self esteem to be affected by the mere assertions of being a "vain, arrogant belle, the proudest and most callous coquette," and her slanderers who were too "soft and buzzing, like sickly moths, with their stealing venom," ever shrunk from personally confronting her with their opinions, consequently, Isabel moved on in her own prescribed course of action, feared by such, not deigning to look down from her eyry of conscious superiority, on their detracting efforts, and warmly loved by those with whom her own high spirit sought communion.

The name of Lester Clifford was loudly gazetted as the highest graduate, the favored son of genius, at these several seats of learning where he had become an aspirant for collegiate honors, and after an absence of many long years, he returned to H——, with fame's fresh evergreen wreathing his manly brow, and the glad consciousness of victory radiating his noble face with a beauty which the happiest imagery of a Guido's pencil might have envied. Again was the old song of his early attachment to Isabel revived, as day after day found him in her presence; deeply had she treasured every mark of distinction, every breath of applause, which were bestowed on him ere his return, and oh! when they had met—when her beating heart became sensible that his admiring eye still wooed her to discourse as in olden time—how difficult was the mastery over her feelings when she endeavored to assume an outward calm when such tumult reigned within, when such agitating emotions shot up from the long slumbering waters of that deep, devoted love, incipient in youth, but fearfully matured by time, and her own ungovernable nature.

Lester was an only son, the pride and hope of his fond and wealthy mother, who, to ensure his remaining with her constantly, lavished on him every tenderness, offering every inducement that affection could suggest. To see him united to Isabel, was the end and aim of all her thoughts, for then would be accomplished this desired finale of her wishes. But to all her hints on the subject, he seemed perfectly indifferent, and when the hope of soon seeing him take the first step towards settling in life, that of marriage, was expressed by the anxious mother, there was evidently seen a cloud of melancholy to pass over his open, handsome countenance. Towards Isabel, he observed, if possible, more mystery of conduct—always devoted to her society, frequently declaring his admiration of her fascinating powers—acknowledging her the most beautiful and gifted woman he had seen in foreign as well as in his own land, yet, farther than this, his lips had not breathed to her any sweet assurance of a tenderer sentiment, and she, as well as many others, was involved in the maze of perplexed suspicion.

About this period of wonderment, regarding his position with Isabel, Ida Norman, an old school friend of Emma Lester's, visited H——, and soon to her the tide of conjecture rapidly turned, because of Lester's marked enjoyment of her society. Still it was almost impossible to believe that one like him, could love such a girl, who, save her pretty face, possessed very few of those attractions he had often declared necessary to enlist his affections, and though it must be confessed it was an *ondit* on love's *tapis*, that caused no little surprize in the vigilant police of match-makers, breakers, and sundry candidates for a marriage settlement in the busy town of H——, yet there were some who were not incredulous as to its truth, for all over the world, and from time immemorial, the truism of loving, or choosing our opposites, has been verified with thousands more wrapped in conscious dignity, and vaunting higher expectations than Lester Clifford. How many like Desdemona, can see all that is lovely in an uncomely visage, whilst theirs may be of Nature's proudest model! How often doth learning forget its lore, to love a weak and stinted intellect: virtue ally herself with vice and fame, so oft seek out the lowly and obscured! Thus are life and mankind made up of strange contrarieties, and however preposterous this truth may seem, at first, to one ignorant of the great book of human nature, yet, to him who has read further than its title page, no contradiction of action or opinion, appears too absurd for belief.

From Isabel, this unexpected and surprising news was not long withheld, accompanied by various exclamations of "Well, who would have thought it"—as it was faithfully retailed; notwithstanding which, matters seemed to progress most smoothly with the supposed lovers—nothing daunted by the curious eye of the said watchful police, and promised to speedily eventuate in something pleasingly serious. When lo! most unexpectedly, the sudden departure of Lester, to locate himself in one of our southern cities, put to flight all immediate developements, and to the gaping astonishment of every one, he had taken leave of family, friends, early associations, and of Isabel, ere their awakened curiosity on so important a subject had been fully gratified. But ambition was a passion as exacting in the bosom of Lester, as love, and rightly judging his already gained laurels would soon wither if he inactively rested on them much longer, he determined to enter at once the clash and clatter of a professional career, in which he would procure a more stable renown, than that resulting from the advantages of education or collegiate application. About this time, Alice Fairfield became united to Douglas Aubery, which event severed another bond of early affection from Isabel's heart, and as it has been brought before our view, we will continue to follow the web of these circumstances of her life, which, when harrassed by suspicions of unrequited love, the memory of desolated friendship, and in hours of almost misanthropic gloom, Isabel regarded it as one wrought with "mingled yarn, of good and ill together."

It was some months after the marriage of Alice, when one evening, a tall figure, evidently habited *incog*, was seen rapidly wending her course to that lonely and retired part of H——, known as the direction to the fortune-teller's dwelling. The path she was tracking,

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led one in its devious windings, far from the busy hum and mart of the town, which was so very suspicious in its aspect and desolate contiguity, that few would have had the intrepidity to venture in it alone. But the person we have alluded to, evidently appeared to court solitude, and to pass unrecognized as she quickly pursued her way; and after casting a hasty glance around, to be assured that no one was near, she paused, opened her hood, to catch breath, and rally departing courage; then with renewed velocity she emerged into a pathway rendered almost impassable by the rank weeds and overhanging boughs of tall saplings. This soon broke off into a small clearing, in the centre of which, stood Dame Moxey's hut, whose outward appearance differed somewhat from those which the imagination would picture as inhabited by sybils of old, for, instead of unclean poverty, all was comfortable and neat around the lowly dwelling; well trained shrubbery bloomed on each side of the door, forming a rustic arbor before it, and looking like a cultivated oasis amidst that vast desert of chilling loneliness. Despicable as Dame Moxey's livelihood was, it had secured to her many of this world's comforts, her fame having spread far and wide as being wonderfully successful in her prognosticks, and it was not uncommon for even grave or sceptical heads, to seek a consultation with one of such unerring foresight. The hut was situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking a deep ravine, down which rushed a roaring waterfall, the noise of whose dashing force seemed fearfully to increase the wildness and desolation of the spot; a thick wood skirted the level side, through which the female had traversed with so much hesitating caution. It was near the middle of autumn; Summer had resigned her sceptre unusually early, judging from the rapid thinning of the foliage, and the beautiful green was scarcely perceptible among the sombre and russet hues of so early a season. That dreariness and barrenness which always pervades nature at the time when "leaves begin to fall," seemed sensibly to strike an answering echo—a commingling of the like fate in the bosom of the *incog*, as she cast her eye down the ravine's horrible dark depth, then heaving a long drawn sigh, she closely drew her hood over her face, and knocked softly at the door. It was some time ere any one answered her summons; at last a smiling little girl admitted her, saying her "grandmother would soon attend to the lady."

"Will I have to wait much longer? I have walked very far, and it is growing late," inquired a fluttering, but sweet voice from the hood.

"I reckon not," returned the girl; grandmother has had a good many to visit her lately, and thinking it was such a gloomy evening, no one would be here, she went a little way into the woods; but it is now time for her return."

The female arose, and paced the room with great impatience, which caused the girl to look inquiringly at her, as she left the room to seek her grandmother. Then as if giving vent to oppressive thought, she exclaimed—"How Alice would ridicule me for my present foolishness; indeed, I own it a weak stratagem, that Isabel Legard should resort to this, as a means of resolving suspense into a certainty. But I confess I am half imbued with superstition, for who lives that is entirely freed from it? Though some are wise, and confident enough to assert the weak trait belongs alone to the erring, conscience-stricken or ignorant, yet I know there are few who do not yearn to penetrate hidden things—who do not feel a desire to look beyond mortal's ken—and very few who would not be more or less affected by the voice of prophecy. Yes, I am resolved to prove if there be the shadow of truth, or its semblance, in this old woman's knowledge of the past, present, or future. She cannot know me unless I doff my disguise, and, if she should give me a bare hint of my love for Lester, as also what will be its sequel, great Heaven! I would worship her power, for only that of divination can belong to her. Oh, Lester, Lester, what trial, what ordeal would I not encounter, could I but ascertain the truth, even though it falls blasting on my heart—this gnawing suspense is a thraldom too insupportable for a love like mine."

The step of some one approaching, interrupted her passionate soliloquy, and breathlessly she awaited the expected interview with the foreteller of destinies. Following the little girl with a firm step, and erect, but enveloped head, Isabel Legard entered the place of mysteries, Dame Moxey's council chamber. At a small table sat an old woman of pleasing countenance; the clear sparkle of her round grey eye betokened a keen perception, her broad open brow gave signs of no ordinary intellect. Before her lay certain symbols of her mystic office, and from the determined importance of her manner, she seemed fully assured of the truth and power of her knowledge. In a voice of condescending kindness, she welcomed Isabel, saying—

"Well, fair lady, I perceive you desire to pierce, through *me*, the veil of your future destiny. What would you first know?"

For a moment a shade of incredulous scorn might have been seen to pass over the concealed brow of Isabel, and her eye to flash a defying sternness on the self-complacency of the old woman. It was with a haughty calmness, therefore, that she stood unmoved, revolving what to say, but soon arousing herself, she proudly replied—

"Think not I seek you here, entirely believing your orgies and incantations can materially affect *my* future fate, but having heard something of your skill, I resolved to test its truth and extent. Come see (holding out her hand with a mocking solemnity of manner) what thine eye of immortal wisdom detects in these *speaking lines*."

Dame Moxey gazed steadfastly on the delicate and beautiful palm before her, then slowly raising her eyes, as if endeavoring to penetrate the disguise of her visitor's face, said slowly—

"Lady, I know full well, at this moment you despise the wisdom which judges of that not plainly visible to *every* eye and mind, but scoffing as is your manner, there lingers within you a sickening dread of the future. I know you not, but in your hand I detect the shadows of coming darkness—a few gleams of sunshine will shoot

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athwart its murky gloom, but they will be briefer than the 'summer evening's lightning.' I see one little star —its light will shine o'er your pathway but a short while, then leave you to grope in a greater darkness from its have twinkled thereon. That star is Love, but gathering storms of adversity and disappointment will cause it to sink behind the horizon of hope. Are you satisfied, fair lady?"

She paused for Isabel's answer. A deathly paleness had overspread her face, her heart had actually become pulseless. "Fear held her mute," and never had the haughty Isabel Legard seemed so dismantled of her robe of self-possession. But regaining, in a few moments, the usual mastery of her feelings, she earnestly desired a more unambiguous divination of her destiny in a tone of less bantering disbelief.

"You say the star of Love will shine over my pathway—will it borrow no light from another, to make me blessed? Dropping your metaphor, can you tell me whether I now love any particular one, and if my love will be requited?"

A pack of cards, of curious form and devices, was placed in her hand to cut. She obeyed, and again extended her palm, the old woman continued—

"Do you love? As the earth does the grateful showers of Heaven, and the invigorating sun—as the flowers the refreshing dew, and the swift-winged bird its nest, so do you *him*, whom thou now lovest. Will your love be returned?" the hand of Isabel trembled, a smile played over the old woman's face as she continued. "A few more seasons of loneliness will intervene ere you will behold the star of companionship. You will tread a path of thorns and briars, strewed therein by doubt and suspense, but the glimmering of another will be seen, though its light will prove an ignis fatuus to hope, because Folly and Disappointment will cause it to be blotted from the hemisphere of your heart! Lady, I can read no farther."

Isabel, in silence, for words were beyond her command, left the fortune-teller's with a heart vibrating with the echo of the unwelcome prediction, and sunk in the abyss of fearful gloom, she retraced her steps homewards.

How wisely hath it been ordained by an all-just and merciful providence, that man should remain ignorant of that parchment of Fate which He alone holds in His hand, for were it unrolled to him by a *divine* power, what a fiery scourge knowledge would be—how life would be cursed and robbed of that sweetness which a blissful ignorance of impending woe fails not to cast around it. And, if the prophecies of a mortal being so often cause the strongest of minds to quiver with despairing belief, how would they stand before the revealings of Divinity!

Isabel's bulwark of self-superiority and pride for once tottered, warning her that she, so strong in her own strength, might at last fall the unresisting victim of a misguided and morbid passion. She heeded not the threatening storm, for the winds had arisen from their noonday slumbers, and were whirling around the sear and yellow leaves with all the fury of an autumnal gust. It was with dificulty Isabel could retain her cloak around her shivering person, and even when the storm burst forth, she regarded it not, so much sunk was she in her thoughts, nay, although the shades of a dark night had rapidly surrounded the earth, her invincible spirit had not quailed on the way, nor had she for one moment revolved in her mind the improper hazard of being abroad at that late hour, but whenever the love of adventure spurred on her energies, Isabel rarely consulted the world's opinion, or succumbed to its general rule. Alone, and in the solitude of her own chamber, on that night, were the repinings of her desponding mind given vent to, for it was ever there, and there only, the happy sunshine of her brow vanished 'neath the heavy pressure of despairing doubt, and it was no small source of pleasure to her proud bosom, that its narrow limits shielded her from the cold observation of those with whom she daily felt it impossible to tame her nature into companionship.

Repeated knocks had been made at her door, but they fell on a senseless ear; finally the intruder entered without a bidding, fearing something had befallen her mistress. Farish started to see the pale face of Isabel leaning abstractedly against the window, with her cloak still hanging around her shoulders.

"I beg pardon, Miss Isabel. I feared you were not well, for I have almost shook the house with my loud knocks. My mistress has looked in vain for you, so Miss Norman and the strange gentleman had to go away without seeing you."

"Did you say, Farish, that Ida Norman has called here? How glad I am I did not see her, for her looks, of late, have become too triumphant for my proud defiance," murmured Isabel, as if speaking to herself, then turning to her maid, desired to be left alone, as she was indisposed. But Farish evidently wished to unfold something on her mind, and seemed more dilatory than usual in arranging the room; at last she ventured to drop a few hints, blending Miss Norman's name, with a knowing shake of her head as she concluded.

"I think as how I can see through some few things, especially about she and Mr. Lester, how hard she tries to catch him in love with her." Isabel's attention was somewhat arrested.

How could you know any thing about Miss Norman or her love affairs, Farish?" said she, her face slightly flushed, and expressing a quickly roused curiosity.

"Why, you see, my lady, I am very thick with Jane, her maid, who tells me strange things about her—how many letters she gets from Mr. Lester, and says she takes a long time to read them; then she sometimes cries over them, when she writes back to him. I hope my lady will not mention what I have told her, for Jane says her mistress would discharge her, if she caught her tattling."

"You need not fear me; and I caution you not to meddle with any lady's private matters," returned Isabel, reprovingly, "besides, I dare say Jane is wrong about the letters being from Mr. Clifford. Miss Norman has a brother—they may be from him."

"Oh no," said Farish, very knowingly, "Jane can

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read, and says she has carried many a one to the office. I reckon, too"—here she stopped, and putting her hand into her pocket, drew forth a letter, saying, with some hesitation, "*I've* seen a few, for here is one Miss Ida got the other day, and because it was misplaced, she flew into such a passion with Jane, who, when it was found, gave it to me, that I might let you see it. Jane says, too, that her mistress may *conniver* as she chooses, but but Mr. Lester dont, and wont love any body but you."

The garrulity of Farish had given rise to various feelings in Isabel's bosom, that of vexation at her maid's supposing *she* would, through her, or any one else, pry into Miss Norman's affairs and an irrepressible desire to see the letter, mingling with that of a newly sprung hope at the consoling surmises of Jane, even though the pleasurable conviction had originated with one so entirely incapable of a correct judgment. Isabel took the offered letter, and sternly reprimanding Farish for her officious interference, said hastily, "I will immediately return it to Miss Norman myself, as I have no doubt its loss has distressed her not a little. Henceforth I charge you to keep silent with Jane, for a meddling tongue in a maid, should be severely punished, and despised by her mistress."

Farish, much surprized at this unexpected rebuke, left the room as she was bid. Isabel was alone with the tempter, for it was in vain to silence and restrain the voice of curiosity, though that of honor kept it at bay. A popular author has said, "We ponder and give much meditation over different lines of our conduct, while calm, imperturbable Fate stands by, 'till the appointed moment, and without inquiring the result, decides the matter for us." Thus was it with Isabel, as she turned the fatal letter over and over, compressing it tightly within her hands, and then laying it down, irresolute how to act amidst that fearful combat of natural impulse with noble restraint, until, at last, after in vain urging her mind to the point of *firm* resistance, she, with a desperate determination, hurriedly opened it.

"My dearest Ida." Isabel's eye grew dim. "I send you enclosed, my promised miniature." She could read no more, for the letters hissed as burning brands, blinding her vision, and with a sickening heart she crushed the letter vehemently in her clenched hand, then sinking on her knees, wildly exclaimed—

"Oh, God! thou hast commanded thy creatures to cherish none other idols before thee; justly am *I* punished for the sinful excess of *my* heart's idolatry." But though this was a stroke acknowledged just, and deeply felt, yet it humbled not the proud and arrogant heart of Isabel, nor was it in the attitude of a contrite pleader for Divine grace or protection, that she appeared before her Creator in that moment of reckless grief; consequently, no light from the throne of Mercy beamed over the dark desolation of her stricken spirit. It was not long, though, that Isabel yielded to such violent indulgence of her feelings. Starting suddenly on her feet, as if imbued with revived hope, a smile of bitter contempt curled her blanched lip, as she slowly murmured—"So, Lester Clifford, *they* say, love's another. Ha! ha—and does the fond and foolish Ida Norman think to dash the cup of *Isabel Legard's* life with the gall of defeated expectation—the hated drug of hopeless love? Will such as she dare to compete with *me*, wresting from me his love, which hath ever been my heart's cherished ol? No, no, it cannot, shall not be," and then would there settle a rigid determination over the haughty Isabel's face, seeming to bid defiance to all decrees of Fate, all consequences of chance, so long as *she* thought to harass and circumvent them by *her* power. From that time, Isabel resigned herself to a sceptical delusion and disbelief of the justice of Providence—of His righteous will and way, and, like the reckless mariner, she cared not whither her bark of life was directed, now that no anchor of Hope moored it in the haven of desired happiness.

She was somewhat aroused from this lethargic indifference by the departure of Ida Norman from H——, for Lester's place of residence, where it was confidently rumored they would soon be united. Being also the resident city of Alice and Douglas, who had frequently urged Isabel to visit them, she suddenly determined that their cordial invitation would no longer be rejected, and forthwith Alice was apprised of her intentions in a long and mockingly joyous letter, concluding thus—

"By the by, our old friend, Lester Clifford, it is said, will soon marry Ida Norman. I suppose you see him often? when you again have that pleasure, present my congratulations, with a wish that the interesting ceremony may be postponed until my arrival in your far famed city."

The lapse of a week or so, brought an answer from the affectionate Alice, breathing the most delighted assurances of happiness at again seeing one so dearly loved: that part relative to Isabel's concluding question, ran thus—

"Lester seems toiling the steep and craggy path of renown with too much eager assiduity, to have on hand so important an affair as a matrimonial one. We see him occasionally, and not having heard any thing of his affair *de coeur* with Ida lately, I concluded it was a mere *on dit*, or passing fancy. I have commissioned Douglas to announce your coming, when, no doubt, Ida, and even *fame*, his present mistress will be forgotten."

How gratefully these words soothed the tremor of Isabel's heart, but the delightful train of thought which they suggested, was very soon dissipated, when *other* more convincing proofs of the opposite to Alice's sanguine expectations, pressed heavily on memory.

The meeting of the friends was full of joy—it was a moment of sweet and overflowing friendship; no cloud seemed to hang over the brow of Isabel, no painful reminiscence damped her feelings, when, again, with that merry companion of the happy past, and Alice beheld with gladness no change in the bright face of her she had with sorrow oft suspected, to be one in whom

"Many a with'ring thought lies hid, not lost
In smiles that least befit, though worn the most."

* * * * * *

"By Jove! Lester, what a splendid queen-like girl we are meeting with Mrs. Aubery. Verily she is altogether *new;* quite a strange bird, just winged away from Paradise. Look, who can she be, for methinks she seems to recognize you?" Said Frank Howard to his companion. But before he could reply, the ladies had approached too near. As they gracefully turned aside

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for them to pass, Lester, with a crimsoned face, touched his hat, then with great confusion answered his friend,

"It is Miss Legard, of whom you've heard me speak so often; she does indeed deserve your appellation of queenly, for she reigns supreme in my native village, and any one might feel proud to own her acquaintance."

Frank's mischievous eye dwelt suspiciously on Lester's face as he banteringly said,

"Ah, ha! Clifford, I scent the trail *now*, for your confusion, is 'proof as strong as holy writ.' Besides, I thought the lady's face rather a tell tale one, from both of which manifest signs, I shrewdly suspect you have aspired to a little stronger footing than mere friendly acquaintance. I suppose too, she had the dear discretion and good taste to send you away like some whining cur? Am I right, also that this is the reason you so sedulously avoid the fair of our own far famed city?"

"Not exactly, Frank, though I must plead guilty to your suspicion of being an aspirant for something more than her friendship, yet I cannot to the kind dismissal you hint at. Yes, I freely confess to you, were I not trammelled as you know I am, to-morrow, nay this very moment, would find me at Isabel Legard's feet. But 'tis vain to think or dream of such an act, for I know, were she apprised of *all*, then indeed would I be spurned as a cur from her presence."

"Pooh, nonsense, Lester, a truce to such squeamish *honor-sick* notions. I really thought you were more a man of the world, than to permit a foolish entanglement with a machinating artful foreigner, to come between you and happiness. I am sure if Miss Legard, or any of her sex, receive and bestow their love only on the unerring and sober, a plaguy number of old maids would throng the world; and Heaven forbid any increase of that already staple commodity in this part of the country."

"Ah! Frank! congenial as we may be in the firmness of our friendship, yet you look with different eyes on certain things, to what I do. There was a time when it would have been my greatest pride to win and wear the love of Isabel, nor is this cherished desire now abated, yet sooner than I would offer her this heart, burdened with that despicable indiscretion, without freely disclosing all, (which disclosure I shrink from.) I would blot her from memory forever, though the gloom of the darkest night should settle on my soul. No, in a moment when I might have yielded to the whisperings of hope, that mine was not a vain love, I fled as one stricken and tried from the tempter, and now, again am I sorely tested; I knew she was in the city, but have scrupulously avoided meeting her, thinking to leave here very shortly on business." Lester's voice sunk into the cadence of despair as he paused.

"And do you suppose this can always be the state of your mind and resolution Clifford? If so, I congratulate you on your blissful prospects of a single destiny; but I don't despair of its proving a Benedictine resolution at last; the magic power of your enchantress will very likely dissolve into thin air such erroneous determinations, causing you to echo a hearty amen to that wise bachelor's soliloquy. I think she looked very Beatrice-like as she bent her haughty and majestic head. Does she in any way resemble that fair sprite, Lester?"

"Somewhat, being pretty well spiced with pride and firmness of purpose, but both of which I admire, for you know I have peculiar opinions about what constitutes a loveable woman, and never have thought such too masculine to unite with gentleness or feminine softness in one character. I am confident were I to jeopardize my resolves by yielding to the enticement of Isabel's society that my fate would indeed be similar, as you already predict to the vainly panoplized Benedict, but the first step proving so successful, the second will not be less so."

"Come, come, Lester away with such nonsense, I have no patience with your well-delivered homily of prudence and monastic ideas of life. What say you to my challenge of an introduction to Miss Legard? You have frequently desired me to call upon you for friendship's favors, so now I'll test your sincerity. Suppose we turn about and follow her, it is now a 'witching time' of the evening to mellow down your *misogynistic* feelings, as Boaster would say."

Firmly as Lester had vaunted his determinations, yet strange to say, he soon found himself yielding to the wish of his friend, and in a short time they were both seen ascending the steps of Douglas Aubery's splendid mansion.

Without pausing to undergo that inward arraignment of honor before conscience, which Lester deemed unswerving, and Frank had cavilled at in their *tête a tête*, the former soon became conscious that the stream of irresistible inclination was rapidly sweeping away the strength of those resolves on which were vainly grounded his future course of life, as he daily sought the presence of her who had so long swayed his every thought. Most wonderfully, too, had a change come over the spirits of Isabel, when she again listened to the soul enchanting eloquence of Lester Clifford's converse, and her eye rested on the expression of that face which had, from the earliest recollection been to her the perfection of a poet's imagery or an artist's conception. The shadow which had so threateningly hung o'er her in his absence, seemed passed away, the dark wing of jealous suspicion no longer flapped its broad pinion o'er her naturally confiding but impetuous soul, and truly did she feel that the bliss of that moment swallowed up all memory of the past.

"How is this Lester," said Douglas Aubery, one evening, as he handed him a newspaper, "that you've played truant to Madame Rumour's foresight, and Saunders has, after all, carried off the pretty Miss Norman?"

Isabel fixed her scrutinizing eye on Lester as he read aloud the marriage elopement of yesterday, but no trace of a more than common-place interest was seen in his face, and laying it down, calmly remarked,

"Such is the finis I anticipated from the obstinate course of opposition pursued by her parents." Then looking steadfastly at Isabel, as if by way of an explanation. "I was the intimate and confidential friend of Saunders in the affair, and forced by the claims of past

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services from him to play the proxy of lover whilst she was on a visit to my sister. When I came here, circumstances also compelled me to assume the responsibilities of postman, enclosing and receiving letters, (just then Isabel's cheek grew flushed,) and though my co-operation seemed to sanction her filial disobedience, yet I withheld not my warning admonitions, even when fulfilling my duty as a friend towards Saunders, leaving the result with the individual parties."

Joy is oft as inimical to rest as sorrow, and its excitement to such a nature as Isabel Legard's, proved that night, far more banishing to the restoring influence of sleep, than the wild agony of that hour, when she was forced to doubt Lester's love, and her own heart to hopelessly

"Turn and feed on the excess
Of its deep, deep bitterness."

The expectation of Alice, that Ida, fame, and every thing else would be forgotten, seemed verging to a rapid fulfilment, in the increasing devotion of Lester Clifford to Isabel; nor was it possible that he should remain insensible to

"——Those thousand looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart."

ever speaking in the face of her he so loved! The conflict between present and former feelings was too great to endure any longer, finally the struggle ceased. the latter were vanquished, and Lester felt nerved with a resolution to declare that very evening his love.

"Yes," exclaimed he, throwing down a book on whose page his eye had listlessly dwelt; "Frank has very correct notions about things in general. I'll for once take his advice, it is folly to cast away the boon of a happy love, because of such fastidious ideas of that hated indiscretion. I cannot live if I lose Isabel."

When the heaving bosom, the suffused face o'er which passed the bright flush of untold happiness, and the trembling voice of Isabel gave back the answering depth of feeling to Lester's passionate avowal of love, a slight shade succeeded the rapture expressed in his for a moment, banishing the glowing impress of blissful joy from his countenance. Great was that mental restraint which withheld him from dashing to the earth in such an hour, his own cherished hopes, by a confession of the dread whole; but selfish desires prevailed, and suppressing a sigh of vain remorse, Lester resigned himself to the ecstacy of requited affection.

Their *tete a tete* was interrupted by the entrance of a servant who placed in his hand a billet, directed in the delicate style of a female's writing, the contents of which agitated him so fiercely, that his face became pallid and ghastly, causing Isabel to anxiously enquire why he was so terribly alarmed.

"It does indeed contain some unexpected information," replied he, endeavoring to appear careless, which compels me to leave you for a time, but now that I know and feel you are mine, Isabel, what need I fear. God alone sees how inexpressibly dear you are to me," he added hoarsely, as he pressed upon her pale cheek, his first kiss of love.

He was gone, and Isabel was left, wondering and alone. She sat for some time, musing on the strange emotion of Lester. The night was not far spent, its fair queen had just arisen from her bed of repose, and was tracing her silvery course through the calm blue vault above, bathing the green earth in a flood of soft and melancholy light. Gently raising the window, which extended to the floor, opening into a small balcony, around which the choicest flowers bloomed, Isabel stepped out, and leaning against its ballustrade, looked long and anxiously in the direction her lover had taken. A misgiving fear, a boding sadness seemed to hold her in durance, though but a few moments before hope's joyful reality had bid defiance to the intrusion of these former guests of her bosom. Attributing her feelings perhaps to the fickle reaction of fallible nature, she resolved to think alone of Lester's love and future happiness. When thus yielding to the dreamy influence of such thoughts, mellowed by the holy calm of a night calculated to woo the most stricken soul from its deepest sorrow—her ear was startled by a sweet and mournful voice singing. She listened to catch the words.

"Lady, oh! lady beware,
There's danger surrounding thee, now;
Thy lover to another as fair,
Is bound by an earlier vow.

"He wooed her to love, then left her to shame,
Beguiled her from all she held dear;
And the scorn of the world, her now blighted name,
Like a death-knell fell on her ear.

"Then lady beware! thine own love may be
As a flower that is torn by the blast;
For warm as his vow—'tis faithless to thee,
And alone thou may'st weep o'er the past."

As the voice ceased, Isabel could perceive the figure of some one moving cautiously away. She called for them to stop, but she was unheeded, and retracing her steps to her chamber, she in vain endeavored to solve the meaning of that warning serenader, but every conjecture was repulsed, and resolving to disclose nothing of what had passed when she again met Lester,—her anxious spirit was soon wandering in dreams of a brighter world though it was vague and shadowy.

The time for Isabel's return home drew near, whither Lester would soon follow to claim her as his own, for "weal or woe." But a few more evenings were left for the present enjoyment of love's sweet interchange of thought and feeling, when they again sat beside the balcony window, their world of happiness centering in each other. Suddenly Isabel tremblingly touched his arm, saying,

"Hist! listen! do you not hear some one moving through yonder trees? See, they have stopped. Let us listen and watch, for I like not their stealing actions, and these flowers will screen us from all suspicion."

The person slowly approached, just then the bough of a low tree brushed aside the dark cloak of disguise and discovered the slight figure of a female. She threw it back from her face, and the same low, musical voice, breathing those ominous words, again broke the still-

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ness of the night. Isabel grasped the arm of him on whom she heavily leaned, and gazing wanderingly in his panic struck face, tremulously said,

"That voice I have heard before, and you too, Lester Clifford, for your agitated looks betray you. Speak out, it is no time now to indulge in mysteries."

But not a word escaped from him, his lips parted only to give vent to a deep groan, his arm hung heavily and motionless in her hand, as his eye eagerly strained towards the spot where stood the mysterious serenader. The female slowly raised her finger, then bending slightly forward, repeated the first verse and turning rapidly around, suddenly disappeared. Deadly was the silence of that moment—when Isabel, as if aroused from some spell bound dream, quickly withdrew herself from Lester's feeble support, and with a proud look of injured innocence and insulted justice, said in a tone of unnatural calmness and decision, which startled even her own ear,

"It is in vain, Lester Clifford, for me to wrestle longer against suspicion. There is some wrong working in this mystery. I have loved you, you know not how intensely. I have listened to your vows of unchanging affection, and now, though our union be fixed at no distant period, yet sooner than I would ratify those vows before Heaven, when all was not clear as noonday in our hearts, I would tear your image from my heart, I would sever the firmest bond of love, and in unblest loneliness live out my days. Speak then I say now, or never, and let me still believe you my own, faithful, noble Lester."

Isabel had commenced her appeal in a commanding voice, but when she ceased, its tones were modulated to those of beseeching, anxious love, woman-like, she felt the bubblings of that stream within the hearts deep recess, whose waters never fail to flow into the channel of ready forgiveness, when her affections become its judge.

In the meanwhile, Lester had seemed to drink in every word, and when she paused, he mournfully replied,

"Yes, Isabel, you might well suspect there exists some dread mystery. Oh! that I had been firm to my first resolve of confessing the errors of that heart I so freely and purely offered, for its present poignancy of self reproach would have been perhaps mitigated by your noble forgiveness of a youthful folly in one whose years, at least, might plead an excuse for his error."

"Say *sin*, Lester Clifford," cried a voice, and the female serenader stood before him. Casting from her person the cloak, the delicate, graceful form of a beautiful girl, about the age of Isabel, was revealed. Her face of marble paleness was brightened by the fire of the darkest eye, but its natural expression was of that soft, voluptous langour, generally belonging to Italia's bright daughters; her glossy, raven hair, uncaught by the least effort of confinement, flowed loosely o'er her finely rounded shoulders—her whole appearance seeming to unite the most wondrous beauty with a revolting deformity of evil passions. With an impetuous gesture she approached the petrified Isabel, pointing to Lester, while a horrible look of malevolence flashed o'er her face, as she said,

"Yes, lady, I say sin: see, how from his inmost soul he crouches 'neath the glance of one whose deep wrong now cries for vengeance. What but guilt shakes that proud form, causing that eagle eye to lose its fierceness, and that tongue so well accustomed to the honied accents of deceit, to become palsied, when I, his *wife*—yea, start not lady, for such I am, who now dares Lester Clifford to gainsay its truth."

The hissing laugh of a demon passed from her lip as she caught the tottering Isabel, who, however, soon recovered, and with the proud composure of one injured too sorely for the tongue's reproof, cast her haughty eye spurningly on him whom she so loved; then as if fearing from his stupid agony and death-like silence, that reason was forsaking her throne, Isabel approached him, and gently laying her hand on his,

"Lester, oh! Lester!" cried she imploringly, "do I hear the truth—that I too have been thus cruelly wronged?" She turned, pointing to the female, but she was gone, and Isabel's eye again dwelt beseechingly on the face of her betrothed.

"To-morrow, Isabel," he answered, whilst a cold shudder seemed to pass through his body, "you shall hear all. I go now to seek that fell destroyer of my happiness, and if I cannot then prove myself more 'sinned against than sinning,' we meet, but to part for ever."

She had no time to speak, for he too in a moment had disappeared. Alas! how fearfully true Dame Moxey's prediction was realized, for Isabel felt, indeed, as if all sunshine was forever banished, leaving her soul to writhe in the chaotic darkness of despairing doubt.

A movement amongst the flowers in the balcony window arrested her hearing—and a note, soiled and crumpled, fell from the thick leaves of a tall oleander, as she parted its branches aside to discover the cause of the rustling motion. On opening it she read:

"If Isabel Legard wishes to hear further confirmation of her own and another's foul wrong from the hand of Lester Clifford, she must repair to the lane of lindens in yonder street, when the hour bell tolls eleven, and there she shall be made sensible of the vast gulf now yawning before her."

There mingled strong curiosity with proper ideas of her own dignity, in Isabel's mind, as she hesitated what to do; being likewise sensible it would be acting unjustly towards Lester, did she permit any other person to precede him in his promised explanation of the terrible mystery. Notwithstanding all these reflections, her natural propensity to heedlessly and immediately penetrate these things inscrutably veiled, was not to be subdued, and she resolved to obey the summons. Just as the clock struck eleven, Isabel arrived at Linden-lane, (for so it was called,) fully nerved to an encounter with any earthly or supernatural being, so unflinching was her purpose when passion and curiosity impelled her will. It was not long ere she saw some one approaching, whom she recognized as the mysterious female. and with whom but a few hours before she had had so fearful a meeting. What an age of misery seemed to have been compressed in so brief a space of time. Isabel was the first to speak.

"Well, you perceive I have obeyed the natural impulse of a weak nature, and am come to hear what you have to say. Keep nothing back that is *true*, for though I am woman enough to thus yield to curiosity, you will not

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find me so, if convinced that Lester Clifford has falsely won my affections."

"Ha! ha!" replied she, "you may well say he has falsely won them, for a holier vow brings him to another, which truth shall be proved, if you will follow and patiently hear my story."

Isabel did so. Very soon they stopped at a gloomy, shattered looking house, when her guide drew forth a key from her bosom, and opening the door, ushered her into a large damp room, scantily furnished, and bespeaking every appearance of the most extreme destitution. The female crouched down to blow the expiring embers into a fire, then placing a chair before Isabel, left the room, who had scarcely time to indulge in any fears respecting the situation which her rash imprudence had involved her, when she returned, accompanied by an old haggard looking man, whose tattered and miserable condition plainly told a tale of guilty woe. It was impossible to disguise the withering contempt expressed in his face, when she named him as her father, and seated herself for the recital of her story.

"I am an Italian by birth; my name is Guilo Ludovic, one that can boast of noble descent, and although it should have been thus proudly cherished by that last scion of its honors, (pointing to the old man,) yet, shame to say, he has caused it to become now a bandy-ball for the world's scorn. It was under happy circumstances that my acquaintance first commenced with Lester Clifford, then a student in the college of N——, and only nineteen years of age. It is useless to tell you I also was very young, for, if I mistake not, the interim of seven years, now makes me only one or two your senior. Admired and caressed by the gay, dissipated students of N——, (where I was born and reared,) because of my highly extolled beauty, which, combined with an excitable passionate temperament, you will not wonder at my vanity and it led me often into the paths of folly and indiscretion. I was permitted to enjoy the freedom of my own will, unchecked by parental authority, for my father was constantly from home, and my mother having died when I was an infant, I became the adopted darling of a wealthy aunt. By her I was taught to regard my beauty as the most powerful of baits, and when the glitter of gold enhanced its brilliancy, you may imagine my position, (in my own opinion at least,) was not one of 'the world forgotten or by the world forgot.' One night, as I was returning from a gay fête, I heard the groans of some person in pain or distress, near our door, and calling for a light, we soon discovered a young man lying senseless on the ground—I immediately recognized the features of the handsome American, for so Lester Clifford was called, which fact was no sooner ascertained, than my bosom throbbed with exultation, as every artful endeavor of mine had strangely failed to ensnare him; the consequence was, my desire of success had greatly increased, and I ardently longed for an opportunity of weaving around him the web of my potent influence. The time had at last come, and full of designing schemes, I ordered the servants to remove him into the house. A terrible fever seized his frame, and many a night of untiring vigil did I spend at his couch, during that long and stubborn illness. He recovered, to be for ever bound to us by the tie of heartfelt gratitude, for nothing short of the most careful attention could have ever effected so sure a cure in one so stricken by the fierce malaria in that part of Italy. At first it was only disappointed vanity that urged me on to entrap him, but gradually my heart yielded to a stronger passion, whose every energy was bent on a positive possession, for I became daily sensible of his great superiority to the generality of danglers in my train of admirers. Carefully were my coils cast about him, and if my selfish heart was ever subdued by the purity of love alone, it was when laid at the shrine of Lester Clifford's virtues. In spite of all however, it was sadly evident he was attached only by the fetter of grateful friendship, and though there never was a man more secretly and artfully deluded by a woman, yet he stained not the honor of his nature by one advance less noble than himself. To patiently wait for a change in his feelings, was what my passionate nature could not brook, and resolving to 'hazard all upon the one great die,' I shaped out another more desperate course of action, which would inevitably secure him mine. My grandmother was well skilled in what was then called Egyptian alchymy, and likewise deeply versed in many other occult sciences, the practice of which, often brought persons under the condemnation of lawful justice. But the powerful influence of her high birth and immense wealth, had ever shielded her from any active prohibition or vigorous sentence, and she, from time to time, continued the practice of those forbidden arts. From childhood I had been instructed in the various preparations of drugs, decoctions and liquids, medicinal as well as poisonous. With her then I consulted how to effect my purpose, by means of such mystic knowledge. There was to be a grand gala given by a distinguished nobleman in N——, the highest patron of the college, at which I knew Lester would surely be—it was there I decided to put my scheme into execution—and receiving from her the drug with directions how to use it, with a beating but resolute heart, I entered the gay saloons, 'the admiring and admired of all.' Lester as usual followed in my wake of attraction. I soon saw, that like many of his fellow associates, he was fast yielding to the excitement of the hour, a state of feeling I anxiously desired ere my own work of deception was commenced. I contrived to beguile him apart from the crowd, and with all the wooing blandishments of my manner, I discoursed on those themes I knew always inspired him. I dwelt on his far distant native land, whose language he had taught me perfectly, and with an artful show of sympathy, led him into a description of his own loved home. We wandered through luxuriant groves, the delicious fragrance wafted by the soft zephyrs of that soul-soothing night, were enough to arouse into exstacies the slumbering senses of one steeped in dullest inanimation. Finally, perceiving that Lester was rapidly veering to the highest point of artificial excitement, I proposed visiting the banquet-room, where my fell design would receive the stroke of fruition. After I had secretly poured the drug into a glass, I offered it with a challenge for his most gallant toast. How the name fell startling on my quick ear;

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and though I had never heard it before or afterwards pass from his lips, yet it was as if written with a sunbeam on my memory—'Isabel Legard, the lovely and most loved!'—was his fervent exclamation, as he gaily quaffed the sparkling wine. Not daunted by that evidence of another being pre-eminent in his affections, I exultingly listened to his passionate eloquence, although I knew such would have been bestowed on any other, for it proceeded from an imagination bewildered and frenzied by other light than that of nature or reason. Knowing well the present was my hour, I used every blandishment of word and action—my design was crowned with success. Lester Clifford fell at my feet, pouring out protestations of offered love. I was arriving at, but had not exactly gained my object, the enchantment must be acted out by forging around him the chains of lawful wedlock—I therefore proposed an immediate and clandestine union, to which he insensibly agreed, and leaving the gay assembly, secretly, with no other witness but Frank Howard, repaired to a priest who quickly married us. From him I had the cunning foresight to procure the credentials with his signature, so as to provide against future emergencies. Thus far I had been successful, almost beyond my expectations, but I must confess, the result was very different from what I had so blindly anticipated. Never shall I forget the anguish and horror depicted in his face when he recovered from his delusion, and I confirmed his dream-like remembrances, by a full recital of what had passed, expressing at the same time, a well-feigned surprize, that he should dare to assert, he had acted as one bereft of reason. Then he defied me to produce other proof than my own false assertions, which I did, yet he still vowed disbelief and revenge, nor did he otherwise, until his friend confessed he was an astonished though not a suspicious witness; being aware of our mutual romance of feeling, and having been assigned to each other by confident rumors, he regarded it as an union resulting from these causes, but founded on love. Madness seemed impending o'er him, and after a day or so, notwithstanding my strict vigilance, I found he and Mr. Howard had left N——. I then disclosed myself as an injured, deserted wife to my father, who immediately prosecuted a search after the two, but every attempt proved abortive, they were never heard of afterwards. In the course of time, misfortunes pressed heavily on us. My aunt died, leaving me a bare legacy, because of my rash marriage, and my father soon squandered that away, with his own small gains. Crime followed on crime, and at the peril of his life, we were forced to leave our country. America was fixed upon as our hiding place of retreat, and the fiendish wish of heaping misery on him who had so effectually baffled my designs, took possession of my every thought. I therefore resolved he should either acknowledge me as his lawful wife, or that his character and happiness should be blasted for ever, if he refused to relieve us from the grasping clutch of poverty. We arrived here, and after a weary search, at last traced him. I then heard all about his engagement to you. Prompted by dire revenge, and urged on by pinching want, I seized upon a fitting moment to dash his proud and fond hopes to the earth, as he had done mine. The effect of that moment's action, methinks the haughty Isabel Legard, though '*lovely and most loved*,' has been made to feel."

She then drew from her bosom a tightly tied package, and opening it, produced the fatal credentials of the hated marriage. As she did so, a low gutteral laugh issued from the old man's withered lips, and Guilo, with the face of a beautiful fury, standing before the proudly pale looking Isabel, might have been a picture worthy of the happiest touch of Raphael.

"It is enough," said the latter, as she returned the paper with lofty calmness into the hands of the Italian. I owe you thanks, woman, though the motive which has induced the confession, is a disgrace to your sex, and a shame on human nature. As I obeyed your request, I conquered my feelings of repugnance at the recital of your guilt, I now hope you will listen to mine, which is, that this may be our last as well as our first interview."

Isabel left the wretched couple, with their parting laugh of insulting derision echoing in her ear.

> "When once a woman's love becomes estranged
> By slight or wrong,———
> There's not a high thing out of Heaven
> Her pride o'ermastereth not."

So felt Isabel, as with a desperate decision she prepared to write a few lines to Lester, for she feared the weakness of her love would triumph o'er her strongest resolutions were she again to trust herself in his presence.

No guilty criminal e'er bent a more agonizing eye on his fatal verdict, than she did on those burning words of her last farewell.

> "Guilo Ludovic has revealed the whole, yes, the fearful whole—and it is useless to say we must part for ever. Seek not me again, for the evil your ungenerous silence hath already wrought, would be enhanced by any futile extenuation. But I forgive you, Lester, although the ruins of my love now lay around me, more crushed and crumbling, than those of a time-worn battlement; yet I humbly trust that a Higher power will enable me to henceforth centre my affections and faith on one not of *man's* low, fallen state. It is by His hand the veil of my arrogant self-security hath been rent asunder, and my past sinful course of pride and passion is now vividly sketched before my repentant vision. Now that I bid you farewell, Lester, I pray you too may bow yourself a suppliant for his forgiveness, which is far more necessary and essential, than that of
> ISABEL LEGARD'S."

Isabel returned to the quiet of her own dear home in H———, wearing still the same calm face of outward quiet. Her sudden rejection of Lester Clifford, when their union was so near, excited many unfavorable suspicions; but to none did she offer any defence of his or her own conduct. Accustomed always to shape out her own peculiar course of action, she as usual met with no opposition in that one of entire seclusion to which she then seemed devoted. Isabel was truly changed, a change in the eye of her watchful mother, most pleasing and happy, for she saw it was one wrought by divine grace, though its cause was unrevealed. Lester never wrote one word in answer. Not long afterwards, she heard he had suddenly left the city, but no one knew whither, and as the most important events throughout the past, have ever become subject to the dashing spray of oblivion's wave, so was that of Isabel and Lester's love. In stern silence she had hushed within her own bosom, every vain regret or painful remembrance, and none to have gazed on her face, still stamped with beauty, though

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its vivacious brightness had yielded to a more gentle and subdued expression, would ever doubt that all was not as it should be. If when radiant in all her youthful brilliancy, Isabel had won the love of so many, how much more fervently loved and wooed was she for her unobtrusive piety and endearing gentleness; but to every offer of marriage she listened with no other feeling than that of womanly sympathy. Often did she dwell on the fortune teller's prophecy—but it was not with her former sinful and presumptuous belief,—for such had been conquered by omnipotent power, and humbly did she bow to that destiny which Heaven alone perceives.

* * * * * *

Five years had glided from the measure of Time, the monotony of which we must skip over to pause upon those subsequent events resulting from the germ of the past.

Frank Howard, having spent a day of hard application at his laborious profession, seated himself, after stirring up his waning fire, in his study, to enjoy the quiet contemplation of a still Autumnal twilight. His buoyant spirit had become somewhat crushed in the toil and warfare of a cold selfish world. The careless recklesness of his nature had gradually become sobered. Having no grave mentorial Lester ever near to guide and watch o'er his erratic inclinations, imperious necessity had therefore compelled him to grasp tight the reins of prudence and to act upon his own footing. Instinctively his mind reverted to the hopeless love of Lester and that of Isabel's, so early blighted, and many a curse he heaped upon the wily intrigues of Guilo Ludovic, as he remembered that fatal error which had been their bane of happiness. Having bestowed a few hearty wishes that the drug had been in reality a poisonous one, by some lucky chance mixed into her own cup, so that the world was freed from such a malignant spirit—the door opened, and a person entered, whom the darkness of the hour prevented him from recognizing. But when a well known voice pronounced—"Frank Howard"—immediately he sprung forward and grasping the hand of the dusty, worn out looking man, joyfully exclaimed,

"Lester Clifford, and is it indeed you, my old friend—when did you arrive? where did you drop from? Who would have thought of so *apropos* a visit—for I was just digesting you in comfortable reflection. Sit down, and for mercy's sake enlighten me."

These questions were asked with the rapid exuberance of joy, and Lester as warmly returning Frank's greeting, began:

"Yes, thank God! I see you once more, and that too, as free as the air of Heaven. But, before I proceed to gratify your curiosity, tell me something, my dear Frank, about Isabel. Is she still living, and yet single?"

There was a grave and ominous expression in Frank's face as he replied to the eager queries of Lester.

"Douglas Aubery told me yesterday, rather astonishing news, namely, that the fashionable and gifted Miss Legard had become a regularly initiated *nun*—but, (seeing Lester grow pale with apprehension of his real meaning,) stop—not installed in the hated walls of a convent, my constant fellow—but as a sister of charity, dispensing blessings in the wide circle of humanity, Isabel now moves. She has joined the church, is voted head mover in all the choir and prayer meetings, fully instructed in every mystery of religious learning; and in fine, is regarded the *good* abbess of *old maids*. Is my information astonishing and pleasant to you?" added Frank significantly, twinkling his cunning eye at his attentive listener. A sad smile played o'er the altered face of Lester as he answered:

"Perfectly so—and now that I can breathe freely from the dread incubus of suspense, I will tell you what has passed during the long interval of my absence. You know when I parted from you, it was with the desperation of one who little cared to what wind of misfortune his life's shattered bark was committed; and thus for a long time I continued to feel as I roved from place to place, seeking rest for my weary soul, but finding none, until even the cold gloom of the grave was eagerly desired, as securing to me the boon I so craved,—happy forgetfulness of the past. I know not what aroused me to that pitch of resolution by which I became myself again, it was to visit that hated spot, N——, and probe the mystery of the Ludovic's escape from their country. Great was the sacrifice of my sensitiveness in so doing, but I seemed and felt as if following my destiny—one whose misery could scarcely receive another additional stroke. Happy for me that I thus acted, for there I learned how I was cajoled, and how much more duped my dupers were. You remember Guilo's old lover, Pedro Bezza, whom she treated with so much disdain? from him I gained my information. I found him shockingly crippled; at first he did not know me, but when I announced my name, he seized my hand, thanking Heaven he was permitted to see one whom he could so essentially serve. 'A short while,' continued he—'after you left N——, I became the husband of Guilo, but not until I had disclosed my knowledge of what passed on the night of the gala. I had long known her to be initiated in the arts of her grandmother, and when, unobserved, I saw her mix a powder in the wine you drank, I suspected foul play—determining, therefore, to act out the spy, I followed you—heard her propose a clandestine union—and witnessed your strange delirium of acquiescence. Knowing the priest she named, was absent, by bribe, I procured his robe and cowl, officiated in his stead, putting a false signature to the marriage credentials. When apprized of your elopement, I could not refrain from offering her my hand; surely my reason must have been dethroned by the magic of her beauty alone, but so it was, and I ardently desired to possess one so long loved, hoping, under my influence, she would be guided back to her better nature. I was contemptuously rejected, and then I threatened her with a public disclosure—the dreadful punishment which the laws of our country inflicts on those accused of such crimes, alarmed her, and she became my wife. But I soon found it were as vain to change the deadly serpent, as she whom I had taken on my bosom—my passionate love degenerated into the direst hate. Ludovic committed some horrible murder—his life was forfeited, and Guilo, in the abandonment of grief, promised amendment if I would assist him in his escape. I did so, but in a few

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days she, too was missing, leaving a letter, announcing her intention to seek out Lester Clifford. Although not her lawful husband—it was not thus well known to him, consequently, he would be compelled to give her, at least, a support. When it became known that I had aided Ludovic in his flight, my property was confiscated, and receiving a dangerous wound in an affair of honor, I was prevented from immediately following the fugitive Guilo. My mental anguish greatly accelerated that of my body, and it was a long time ere I recovered—when I did, I was a cripple for life—bowed thus to the earth by various misfortunes, I despaired of ever convincing you of the deception so successfully palmed upon you.' Pedro Bezza then procured for me a legally written charge of Ludovic's guilt, which was duly signed by many witnesses in N——, and resolving justice should not be cheated of her rights, even if I had to spill my last drop of blood in hunting out the villain, I came hither with all the speed of steam, and now can you tell what has become of Guilo, or her wretched old father?"

But Frank could not, upon that subject, satisfy his friend; it had been two years since he had seen her, and deciding on the morrow to commence their search after the Italians, they both soon ceased to think of nought but the happy change in the tide of friendship and love, Frank enjoying the former's gushing overflow, and Lester revelling in the sweet anticipations of the latter.

The next day they sallied out on the pursuit, and first examined the house Frank had last known them inhabiting, but it was tenanted by others, who knew nothing of them; every place it was probable persons or foreigners of their *caste* resorted to, was visited, but no trace could they find of their movements; still the search was continued with unabated eagerness for several days. One evening as they had just turned into a by-street, the quick eye of Lester espied a female, whose air and gait he suspected, and screening themselves behind a lamp-post, caught a glimpse of her face; it was indeed Guilo, who entered a miserable dwelling near, where they soon followed her. Frank left Lester to procure some aid of the police, and returning with several lusty-looking street officers, they ascended to the highest story, then forcing open a door Lester had seen her carefuly close, stood in the presence of four or five men, drinking around a table, Guilo acting as attendant. Ludovic was apprehended not for the criminal deeds done in his own country, but for many others equally horrible, which he had committed, and Guilo being his accessary, they were both surrendered into the hands of vigorous justice.

That night, in the fullness of joy, Lester despatched a minute account of the whole discovery, to Isabel Legard, and having in person briefly related the same to Alice and Douglas, prepared to speedily follow his document.

Isabel was not aware of the still existing strength of that affection she had so long endeavored to subdue, until all barrier to its indulgence was removed by Lester's communication. Again was her whole being roused, but there were feelings chastening and mingling with that one great passion, which formerly had so entirely submerged all others. With a sparkling eye, ever and anon humid with tears of pious gratitude, and a heart lifted up to that Being in deep thankfulness for the outpouring of his spiritual and earthly blessings, did Isabel await the coming of Lester Clifford.

That blissful moment came; it was one in which there seemed to crowd a life of tranquil happiness. How beautifully Isabel's bridal morn broke in the east—

> "There was no mist upon the deep blue sky,
> And the clear dew was on the blushing bosom
> Of crimson roses, in a holy rest."

Soon the chime of merry bells broke the calm stillness of the balmy air, the doors of the old gothic church were thrown open—on its smooth green-sward, the joyous-looking children of charity were wreathing garlands of freshly-gathered flowers. Had a stranger stopped just then in H——, he would immediately have conjectured some great holiday was enacting, for soon there issued from the church a throng of gay and happy faces, and when the crowd passed without the low iron gate, the children formed into a procession, each one casting a garland before the pathway of a pale but serene-looking lady, leaning on the arm of a tall and handsome gentleman, in whose face there seemed to melt a thousand thoughts of present bliss,

> "Made more pure
> By early discipline of light and shade."

Then arose the cry of "Long live our benefactress, and happy be her union," as the little band ranged on each side to receive a parting kiss from the bride, who, with swimming eyes, spoke to them words of affection, and breathed to each one a charge not to forget their former teacher, when loving and obeying another.

As Lester Clifford gazed, at that moment, upon the beautiful, subdued expression of Isabel's face, he felt that the past was fully requited, and turning to Frank, who was whispering something into Emma Clifford's ear, that sent a rosy blush to her soft round cheek.

"For the first time," said he, "I regard with pleasure that hated indiscretion, believing that many blessings oft are wrought by dark and evil incident."

* * * * * *

"Mamma," said Alice Clifford, a fair flaxen haired girl, to a lady who had just ceased speaking to a little group seated around her—"tell us what became of Guilo Ludovic."

"Yes," added a proud, noble-looking youth, some ten or twelve years old, "I would like to hear the wicked creature at last had met with her just dues from the hand of my father, too."

"Oh, no, Lester," replied a gentle girl about his own age, "I am sure, dear good Mr. Clifford would not have pursued her with unmanly vengeance, for were we not to forgive our enemies, we could not sincerely utter our nightly prayer."

"You say right, Isabel Aubery," said the mild, benevolent lady, "and may you all remember when you repeat that beautiful expression—our Saviour taught his disciples, to examine your heart ere you take it upon yourself in approaching your Heavenly parent. No, Lester, my son, your father forgave the wretched girl the misery she had caused him, and soon after, Ludo-

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vic's execution, she was missing. I have no doubt she has long since fallen a victim to her own evil passions, for although we made every effort to reclaim her during her father's long confinement, yet she seemed given up to the most reprobate hardness. We have never heard of her since. You have listened, my children, to the early life of your parents, and now, Lester, 'tis for you to remember how much unhappiness and disquiet may result from a youthful error, as did in your father's case, likewise for you, my daughter, to reflect how much humiliating subjection and severe tuition your mother's arrogant pride was forced to undergo, and, oh! let the fiery ordeal of her heart warn you against all sinful infidelity and arraignment of the justice of Providence, all self-reliance—all impulses of misguided passion—ever bearing in mind that the strongest may fall in his boasted strength for humbly must we all own

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Original.

TO A BRUNETTE.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Those eyes! those eyes replete with soul!
Their spell will not depart;
I feel its brilliant magic still,
Play round my weary heart;—
Their burning glance when passion-lit,
Their tender gleam of feeling,
Like star-rays through a pearly cloud,
In mellow brightness stealing;
Their sad beams like a fountain's play,
In the silver moon's soft light,
Their dark, clear, soul-awaking glow
Of innocent delight;
And more than all, that haunting glance
That quivers in the breast,
To wake, as with Promethean spark,
A long, yet glad unrest—
The looks of love those circles small,
Fate's horoscopes, express,
With what intensity they speak,
Though fraught with gentleness!
Lucid and sparkling, warm and bright,
Yet liquid, mild and deep,
As if Love's touch distilled a tear,
But was too blest to weep.
Am I bewildered by the glow
Of their too kindly gaze,
Or read I right what fancy paints
In their subduing rays?
Oh, wouldst thou leave the sunny shore
Of thy own, dear, native isle,
For a free domain, a chilly clime,
And the pale stranger's smile?
Child of the South, the maidens there,
Oft wear a thoughtful brow,
And no buoyant air environs them,
Like that around thee now:
Thy yielding voice so heart-inspired,
Thy ready smile and tear,
Thy child-like trust, and thy truthful grace,
Unto all would strange appear.
Better to linger away thy years
Where the sky is oft serene,
Where the spirit of song is redolent,
And the earth is ever green;—
Where floats the grand Cathedral hymn,
And breathe Time's tokens hoary,
And life is a gentle dalliance
With Nature's freshest glory.
'Twere cruel to take thee from thy home,
Bird of the southern sky;
Thine eye would dim, thy warble cease,
Thy blithesome spirit die.
Our tie was such as pilgrims weave,
We knew it could not last,
Yet sought it, as if ne'er its joy
Could mingle with the past.
We part—and the future will bring to me
A different lot from thine,
And henceforth I must think of thee
As of another shrine,
At which I've knelt upon life's path,
And caught a ray of gladness,
To wreathe amid the shades of earth,
And meliorate their sadness.
Thy song no more will bathe my heart
With its melodious tide,
And ne'er again on the crowded walk,
Shall we wander side by side;
And to thy balcony no more
Will stray my eager glance,
Or follow the wave of thy silken scarf,
Through the mazes of the dance.
But oft at the hour of eventide,
Thy dark and glowing eyes
Will greet me with their mystic light,
Beneath my native skies;
When memory, like the gentle night,
Sheds down her sacred dew,
To solace with remembered joy,
The pain of this last adieu.

* Written in Sicily.

FEAR.

Such as are in immediate fear of losing their estates, of banishment, or of slavery, live in perpetual anguish, and lose all appetite and repose; whereas, such as are actually poor slaves and exiles, oftentimes live as merrily as men in a better condition; and so many people, who, impatient of the perpetual alarms of fear, have hanged and drowned themselves, give us sufficiently to understand, that it is more importunate and insupportable than death itself.—*Montaigne.*

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Original.

THE WHITE PINE.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

"'Look at yon royal pine,' said the Indian. 'Such trees as that will grow but once in any soil. They are the production only of Nature in her prime; and as one of her doomed children, that must soon pass away, I would fain linger near them, with my people, until the last is gone.'"—*Hoffman's Greyslaer.*

Look on the noble pine!
As in the golden flush of eve
The burnished leaves in glory shine,
And in the blowing west-wind heave.
How bravely doth its soaring top
With all its mossy foliage rise,
As if in wild magnificence to prop,
The hollow bending skies!
Low, trailing ivies gadding swing
From each majestic limb in air,
And the blue, clustered grape-vines fling
Lightly their green-ringed tendrils there.
Like a tall chieftain doth it stand,
In all his pomp of steel and gold,
With flowing scarf, and gleaming brand,
And o'er him the gay banner's fold!

A hundred years ago it stood
And with the howling tempest strove,
O'erlooking the primeval wood,
The stately monarch of the grove.
Beneath it's melancholy shade,
The Indian in his painted garb arrayed,
With arrow-sheaf upon his back,
And o'er him poised the rattling spear,
Followed the roebuck's flying track,
Or the wild wolf's career;
Or, with the war-axe and the knife,
Strode forth to the relentless strife.

Or, haply at the soft eve-fall,
When all the dim woods slept around,
Stretched on the turf, would list the call
Of childhood sporting o'er the ground.
Then would the Indian drum be beat,
And songs of love or war be heard,
While with the tread of dancing feet,
The soft and verdurous grass was stirred.
And when the flame
Of the red council-fire was lit,
The swarthy warrior's thither came,
In stern debate to sit.
And while the war-pipe's vapor rolled
Around the dark encircling band,
Tales of their ancient fights were told,
And new exploits were planned.

Fain would I linger 'till yon pine
Sinks with its weight of years to dust,
But soon the red man's fated line
Will from the forest haunts be thrust.
And soon the white moss of decay
Upon the mouldering pine will lay,
'Till the green sod on which it fell
In a few years will o'er it swell,
And in it's grassy hillock hide
The spreading woodland's ancient pride,
'Till not a trace can eye discern,
Lost like the Indian's crumbling cairn.

I hear upon the eastern gale
The white-man's coming step resound;
Upon the streams I catch his sail,
Gliding amid the woods profound,
And on the vast, unfathomed lake,
His fleets their rapid voyage make.
He comes! he comes! nor waste, nor hill,
Nor savage mount his course may stay;
His myriads the deep valley fill
And swarm the forest's tangled way.
The Mississippi's turbid tide,
Is traversed by his foaming keel;
O'er old Missouri deep and wide,
And Arkansas his navies steal.
He scales the Rocky Mountain chain,
And forth across the desert goes,
Crossing dark cliff, and spreading plain,
To where the wild Oregon flows,
Nor stops 'till he shall hear the roar
Of the Pacific's sullen shore.
Meanwhile the red man faints and flees,
To untrod wilds and unknown seas;
His ruined cabins reel and fall,
And moss and thistles climb the wall.
The game that roved his prairies green
And forest glades no more are seen;
And soon the latest of his race
Will sink to his long resting-place.

Original.

HOW SHOULD WE APPROACH THE LORD.

How shall we sinners come before
Our blessed Saviour's dazzling throne;
Or how acceptably adore
The great redeeming God we own?

Shall fatlings on his altar burn,
Or oil in bounteous rivers flow?
Will God be pleased with such return
For all the mighty debt we owe?

Or shall we burst the tenderest tie
That binds the throbbing seat of sense,
And with our body's offspring buy
A pardon for our soul's offence?

Ah! no—a humble, contrite heart,
Is all the offering God requires;
Our only sacrifice, to part
With evil loves and false desires.

Oh, let us, then, no longer stray
Along the dangerous paths we've trod;
For he has plainly shown the way
Which will conduct us back to God.

'Tis but to regulate the mind
By the pure precepts of his word;
To act with truth and love combined,
And humbly imitate the Lord.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

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Original.

"OUR LIBRARY." No. XI.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

OLD LETTERS.

AMONG the curious books which have, at various times, fallen under my observation, is one, which has strong claims upon every lover of antiquarian research. It is entitled "Original Letters, illustrative of English History," and contains many papers singularly calculated to give one an accurate idea of the private life of the royal and noble personages whose names are emblazoned on the page of history. The author, whose situation as keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, afforded him every facility in the prosecution of his design, has certainly made a most admirable selection from the numerous documents which were open to his inspection. Letters polemic and literary, political and amatory—details of the domestic and social life of by-gone times, and glimpses of the secret springs which governed the impulses of state policy, all may there be found. But I must honestly confess that I am woman enough to care infinitely less for the illustrations of *public* than of *private* life; and while I am satisfied with a passing glance at the *political* intrigues of past ages, I can ponder long over a love letter of Henry the VIII., or an extract from the household book of Queen Elizabeth, when a prisoner at Woodstock. The muse of History deigns not to record any but heroic deeds; she follows with stately steps the march of armies, the triumphal procession of princes, and sometimes, mingles in the gorgeous pageantries of the nobles of the land, but the simple annals of the domestic fireside, the joys and sorrows of the heart which beats with human feeling beneath the ermined robe, no less than within the frieze jerkin, claimed not her notice. A celebrated tragic actress of modern days, (whom a freak of fortune has converted into a countess,) though remarkable for the beauty of her expressive eyes, was totally unable to turn those eyes downwards toward the earth; and a like peculiarity attends the piercing glance of historic truth; it gazes undazzled upon the splendors of regal state, but bends not its haughty look upon the lowly things of earth. For my part, I am but half content when the "shining ones" are presented to me only in their robes of ceremony; I would fain see my lady in her dressing-gown, and my lord in his shooting jacket; I would listen to the household words as well as to the courtly phrase—such books as that to which I have just alluded, supply this want. We understand history better when we have acquired an intimate acquaintance with the personages who have borne their part in the stirring scenes there recorded; and whatever we may learn of them from their public acts, we learn still more from their private letters. Read, for instance, the following letter from that Queen on whom the just aversion of posterity has bestowed that most fearful epithet—"*the bloody Mary*." It was addressed to the Lord Privy seal, upon the arrival in England of her Spanish husband, Philip the II., and is written entirely in the Queen's own hand.

"INSTRUCTIONS TO MY LORD PEVISEL.

Fyrste, to tell the Kinge the whole state of the Realme, with all thynges appartaynyng to the same, as myche as ye knowe it to be trewe. Seconde, to obeye his commandement in all thyngs. Thyrdelye, in all things he shall ask your advyse, to declare your opinion as becometh a faythful conceyllor to do. MARYE, THE QUEEN."

Now who does not see, in that brief but characteristic letter, the doting fondness of a woman, who, having past the meridian of youth and beauty, would willingly purchase the affection of her young husband, by compelling her subjects to yield unbounded deference to his will? And when we remember that her whole kingdom regarded with undisguised aversion the Spanish alliance, can we not also trace in it the wilfulness and despotism which she inherited from her tyrannical father, and which she afterwards displayed in a far greater degree towards her Protestant subjects?

Every one is familiar with the melancholy tale of Anne Boleyn, for even the gravest historians have delighted to dwell upon the charms which captivated a King, and the misfortunes which have exerted the sympathy of a world; but how little should we know of the infancy of her only child, whose after reign is yet remembered as the most glorious in the annals of Great Britain, were it not for a few simple records of domestic scenes which remain to attest the want of paternal, as well as conjugal tenderness in the character of Henry the VIII.—that Bluebeard of civilized Europe! One of the most curious letters in Ellis' collection—I mean curious as illustrating the manners of the times—is that addressed to Lord Cromwell by the Lady Brian, governess of the Princess Elizabeth. After the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn, her daughter was placed in a most equivocal position in regard to her future prospects and present rank, and Lady Brian writes:

"Now et es so, my Lady Elizabeth is put from that degre she was afore; and what degre she is at now I know not but be heryng say, therefor I know not how to order her, nor myselfe nor none of hars that I have the rewl of; that is, her women and har gromes: besyching you to be good Lord to my Ladye and to al hers: and *that she may have some raiment*, for she hath neither gown nor kertel, not petecot, nor no manner of linnin for smocks, nor cerchefes, nor sleves, nor rayls, nor body-stychets, nor hand-cerchers, nor mofelers, nor begens.

"My Lord—Master Shelton would have my Lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the bord of Astrat. Alas! my Lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rewl yet. I promise you, my Lord, I dare not take it upon me to kepe har Grace in helthe and she kepe that rewl: for there she shall see dyvers mets and freuts and wine, which would be harde for me to refrayne her Grace fromet. Ye know, my Lord, there is no place of corekcyon there, and she is yet too young to correct greatly. * * * * * * *
God knoweth my Ladye hath *grete pain with her great teeth*, and they come very slowly forth, and causeth me to suffer her Grace to have her own will more than I would; I trust to God *an her teethe were well graft* to have her Grace after another fashion; and so I trust the King's Grace shall have grete comfort in her Grace. For she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew one in my life. Jesu preserve her Grace."

Is there not something irresistibly ludicrous, friend reader, and, at the same time eminently characteristic of the manners of the age in such a letter? Does it not excite a smile when we find the great Lord Cromwell, secretary of state, and vicar general of ecclesiastical affairs, thus implored to furnish the Princess with "*gowns, kertles and petticoats*," and also so minutely

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informed of the slow progress of her little ladyship's "*great teeth?*" And is there not something wonderfully droll in the contrast between these nursery details, and the stately vanity and pedantic pride—the gorgeous splendors and glorious triumphs of Elizabeth's character and fortunes in later times?

Trust me, gentle reader, thou wilt find many a quaint relic of the past in the pages from which I have quoted. Be not startled at the uncouth spelling, or the rough Saxon English phrases which thou mayst encounter. Thou hast but to *pronounce aloud* the words which seem as gnarled and twisted as a stunted oak, and thou wilt find the *sound* to be quite familiar to thine ears, for the various modes of spelling, which are often met with in the same letter, are only so many attempts to make the written word answer to the spoken one. It may be that in thy researches thou wilt meet with such good fortune as befel the lady of the library, and wilt discover the legend belonging to certain documents, which now lack somewhat of interest, because not associated with names of note.

It was at my favorite hour of eventide, as I sat listening, while one read to me a letter from Henry VIII. to a youthful widow, that one of those good genii, who inhabit the far country of Utopia, discovered to my mental vision, the scroll on which was inscribed an old world tale, connected with that letter. Why the 'tricksey spirit' honored me with the revelation, I cannot say, this much I know, that I was hearkening to a voice which has long had power to call up good angels around me, and it may be, that its spell invoked the fantastic habitant of cloud-land, to whose kindness I owe the story of

THE KING'S WIDOW.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship."—*Shakspeare.*

"An this be life, I'm a weary of it," said Mildred Savon, as she flung herself back on her settee, and pushed away her embroidery frame, while her little foot played impatiently among the fresh rushes with which the chamber was strewn. "Here am I, with a bright eye, a pretty wit, and a nimble tongue, yet my eyes only serve me to thread the mazes of tent-stitch, queen-stitch, and heaven knows how many other *cross* stitches in yon everlasting piece of needlework; my wit is wasted in vain devices to cheat the heavy hours, and my tongue would rest on its hinges, did I not employ it in chiding the idle maids. Heigh-ho! I'd rather be the mistress of a hind's cottage, than the poor cousin in a great house. My Lady is ever kind and gracious to her kinswoman, but what am I better than her bower-woman, loved and trusted beyond others it may be, but still only an humble dependant upon her bounty. Ever since my lord's death she has been shut up as closely as if he had been the husband of her own choice; though, sooth to say, decency has more to do with her grief than affliction, for Sir Humphrey was not one to be loved when living or, wept when dead. I would my pretty cousin might fancy some gallant of the court, then should we have feastings and masques and all the merry fantasies of dainty lovers, and mayhap, Mistress Mildred would flaunt it with the best of them. Oh, that I were but rich! 'Twas but yesterday I reviewed my lady's household-book, and what saw I there? '*Item—paid to John Taylor, for making torne-broches' coats,* 11*s.* *Item—paid for velvet boddice and kertle for Mistress Mildred,* 40*s.*' What am I better than a livery servant, when my very gowns and kerchiefs are numbered with the wages of the grooms and the coats of the turnspits? Oh! Saint Benedict, send me a husband! Be he old or young, from court or city, I care not;—only let him have money in his coffers, then if he be loving, I will cherish him, and if he be froward, I will plague the heart out o' him, 'till he be gathered to his ancestors, and leave me a dowered widow, like my Lady Anne."

"Why would'st thou be a dowered widow like me, Mildred?" said the Lady Anne Savon, catching the last words, as she entered the apartment.

"Because, I am weary of poverty and dependence," said Mildred sadly; "nay look not so reproachfully, dear Anne, I know thou lovest me, but am I not only thy poor retainer, living upon thy bounty?"

"No, Mildred, no," replied Lady Anne, earnestly, "thou hast ever been my dearest kinswoman and friend, therefore forget I pray thee, thy girlish repinings, and listen to the carking cares of her whose condition thou didst but now envy. Thou knowest that my lord's estate being held by tenure from the King, I can now only recover my dower by appeal to his grace, and am therefore the poor ward and widow of the King."

"Methinks there may be worse conditions in the world than that of a King's widow," said Mildred with a merry laugh.

"Peace with thy raillery, good wench, and hear me. Thou knowest that I may not contract a second marriage without the consent of my lord, the King, but Our Lady be my witness how little the thought of wedlock has troubled my poor brain since I donned the sable weeds of widowhood. Yet has our gracious liege sent me this letter, and my heart is well nigh broken with its hateful tidings. Read it, coz, and tell me if thy keen wit can help me in this extremity."

Mildred took the letter and read as follows:

"By The King—Henry R.

"Dere and welbelovede, we grete you wele, lating you wete our trusty and welbelovede servant, Stephen Mylles, hath showed unto us, how that he, for the longe experience and knowlege of youre verteuous demeanor, sadnesse and womanly demeanor, is gretely mynded towards you, to honour you by wey of maryage, befor all other. We, considering his honest interest and porpose, in his behalf, exhorte and desire you to shewe yourself of the like towardnes and herty love to our said servaunt for the solempnisacion of matrimonie betwene you, to Godd's pleasour. And in your thus doing ye shall not oonly cause us to bee goode and gracious Liege Lord unto you booth in any of your reasonable porsuytts to be made unto us, but also thinke yourselfe in our opinion righte wele bestowed to your heert's ease and comfort hereafter.

"Given under our Signet,
"To our dere and welbelovede,
"The Ladye Anne Savon, widow."

"And prithee what should grieve thee so sadly in all this?" said Mildred, as she finished reading the letter, "surely thou would'st not waste thy life in weeping o'er the marble effigy of the good Sir Humphrey. Doff thy widow's coif and bethink thee how easily thou mayest win the King's favor."

"Mildred, Mildred, I fear me thou wilt be but a cold

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friend in need. Am I so ill-favored that I should thank the King for sending me a husband as if I could not win one at my own good pleasure?" said Lady Anne, hastily.

"Who may this Stephen Mylles be, fair cousin?" asked Mildred, he speaks of his 'long experience and knowledge,' of your many virtues as if he were an old lover."

"That is he not, Mistress Mildred; I know no person bearing his name, saving Sir Stephen Mylles, a court gallant some twenty years since, in the days of my lord, who was somewhat of a roysterer. I mind his coming once to see Sir Humphrey after our marriage, but he met with so cold a reception from my prudent lord, that he sought us not again. If he knows aught of me, the birds of the air must have told the matter, for saving once when I sat with him at dinner I never looked upon him."

"But this may not be the ancient knight," said Mildred, soothingly, "it may be that the king's majesty has chosen for thee a right noble and worshipful gentleman."

"I care not whom he has chosen," exclaimed the lady, while her cheek crimsoned and her eye flashed with proud disdain, "I would not wed with the best man in the realm—nay, not with the king himself, upon compulsion. I would not thus be dealt with like a froward child; I am mine own mistress, and such by God's help will I remain 'till it please me to choose mine own master. But I have not told thee all, fair coz. The fellow who brought me this letter hath also borne tidings that Sir Stephen with a gallant retinue will be here on the morrow, to sue for my favor."

"Then will the ill wind which brings thee dolor, dear Anne, chase away the clouds of dulness from our old hall," said Mildred, with ill-suppressed glee.

"Ay, I'll warrant me thou art right joyous, maiden, at the news. Savon Hall may not close its gates upon a guest, but the mistress of Savon will never play the courteous hostess to an unwelcome suitor, and therefore good Mildred, thou wilt be lady of the festival, while I keep wardship in mine own chamber. I will give orders that our guests be right nobly entertained, but do thou receive them, and say to them that the Lady Anne is under a vow to receive no suitors until my lord shall have lain in his tomb a twelvemonth and a day."

"And what wilt thou gain, by that, dear coz, save a little delay? The king's will may not be gainsayed even if thou dost put off the evil day."

"Take no heed of that, good wench; woman's art must help me in my extremity; but ere I give my hand again by the ordering of others, I will don the grey robe of a Benedictine sister, and quit the world for ever," said Lady Anne.

"That would be a most fitting vocation," said Mildred, merrily, "methinks I see thee in the serge robe and linen coif, coz; a hempen rope would be a right proper cincture for thy jimp waist."

"Nay, jeer not, Mildred—I trust never to be driven to such strait; my father's little patrimony is still mine own, and if our gracious king should visit with his anger his poor servant, I will even give back to him the lands of my late lord and so purchase mine own freedom."

Mildred shook her head. "Nay, nay, dear lady, thou hast lived too long in wealth to content thee now with less; the household of a country squire, plentiful though it be, lacks much of the state to which thou art now accustomed. Thou would'st find it hard to change the silver trencher for the pewter platter; this do I know well, else had I not been so long an humble retainer of Sir Humphrey's household. Often have I wished I had never seen the appliances of wealth and pride, for then should I not have learned the luxuries which now I cannot lack. Trust me, dear coz, poverty needs an early lesson; it is a weary task to learn its discipline when we have become slaves to idle wants and vain pomps."

"Well, well, maiden, we will hope for the best even while we prepare ourselves against the worst that may befall us. Thou wilt be the gainer by my troubles, for thou wilt now see some of those court gallants after whom thy fancy wandereth."

"Thou dost me wrong, cousin," said Mildred blushing, "my fancy wandereth not in any unmaidenly fashion, but bethink thee what a solitary life we have long led. Thy late lord—whether from an overwatchful care of our tender youth, or from a jealous fear lest his fair wife should learn that the court held younger and properer men even than himself, I say not—did hold us like caged birds, and well thou knowest, that neither belted knight nor booted squire has crossed the threshold of Savon Hall, since Sir Humphrey wedded thee in thy earliest girlhood. Had I thought there yet existed one spark of the chivalry of King Arthur's knights, I had long since prayed for some doughty champion to break the spell which enchained us within this old ivy-grown court. Be sure, lady Anne, I shall do thy bidding right joyously, and shall seek in all womanly modesty to win speech of some of the roystering courtiers, an it be but to hear the language of court gallantry."

"Go thy ways, for a mad and merry wench," said Lady Anne, smiling, "thou hast my free consent to entertain them as thou wilt, so that thou keepest them from entering on my pathway."

"And art thou resolved not to admit them to thy presence?" asked Mildred; "what if my poor beauty should draw the most worshipful Sir Stephen from his allegiance to the Lady of Savon?"

"I would it might—I would it might, good coz,—for I tell thee, an he were all that limners paint or ladies love, I would not wed the churl who comes to me with the King's command, when he should offer only a lover's vow."

Mistress Mildred was in all her glory when the next day's noon brought the expected guests. Attired in a robe, which though slightly antiquated in the eyes of those who were fresh from court, yet displayed to great advantage the delicate proportions of her somewhat diminutive figure, while the bright colored ribbons which decked her dress, harmonized well with the dark beauty of her raven locks and merry eyes, she lacked none of the admiration, which the gay maiden had hoped from the gallant courtiers. The feast, lengthened as it was by ceremonious politeness, was not too long for Mildred's patience, for never had she seen so many worshipful

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gentlemen or listened to so many flattering speeches. Charmed with the day's delights, she hastened to the Lady Anne's chamber, at its close, and with ill-concealed joy informed her that Sir Stephen proposed abiding a few days at Savon Hall, in the hope of inclining the lady to listen with favor to his suit. Vexed at his pertinacious intrusion, she charged Mildred to declare to him again her resolution, and resigned herself with an ill grace to the necessity of remaining a close prisoner in her chamber during their stay. There was little reason to complain of Mildred's neglect of the guests, for, from morn 'till night, hunting and hawking, feasting and music, awoke the sleeping echoes of the long deserted Hall. It may be, that the Lady Anne would not have been so well content with the discretion of her merry cousin, had she known of the private conferences and whispered intelligences which passed between Mistress Mildred and Sir Stephen.

"Would'st thou not know something of thy wooer, dear Anne?" said Mildred, as she repaired to the lady's chamber after the banquet, as she was wont.

"I care little for the matter," replied the lady, "he is no lover for me, be he what he may."

"But, hast thou not enough of Mother Eve's temper, fair coz, to seek whether he be young or old, fair or brown? Nay, do not belie thine own nature; thou art a woman, and art doubtless dying with curiosity to know whether Sir Stephen be well favored or not. If thou wilt hie thee to the little chamber which overlooks the hall of estate, at the hour of even-song, thou mayest look upon the gallant company, and thou shalt also hear the most cunning hand upon the virginals that ever touched key or string."

"For the company I care not, cousin Mildred, and still less would I watch purely for a sight of my most unwelcome suitor, but the music I would fain hear; methinks my love for it has wonderfully increased since my lord willed me to lay aside my lute, lest I should be spoiled by the love songs which my poor old master pricked down for me."

"Well, sweet coz, an thou wilt place thyself by the tapestried window which thou wottest of, thou shalt listen to the sweetest ministrelsy that ever mine ears drank in; and, mark me, he to whom I shall give a rose from my hair, thou wilt know to be Sir Stephen."

Despite of her apparent indifference, Lady Anne was not sorry to have a pretence for beholding the husband provided for her by the King's majesty, and long ere the vesper hour, she was at the appointed hiding place. As she looked down upon the lighted hall, perchance she felt that she had not been ill content to have made one among the gay throng; but her whole attention was soon directed towards Mistress Mildred, and she watched in vain for the token by which she should know Sir Stephen. But at length the hum of merry voices was hushed, and stepping forth from the throng, a youth took his station at the virginals. Lady Anne was a passionate lover of music, and had been so long debarred the exercise of the art in which she had once excelled, that she now listened with infinite pleasure to the exquisite strains which the skill of the musician called from the instrument. She bent forward in almost breathless eagerness to catch the delicious swell of his preludes and the soft cadences of his symphonies, and when the sounds died upon the ear, she found her cheek wet with the unconscious tears of excited feeling.

The Lady Anne was charmed, and her eyes were involuntarily rivetted on the youthful stranger, whose lip and fingers had uttered such dulcet sounds; but scarce had he finished the last exquisite flourish with which he had graced his madrigal, than he mingled in the company, and was lost to the view. She was still watching his receding form, when Mildred, placing herself in such a posture as to be fully seen from the tapestried window of the little chamber, and making a slight signal, understood by none but the Lady Anne, began a merry war of wit with some of the gentlemen who thronged around her. At length, with a joyous laugh, as if in reply to some jest, she drew a rose from her clustering ringlets, and proffered it to a noble knight at her side, who received it with a lowly obeisance. As he doffed his jewelled cap to place the flower therein, Lady Anne saw with horror that he was long past the prime of life, with a bald pate, a rubicund visage, and rotund figure, which, however it might betoken good cheer, certainly had lost all claim to youthful grace. Yet was the knight not of evil countenance; he was still a proper and well-favored gentleman, albeit a little stricken in years. But the Lady Anne looked on him in silent sorrow and anger, vowing in her heart, that neither for King nor Kaiser would she wed a second time with age and jealousy.

There was a merry twinkle in Mildred Savon's eye when next she repaired to the widow's apartment.

"I doubt me thou likest not the good Sir Stephen," said she, as she marked the mournful look of her beautiful cousin.

"Speak not of him, Mildred," said Lady Anne, hastily, "utter not his name in my hearing. I have said I never would wed him, and I see nought to make me break my vow."

"But the musician; how like you the skill of the poor youth?"

"Indifferent well, fair coz," said Lady Anne, with a feigned tone of carelessness, "can'st tell me who he is, Mildred?"

"A poor retainer of Sir Stephen Mylles," said Mildred, looking down as she spoke, "my lord, I fear, is well nigh weary of his music, and I doubt not the youth has but indifferent favor with him."

"Ay, I can well believe it," said the widow, "I fancy a butt of sack would be of more service to the fat knight, than all the minstrelsy in the realm."

"It may be," said Mildred, demurely, "it may be that he would prefer a *sack-but* to a *harpsichord*, but I questioned him not on the matter. But touching this youth," added she, hastily, as if half ashamed of her poor quibble, "methinks it were doing him good will to win him to thine own service, fair cousin; thou hast often wished for a master to renew thy skill upon the virginals, and for mine own part, I would fain know somewhat of the handling of a lute. Could'st thou not give him guerdon and living for a season?"

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"An I thought Sir Stephen was a weary of him, I would willingly make him such proffers as might suit his humble fortunes, albeit he is a thought too young to be a tutor of dames."

"Nay, dear coz, he is humble, and of decent carriage, and for his youth, it is a fault will mend every day."

"Well, find out, if thou cans't, what is Sir Stephen's will concerning him, for I would not owe to my aged suitor even the favor of a musicker."

"Nay, Anne, thou dost wrong the noble knight; he is neither so old nor so churlish as thou might'st fancy; perhaps some fifty years have fallen upon his head, but trust me, they rest there full lightly."

"They have fallen heavily enough to wear all the love locks from his bald crown," said Lady Anne, pettishly, "but did I not charge thee not to speak of him to me? win him thyself an thou likest him; I'll none of him."

But a few days later, Sir Stephen Mylles, with his company, took their departure, having small cause to rejoice in the success of his suit, since the Lady Anne had never once deigned to show them the light of her countenance. The echoes of mirth and festivity once more died away, and the old hall would have returned to its former dullness, had not Master Furlong, the young musician, remained to awaken the voice of melody. Sir Stephen had shown himself well pleased to be rid of a useless retainer, and the youth now numbered himself among the domestics of the Lady Savon. Daily he attended her in the withdrawing room, to direct her musical studies, and as she had once been well skilled in the beautiful art, she was not long in repaying, by her success, the great pains of her instructor. At first, proud and coy, she scarce suffered her eyes to rest on the humble minstrel, whom she received only in presence of Mistress Mildred, and attended by her bower-woman. But his modest and humble demeanor, by degrees, overcame her timidity, and, when Mildred, becoming weary of the lute, flung it aside, declaring she would no longer mangle her finger ends with the twanging chords, the Lady Anne still continued her lessons, though she was then the only pupil of the young master. In the duetts, with which he furnished her as a means of perfecting herself in the art, he was, of course, compelled to take a part, and when they practised the lute together, the instruction which he afforded, respecting the position of the instrument, the touching of the strings, and such trivial matters, brought them often in closer contact, than might have seemed fitting, had he not been a humble domestic of her ladyship. Indeed, it was this difference of station which rendered the widow less scrupulous, for while she would have shrunk from the courtesies of a lover, she suffered the poor minstrel to guide her fair hand over the keys or strings, to hang over her as she studied the notes, and to mingle his voice with hers in the impassioned songs of the court. She took no heed of the fact that the image of the handsome minstrel was becoming inseparably connected with the art, which, from her childhood, she had passionately loved. The tone of his fine voice, the flash of his dark grey eye, the curve of his fine lip, the graceful swaying of his tall form as he bent over the instrument, were blended with every air he had ever played every melody he had ever sung. Nor can it be supposed that the youth himself had escaped scathless from the daily exposure to the widow's charms. He had gazed upon the pale, pearl-like tint of her smooth cheek, her high white brow, surrounded by the coif of mourning, the rich velvet of her rosy mouth, until the thought of rank and station vanished from his mind, and the humble minstrel dared to raise his thoughts to the haughty Lady of Savon.

* * * * * *

Twelve months and a day had passed since Sir Humphrey Savon was gathered to his fathers, and the Lady Anne was now to declare her will unto her suitor. The weeds of widowhood were laid aside, and radiant in the quaint but rich fashioning of robes of courtly splendor, the fair dame sat in her tiring-room. The maidens clasped rich bracelets on her beautiful arms, and wreathed pearls of priceless value in her soft brown tresses; a rope of the same precious jewels was twined about her slender waist, and dropped its heavy tassels almost to her very feet; they placed sparkling rings on her slender fingers, and a chain of emeralds and pearls around her swan-like neck, yet the lady seemed to have forgotten the impulses of womanly vanity in some deeper and sadder feeling. Sighs broke from her heavy heart as the hour drew near when she had promised to receive the visit of Sir Stephen, and one by one the big tears fell from her eyes, mingling with the gems which decked her rich attire.

"Cheer thee, cheer, gentle coz," said Mildred, as she watched this gathering sadness, "all will yet go well. Did'st thou not vow to defy the King, and give back to his own keeping the lands which thus enslave thee? Why then dost thou seem so sorrowful?"

"Alas! alas!" murmured the unhappy lady, "I would that I could cure all other cares as easily as I shall that of disobeying the King."

"And what heavier sorrow can'st thou have, dear Anne?"

"Ask me not, Mildred, I may not tell thee of my weakness and my folly."

"Thou did'st hold long conference with Master Furlong this morning, cousin," said Mildred, gravely. "I trust that he—"

"Name him not," exclaimed Lady Anne, hastily interrupting her, "I would I had never looked upon the youth. Foolish and presumptuous has he shown himself, and I would fain forget the pain and the shame he has brought upon me."

At that moment, and before Mildred could ask further question, the sound of a lute was heard beneath the window of the lady's apartment, and a low sweet voice, the voice of the young musician, sang in plaintive tones the following words:

"My lute awake, perform the last
Labor, that thou or I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

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As to be heard where care is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Shall we then sigh, or sing, or moan,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I are done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labor, that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun;
Now is my song both sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done."

Fixed like some beautiful statue with upraised head, and finger pressed upon her lip, to command silence around her, the Lady Anne sat, 'till the voice ceased, then laying her head on Mildred's breast, she burst into a passion of tears.

But there was little time for such feelings, even had the lady not been too proud to yield to their power. Rising from her sad attitude, and bathing her tear-swollen eyes, she commanded her maidens to await her in the chamber of estate, and ere the retinue of Sir Stephen had entered the court, she was calmly awaiting his presence. A slight tremor ran through her frame as she listened to the courtesies of the noble knight, but bold in her own resolute will, she hastened to forestall his suit.

"I pray thee to pardon me, worthy sir," said she, as he was proceeding to unfold the purpose of his coming, "I pray thee to believe that it is from no want of respect to thine own noble and excellent virtues, that I listen not to thy suit, but I have vowed never to bestow my hand unless my heart go with it, and therefore have I given orders to my steward that he should take all proper measures for relinquishing to the King's grace the tenure of these broad lands. Ere nightfall, I shall be no longer the King's ward, but shall be free to withdraw to mine own birthright, where I may live in such a manner as shall suit my humor. Think not, therefore, that I speak in other words than those of all due deference and courtesy, when I tell thee in the language of honest truth, that I cannot entertain the suit of him whom the King has commanded me to wed."

"Would'st thou deny me the commonest privilege of a criminal, and condemn me without a hearing, dearest lady?" said a well known voice as a youth stepped forth from among the retainers of Sir Stephen, and knelt at the feet of the beautiful widow.

"What means this mummery?" said Lady Anne, proudly and sternly, as she drew her figure up to its full height, and gazed down upon the flushed countenance of the kneeling youth.

"Thou did'st reject him who came to thee armed with the Kings favor," whispered he, "but wilt thou not listen to him who wooed thee with minstrelsy and music, under the humble garb of thy poor servant, gracious lady?"

Now the surprize of the Lady Anne, when she learned that Sir Stephen Mylles had come a wooing not for himself, but for his son:—her blushes, when she heard that her vow, to wed with none who came with a King's command instead of a lover's prayer, had transformed her suitor into an humble minstrel;—her deep joy when she listened to the tale of love, born of an accidental glimpse of her loveliness, and cherished long before the death of her aged lord, which was breathed into her ear by the handsome youth; and the mirth of all when they were told the stratagem by which the King's widow had been won to love one whom, from very perverseness, she had sworn to hate—are they not all written in the chronicles of the house of Savon?

"Shall I not be thy best bridesmaiden, sweet coz?" whispered Mildred, as she stood blushing and smiling beside the lady.

"Nay," cried Sir Stephen, as he caught the words, "the Lady Anne must seek another maiden, fair Mildred, for thou art pledged to me, seeing thou hast not thy fair cousin's dread of a grey-headed suitor. We shall have a double wedding, for thou hast promised that the same hour which gives me a fair daughter, shall bestow on me a lovely, loving, and light-hearted wife."

NOTE.—The letter from King Henry the VIII., in the foregoing tale, is copied *verbatim* from Ellis' Original Letters. As an explanation of its import, the following note is there prefixed to it: "Widow of the King, *Vidua Regis*, says Cowel, was she, who, after her husband's death, being the King's tenant *in capite*, was forced to recover her dowry by the writ "*de Dote assignanda*," and could not marry again without the King's consent. The present is a sort of wooing letter from the King, in which his majesty announces to a widow that he has fixed on a husband for her."

The poetry which I have introduced, is extracted from a little poem by the gallant Sir Thomas Wyat, well known in the romantic history of the times, not only for his poetical talents, but also for his friendship with the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, and the celebrated Earl of Surrey.

Original.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY SEEING A CHILD

AMUSING ITSELF WITH A HARP.

YES! lovely cherub, in thy glee
Of innocence, and heart-felt joy,
Attempt the strains of minstrelsy,
So oft thy mother's sweet employ.
And, as thy feeble fingers stray
Across the full melodious strings,
What, though unto thy mimic play,
They yield but faintest whisperings!
'Tis bliss for thee—'tis happiness
For her, who folds thee in her arms,
Who clasps thee with a long caress,
While love maternal owns thy charms.
Then let thy gleesome laugh ring out,
While pleasantly thy moments glide;
For soon may cease thy merry shout,
And death thy face in darkness hide,
Thy mother's heart! Oh, who can tell
The anguish of that dreary hour,
When grief's deep streams her bosom swell,
Beyond control of human power!
But faith may then its peace impart,
And resignation's calm be given,
As hope shall whisper to her heart,
"She strikes a seraph's harp in Heaven."

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THEATRICALS.

PARK.—After a cessation of some weeks, during which, Concerts and Balls have usurped the region of the drama, this theatre has again opened, following in the steps of its contemporaries, in the reduction of prices. This we prognosticated many months since, and now that it has taken place, we hope that the public will evince their liberality in reviving the drooping fortunes of the establishment. One thing we ardently desire, and shall use our influence to effect it, the abolishment of the Star system—the axe has been laid to the root, and we say, stop not 'till the tree is levelled.

The new comedy of "Money," by Sir E. L. Bulwer, has been produced at the Franklin theatre, by the members of the Park company. As a literary work, it is one that will not redound greatly to the credit of its author, being for the most part common-place in language and a little exaggerated in plot; nevertheless, it is certainly the best comedy which has been written since the days of Coleman, the younger. In dramatic composition, that which often appears most feeble in diction, is frequently the most effective in representation. A skilful artist can, if the character is at all true to nature, fill up the mere outline; but the author must be thoroughly conversant with the business of the stage, without which, the most brilliant conceptions clothed in the most gorgeous language, will appear but inanimate and soulless creations. Of this Bulwer must have been aware, for the situations and effects produced in his plays, are the result of a keen observation and theatrical study, and hence, in a great degree, the success which has ever attended him in this new walk of literature. But he has naturally the true elements of dramatic composition, an acute perception of humanity, the faculty of expressing himself tersely and perspicuously, and endowing his characters with individuality. He is fettered by no rules, he views nature with the eye of a philosopher, and paints her as she appears, and if he fails to give a pleasing picture, he always succeeds in giving a faithful one. The part of Sir John Vesey is the best drawn in the comedy, a character to be met with in every day life, an individual "who trades upon the merits and money of other people," well knowing that men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be. It was excellently represented by that judicious actor, Chippendale. Evelyn, the next of importance in the comedy, is a compound of cynicism, love, pride, and generosity, and was written expressly for the peculiar style of Macready. Mr. Hield sustained it with great talent, and won for himself a reputation, which hitherto he has failed to do, that of being an original actor; it was a sound, sensible, and effective delineation, and richly merited the applause and respect he received from his audience. Graves, by Mr. Fisher, was one of this capital actor's happiest representations, and strengthened our opinion that he is one of the ablest comedians in America. The female characters of consequence, are Clara and Lady Franklin. The former found an interesting representative in Mrs. Maeder; it was one of those flashes of genius with which this lady occasionally astonishes her auditors, when they least expect it. Certain we are, that we never beheld her infuse more pathos into any character, and so deeply possess the feelings of her spectators. Lady Franklin, the fashionable woman of the comedy, was sustained by Mrs. Vernon, with tact and ability, while the other *dramatis personæ*, male and female, of lesser note, were all of them respectably supported. On the whole, the performance of the comedy was one of sterling ability, while the fashionable and crowded audiences which nightly honored its representation, were proofs that the genuine taste for the drama yet lives amongst us.

NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.—The opening night of this theatre was marked by the appearance of Miss Vandenhoff and her father in the characters of Julia and Master Walter, in the Hunchback. On a former occasion, we devoted our columns to a laudatory notice of this young lady's performances, and especially her Julia, and we rejoice that we have now to endorse that notice, with increased expression of our admiration. It is one of the most glowing personations of nature and art at this moment on the American stage. To particularize the component beauties of her acting would be a labor of love, and we regret, that for the present, we are restricted to only this brief notice. Mr. Vandenhoff's comprehension of he indefinite character of Master Walter, is the best of any actor living. The mystery with which the author has invested it, by Mr. V.'s admirable talent and expressive stage-play, is dispelled, and its true purpose and spirit revealed. The Helen of Mrs. M'Clure, was a sensible performance, but an exuberance of gesture and affectation, greatly marred its effect, pertness not affectation, is the characteristic quality of the part. Modus, by young Vandenhoff, was good; there was no *acting* in it, nature was predominant, in look, speech, and gesture. Mr. Wheatley's Sir Thomas Clifford, was one of his best characters, and well deserved the meed of approbation he so warmly received. The parts of Ion, Ophelia, and Constance, have likewise afforded Miss Vandenhoff an opportunity of asserting her claims to a higher and more difficult order, especially that of Constance in King John. The personation of this character requires a mind more unfeminine than that of Miss Vandenhoff's. There is a stern and imposing dignity in the part, that can only be imparted by a voice of great power and a person of noble figure—these Miss Vandenhoff does not possess, her forte lies in the delicate and feeling creations of the drama, and any departure from them will only detract from her well deserved reputation. Her Ion was a beautiful conception, but we can never imagine a hero to be represented by a woman. The unsexing of herself, at once breaks the charm of the poet and the aim of the actor. Indeed, classically beautiful as this drama is, it was never fitted properly for the stage; the youth of Ion can rarely be represented by an actor possessing the maturity of his art, to give the requisite force and character to the part. Even Miss Tree, who realized our conceptions of it as closely at her sex would permit only succeeded in making it an interesting personation, ever failing to leave any lasting impression on the mind. Mr. Vandenhoff's Adrastus, is the character in the play most fitted to the stage, and whether or not he may consider it as a compliment or offence, we assert it is one of his noblest delineations. His Hamlet we esteem a sensible and judicious performance, sparkling with beauties, but imperfect as a whole. This is too frequently the character of this gentleman's acting; one moment rising to the very acme of the art, and the next falling to mediocrity. To what this can be attributed, we cannot imagine, unless it arises from too great confidence in his powers and a familiarity with his profession, which causes him mechanically to execute that which otherwise should be given with spirit, impulse, and feeling.

BOWERY.—The Burning of Moscow is now the principal attraction at this house, and certainly, as a scenic illustration, it is one of the most effective we have ever witnessed. In regarding only this mimic representation one cannot help feeling powerfully impressed with the horrors of war, and a fervent wish that among civilized nations, the sword should be turned into the ploughshare. Too great praise cannot be awarded the artist, (Mr. Barry we believe,) for the consummate skill he has displayed in the arrangement of this drama; while we are happy to learn, its merits are appreciated and rewarded by the public.

OLYMPIC—Taste and talent have succeeded in raising this theatre to the height of popularity. The entertainments, for the most part, are light airy and witty, occasionally, perhaps, a little too glaring in the coloring, the performers, forgetting that satire should never merge into caricature or caricature into buffoonery. The success attendant on the Olympic, is a proof that enterprize is always rewarded.

CHATHAM.—In the present dearth of theatricals, the manager has reason to congratulate himself that fortune smiles so benignly upon him. The dramas brought forward at this theatre, will always attract a certain class, to whom the higher representations of the stage, are vapid and passionless. Of this, Mr. Thorne is conscious, and spares no expense or industry to minister to their appetite. The result of which is, that while the *legitimate* establishments are in a state of depression, the Chatham is reaping a harvest of wealth and popularity.

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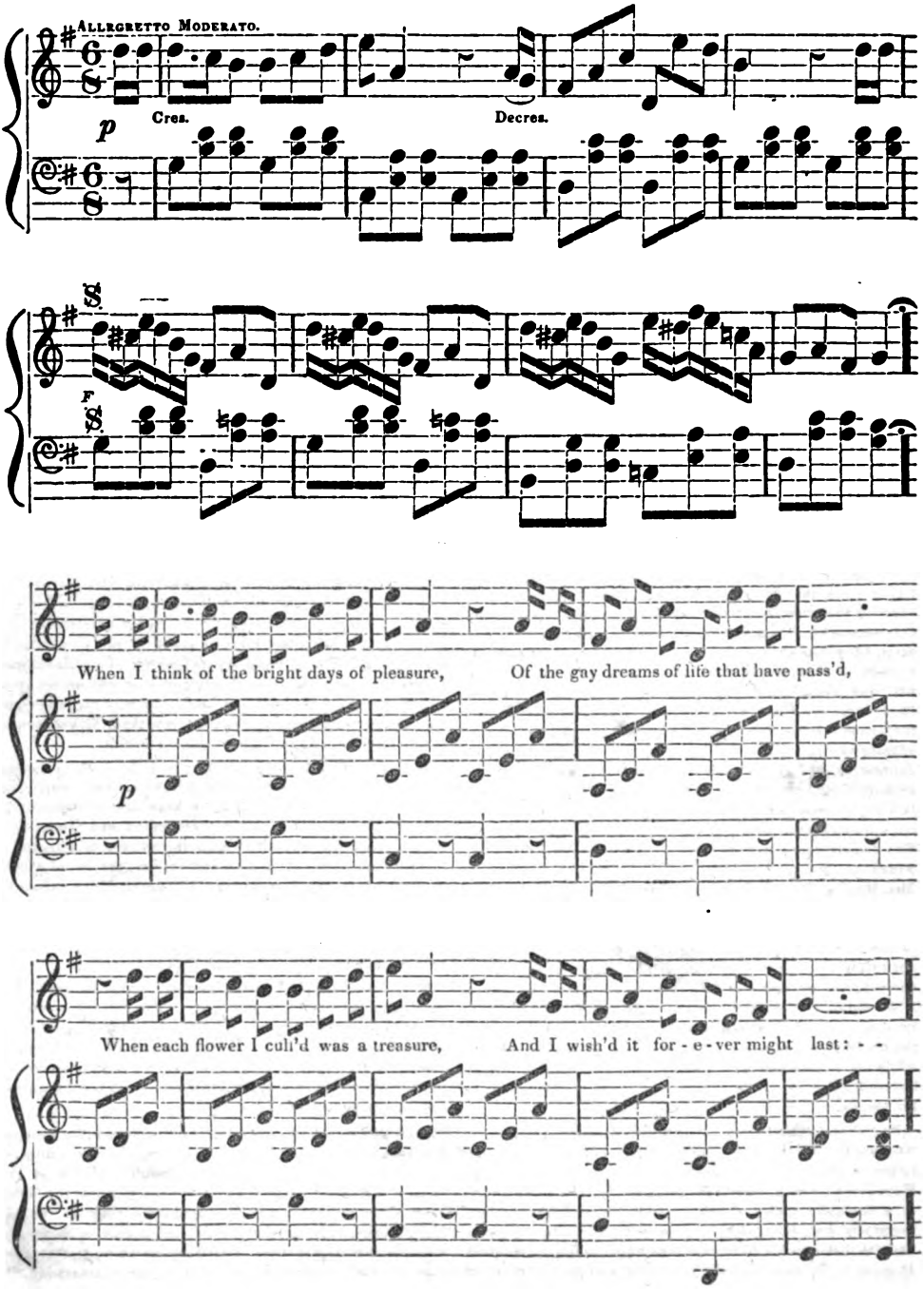
I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

A SONG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY JAMES G. MAEDER.



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Tho' the future may promise less joy, - - - Or coldness shall tell of re - gret; It

f

Ritard. Ad lib.

Rall.

can - not the feeling de - stroy, I am sure I shall ne - ver for - get—

Oh, I shall ne - ver for - get, I 'm sure I shall ne - ver for - get.

D. C.

p

D. C.

D. C.

SECOND VERSE.

There 's a charm in the joys of life's morning,
When our cares, like the dew, pass away—
Or its pearls, each bright flower adorning,
Are exhaled on the bosom of day;
For sweet Hope, with its promise, shall dry
The eye with a tear-drop that 's wet,
And days when I knew not a sigh,
I am sure I shall never forget:
Oh! I shall never forget,
I 'm sure I shall never forget.

THIRD VERSE.

Then since Fancy can lessen our sorrow,
And can soften one moment of pain,
Let us add to the bliss of to-morrow,
In recalling past pleasures again.
And as winterly days have no power,
The transports of life to beget,
'T is wise to retrace Joy's soft hour,—
I am sure I shall never forget:
Oh! I shall never forget,
I 'm sure I shall never forget.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS: *by Washington Irving.—Family Library: Harper & Brothers.*—The biography attached to these volumes is the best which as yet has been given to the public, of that good hearted and great minded man, that unfortunate and sensitive son of genius. Mr. Irving says he undertook the task as a "labor of love," and beautifully has he done justice to the character and memory of the poet. It is equal to any thing in "Johnson's Lives," and in our opinion entitled to greater consideration, being written in a spirit of love and kindness, and with a strict regard to impartiality and truth. The contents, we think, might have been more copious, many of his finest compositions not being admitted into the volumes. While this is to be regretted, we nevertheless must avow, that the issue is a valuable one.

WHO SHALL BE HEIR? *by Miss Ellen Pickering: Carey & Hart.*—This, like the most of modern novels, is spun out to an unnecessary extent, for the whole of the material of which it is constructed, might have been, and with greater advantage to the interest of the tale, condensed into one half of its present quantity. As it now stands, the first volume is merely a vehicle for the gossip of a number of characters, the most of whom have no connection whatever with the plot. We do not, however, condemn the work in toto, it will be found a readable book. The principal characters are conceived and delineated with truth and power, and the denouement is highly exciting.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES; *by Salma Hale: Harper & Brothers.—Family Library.*—A valuable compendium of the History of the United States, from their settlement as Colonies down to the year eighteen hundred and seventeen; admirably adapted "to the perusal of thousands whom want of time or means must preclude from a full and particular history." The want of such a work has long been a hiatus in our country's literature, which Mr. Hall has now supplied. It is perspicuous, well digested and impartially written. The hope that he may be able to add hereafter another volume, embracing the events from eighteen hundred and seventeen to the present time, we trust will be speedily realized.

FLOWERS OF PIETY: *E. Dunigan.*—A very beautiful gem of a new prayer-book, compiled from the most approved services, and adapted for the general use of the professors of the Roman Catholic faith, among whom, from the purity of the tenets it inculcates, it should acquire, and we have no doubt will, a wide circulation. It is beautifully printed, embellished with six fine steel engravings, and bound in the most magnificent manner, reflecting the highest credit on the taste and enterprize of its spirited publisher.

SKETCHES OF CONSPICUOUS LIVING CHARACTERS OF FRANCE: *Translated by R. M. Walsh: Lea & Blanchard.*—These are vivid and graphic sketches, and we should think most impartially written. The translator has given them in the very spirit of the original; indeed, we think a little too faithful, retaining the very idiom of the language, with such truth, as to render them to the mere English reader in many places, complex and turgid. With this exception, the work is one of the most delightful we have for a long time perused. Sincerely do we hope Mr. Walsh will favor the public with a continuation of these sketches.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

THE KINSMEN, *by the author of Guy Rivers: Lea & Blanchard.* Mr. Simms already stands so high in the estimation of the reading public, that any commendation of ours is almost nugatory, yet we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction that the Kinsmen is, in many respects, superior to his preceding productions. So full is it of thrilling incidents, and powerful character, it is difficult to select any one particular part for especial praise, we will venture, however, to say that the combat of the brothers is compeer to that of Rhoderic Dhu and Fitzjames, in the Lady of the Lake, while many other descriptions and situations are equal to those of any of our best living writers of fiction.

EDITORS' TABLE.

APOLLO ASSOCIATION.—We have received a copy of the "Transactions of the Apollo Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts," in which, from the report of the committee of management, we regret to learn, that the institution has not met with that success which its design so richly merits. This they attribute solely to the state of the times, but express their hopes and confidence in the ultimate success of the association. When we consider the high station our country occupies in the mercantile world, and the great wealth with which many of her citizens are endowed, and yet that the Fine Arts should be so poorly supported, we are almost inclined to concur in the reproach which our foreign neighbors cast upon us, that we are only a money getting race of individuals. At this very day, the principal schools of the continent number, among their pupils, Americans superior in talent to every other country; but who, while they are thus exalting its mental character, find their only reward in neglect and penury. Yet, let us hope, that the time is not far distant when this apathy will be dispelled, and that we may behold the hand of liberality extended to genius; for, in the words of the Institution's president—"the present body of sculptors and painters of indigenous growth, who are now both at home and abroad, prosecuting with a becoming spirit the several branches of the Fine Arts, need only American patronage to render additional honors to American genius, and vindicate their claims to the recognition of after ages. The arts owe so much in all ages to the liberality of mercantile generosity, that I cannot think this expectation vain, when contemplating the character of the American merchant."

DEMPSTER'S CONCERTS.—This gentleman has been delighting our musical community with a series of concerts at Clinton Hall, and winning for himself a reputation as one of the sweetest ballad vocalists in America. His style is simple, correct and natural, aided by a voice of great melody, and a distinct enunciation. In addition to his English ballads, he possesses the faculty of singing those of Burns' with a national purity and taste which is truly delightful. We rejoice, at all times, to devote our columns to the commendation and encouragement of true talent, and especially when, as in the present instance, it comes before us clothed in modesty and worth.

VANDENHOFF'S READINGS.—This gentleman, of whom we advised our readers in our last number, has delivered two courses of readings from the British Poets, at the New-York Society Library, to the gratification and instruction of many of our most intellectual inhabitants, fully sustaining the high character which preceeded him from Boston. From Mr. Vandenhoff's professional pursuits, one would be naturally led to expect a fervid and pompous style of declamation, but there is not the least semblance of such, in either his speech or gesture. To a voice of great compass, with a perfect mastery of its modulation, he adds a distinct and natural pronunciation, and a most graceful address. There appeared to be but one feeling prevalent among his auditors, and that was of unmingled satisfation and delight.

SPRING FASHIONS.—*Promenade Dress:* open bonnet of silk, ornamented with flowers: robe of silk, body close, sleeves full from the wrist to the elbow, above which they are tight and encircled with four narrow flounces, two do. running across the breast parallel with the shoulders; skirt full with flounces; hair plain.

Evening Dress:—Hair parted in front, with full ringlets on either side, and decorated with roses; robe of silk, with a flounce of lace at the bottom of the skirt; close body with full plaits across the bosom; sleeves full and drawn up to the shoulder, exposing the arms, with bracelets.

Walking Dress:—Bonnet of silk, with flowers; robe of silk with a deep and full flounce at bottom; sleeves, half full, but tight at shoulder; cloak of silk, with a capuchin hood lined with fancy-colored silk, and fastened at the throat with a broach.

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Young Gentlemen & Ladies

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Beaume

A. L. Dick

THE CHILD SAVED.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, APRIL, 1841.

THE CHILD SAVED.

Unknown from his fond mother's guard,
A laughing boy, from home, had gone
Unto a river, there to launch
His mimic bark upon,
While o'er the flower-enamelled ground,
His faithful mate, a dog did bound.

For well he read his master's face,
And knew each word his lips let fall;
And leap'd to catch the treasured bark,
That little captain's all:
Poor beast! within thy speaking eye,
Affection's gem doth truly lie.

And soon the sail was fitly trimmed,
And in its puny might and pride;
Away upon the river's breast,
The little bark did glide.
High swelled the urchin's heart to see,
His hopes achieved so gallantly.

And on and on the light bark flew,
O'er ripple, wave and eddy wild;
No captain of a noble crew,
Felt prouder than that child,
With that small toy. Oh, would thus e'er
Thy life, sweet boy, were free from care!

Just then, a zephyr, in its flight,
With wanton wing the light sail kiss'd;
When lo! the little vessel lay,
Wrecked on the river's breast.
The boy beheld his treasure gone,
And grief usurped bright pleasure's throne.

"My bark, my bark!" the urchin cried,
And stretching from the hanging bank
To seize his vessel, haplessly
In the deep river sank.
No human form to hear or see
His screams and throes of agony.

Poor child, thy race is nearly run,
Thy joyous laugh, thy sparkling eye;
No more will glad thy mother's heart,
Thy doom is now to die.
Is there no power, no hand to save
Thy beauty from the hungry wave?

There is, there is! one eye o'er all
In watchfulness is ever cast;
Not e'en "*a sparrow's form may fall,*"
Without his high behest.
That power beholds, and doth concede
His mercy in the hour of need.

For see! his dumb companion leaps
With instinct from the sedgy shore!
He nears him—drags him from the wave,
Ere yet life's hour is o'er,
'Till, on the margin of the stream,
The boy awakes as from a dream.

While o'er him hangs his mother's form,
Who prints upon his lips her kiss;
And weeps in gratitude to God,
And breathes her prayer of bliss.
And round them on the daisied ground
The faithful dog doth bark and bound.

R. H.

Original.

THE DEATH OF THE GOD-LIKE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Farewell Earth! farewell Stars! and sea!
And ye great glories that accompany
Each wondrous element!—
I pass into the chaos, whence,
Before the thunder of Omnipotence,
Forth on your path ye went!

Once, as creation on me broke,
The ocean and the sky,
The far-voic'd music woke,
As from an instrument of thousand strings,
Swept by a band whose shadowy wings
Veiled each bright brow,
And the great music-fount where they did bow!

Then, nought but mystery
Troubled my stricken spirit, as I bent!
But now, to that great fount
On cloudy wings I mount!
Vast pinions now shall bear me on,
And with an angel's eye
I shall look inward where the stars were born,
And Earth's first morn
Broke 'mid triumphant harmony!

Oh! now amid the spheres
Above me spread
In an unfading company—the land
Unvisited by tears—
Where they weep not the dead—
And where, to ceaseless song, walks the white band
Of those we loved in other years,
There shall I tread!

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Original.

THE WALTZ AND THE WAGER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"We are quite ready, papa," said Georgiana Melton, as she entered her father's library, with her sister Caroline. "Do let us go this very minute—I am so impatient!"

"I see you are, my love, and therefore you will be good enough to sit quietly down, 'till I have finished my paper."

Georgiana bit her beautiful lips, and threw herself on a sofa opposite a large mirror, while Caroline smilingly stooped to caress an Italian greyhound, which had sprung from the hearth when she entered.

While the three are thus occupied—Georgy with herself, Carry with her dog, and their fond father ever and anon feeding his paternal vanity, by a shy peep over the edges of his paper, we, my dear reader, will, with your permission, take the same liberty, with the sincere, but scarcely reasonable hope, that you may experience as much pleasure in the survey, as did Sir Richard Melton.

No wonder the frown gradually cleared away from the polished brow of Georgiana! No wonder her superb, hazel eyes are so proudly lighted up, as she gazes at the reflection, in the mirror, of her brilliant and aristocratic beauty. She cannot be more than nineteen years of age; yet there is perfect majesty in her mien, and in the noble contour of her form and feature, as she lies with her small head thrown haughtily back, her white throat curved, and her fair round arms folded gracefully before her. Her dress is of rich white satin, fitting closely to her beautiful bust, and reaching nearly to the throat, where it is terminated by a row of swan's down. The satin falls, which drape her dimpled elbow, are trimmed in the same chaste and simple manner: but look! as she moves, the sudden flash of diamonds from amid the rich softness of the down betrays, that simplicity alone cannot satify the regal taste of the wearer. She is evidently fond of those "stars of the darkling mine." They girdle her waist; they are wreathed on her snowy arm; they gleam like chain lightning amid the braids of dark brown hair, which is parted smoothly from her white veined temples, and plaited behind. Her head is exquisitely formed, her forehead is fair and broad, her eyes are eloquent with the beauty of a proud and generous soul. The bloom on her cheek is the richest hue of health and youth and hope, and the expression of her arched and glowing mouth is inimitably spirited, yet sweet as a newborn rose. Altogether, Georgiana Melton is about as radiant a creature as ever thought fit to illumine this sad, cold world of ours. And now for the fairy Caroline. Poor Carry! by the side of her brilliant and stately sister she is like the lily of the valley in the shade of a magnificent magnolia. Her form—what there is of it—is pretty and light; but her hands and feet are so small, that people wonder what they are good for. Nevertheless, she is very lovely, and very graceful, and though her timid beauty, overspread as it is, by the more striking charms of Georgiana, is seldom noticed, yet the extreme delicacy of her complexion—the profusion of her silken ringlets, that fall in a shower of light on her shoulders—her dimpled cheek, rosy mouth, and melting blue eyes, looking so bewitchingly bashful beneath those drooping lashes—all these, combined with an air of the most perfect child-like innocence and purity, may well render the little petted Carry, what a friend of mine emphatically called her, "a charm!" She, too, is dressed in white; but her dress is muslin, of the simplest fashion, and wholly unadorned. Carry is just sixteen, and just "coming out."

But see! they are preparing to go. Sir George is putting down his paper, Georgiana is wrapping a magnificent shawl around her queenly form, and Carry is tying her cloak. They pass through a line of liveried servants—they enter the carriage—they are gone to an evening party at Lady C——'s. Let us go too, dear reader. We have no invitation it is true—*n' importe*—Lady C—— is, by far, too luxuriously indolent to trouble her graceful head about us. She will only raise, in languid wonder, her large, soft, dreamy eyes, and be glad of an excuse to arch still more her already beautifully curved eyebrows. So then, here we are, and just in time to hear the announcement of Sir George and the Misses Melton, and to see the eager gaze of admiration which follows the first appearance, this season, of the beautiful heiress, Georgiana. "Remember, love, no waltzing!" whispered Sir George, as he led them forward. "Remember, love, no waltzing!" was echoed in a low, playful tone, on the other side, and, turning, Georgiana met the dark and earnest eyes of her betrothed lover, Vincent Lorraine. She had deemed him far distant, and could not wholly repress the smile and blush of delighted surprize, that stole to her cheek at the sound. But she averted her face to conceal them, for she was provoked at his presumption, as she haughtily deemed it, in daring thus to dictate to her. "He knows," she said to herself, "that I have never waltzed, even with him; indeed, he never presumed to ask it; but he shall learn that his commands are not to be my law; and papa, too! what could induce them both to force me into an alternative so very disagreeable? not that I see any great harm in waltzing, except that a man's arm round one's waist must be a bore."

During these very reasonable cogitations of his docile daughter, Sir George led the ladies to a sofa, and left them in charge of Lorraine. "I could never," said the latter to Carry, as he took his seat beside them, wholly unconscious of the wayward mood into which Georgiana had wrought herself, "I am sure I could never respect a woman who would submit to the familiarity necessary in that voluptuous dance."

"Miss Melton," said the young and graceful Duke of B——, bowing low to Georgiana, "I hardly dare ask the honor of your hand for the next waltz." Georgiana smiled encouragingly. "Will you indeed be so gracious?" offering his arm. Georgiana rose and accepted it. The Duke looked surprized and vexed, while Caroline raised her eyes imploringly to her sister's face.

"*Georgy!*" she whispered, "you *will* not waltz after what papa and Vincent have said?"

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"Papa and Mr. Lorraine do not know me!" and she cast a glance of playful, but slightly scornful defiance at her lover. She was rather startled, and very much provoked at the look he gave her in return. It haunted her through the waltz, and though she had never looked so brilliantly beautiful, and never danced with such bewitching grace, the smile on her lip was a falsehood, for her heart was ill at ease.

We must now explain the evident disappointment betrayed by the Duke of B——, when Georgiana accepted his proposal to waltz. On his way to the mansion of Lady C——, with a band of gay companions, he had rashly laid a wager of considerable amount, that only one unmarried woman in the room would refuse to waltz with him, and that to that woman, whoever she might be, he would propose before the end of the season. Georgiana Melton was in his mind's or rather his heart's eye, when he made the bet. A passionate admirer of beauty in all its forms, he had borne her radiant image away from many a festive scene, and worshipped it in solitude and silence. He had heard, with a species of exultation, a few evenings previous, her dignified refusal to waltz with the most distinguished individual in the room and he had thought how well the ducal coronet would grace a brow so noble and so pure. Gay, profuse, and seemingly thoughtless as he was, he had nursed in secret a noble refinement of soul, which rendered him fastidious, even in trifles, and he could not forgive Miss Melton her evident eagerness to join in a dance he disapproved, although her favored partner was himself. He was vexed with her for failing to reach the standard of perfection he had raised in his own mind, and when the dance was done, he turned away with a sigh, that told of blighted hope.

Georgiana mistook that sigh for one of love; for she had often marked his earnest gaze of admiration, and, in spite of her long cherished affection for Lorraine, her young heart fluttered at the thought of the brilliant conquest she had made.

As the Duke left her, her cousin approached. Her eyes fell beneath his, and her very temples flushed with the agitation of her heart. He seemed about to speak as he took her trembling hand; but suddenly letting it fall again, without a word, he hurried by and left the room. Georgiana smiled as her fancy pictured an interesting reconciliation, which she intended should take place in her boudoir, the next morning, at farthest.

CHAPTER II.

"I have lost my wager," whispered the young Duke to his friend, Lord N——, "and what is worse, I have lost the loveliest woman in England,"

"Pardon me, my friend," said Lord N——. "You have lost neither your bet nor your bride."

"How! Have I not waltzed with every unmarried woman in the room? (Thank Heaven there are not many!) and is not Miss Melton the star of the season?"

"Do you see that delicate creature at her side?" replied his friend.

"Who can see any thing where *she* is, but herself? Ha! but she *is* beautiful! who is she? do you know her? I hope she don't waltz. I dread to ask her, lest those sweet lips should simper "yes." I shall detest that word in future." And ere Lord N—— could reply, the Duke was requesting from Georgiana an introduction to her sister.

Caroline's eyelids drooped, and a soft blush warmed her delicate cheek, when he hesitatingly requested her to join the waltzers. He almost trembled for her answer. It was simply, "No, your grace!" and the young nobleman thought he had never heard a voice so thrillingly sweet before. "Will you not indeed?" he involuntarily exclaimed. "I am so happy to hear it." Caroline opened her blue eyes wide with wonder, and Georgiana grew stately; but they soon forgot the seeming rudeness of the remark, in the delight which his eloquent conversation inspired, and the generous heart of our heroine exulted at the impression which her "fairy pet," (as she fondly called her sister,) had evidently made.

"I am sure you have bewitched him, sweet!" said Miss Melton to Caroline, the next day, while talking over the ball, "and what a charming little Duchess you will be!" she continued, fondly twining her jewelled fingers in the ringlets of her sister, as the latter closed her tell-tale eyes on her shoulder. "But haste! that was Vincent's knock—I am sure it was!" and she stooped and kissed Carry's fair brow, to conceal the emotion which glowed in her eloquent face.

"What an enchanting picture!" exclaimed the Duke of G——, as he entered the room at the moment.

Georgiana started in disappointment, and Caroline in blushing delight, at the voice. And where was Vincent Lorraine?

The servant answered her heart's unuttered question, by handing her a letter, with which, making a scarcely audible excuse, she hurried from the room.

CHAPTER III.

One bright afternoon in September, about four years subsequent to the date of the incidents related in the preceding chapter, a luxurious boudoir in Belgrave Square, was occupied by two ladies, both young, and one almost child-like in her appearance. The form of the latter was of fairy-like proportions, with the roundness and grace of a Hebe. She might have personated that goddess in face as well as figure; for her deep blue eyes were full of joy and love; her mouth had the fresh and dewy red of a ripe, but unplucked cherry—her cheek was bright with tender bloom, and countless curls of a rich, golden hue, clustered softly round its dimpled beauty, and enhanced the bewitching sweetness of its expression. Young as she was, she was evidently a mother, for a lovely, sportive infant lay in her arms, and a miniature of herself, a tiny girl, between two and three years of age, stood at the knee of the other lady, turning over the gilded leaves of an annual.

It would be difficult to describe the singular beauty of the face, which was bent towards the child; the large hazel eyes were filled with a wild and passionate melancholy. The cheek was perfectly colorless, yet so transparent, that any unusual emotion would instantly reveal itself there, illumining that spiritual paleness with a brilliant glow, momentary indeed, but exquisitely deli

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cate. The hair was glossy, and intensely black, lying in rich masses on either side of the face, and braided loosely behind. The eyelashes were long, of the same jettish hue, contrasting strangely with the tintless purity of her complexion. The grace and majesty of her form were finely developed by her rich but simple dress. It was a black velvet, sweeping in ample folds below her feet, and wholly without ornament, excepting a frill of black lace at the throat. She was seated in a deep crimson chair, over the arm of which, hung a superb Indian shawl, bright with the gorgeous colors of the eastern loom.

"Oh! isn't that a pretty picture, aunt?" exclaimed the little prattler at her knee, and the lady stooped still lower, until her pale cheek touched the round and rosy one of the child.

The door opened, and two young men entered the room, one of them saying, as he did so, "I have brought you an old friend, Caroline, whom I am sure you will be happy to see, and you also, Georgiana."

While the youthful Duchess sprang eagerly forward to welcome the stranger, the dark-haired lady languidly raised her eyes; but they fell again instantly, and the color mounted to her brow, when she met the earnest and admiring gaze of the Duke's companion.

"Miss Melton," said the deep and musical voice of Vincent Lorraine, while his lip quivered with emotion, "this is indeed a happiness I did not dare to hope; but after a four years' absence from all I love best upon earth, you will not surely refuse to welcome me home again."

Georgiana threw back her stately head; but she could not repress the glowing smile of joy, which lighted up her beautiful face, as she replied, "*My* welcome can be of but little importance to Mr. Lorraine; but it is freely given, nevertheless." And she frankly held out her hand.

"I wish you success, most heartily, my dear fellow!" said the Duke, as he and Lorraine were riding through Hyde Park a few days afterwards, "but I must candidly tell you that you have but little chance with "the statue," as she is called, by all her male acquaintances. She has refused all who ever overcame their awe of her, sufficiently to propose, and seems determined to keep herself to herself, with all her beauty of mind and person. To tell you the truth, I was quite astonished at her condescending to shake hands with you the other day. It is a liberty which no one else would presume to take with her. In truth, she has odd ideas about some things, which I cannot account for. In my opinion, she is over-fastidious, if a woman can be so. No, no, though she is the light of *our* household, she will never grace another, I fear; I should say, I *hope*, for what would Carry and the children—what should *I* do without her? With the exception of my own little wife, she is the purest minded, and most disinterested woman I ever knew."

The reader may account, although the Duke could not, for the smile which grew brighter and brighter on the countenance of Lorraine during the foregoing speech, and for the exulting tone in which, at its close, he exclaimed, "She is mine if there be truth in woman!"

"What *can* you mean, and where *are* you going, Lorraine?"

But the youth was out of sight ere the sentence was finished, and the wondering Duke pursued his way alone.

"Will you never, never forbid me to waltz again?" asked Georgiana, playfully, as her restored lover implored her consent to their immediate union.

"Never, never, my precious!"

"And will you never run away again for four long years at a time, truant?"

"Death only shall part us, my own!"

"And I may waltz when I choose?"

"Yes, love!"

"And with whom I choose?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"There, then!" (and she gave him her hand,) "this day twelvemonth, it is yours for ever."

Poor Lorraine pleaded, but in vain, for an earlier day.

"No! dear Vincent," said Georgiana, seriously, "if you are going to repent *a second* time, I choose it should be before our marriage; it would be rather inconvenient afterwards."

"What has animated our statue?" asked her sister, entering at the moment. "I have not seen such a smile, nor such a blush on her face these four years."

Original.

MUSINGS IN SOLITUDE.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

The summer's rich splendors are o'er!
Stern winter frowns darkly as death;
The verdure of mountain and moor,
Has faded before its chill breath:
On oblivion's dull stream bright summer is borne,
But in sweetness and beauty it soon will return.

As kindred and friends have all gone,
Whose love was my solace and stay;
And left me in darkness, forlorn,
So summer has vanished away:
And its absence o'er earth throws a funeral gloom,
E'en as death leaves the lone heart an 'unlighted tomb.'

When nature again shall resume
Her mantle of beautiful green,
And set forth her flow'rets to bloom
On the brow of earth's fairy Queen,
Shall this hand pluck the blossoms of delicate dye,
Or will they but perfume the grave where I lie?

Ah! who can, with certainty, say,
That life will prolong its rich light;
'Till summer, in gorgeous array,
Comes smiling to gladden the sight;
The mountains and valleys with life will abound,
But this heart may be pulseless within the damp ground.

Grim Death may encompass my way
With his heartless and ghastly band;
And my deathless spirit convey
To the shores of the 'unseen land;'
Then will summer's soft breezes my requiem sigh,
While my spirit is bathing in glory on high.

And who would not far sooner die,
When early affections are warm;
Or ever youth's radiant sky,
The dark clouds of sorrow deform!
Oh! who 'would live alway' in this cold world unblest,
And not *long* for the place where the weary may rest!

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Original.

ONTWA—AN INDIAN STORY.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

EVERY thing relating to Indian history and traditions, has an increasing interest with us, as we perceive the race of the red-man fast disappearing from the land. As we pass into the depths of our immense Western woods, as we linger by each lonely shore, as we glide across the wide bay in the rocking skiff, it is natural and it is pleasing to recur to those days when their barbaric tribes peopled the land around. The spirit of the departed savage walks around and about us. It haunts the wood and peoples the valley. As we urge onward the gliding shallop, we fancy we again descry the canoe of the Indian, and as we traverse the glades of the forest, we almost expect to see the apparition of the savage warrior start from the leafy thicket—

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and blithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth amid his reign to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

But a few years since, and their calumet-of-peace was lit, the council-fire shot up its flame in the silence of the woods, or the war-hatchet was dug from the ground, and the grand war-dance caused the hills to resound with the tramp of a thousand warriors, and the war-slogan was sent forth from a thousand martial bosoms. But yesterday, as it were, and the now cultivated hill was overshadowed by their pathless woods, and the plain, whose fertile glebe is now made frutiful by the toil of the husbandman, or is occupied by the rural village, or the great city, was a silent wilderness, disturbed only by the cry of the wild hunter, or the blast of the Indian horn. From the recesses of every forest the Indian lodge sent up its curling smoke; on the green slopes the sound of childish sport was heard; and beneath the sacred tree, the bones of the old forefathers of the hamlet, were long ago committed to their last repose. We are constantly reminded of them by a thousand objects around. With every wild stream is connected associations which awaken in the memory the glory of other days, renewing the deed of the departed warrior, and the freedom of the wild hunter. We often meet with relics of that departed race in our solitary rambles—we discover the lonely cairn where the ashes of distinguished chieftains repose; we meet with the little heap of stones which savage affection has erected over the bones of some beloved object; we often find relics of the crumbling lodge or decayed canoe, the huge wooden bowl, the rude pottery, the stone hatchet, the clumsy knife, the flint-pointed arrow, the shell-covered shield, the ornamented pouch or moccasin, the bow or battle-axe of tough wood or polished bone, and various similar curiosities which serve to remind us of that untutored people, whose hands so long ago fashioned them.

There is also a great interest thrown around the tales of Indian life and superstition, as they, from time to time, reach us. It is well to preserve them, for they will soon be all that remains to us of their departed race. The following wild sketch embodies one of their many superstitions, some of which are still related around the watch-fires in the camp of the western hunter.

Ontwa was a youthful 'brave' of the warlike tribe of the Pawnees. This wild and predatory band still spreads terror and desolation over the western prairie, and all who pass among the regions they frequent, whether wild Indian or the little less wild frontier-man and hunter, would do well to avoid the trail of that tribe. They are like the Arab of the desert, a wandering and warlike race, moving their camp from region to region, wherever they may best succeed with their game. The morning sun that shines upon their camp, will, at its setting, see them on their evening march, far removed on their way. There is little fellowship on their part with other tribes. They seem to prefer to be at war and enmity with all men. They go forth to their grand hunting expeditions as to battle, and are always equally well prepared for a foray against the wild herds or the wild Indian.

Ontwa, though young in years, was distinguished for his daring, even among his own heroic people. He was a young chief, whom many of the tribe looked upon as the future head of their race, the one destined to lead them forth to warlike renown and sport, as well as to the successful hunting exploit. He was tall, erect, and of a manly presence, and the maidens of his tribe looked with unfeigned admiration upon their favorite warrior. His dress was as becoming as his form was elegant. A high plume from the wing of the mountain eagle danced on his head, and a crimson tassel of the wild sumach drooped on his brow. He wore a scarlet frock of the skin of the roebuck, embroidered with gay colored silk, and gaudy fringe of stained quills and beads. A bright colored sash, bound firmly around his waist, and highly ornamented leggins and moccasins of the soft hide of the deer, completed his apparel. A crooked knife glittered in his belt. A short rifle, suspended by a bandaleer, swung at his back; and he always bore the fatal bow and arrows of the Pawnee in his hand. It is said by the half breeds and hunters of the west, that the Pawnee can shoot down the buffalo with this formidable weapon, at the distance of three hundred yards, and often drive, at a shorter distance, the shaft entirely through its body.

It was a bright October evening, and the moon of autumn rode high in the clear sky, shedding down her liquid lustre over all the prairie, and the dim forests that waved around. The camp of the Pawnee had settled in slumber, and the last group around the camp-fires had forsaken the clear cool air that blew over the waste, for the more comfortable shelter of the wigwam. But Ontwa alone was restless and sleepless. He stept forth from the little circle of tents into the bright moonlight, taking his course leisurely along the prairie that skirted the borders of the swift-rolling Arkansas, on whose brink the tribe were encamped. The Indian looked upward at the bending sky above, and gazed intently on the bright luminary that was rolling serenely on her way, amid the white clouds, shifting and flitting around her like billows of foam tossing around the sailing ship. Then turned he to the twinkling stars, shedding down

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their faint lustre on the landscape, like so many gentle spirits of the benificent air.

"Bright beings," exclaimed the savage, "through how many ages have not your all-seeing eyes looked down upon these haunts of our race, and beheld all the glory and power, when our warriors outnumbered in battle, even your uncounted array. After ye have circled a few more revolutions in your golden orbits, ye will see the last of our race hurried to their grave, and the race of the pale faces trampling the dust and ashes of all our perished tribe."

The prairie gleamed whitely in the pure moonbeams, save where a scattered clump of the pine, oak, or the towering cotton-wood, cast down their leafy shadows, and mourned as the sighing breeze of the night passed over them. And the blue winding river of the prairie, murmured with a hollow roar in his ear, as it gushed with its steady lapse to its ocean-ward end. But, suddenly, a darkness overspread the face of the sky, and a sob, as of a coming storm, passed across the prairie, and the river began to lash its shores heavily, and anon the sheeted lightning gleamed like the angry glance from the eye of the great spirit, across the gloom, and the deep thunder spoke in the heavens, like the voice of the spirit in his wrath. The old woods rocked and groaned in the blast, and many a tall monarch of the grove was scorched and shivered by the stroke of the lightning. But Ontwa's stout heart was undismayed, as he stood with folded arms contemplating the sublime scene. But suddenly, a deafening burst of thunder pealed along the sky, and the warrior was struck down senseless to the earth by the descent of the forked lightning.

When he again recovered his consciousness, the tempest had vanished, the muttering thunder was silent, the faint October breeze sighed quietly and mournfully in the faded grass of the prairie, and the rain-drops glistened like diamonds on the dripping foliage, as the round moon once more smiled down upon the scene. He started hastily to his feet, and to his surprize, beheld the unextinguished thunder-bolt lying beside him, and near it, a noble steed of the desert, unbridled and unsaddled, pawing the earth and tossing the foam from his mouth, and flashing his fiery eyes, as if impatient to start forth on its career. He tossed his head proudly to the air, he curved his dark neck and lashed his coal-black sides with his flowing tail, and neighed like the eager war-horse when he hears the sounds of the battle from afar off. The warrior hesitated not to snatch up the deadly bolt, and with one active bound mounted the unsaddled courser. In an instant the desert-born steed was away like a shaft discharged from the Indian's bow. Away to the desert, away to the wilderness with the speed of light, went horse and rider. In a moment the humble roofs of his tribe, the rolling river, and the dark, far extended forest had disappeared from his sight. Over the wide prairie where he had lately hunted the buffalo and the elk and the bear, his fiery steed careered, passing many a bleaching skeleton mouldering on the waste, without fear, or ever swerving from his course. So rapid was their flight, that the seemingly motionless air, disturbed by their onward career, seemed by its resistance to be dashing against them with the force of a whirlwind. The clouds that sailed lazily in the blue vault above them seemed to be moving towards them on the wings of a tempest. The wild deer, thus suddenly aroused from his couch in the herbage, started before them in affright, believing the spear of the hunter was again at his flanks. But soon the flying elk was overtaken and lost in the distance. The unwieldy buffalo also started from his lair, and his burning eyes flashed with terror and surprize beneath his shaggy brow, as the apparition of the dark steed and his rider, passed by him. The grizzly bear hurried still further into the recesses of the tangled forest as the sound of the passing hoofs disturbed him from his slumber.

The night was now far spent, and still the dizzy speed of his wild steed did not in the least begin to slacken. Miles and miles of the limitless prairie had been left behind, and still he was irresistibly hurried forward. The hot steam poured from the courser's nostrils like the smoke of a furnace, but no other evidence was there of their long and ardent race. Not a fleck of foam whitened his dark flanks, or swelling chest. Though without saddle or stirrup, the bold rider, accustomed to the chase from childhood, still kept in his seat manfully, but his bow and sheaf had slipped from his hands, and his gun had been lost from his shoulder. With each strong hand firmly grasped in the flowing mane, he still hoped to tame and conquer the wild animal he bestrode.

THE DESERT HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

Swift, swift they pass!
O'er the prairie's trampled grass,
Like a bark upon the sea
When the wind is fresh and free,
And the full-distended sail
Straineth to the rising gale—
Swifter than the swiftest flight
Of the sea-bird, when the light
Of the frosty morning breaks,
On the Northern isles and lakes,
Swift, swift they pass!

Fast, fast, they go!
Faster than the driving snow,
When the stormy night sets in,
And the tempest's mingled din
Beating on the shepherd's shed,
Fills his startled dreams with dread.
Faster than the clouds they fly,
Coursing the tempestuous sky;
Faster than the waterfall,
Pouring o'er its rocky wall;
Faster than the morning beam,
Than the lightning's livid gleam,
Fast, fast, they go!

Swift, swift, they fly!
Who may watch the fiery speed
Of that desert-nurtured steed!
Without bit, and without rein,
Scouring the unbounded plain!
Without spur and without whip,
Who may that fleet race outstrip?

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Not the faintest foaming speck
Falls upon his outstretched neck,
Not a crimson drop hath dyed
His unspotted, glistening side;
Speeds his hoof, and flames his eye!
Swift, swift, they fly!

Swift, swift, they sweep!
Fast they follow deer and roe,
Fast the nimble footed doe,
Fast the branching stag and hart
From their leafy covert start.
And the grey wolf's dismal howl,
And the black bear's sullen growl,
And the panther's savage yell
Round the Indian's courser swell.
But no terror may impede
That dark courser's headlong speed!

Coldly and slowly broke the ruddy glow of morning in the grey east. The moon and stars had paled their fires on the eye of Ontwa, and he now looked with anxiety for the coming light of the dawn to guide him on his way. During the darkness, his steed had suddenly come upon the lonely banks of a bend in the broad and turbid Arkansas, and the rider hoped that this watery barrier would prove a friendly limit to his career. But the steed paused not a moment on its sandy edge, but boldly plunged in the foaming tide, and stemming gallantly the torrent, soon reached its opposite bank, and held on its way, as before. Many a tangled thicket, interlaced with the twisting vine and the sharp bramble and many a creeping plant, did they toil through. Through many a swamp, choked up with rank grass and brittle reeds, did they penetrate. Many a broad belt of woodland, where the tall cotton-wood, the branching elm, and the rough oak, intermingled their leafy tops, did they traverse; and often as they dashed madly under their branches, through whose almost impervious screen the moonbeam entered not, save through an occasional gap in the verdant roof, the rider was placed in imminent peril. Often did the wet and heavy foliage that draped their lower limbs brush rudely across his face, and well nigh dash him to the earth. But he seemed to wear a charmed life, for no harm from flood or forest at any time befel him. He would gladly have relinquished his perilous seat, but so swiftly was he hurried along, that he felt it to be impossible so to do. He was fully conscious, when too late, that the steed he bestrode, was the winged Lightning of the Desert, and he knew that no effort of his own could extricate him from its mystic power. He felt that he must submit himself to his fate.

Hour after hour of daylight rolled away, and still the untiring steed and his panting rider pursued their course. The vast tract of the Missouri territory had been traversed, had sunk deeply through many a league of its prairie, and forest, and woodland. The Canadian and the South Fork had been forded by the daring animal, without a moment's hesitation or delay. Many an Indian village had been passed, and many a group of warriors and women had hurried forth from their tents to view in astonishment their flight. The Creek, the Choctaw, and the Cherokee, had never before looked on so gallant a race, though themselves daring riders and brave hunters. The hunter in the far-off wilderness, leaned on his rifle or his bow to gaze with unfeigned surprize and admiration on them, as they whirled by him, like a passing shadow. And the fisher, tossing in his birchen bark on the stream, rested on his paddle, while the Lightning-Steed hastened by. Then their path led directly across the great Mexican desert—and the swift waters of the Red River, the Colorados, and the Braxos, were forded in succession. The rider had, at length, when the sun rode high and hot at noon-day, become entirely exhausted, and he knew by the faintness that was creeping over his languid frame, that he must soon drop from his seat. He was overcome also, with a parching thirst, for he had been unable to moisten his feverish tongue, though he had passed through so many torrents and streams. He never dared loosen his grasp, even for a moment, on the tangled mane of his charger. His gay dress now hung in tatters from his person, torn by many a sharp thorn and briar, and his flesh was bleeding and bruised from its many rude encounterings with tree and thicket. At length they reached the foot of the rugged Rocky Mountains—and the steed still continued his progress—leaping its chasms and scaling its cliffs. But the strength of the rider failed, and he fell senseless to the earth, in helpless exhaustion. But he soon recovered strength to commence his journey homeward, to the camp of his tribe, which he did not reach until several moons had waxed and waned.

Original.

SOCRATES.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

The earth is full of riches,—solid rock
Serves as the central nucleus round which
Diamond and chrysolite in massive bands
Circle the mighty orb; there's not a gem
Known by the lapidary, but round the earth
Glitters resplendent in a shining zone
Of almost fathomless lustre. Now and then,
At intervals, a specimen of each
Shines on the surface like a drop of dew
Fallen from the firmament, and monarchs then
Strive for the great possession. Were it not
For specimens like these, man should not know
Such splendor had existence; seeing them,
He learns to hope, until his spiritual eyes
Are opened and he sees unvalued wealth
Concealed within the bosom of the earth
Beyond the grasp of avarice, beyond
Imagination's utmost range of thought.

So is it in the moral world,—there is
Faith at the centre and exhaustless mines
Of charitable glories circling it
Beyond the grasp of thought. Thou, Socrates,
Wast thrown upon the surface, like a gem
To show the mine below, and not a stone
In Aaron's ephod more celestial shone.

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Original.

THE LEGACY SHIP.*

A SEA STORY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Dame Otto was a widow, whose husband, an honest laborer, had been dead a long while. She lived here in Hamburg some years ago. I well remember her shop, half under ground, where she carried on a small retail business in wood and coal, besides selling liquors and other refreshments to the guests who occasionally dropped in, thus managing to earn a tolerably comfortable, though humble maintenance.

The dame, in her young days, had been at service in the house of a rich merchant, Schorr, by name, whose only son, a wild though good hearted young man, chanced to fall violently in love with her. This was not strange, when we consider the extreme beauty and modest demeanor of the girl; and Arnold, taking into view his superiority in point of rank and wealth, did not dream of being unsuccessful in his wooing. So that when Marie, instead of encouraging his advances, shrank from him, the disappointment only increased his passion; he pursued her the more closely—and even went so far as to make her a formal offer of marriage. But Marie was not disposed to take advantage of his infatuation. She had no ambitious wishes; and acting like a prudent damsel even in the first impulse of her surprize, she went to the old merchant, and informed him of all that had passed. The elder Schorr was a rational, amiable man. He applauded the discretion of his serving maid, reproved his son for his unpardonable misconduct, and sent him forthwith upon some business into England. In his absence he adjusted matters so as to prevent a recurrence of difficulties; the pretty Marie was bestowed in marriage upon young Otto, to whom she had long been attached, and her former master expressed his approbation of her choice, and his kind regard for her, by giving her a rich dower, which he placed in the hands of her husband on her wedding-day.

The good dame still remembered that happy time, though she had since gone through much trouble, which made her appear older than she really was. First she lost her kind master, and there were none but her and her husband to perform the offices of friendship for him in his last illness; for his son Arnold had been estranged from him ever since his disappointment. Then she heard that the rash young man had parted with his patrimony, and invested most of his fortune in a ship, the command of which he had taken, and was gone to sea. She was much grieved that one she had been taught highly to respect, had thus abandoned himself to a rover's life, the more so, as she had been innocently the cause of his self-banishment from his native country. But this sorrow was in time swallowed up by one much more severe; her husband died, and of seven children she had borne him, only one son, Matthias, survived his father. The finishing stroke, amid all her misfortunes, was the decay of her means of living; by little and little her substance wasted away, and she was at length obliged to betake herself to the business above mentioned, to keep her son and herself from actual want.

Matthias was a lad of very high-flown notions, and of great ambition; and moreover had never learned the lesson of self-denial. He sometimes assisted his mother in her work, but always spent much more than he earned; for he would dress in a manner that suited the son of a rich burgher, rather than a youth in his very humble circumstances. Whenever his poor mother ventured to remonstrate mildly with him upon his extravagance, for she never had the heart to reprove him severely, he would answer rudely,

"Let me alone, mother!" adding not unfrequently the taunt—"If you had been wiser when you were young, and had married the rich Master Arnold Schorr, you might have been now a respectable merchant's wife; you would not have been obliged to live in a musty old cellar, and show a wheedling face to every fellow that chances to come in to spend his sixpence or shilling!"

At this, the poor old dame would go aside and weep bitterly, while her son threw himself on a bench, and idled away his time in smoking and sleeping.

One day, after rather a protracted scene of this kind, between mother and son, the door opened unexpectedly, and a man of somewhat remarkable appearance entered. His rough exterior, and his blustering manner, showed him to be a sailor. He was full six feet high, and indeed had to stoop in crossing the threshold; and seemed a man not so much advanced in years as worn by toil and hardship. His sunburnt visage was rendered more unprepossessing by a thick, dark beard, which was suffered to grow very long. A dark colored cord encircled his neck, to which was attached a large pocket-knife, usually carried by sailors. He wore, tied round his straw hat, a silken handkerchief, after the fashion of the East Indian seamen.

"Holla—who waits?" he cried, as he came in. "Fetch me a glass of rum!"

"Mother—a glass of rum!" called out Matthias, without moving from his favorite couch; and the poor woman quickly wiped her eyes, and prepared to obey the order.

"The unmannerly boor!" cried the seaman. "What do you lie idle there for, and order about the old dame? Who are you, sir?"

"He is my son, at your service, my good sir," said the dame, not a little mortified at the rude behavior of the youth.

"A fine fellow, to be sure," muttered the stranger, "but it is your own fault. Why did you bring him up in idleness? If you had kept him at work, and given him now and then a taste of the discipline of the whip, he would have been worth more, I promise, to you. But what is the matter now? What are you crying about?"

"Oh, sir," stammered the old woman, fearful that the stranger would think ill of her son, "I have been at work in the kitchen; the fire smokes badly, and it has given me a sad rheum in my eyes."

"You are lying, mother," interrupted Matthias,

*Freely translated from the Diary of Burkhardt, the Pilot.

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angrily, but without moving from his place. "She has been quarrelling with me, as usual; and at such times she always takes to crying, so that our customers may think something terrible has happened."

The dame went and seated herself in her corner, sobbing; the sailor looked sternly at her son.

"Hold your insolent tongue, varlet," said he, "or I will soon teach you better behavior."

"Your business here," replied the youth, pertly, "is to pay for your glass of rum and then to take yourself off. That is all, sir!"

The stranger changed countenance, and looked as if much provoked, but suppressing his indignation, said, after a pause, in rather a scornful tone—

"Stand up on your feet, my lad, I want to see what sort of limbs you have, with so ready a tongue. Get up off the bench."

"I choose to lie still," answered the young man, though at the same time he raised his head a little, to look at the seaman more attentively.

"Well then, I will try if I cannot get you up," observed the other quickly; and forthwith he loosened the cord above spoken of, from his neck, and opened the large knife, the blade of which appeared sharp and bright.

"For mercy's sake!" screamed the old woman, springing up when she saw this action, but too much frightened to come near the stranger, "Are you going to kill my child?"

"A true eye is a capital thing for a sailor, eh, dame," answered the man—"and I have such, as you will see." With that he wound the cord round his wrist, and then threw the knife with such force, that whistling through the air it lodged deep in the wooden bench. The seaman then jerked the line so as to overset the bench completely, and the astonished Matthias came to the ground, much to his discomfiture and the inconvenience of his nose, which was bruised by the fall. All this happened in an instant. The dame screamed, "Help!" the young man picked himself up, rubbing his nose, while the sailor took back his knife, and burst into loud laughter.

"Well, I have you up at last," cried he, "in truth, you are as rough a lad as ever chewed sea-biscuit. I say, sir, how do you relish standing upright? Dame Otto—you need not be surprized that I know your name, though I have never been in your shop before—let me advise you to look after your son, if you would not have him turn out a scapegallows. Here is the pay for your liquor, you need not give me any change; may it do you much good!" so saying, he threw a guinea on the table, and walked out of the door.

"What a strange man," said the old woman, as soon as she had recovered breath. "How his eyes glared—and he looked all the while as if he were mocking us—and I noticed, he did not even glance towards the crucifix hanging under the looking glass! Who may he be, I wonder?"

"What the mischef do I care, who he is?" answered her son, pettishly, and going up to the table, he emptied, at a draught, the glass of liquor which the stranger had left untouched, then snatched up the guinea, thrust it into his pocket, and with a careless "Good bye, mother," left the shop.

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All the morning there had been an unusual commotion about the harbor. Not that bustle which is occasioned by each having a good deal to do; for nearly everybody was idle; it was the head, not the hands that was so much busier than usual. Curiosity was on tiptoe to know what was meant by the sudden apparition of a large ship, which daylight had discovered in the river, outside the port. Her hull was dark colored, and marked with strange figures, and her sails showed like mountains of snow in relief against the sky. She seemed to have no beak, and the name on her stern was effaced. The men on her deck seemed occupied with business of their own, and not desirous of holding any communication with those on the crafts around them. All this was suspicious, but after the closest observation, the spectators could see nothing to justify dread of the strange-looking ship, though all were obliged to own there was something odd and remarkable about her, especially as she carried no flag nor pennon, nor anything to mark the particular country to which she belonged.

By degrees the novelty wore off, and even the idlers on the wharf ceased to talk about her, as towards noon, the harbor-master was seen to go on board, and bring the vessel up to the raft, just outside.

Soon after, several of her crew landed, and among the rest the sailor we have already seen in Dame Otto's cellar. He walked about the wharf, seemingly in thought, and up and down the street, nor spoke to any one, till he encountered Matthias, just coming from a tavern in the neighborhood, where, with a set of drunken vagabonds, he had spent the guinea left on his mother's table. The young man was on his way home, sadly inebriated; his flushed face wore an expression of stupid glee, and the effect of the liquor had been to give him a more ready flow of talk.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, when he perceived the sailor, "hang me, but if I see straight, you are the very man who ordered a glass of rum at our shop and left a guinea to pay for it! I can tell you, sir, your liberality pleases me well Pray do us often the favor to call. But come, I believe I have a shilling or two of odd change left, shall we have a glass of Port-wine together?"

"As you please, tippler!" answered the seaman, laughing, "I am ready for you; but we will not go into your dirty cellars, where you can hardly see the sun at noon. We will go, if it like you, on board my vessel, where you will find plenty of flasks, of the best growth. Will you go with me?"

"You do me great honor," replied Matthias, with a scraping acknowledgment, after which he found incredible difficulty in recovering his footing. "I beg—sir—what is the name of your admirable vessel?"

"The Lucifer!" said the stranger, and burst into a peal of laughter.

"The Lucifer?" repeated the youth, very thick-tongued. "Very well, you, a good Christian, and christen your vessel with such a name! Lucifer! the name is not very common here. But how is it, sir?

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What were we talking about? I thought the matter was a glass or two of Port."

"So it was," said the other, and putting his arm in that of the drunken youth, he led him to the wharf, and down the steps, at the foot of which the boats landed. They stepped into a little yawl and were pulled across the bay towards the dark colored ship. On the way, Matthias managed to collect a few of his scattered senses, and crowded his questions, 'till the yawl stopped alongside the ship, and the seaman caught hold of a rope flung overboard to him.

"Here is the Lucifer!" cried he, "now if you will take the trouble to hoist yourself up, you shall soon see what kind of stores she has. Up with you! you can run fast enough into Old Nick's arms, so hold fast the rope, and give a spring."

Matthias obeyed as well as he could, and followed his entertainer into the cabin. They seated themselves at the table, on which were speedily placed several bottles of wine. The youth drank so freely, that he soon lost all command over his tongue and his limbs, and at last sank helpless upon the floor. The captain, for such was the rank of his companion, saw him fairly lodged under the table, then casting upon him a look of compassion, rose and quitted the cabin and the vessel.

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Dame Otto sat alone in her little shop, wondering at the prolonged absence of her son. It was late at night. A slender tallow-candle was burning in a wire candlestick, and gave a light so feeble, as scarcely to enable one to distinguish the different articles of furniture in the mean apartment. The old woman sat with her hands folded and her head drooped; but she started up when she heard a noise of heavy footsteps. The door was pushed open unceremoniously, and the tall sailor she had seen before, came in, grumbling complaints at the darkness, and his trouble in finding the door. Great was her surprize at seeing a stranger at so late an hour, while she eagerly inquired his wishes.

"Not much," answered the man shortly; "I bring you only a message of farewell from your son, and want to know if you have any word to send him?"

"For pity's sake, sir," cried the old woman, "tell me what is become of my son? What is the meaning of his sending me his farewell? Why does he not come home, I have waited very long for him."

"You will not see him very soon again!" observed the sailor.

"Oh, good sir! have pity on a mother who loves her child better than anything in the world!" exclaimed she, wringing her hands. "Where is my Matthias? Is he angry with me? He has often spoken harshly to me, it is true, and sometimes he strikes me when in a passion, but I love him dearly, for he is my only child, the only one that remained to me when I lost my children and my dear, good husband."

"Your dear good husband!" repeated the seaman, somewhat scornfully. "What was he, but a mean paltry creeping fellow! He never had anything good or noble in him."

"My good man, Otto was respected through life, and honorable," answered the old woman, in a firmer voice, wiping her eyes. "A man who read his bible and went to church, and helped the poor, and never passed an idle day. But I pray you, sir, tell me, where is my son?"

"Your son is better off than he deserves," was the reply; "do not be uneasy on his account. Is he to spend his life here, lying on yonder bench, and vexing you day after day? No! he must go out into the world, and learn something that will drive his big thoughts out of his head. He is on board my vessel, and taken into my service. To-morrow we shall sail. In a year or more you may expect to see us again, and I warrant you, you will find your good-for-nothing son mightily improved."

"And who are you?" asked the dame, half curious, half suspicious, "that you take such care of my Matthias? I have good right surely, to know."

"I am the captain of the Lucifer!" replied the stranger; as noble a ship as ever was launched—as safe in a storm as a calm. Depend upon it, your boy is in the way of good on board of her, for we do not spare the rope's end where it is necessary."

Dame Otto heard nothing of the latter allusion, being taken up with her superstitious terror on hearing the name.

"The Lucifer! Maria help us!" she screamed; "what blessing can you look for, when you sail under such a name? What must I think of a man who commands such a vessel?"

"Think what you will," answered the other, indifferently; "you will find me a reasonable fellow, for all that. It is true, I handle the cup rather freely, and sing drinking songs, but what can you expect of a sailor! We must have something to keep up our spirits, while our jackets are wet with salt-water. Well, I must begone. You will see us again in time, and shall have your son alive, and changed for the better, I assure you. Now, farewell—Marie! It is very long since I called you by this name."

"Who are you?" asked the dame, looking at her visitor earnestly, and trying to read his features by the dim light.

"A weather-beaten fellow, who has been in all parts of the world. I can tell you my story in a few words. I was in love with a pretty girl, who rejected me and married another. I went to sea with a tempest in my heart—was shipwrecked, after a while, and lost everything. Then I came into possession of another noble vessel, left me as a legacy by a man who had been a great villain. I could spin you a marvellous long yarn of my adventures since, but have no time. Enough, I have taken charge of your son, and pledge myself, if Providence permits, to restore him to you. Good night."

"And am I not to know the name of the man who has taken my only child from me?"

"You will find my name there, Marie;" replied the seaman, in an altered tone, laying his hand on a little box on the table. "We shall see each other again, and meantime there is something to make you comfortable." So saying, he departed.

The dame looked at the box a long time before she seemed inclined to open it. When, at length, she lifted

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the lid, the first thing she saw, besides a well-filled purse of gold, was the miniature of a young female. The face was exquisitely beautiful. The white forehead shaded by brown curls, and the blue eyes and blooming cheeks called up long absent recollections.

"This is my *own* picture!" she said, after a pause. "I was like this, it seems but a few years ago! This is the minature my husband had painted for me just after our marriage; which was stolen from us, and no one knew where it was gone. What else is here?" On taking out the miniature she saw that another was fastened at the back of it. It was the portrait of a young man. The eyes and hair were black, and the forehead marked with a broad scar. All the features showed a rash, impulsive temper, and the air of deep melancholy was not to be mistaken.

"Arnold Schorr!" murmured the dame, while a flood of thoughts crowded upon her mind, occupying her so absorbingly, that she sat many hours after the candle had burned out, supposing that only a few minutes had elapsed. When she at last roused herself, she wiped the tears from her eyes—but they were tears more tender and pleasurable than she had ever shed before.

The next morning, every one was stirring about the harbor and the river; all was bustle on board the Lucifer also; boats were coming alongside, laden with provisions and freight, which the men were stowing in their places. Her sails flapped in the wind, but she was held fast by two strong hausers, while the tide was coming up. The captain gave his orders here and there loudly, looking now and then at the weathercock, which indicated that the wind was south-west. Presently the steersman came to him, and announced that all was ready. The bell of Saint Michael's was striking eight.

"Where is my last night's guest?" asked the captain.

"Snoring on the cabin-floor," was the answer: "shall I wake him?"

"Let him alone a while; now call the men to their quarters, and be ready."

"Ay, ay, sir," and all obeyed. The tide was now slack.

"Take in the forward hauser!" cried the captain; "and hoist the mainsail and the jib! Bring the tiller to larboard, that the vessel may sheer off from the dock!"

The order was obeyed—the ship turned her bowsprit up the stream, and the sails fluttered noisily.

"Fetch her bow round, that she may catch the wind."

It was done, and the hinder part of the ship pressed hard against the raft.

"Let go the hind hauser, and square the topsail! Ho, Carpenter! go to the helm and steer for that fishing-boat with the white bows. Hurrah, my lads! hurrah!"

The men answered with loud huzzas. The upper yards were quickly fetched about, the helm was committed to more skilful hands, and the gallant vessel cut rapidly through the yielding eddies.

As she receded from the dock, the wind blew more freshly and filled the sails; the city vanished from their sight, the river shores were passed while boldly she ploughed her way through the waters with the speed of an eagle on the wing.

Arnold Schorr, the captain of the Lucifer, stood on one side of the deck, watching the foam of the waters dashed from his vessel's bow; the ship, which he now loved as if she had been his daughter.

"She has served me well," he murmured, "the many years we have been on the deep together. Her timbers have weathered storms that would have sent many a statelier ship to the bottom. Heigho! I am tired of this cruising—I want to be at home! To whom shall I leave this legacy ship? 'Twould be a pity that any but an honest fellow should ever get command of her. None shall, with my leave. Poor Leyda! 'twould grieve her, too!"

With this, the rough but good hearted seaman sank into a revery, and forgot all but the past. The days of his youth came back; he thought himself again at home, at his father's house; he remembered the lovely Marie, and the mad passion he conceived for her. He remembered her coldness and fear of him, her rejection of his suit, and his father's stern rebuke. He called to mind the secret resolutions he had formed, even when forced to separate from Marie, of making her his own at some future day. He remembered his feelings when returning to his native city, full of hope and love; the ringing of the church bell that saluted his ears—the impulse he felt to enter the church—his horror and agony on meeting, at the threshhold, Marie and her newly wedded husband, accompanied by his cruel father—all these recollections swept over his mind like a dream.

To the reader of this humble tale it may not be uninteresting to look back on some of the past events of his life.

No language can describe the feelings of the young man, who thus saw his treasure snatched from him. He went about the city like one distracted, nor did time seem to mitigate the violence of his grief. The elder Schorr was taken ill; the news did not affect the son, nor induce him to give up his foolish resentment. He became worse, and though anxious once more to embrace his son, died, before a reconciliation took place. Arnold no longer expressed vehement resentment, but became a prey to the deepest melancholy. By the death of his father he came into possession of considerable property, but neither the accession of fortune nor the influence of a good education contributed, as his friends hoped, to soften his bitter feelings. The truth was, he repented of his refusal to be reconciled to his father, but the remorse that continually tormented him rendered him more averse than ever to intercourse with others. At length, he seemed to arouse himself from his melancholy. He was seen frequenting the wharves, and examining the vessels from morning 'till night. A taste for maritime employment grew up in his mind. He went several voyages as a common hand. Finally he disposed of his patrimony, and with the money, caused a light vessel to be built, of which he took the command. It was launched the last day of summer. He named it "The Lost Heart!" The beginning of autumn saw her ploughing the great ocean; and with no particular

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necessity, except the indulgence of his restless humor, he made trading voyages to different parts of the world.

Some years elapsed before he visited America. He could not help looking with admiration and interest upon the United States—regarding that nation, then in its infancy, as destined to enact a mighty part in the history of the world.

One day, as his vessel lay at anchor in the bay of New-York, and he was standing idly on deck, a small canoe, pulled by a negro, came alongside, and a tall, thin, pale faced man stepped on board. He gave a look round the vessel, as if examining her tackling, and appearing satisfied, went up to the quarter-deck, where the captain met him with a surly, "What is your will, sir?"

"Let me not disturb you, captain, I have plenty of leisure, and can wait," said the stranger, and walking up and down the deck, gave time to Arnold to survey him from head to foot. He was a middle aged man, rather prepossessing in appearance, but there was a fire in his deep dark eyes, that gave a sinister expression to his countenance. At the captain's repeated invitation to unfold the object of his visit, he smiled complacently, and said,

"I foresee, captain Schorr, that we shall be very good friends in time. I am aware that you have at present nothing to do in this part of the world, either with your craft or your men, and that it would not be disagreeable to you to set sail again. Now I am in want of a vessel to convey me and my cargo to the island of Madeira. If you will undertake to oblige me, I will warrant you that you shall not be overfreighted, and that you shall have no cause to quarrel with me for driving a hard bargain in the matter of payment. I shall be ready to sail when you please."

"Well, sir," replied Arnold, "you will find me also no niggard, and if it suit you, the bargain shall be struck." They shook hands, and the captain called out—"Holloa, my lads! Timo! Fetch a flask of Madeira for this gentleman and me."

The wine was brought, and before the flask was emptied, the arrangement was concluded between them. The stranger engaged to have his effects on board by the third day after, when every preparation was to be made for setting sail immediately.

"On my part, Master Arnold Schorr," said his visitor, "you may expect the utmost punctuality. Max. Saunders, I say it not boastfully, is famous for it. Take out none of your ballast, for my cargo will not take up much room, though it is more in weight than you would fancy from its bulk. On Thusday, before noon, I will be with you, good bye 'till then." He shook the captain's hand, and stepping into his canoe, was soon pulled to the shore.

For the next day, and the next, all was bustle on board, preparing for their trip; for it was Arnold's pride to have his vessel in first-rate order. All was ready the evening of the second day after his conversation with the stranger, but not an article of the expected cargo had been sent on board. The night passed, the last morning came, but still no tidings of their freight.

Arnold walked the deck impatiently.

"If this man Saunders," he said to the mate, "is not here by noon, I shall hold our bargain broken. We will weigh anchor, and sail where it please *us* to go."

"As you please, sir," answered the mate, "we have on board freight enough without this vagabond Saunders' cargo, to coast the United States safely. If you like, we can sail this very hour."

"Wait 'till noon, and not a moment later. We have a fair wind, and ought not to loose it. This Saunders—"

"If you please to look over the starboard," said the pilot, "you will see him coming."

Four oarsmen were pulling a boat towards the vessel, Saunders sat at the helm. As they came alongside, he stood up, waved his cap, and cried,

"Good morning, captain. I hope you have not waited for me. A rope, my lads, let me come aboard."

Arnold was out of humor.

"I thought better of your punctuality—it is almost noon, and we have not seen a bit of your freight. I have half a mind to break the bargain."

Saunders sprang on board, and shook the captain by the hand.

"What time," continued the latter, "have you left us for loading the vessel? Do you think my men have twenty arms apiece?"

"Loading the vessel?" repeated Saunders, indifferently, "I said not a word of it. I only spoke of my own luggage, and all I have is in the boat."

Arnold could not help laughing when he found that his anticipations of a cargo were fulfilled only by a trunk, bandbox, and umbrella, besides half-a-dozen little iron-bound kegs.

"Is that *all?*" asked he, and when his passenger nodded in the affirmative, added—"I fear you will ruin the business of the United States, if you carry away so much property at once!"

Saunders paid no heed to the remark, but busied himself in bestowing his luggage, and then paid the boatmen, while the sailors weighed anchor. When they were out at sea, Arnold went down into the cabin, where his passenger was seated upon a sofa.

"Now, sir," said he, "that we have fairly left the land, have the caution to pray for a prosperous voyage, it would be a pity your precious cargo should be lost."

"You are pleased to be merry," returned Saunders, for I assure you there is wealth enough in each one of those kegs to buy your vessel. They are filled with specie."

Arnold's manner changed.

"And what have you been doing," said he, "to amass such riches? I wonder you dare trust me with the knowledge of them."

The other, after a pause, added—

"Captain, I thought well of you, at first sight, and now beg that we shall be good friends. You must carry me safely and speedily to Madeira. I have been many years at sea, and never cared for a long or a short voyage; but now I feel a strange anxiety to set foot once more on

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terra firma, and shall count the hours. I will pay you like a prince, captain, when I am once on shore."

"Have no fear," said Arnold, "so long as the wind blows my good ship will hold on, and if we come across ugly fellows, pirates I mean, we have guns and cutlasses aboard."

Some weeks passed, with nothing to beguile the time, but the monotonous occupations of a sea-voyage, the wind continuing fair. At last Saunders could descry, looming dimly on the horizon, the long wished for land.

"We are not ashore yet!" observed the captain, in reply to his burst of exultation. "It is too late to come to anchor to-night. There is a heavy gale rising, and I fear we shall have tough work yet, before we get into the Bay of Funchal."

"How unlucky!" cried the passenger. "But surely we can make the harbor before the storm comes upon us?"

"I am afraid not," answered Arnold. "If you will listen, you will perceive there is no common tempest brewing."

Saunders watched with increasing anxiety the indications of the heavens, which were threatening enough. Dark masses of clouds piled up in the sky, were ever and anon, rent by angry flashes of lightning. As the sun went down, the land they were approaching, was lost in the lowering blackness. The sea seemed boiling up from its depths, and the dark waves were crested with white foam, swelling higher as the fitful blast swept over them. The heat of the atmosphere was intolerable, and the gush of wind felt like the breath of a furnace. The sails were taken in, and every effort made to keep the vessel out of the currents, in which there was danger of her being driven violently towards the shore. But the agitation of the sea was more violent than could be accounted for, even by the effect of the gale. The very deep seemed to reel, the billows suddenly rose to a formidable height, and a noise louder than a hundred peals of thunder, convulsed the air. The energy of the men was completely paralyzed.

"For mercy's sake, what does this mean?" cried Saunders, grasping the captain's arm.

"An earthquake!" replied Arnold, in a deep and hoarse, but calm voice. "It is time for each of us to commit our souls to the master we have served during life. I have nothing to fear for my own part. How it stands with you, Saunders, I cannot tell; but I fear me, your gold pieces will bring a sorry harvest, the way they are likely to be sown, It would take a long sickle to reap them at the bottom of the sea."

"Can you never have done jesting?" exclaimed the other, in an agony, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead.

"What would you have me do?" replied the captain. "But you are right, this is no time for it. And ha! here comes a light breeze from the land. All hands to work, up with the sails! Holloa! my lads, she is strong enough to work against the current."

His orders were instantly obeyed. The sails were hoisted, and for some minutes, all was hope, when came a violent thunder-burst, and the breeze changed into a hurricane. The hapless ship was now the sport of the waves, and before the order could be given to take in sail, the mainmast bent, creaked, and snapped in two, and her lay a log upon the deep. Her fate was not long undecided. At one instant she struck with such violence, that her planking was broken in—the next, a mountain billow swept over her, and "The Lost Heart" was engulfed in the waters.

The morning sun rose clear in the bright blue sky. The storm was over—the sea smooth, the breeze being scarcely enough to ripple its surface. The luxuriant vegetation of the beautiful island looked more brightly green in the sunshine. The foliage was glistening with drops brilliant as diamonds. Delicate plumaged birds were fluttering from bough to bough. The human beings to be seen were chiefly country people, in light and picturesque costume, with all the gaiety of a delicious climate in their faces. A few fishermen were busied at different places on the shore, singing merry songs to beguile their labor.

Two men, seated on a rock by the sea-side, formed a striking contrast to the cheerfulness of the country people. Their clothing was wet and torn, their head and feet were bare, while their whole appearance betokened that they had just escaped with their lives from shipwreck. They sat a long while in silence, at length one, who seemed the most wretched of the two suddenly looked up, and burst into a peal of unnatural laughter.

"Have you gone mad, Saunders?" asked his companion, "or what can move you to laugh at such a time?"

"The fiend I have served my life long!" answered he bitterly. "You know I was rich—do you know how I came by it? I owned a slave ship and a privateer! That is the way I came by so much gold, and it is now in the bottom of the sea!"

"And *your* guilt," muttered Arnold, has sunk my good vessel—and lost me the lives of four of my men! But 'tis no use dealing in reproaches. I will make my way to Funchal, and try to get a place as a sailor, where I can earn my bread."

"No," returned Saunders, "I can do better for you than that. I have not lost all. I have a ship in the bay of Funchal which I will bequeath to you, for I will never go to sea again. I have also a house there, where my daughter lives—my daughter—for whose sake I coveted wealth. You shall go with me to find her."

The two, accompanied by the others who had escaped the wreck, walked to Funchal, and found, without difficulty, the house belonging to Saunders. It was situated in the suburbs of the town, and surrounded by citrons and orange trees.

Arnold remained long in the house of his friend, who was seized with a melancholy that rapidly undermined his health. The recollection of his past lawless life filled him with remorse, and dread of the future. He strove, however, to conceal his misery from the eyes of his daughter, Leyda, a lovely girl, who had seen but thirteen summers. Never had Arnold's fancy painted such a vision of innocence and beauty. Her gentle influence softened his restless spirit, and taught him a love for goodness and virtue.

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One day, he found her in the garden, weeping alone. But little entreaty was necessary to persuade the open-hearted girl to confide to him her griefs. The loss of her father's wealth had alienated from him his summer friends, and those who had flattered him in his prosperity, now that he had barely sufficient for a maintenance, spoke freely of his former course of life. Leyda heard the rumors, and was shocked to think that he whom she had been taught to venerate and love from childhood, should be branded as a man of crime, while his gloomy mood tended to confirm suspicion.

Arnold could not deny to the heart-stricken girl that her father's past career had been one of sordid vice; he had learned the truth from Saunders' own confession, but he held out to her the hope of his reform, and showed how she might lead him to repentance. From that moment the childish gaiety of Leyda was gone; she never left her father's side and the instructions she had herself received from Farther Marco, the priest in Funchal, she repeated to him. She pleaded the cause of religion, day by day, 'till the hard heart of the sinner was melted within him. Saunders looked back with horror on his past life, and longed for the seal of Heaven's forgiveness. His daughter led him to Father Marco; the priest received his confession, and taught the penitent to seek pardon at the feet of Him who "despiseth not the contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful."

Nor was this solemn lesson without its effect upon Arnold Schorr. Who could have been unmoved by the sight of a daughter leading back her parent to the way of life he had forsaken? The captain felt as he had never felt before, and when the reformed Saunders pressed upon him his gift, the good ship "Lucifer," Schorr made a vow in presence of Leyda and the priest, that his future life should be devoted to acts of mercy and benevolence, and that on such errands would he sail to different parts of the world.

To be brief, for we have been at retrospection long enough, Arnold had since that time, made many successful voyages, and amassed considerable wealth, which he employed in promoting the happiness of his fellow creatures, and found his reward in the consciousness of fulfilling his duty, and in the love of the pious Leyda, whom he married when she arrived at a suitable age.

—

The captain was roused from his revery by the approach of the mate, who came to receive his orders for the night. Having given the necessary directions, and ordered lights in his cabin, Schorr called out, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "Boatswain!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" promptly answered a short, thick set personage, thoroughly a sailor in appearance, coming to him.

"It bids fair to be a clear night," observed the captain.

"Ay, sir," returned the man; "there is nothing like being at sea in fine weather, with a merry heart and plenty of provisions. Do you know, captain, I have never set foot on the land, for the last ten years."

"You are a skilful and experienced seaman and the pride of my vessel. Many a brave lad has learned the sailor's art in your school. Now, suppose I give you a rough unbroken hand, can you manage him, think you, and turn him off an adroit seaman?"

"Trust me for that," replied the boatswain, laughing. "It must be a hard piece of wood my knife cannot cut. I have brought many an idle fellow to his bearings. Nay, were he the imp himself—I beg your pardon, captain, but what is your will?"

"I brought such a one from Hamburg with me. He was living in idleness on his poor old mother, wasting her earnings in drink, and repaying her with hard words and abuse. What think you of him?"

"Give him to me, I will deal with him," and his gesticulation expressed his meaning. "You understand me, sir, I will make him a useful lad."

"I will bring him up to you. Steersman, Mertens."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer.

"Take my place here while I go below a few minutes. Keep up sail, and as close to the wind as possible. If anything is wanted, call me."

The steersman took his place, the boatswain left the quarter-deck, and Arnold descended into the cabin.

A lamp, suspended from the roof, gave a dim light. Matthias was sitting up, but seemed not more than half awake, stupified by the motion of the vessel as well as the fumes of liquor. Arnold roused him with some difficulty. He stood up and stared about him with a bewildered air, saying,

"Ha! what—all dark so soon—eh? Well, I must pay the reckoning, I suppose. I have not a shilling in my pocket—that's fine—eh, landlord?"

The captain shook him again. "Do you know where you are—my lad?"

"Oh! right well! I came aboard your ship with you, and swear your wine is capital. Shall we have another glass or two?"

"No more folly!" said Schorr, "we will teach you better behavior. Come with me." And he took him by the arm, but the youth, who had just began to comprehend his situation, broke away from him, and staggering across the floor, stumbled against a glass case, and wounded his head slightly with the broken pieces of glass.

"Come, away, sir. My cabin is no place for you. Up to the deck, and learn your duty!" and he led him, now unresisting, up the stairs. "Holloa—boatswain! here is your recruit. Away with him."

"Ay, ay, captain," was the reply, while the sturdy seaman laid hands on the trembling Matthias.

The captain whispered in the boatswain's ear, "Be strict but not too severe, I hold you accountable for him."

—

Several weeks had elapsed, and we return to the "Lucifer," which was now ploughing her way over the vast Atlantic. Captain Schorr stood on the quarter-deck, spying another vessel with his telescope. He closed the instrument, and at the moment, an active lad, in sailor's clothes, came up, and took it respectfully out of his hand.

"Shall I put the glass away, captain; or will you want to use it again?"

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"Take it away, Matthias," replied Schorr, "and then go into the cabin and bring me segars and a bottle of Madeira."

The young man did as he was bid, and returned promptly.

"Shall I strike a match," asked he, "or bring a candle for you to light your segar?"

"Bring a candle, and be careful the wind does not blow it out."

"Never fear," said Matthias, and turned to go after the light, when the boatswain, who was at the helm, called out,

"Have you no better manners, than to speak so saucily to your captain? How dare you say to him, 'never fear?'"

"I beg your pardon, captain," said the youth, coloring, "I did not mean to speak so heedlessly, and will be more careful in future."

"Begone," answered Schorr. Matthias obeyed, and immediately re-appeared with the light. The captain lighted his segar, poured out some wine, sipped it slowly, praising its excellent quality, then filling a glass, he offered it to Matthias.

"I dare not drink," said the young man.

"How!" asked the captain, surprized, "do you refuse?"

"You must not be angry with me, captain," persisted the lad; "wine has nearly been my ruin already."

"What, for bringing you on board my vessel? Do you call that your ruin—eh?"

"No, no!" answered Matthias; "you know what I mean. I have sworn that I will not taste another drop of wine, at least 'till I can repay my poor mother, for the trouble I have given her. I hope you will not disapprove of this resolution, captain."

"Give us your hand, my boy," said Schorr, "and now go about your business." Matthias bowed and withdrew.

—

More than a year had passed, and still the Legacy Ship was on the broad ocean. The captain and officers were assembled on the quarter-deck; the men stood around in silence. They had been engaged in a solemn duty, that of committing to the deep the body of the mate, who had died after a short illness.

"We must now return each to our business, comrades," said Schorr. "We will long remember him whom we have lost, for all loved him. As to the next—" here his eye fell on a young sailor who stood near him—"my second steersman will take the post occupied by our late friend; *his* place is now vacant. Shall I name you for steersman?"

The young man seemed ashamed as he confessed that he was not yet qualified for so important a place. He had not been long on board, but long enough to know how strict was the discipline maintained, and how dangerous it would be to accept an office for the duties of which he felt himself incompetent.

"To whom shall I give the place?" asked the captain.

"May it please you, sir," interrupted the boatswain, "to listen to me a moment. It is now more than a year since you placed in my care a spoiled lad, to be disciplined and instructed. I have tried to do my duty by him, and as our preacher says, he has brought forth much fruit under my teaching. I will venture to say he understands ship-service as well as any hand on board, and is disposed to do his best. 'Twould be a great encouragement, should you promote him. If you will take the advice, sir, of your old and true friend, choose Matthias." Having made an unusual exertion in delivering so long a speech, the seaman wiped his forehead and retired.

"Do you all agree with him?" asked Schorr of the officers.

"Yes, sir, choose Matthias!" was the general voice, and the sailors expressed their satisfaction by a huzza. The captain then formally invested Matthias with his new dignity, shook hands with him, and left him to the congratulations of his comrades, particularly his master, the boatswain, who took the credit of all his good fortune to himself. I shall not stop to show how Matthias acquitted himself, but it may be conjectured from his beginning, that he did well.

—

Dame Otto sat alone in her little shop one evening, listening to the monotonous tickling of the clock, and thinking of her son, whom she had not now seen for eighteen months. She was so much absorbed that she scarcely heard the door open, but was all surprize when she saw Arnold Schorr standing before her, in the same seaman's dress he wore when she saw him last.

"Good evening, dame," said he. "Is your rum as good as it used to be, I wonder?"

The old woman stood up, and looked bewildered at her guest.

"What! is it possible you do not know me? and yet I thought—"

Before he could finish the sentence, she caught hold of his hand, exclaiming,—"Arnold Schorr; you took away my son—my Matthias, and promised to bring him back to me! What have you done with him? Where have you left him?"

"He is here," said Arnold. "Do you wish to see him?"

The dame uttered a scream of eager delight. "Matthias! my boy! where is he?"

"Here, mother!" cried a voice, and the lad rushed in and fell upon his mother's neck.

But we cannot describe a scene like this.

—

Once more we change the scene, to the lovely island of Madeira. The day was bright and beautiful. "The Lucifer" lay at anchor in the bay, looking as if she had found her home, after so many perilous voyages. And there were happy hearts among the crew who sympathised with the joy of their captain. He returned to his wife, his beloved Leyda, resolving never to part with her again.

Saunders had long been the victim of a wasting illness. His mind as well as his body, had suffered, but the gentle care of his daughter, and the kindness of the good old priest, had recovered him from his mental malady. Now he lay on the bed of death, but he had strength

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enough left to welcome Arnold, and to bless him for having so well fulfilled his vow.

"You bring me peace," said the feeble old man, "for I know I leave my Leyda with one who will comfort her, and never grieve her as I have done. Where is my daughter?"

"Here, dear father!" answered Leyda, who knelt weeping, by the bedside. Saunders grasped her hand,

"God bless you, my loved one," he murmured, "and he will—he pardons me—even me—through the merits of a Redeemer. My hour is come. Where is Father Marco?"

"I am here," answered the aged priest, and at the request of the dying man, they all knelt in prayer. His voice trembled from the infirmity of age, but fervent were his thanksgivings, and his petition that a happy entrance might be granted the departing soul into the kingdom of bliss. When he ceased, all was silent. Saunders had breathed his last.

—

Old Burkhardt, the pilot, added a note to this narrative, mentioning that some years after, he chanced to be at Funchal, his vessel lying at anchor in the bay. Passing the house which had formerly belonged to Saunders, he saw a matron of graceful appearance walking in the garden with an old woman, who seemed to take great delight in tending the flowers. An elderly man came up and joined them,—it would not have been difficult to recognize him as Captain Schorr, though for the present he had laid aside the mariner's garb. Burkhardt heard him say to the dames, who listened with great pleasure, "I have news for you; here is Matthias returned, with the "Lucifer" in capital trim; he will remain several months quietly with you, before he is ready to sail again."

Original.

THE SEASON IS PAST, ELLEN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The season is past, Ellen, now,
For thy smiles or thy tears to deceive;
The sunshine or cloud on thy brow,
No more can delight me or grieve.

Thy smile, it was once to my heart,
Like the star of love's own brilliant beam;
Too soon its bewildering light,
Proved only a meteor gleam.

And more precious to me were thy tears,
Than the pearls that lie hid in their shells,
In the calm, azure depths of the sea,
Where the tempest-tossed billow ne'er swells.

Farewell, to thee, Ellen, farewell!
The hour of thy triumph is past:
Thou wert false, and it cost me a pang—
Now, thy chains from my spirit, I cast.

Original.

DESPONDENCY.

BY W. FALCONER.

I.

How sad to muse upon this scene—
Heaven's sunshine gladsome o'er me,
With hills arrayed in living green,
And azure waves before me.
How sad to sit among the flowers
To light in beauty springing,
While o'er my soul, where winter lowers,
The Spring no bloom is flinging.

II.

And yet, this is my native vale,
The Eden of my childhood!
When gaily as yon pleasure sail,
I roamed the haunted wildwood.
Methought I ne'er would see this Spring,
When Autumn leaves were falling;
Methought I was a useless thing,
Which Fate was then recalling.

III.

And here, with weary feet, I've come,
Outbraving ills and danger,
To view once more my mountain home,
And feel myself a stranger!
I deemed, that mounting to its source,
My soul its vernal gladness,
Might yet regain, and gather force
To chase its settled sadness.

IV.

But now I'm lonelier even here,
Than when amid the ocean,
I've crossed to see the valley dear,
With such a deep devotion.
Yet softly shall thy sweet winds sigh
Around my grave turf lowly,
And kindred dust of saints on high,
Make Nature's last sleep holy!

Paris, 1841.

Original.

ANSWER TO THE REV. J. H. CLINCH'S CHARADE.

IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

Behold! afloat on the murky air,
When wintry breezes blow;
(Spotless and pure as a virgin fair,)
My *first*—the fleecy *snow*.

But when array'd in green, are the glade
And the oak-crown'd mountain top;
My *second* is seen in the sparkling sheen,
Of the rain, or the dewy *drop*.

And when the Spring, on sunny wing,
Appears, with her flowery crop;
My *form* from the snow peeps out, and lo!
'Tis the lovely, the modest, *snow-drop*.

MRS. L. F. FEARNHEAD.

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Original.

ARTHUR GOODALL;

OR, LOVE, OPPRESSION AND ENTERPRIZE.

A SKETCH.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

MAY had come with its buds, leaves and blossoms—the streams were leaping and sparkling in the golden sunshine. The shepherd's pipe was heard on the mountains and in the valley, mingling with the cheerful shout of the husbandman, as he drove his "jocund team." All nature seemed to rejoice at the rosy reign of summer which had at once burst forth in its richness of beauty from the embraces of a tardy spring. It was at this period that one lovely morning I found myself in the pleasant village of Rosecrag, in the county of Westmoreland, rod in hand, departing for my favorite amusement to a beautiful lake in the heart of the mountains of that romantic district. As yet, the inhabitants were not astir, and one unbroken silence reigned over the hamlet. The little gardens which lay before each snowy cottage, were glittering with the dews of the night—the moss-rose and the woodbine twined in luxuriant beauty around the trelliced porches and casements, where nestling, the robin, with his pipe of melody, warbled his matin hymn. Just as I had reached the end of the village, my attention was arrested by a young man seated at the door of one of the cottages, so deeply absorbed in meditation, that he was unconscious of my approach until I was close upon him; he then started up, and began busying himself in collecting together some scattered implements, which, with his costume, betokened his calling to be that of a smith. It was plainly apparent that he was laboring under some considerable excitement, for I beheld him draw his hand across his eyes, and avert his head, as if unwilling that I should perceive his emotion. He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, and I thought that the cause which could bring a tear into such eyes, must be one of very extraordinary nature. Pretending that my apparatus required some repair, in which he could aid me, I found means to draw him into conversation, but though civil in his language, he appeared to refrain from being too communicative, so that despairing of success in finding the cause of his sorrow (for still the tear would occasionally glisten in his eye,) I was about departing from the spot, when a beautiful girl, panting, and almost breathless, appeared before us. On perceiving me, she started back, and would have retired, but the young man prevented her by kindly saying, "Come hither, Jessy, you have nothing to fear; this gentleman is only a stranger."

"I wish I were a friend," I replied, "that I might serve you."

The young man cast at me a look of indignation, as if he deemed my remark a liberty to which I was not entitled, and he not inclined to receive. "Pray be not offended," I said. "You may consider me intrusive, and perhaps, impertinent, in seeking to inquire into your afflictions, but believe me, I am actuated by the kindest feelings. I saw that some calamity weighed heavily upon you, and resolved, if in my power, to abate it. I see, too, that this young maiden is a sharer in your sorrows; confide, then, to me, your secret. I am sincere—candid in my motives, and you will find that my wish to serve you will keep pace with my professions."

The young girl who stood by his side, and who had now taken his hand, looked wistfully in his face. It was a look that bespoke a heart full of anxiety, love, and doubt. He regarded her for a moment with the kindest sympathy—his lips quivered—the blood mounted to his cheek, his dark flashing eyes were drowned in tears, and he strained the innocent creature to his bosom.

"Sir, sir," he said—he could not utter more, but extending to me his hand, grasped mine firmly. It was more eloquent than reply. The next minute he was himself again, while he said, "You are kind, sir—generous—but you cannot aid me—and, even if you could, and were willing—yet stranger to me, as you are, I could not accept your offer—my secret you are welcome to, because to-day it will be known in the village. Yet—yes, sir, you *can* serve me—you shall learn the cause of my sufferings, and when I am gone far from the home of my fathers, perhaps you will refute the voice of calumny, and do justice to my name."

"Willingly," I replied. "I pledge my honor to fulfil your request."

"To-day, sir," he continued, "I leave this village."

"And for what—from what cause?" I inquired.

"From oppression and villainy—to avoid the finger of scorn which will be pointed at me, because I am a beggar!"

"And is that all?" I remarked.

"All?" he bitterly retorted, "and is it not enough? to be driven from my native village like a thief—to know that the dwelling of my boyhood—the cottage in which I first beheld the day, where a mother's love, and a father's blessing once awaited me, shall pass into the possession of others."

"No! Arthur, no!" passionately exclaimed the young female, clasping her arms around his neck, and bursting into tears, "No, Arthur, you must not, shall not leave us, or, if you do, I will accompany you."

It was no longer to be concealed that this was an affair of the heart; while the young man, by this sudden appeal to his feelings, was quite unmanned—he stood irresolute—the poor girl hung sobbing on his bosom; at length he continued—

"This is folly, Jessy; you know that I could never brook to see the home of my boyhood in the possession of a stranger. There are bright skies and green fields elsewhere, kinder hearts, and sweeter faces than—no! Jessy, not sweeter faces—for go where I may, thy face will be ever the sun of my existence, while the remembrance of thy love shall urge me to exertion to acquire prosperity. Come, come, do not weep, we will yet be happy, spite of hard-hearted fathers and cruel creditors."

"And is it merely your inability to defray a lawful debt," I inquired, "that compels you to desert your native village?"

"Nothing more, sir!" he replied—"a debt contracted

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to save the memory of a departed father from the odium of an unfeeling world."

"And which you have not the means to liquidate?'

"Yes, sir, not for the present. I asked but time, but that was denied me. My poor father! Would to Heaven that I were slumbering beside him. Pray, sir, forgive me. I am wandering—my mind is disturbed. You have promised to avert the breath of slander from my name when I am gone, and it is necessary that you should know the cause of my suffering. It is brief—a tale of every day occurrence. My father, sir, was a man once well to do in this village. Thirty years, by honest industry, did he hold his head erect, clear from speck or shame, 'till my poor mother died, and the blight of sorrow brought disease to his frame. Where were happiness and prosperity, were now suffering and poverty. Still, sir, he wanted for nothing that this hand and the sweat of my brow could procure; but trouble follows trouble, and at length *I* too was laid on the bed of sickness—debts were now contracted—embarrassments followed, 'till, at last, my father's spirit sought another world, and I was left alone. For myself I cared not, for I well knew that my own exertions could always procure me independence, but a hard-hearted creditor of my deceased parents, demanded settlement of a debt contracted in his illness. It was not in my power to defray it, and he threatened an immediate execution. I expostulated, but 'twas in vain, and, at length, to save the memory of my father from reproach, I bound myself for its payment. A week since, it became due, when I was disappointed in my expected means to meet it. I asked but a month longer, but he would not grant it—scoffed at my 'fine feelings of honor,' as he called them—obtained the legal process for sale of my home and its effects, and, to-day, I am a *beggar* in the world. May my curse!"—

"Oh! Arthur!" exclaimed the girl, catching his arm, which he had raised in the act of his ejaculation—"Oh, Arthur! curse him not. There is retribution in Heaven. You are *not* a beggar; look here! here are the savings of three years, from the moment when first we plighted our vows; take them Arthur, you shall not leave me penniless. I know your noble heart—your industrious nature. Take this—use it and doubt not but with the blessing of God, you will prove prosperous."

"No, Jessy, no!" he replied, "I will not rob you. Death might overtake me, and it would be a bitter remembrance in my last moments, to know that"—

"That what, Arthur?—that I had made you happy? Oh! Arthur, Arthur, you do not love me!" responded the affectionate creature. The young man pressed her to his heart, but could not speak, while she continued—"Yes, Arthur, I know you will accept it for my sake—for *your* Jessy's as you have always so kindly called me—and look—here is what I am sure you will not refuse—my miniature; if you will love that half as well as I am sure you do the original, I will try to be—ha—ha—happy in your absence."

Arthur took it, and pressing it to his lips, placed it in his bosom—then on those of Jessy he imprinted a warm and fervent salutation. At this moment voices were heard in earnest conversation, and the next, Jessy's father with Weasel, the cruel creditor, stood in our presence.

"Come home!" exclaimed Mr. Williams to his daughter. "I expected that I would find you here. Arthur Goodall, I thought, sir, that I had charged you not to encourage this foolish girl in a passion which can never be realized. I have often told you, sir, that my daughter never can be yours. And even now, when you are in the very jaws of ruin, you dare to despise my commands, and rob me of my child."

Arthur spoke not, but smiled contemptuously upon the old man. Poverty is ever a mark for the abuse and sneers of the unfeeling.

"Come home!" he continued, dragging Jessy from the embrace of Arthur, rendered furious by the smile which Arthur cast upon him—it spoke daggers to his soul.

The poor girl yielded reluctantly to her father's commands, but more to his violence, while Weasel, advancing to Arthur, requested to know "by what right he was still there?"

"By the right of God and my birth," cried he, "and the curse of that God rest upon that man who seeks to drive me from it."

Weasel shrunk back appalled, while Arthur stood, with his arms extended, his fists clenched, and his eyes flashing with the fire of revenge, he was a human tiger, ready to spring upon his prey; but he felt it was unworthy of him, and he faintly muttered, "Villain! Villain!"

At length Weasel assumed a show of courage, and advancing again to Arthur, desired him to quit the dwelling, at the same time he placed his hand upon his arm, as if to enforce his command.

Patience now ceased to be a virtue. The spirit of retribution took possession of the heart of Arthur, and the next moment his oppressor lay senseless at his feet.

"Wretch, viper!" he exclaimed, "were it not that thy blood is unworthy of my hands, with thy life thou shouldst expiate thy oppression."

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur," screamed Jessy, "do not—do not, for my sake, imbue your hands in the blood of that man. Oppressor, villain, as he is, leave him to his own conscience, and the punishment of Heaven!"

"I will, Jessy, I will," he replied, "but this is now no place for me; the hounds of law will speedily be here, and to find me thus, will only bring double misery upon me. Farewell! Farewell! my girl. Think of me—pray for me!" he was about to approach her, but her father interposed. "Enough, sir, you have done your worst," continued Arthur. "You may part us in being, but you cannot in soul. Mr. Williams you will yet see the hour when you will repent you of your injustice, when I shall *demand*, not *sue*, for the hand of your daughter. God bless you my girl; farewell! He fled from the spot. Weasel gradually began to show signs of recovery and consciousness, for which I was not sorry, for the sake of Arthur.

"Follow him! comfort him!" cried Jessy to me. I

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did so. Her blessing rung in my ears as I departed on mine errand.

It was with difficulty that I overtook Arthur, so rapidly had he fled from the scene of his suffering, and when I did, he was in no mood to listen to me. However, by persuasion, and my proffers to serve him, he was induced to confide in me, and accept a letter to a friend of mine in a neighboring town, who I knew would be of service to him, at the same time I promised to be the receiver of any correspondence he might be pleased to send to Jessy, and that I would have it safely delivered to herself. With this understanding, we parted, he to seek his fortune, and I to muse over the curious circumstances by which we had so singularly become acquainted.

Time rolled on. For five years I regularly made my accustomed visit to the village of Rosecrag. But from the moment that I had parted from Arthur, I had never received from him the least intelligence. My friend, to whom he had delivered my letter, informed me that shortly after, he had departed as a common sailor, on board of a British cruiser, to the coast of Egypt, and all traces of him were, from that moment, lost.

Poor Jessy still remained faithful to her vows, but year after year left a deeper stamp of grief upon her lovely features. The rosy hue of the cheek had changed to the paleness of the lily, and the sparkling eye had dimmed in its lustre, still hope never forsook her, its altar burned brightly in her heart—her confidence in Arthur was unshaken. She fondly saw in the prospective, the sun of happiness, when her lover would return, when her constancy would be repaid by his affection and prosperity, and even if it were ordained that they should never meet again, still no other form should usurp his place in her heart, nay, even if he were forgetful of his faith, she, at least, would remain inviolate in hers. In vain did her father importune her to forget him, and accept of other lovers. Weasel, the hard-hearted creditor, was a man of wealth, and had offered for her hand. He, the oppressor of her lover! sooner would she have sheltered a basilisk in her bosom, sooner would she have linked herself to a festering corpse, than have wedded that villain of humanity. Well could she divine his animosity to Arthur—his black heart had hoped by his destruction, to obtain the hand which he well knew would never be his, while Arthur remained in her presence, but his villainy had recoiled with tenfold disappointment upon him, for he was treated by her with the most marked contempt. Still did he not despair. The once wealthy Mr. Williams, Jessy's father, had met with losses in the world, and was now greatly reduced. To avert disasters, as they had approached, he had become occasionally a borrower of money from Weasel, who now, as a last resource to enable him to achieve his ends, hinted to Mr. Williams that it was necessary the same should be made good. He well knew that all the old man possessed could not cancel his obligations, and he thought that rather than Jessy would behold her father reduced to penury, she would yield herself a sacrifice. In vain did Mr. Williams expostulate, in vain did he sue for time, but—"Money is scarce," "creditors are pressing," "times are hard"—"must have it!" were the only answers made by Weasel—'till, at last, the old man saw nothing but beggary before him—the very home above his head was mortgaged to his unfeeling creditor, while he inwardly felt it was a fit retribution for his unjust and ungenerous conduct towards Arthur. Still did not Jessy despair; with that indomitable spirit, the characteristic of her sex, which ever rises in proportion as calamity advances, did she cheer and encourage her father to exertion. "Let him beggar us, my father—let him drive us forth into the world," she would say. "I am young—have strength—my health, and my reason, and under the blessing of God, possessed of these, no great calamity can befal us," but the old man felt himself incapable to exertion—his moral energy deserted him, and he could do nothing but weep and repine at his folly, which thus had surrendered him to the grasp of his enemy.

At this very period I chanced to make my usual visit to Rosecrag, and during my sojourn, was admitted to the full confidence of Mr. Williams. I saw, at once, the despicable design of Weasel, and although but ill prepared to assist the old man, yet I made a strenuous exertion, and succeeded in extricating him from his difficulty. He was now again in a fair way of doing well, while I also added much to the delight of Jessy, in winning for her her father's consent and promise to unite her to Arthur, should he ever return. In about a week after this arrangement, I had passed an evening at the dwelling of Mr. Williams, and was on my return home. My way lay by the side of a little coppice which extended up the brow of the crag from which the village takes its name. It was a lovely night—a bright summer moon was sailing in a sea of silvery ether, bathing each mountain crag and forest in its mellow softness; silence held her reign, and save the echo of my own footsteps, not a sound—not even the breath of a zephyr among the drooping leaves, disturbed the holy moment. As I passed on, the shadow of a human being flitted across my path, and at the same moment I heard a rustling in the coppice. I was alone—out of the reach of any habitation, and for aught I knew, out of any human hearing. A thousand images of robbery and murder floated in my imagination, and I expected every moment to behold some footpad advance, and tell me to "Stand and deliver!" For an instant I paused, but feeling myself somewhat in the same predicament as Macbeth, "that returning were as tedious as going o'er," I mustered up heart, and proceeded on my way. As I passed the spot in the coppice from which the shadow had darted, I thought I perceived the figure of a man, but not being in a humor to court his acquaintance, I respectfully left him to his moonlight meditations. A few paces, at last, brought me to the plain, and perceiving the path on every side around me clear, my courage returned, while curiosity led me to look back, to see if there were any signs of the mysterious personage. I was not disappointed, for I saw distinctly the form of Weasel; he was endeavoring to keep close to the edge of the coppice, so as not to be discovered, but the clear moonlight shone so strongly on every object, that his intent was frustrated, and I was certain it was he.

On the next day, with the dawn I was awake when

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looking towards the village, I saw a thick black vapor heavily curling up into the grey welkin of the morning; it was directly in the situation of Williams' dwelling; a singular presentiment took possession of my heart, while the recollection of Weasel added strongly to my suspicions. I lost no time, therefore, in hastening to the village, but before I reached it, I was met by a peasant, with the intelligence that Farmer Williams' cottage had been burned to the ground. I was paralyzed. My heart at once whispered, "Weasel is the incendiary!"

When I reached the smoking ruins, I found a group of villagers assembled, who were loud in their lamentations for Jessy and her father, while, to my horror and astonishment, I saw the villain Weasel, who, with well dissembled countenance, was strongest in his expressions of sorrow. He approached me in the most servile manner, and regretted that my kind endeavors in the cause of Mr. Williams, had thus ended so unpropitiously. I could not reply, but cast upon him a glance of indignation and scorn; at the same moment poor Jessy came running to me, bathed in tears.

"Oh! sir," she cried, "I am so glad you are come; my poor father does nothing but weep and wish to see his benefactor, as he calls you. Oh! sir, this is a sad, sad trial, but God's will be done."

"Be comforted, my good girl," I replied. "There is a balm for every wound. Come, lead me to your father."

She conducted me to a neighbor's cottage, in which the old man had found shelter after the conflagration. He was so overcome at my presence, that for many minutes he could not speak, and even when he had recovered his speech, he could only mourn the loss he had encountered. Not so Jessy—although affliction bore heavily on her, still she was collected enough to recount to me the details of the calamity, and which I found to have taken place shortly after the time I had so mysteriously discovered Weasel.

I lost not a moment in providing for the wants of Jessy and her father, and although almost a stranger in the village, I speedily raised friends sufficient in the old man's behalf, to protect him from present want, and give prospect of a comfortable future. While I was thus busied, a circumstance occurred which impressed me still deeper than ever, that Weasel was the incendiary. Instead of generously contributing, as others, to the assistance of Williams, he was only anxious to fix the guilty deed on some one, and to this end, he had the audacity to affirm to me that he had beheld a young man of the village, for some nights previous to the burning, lurking in the neighborhood of Williams' dwelling. I listened to him with the most profound attention, and when he had finished, I fixed my eyes sternly on him, while I pointedly said, "Do you know the Rosecrag Coppice, Mr. Weasel?" Had a thunderbolt have stricken him, consternation could not more have done its work; he trembled violently—the blood forsook his face—his jaws fell apart, and he stood with a wild vacant glance fixed upon me. That he was known he felt assured. The arrow of conviction had entered into his soul; he was a creature in my grasp—a pitiful, guilty miscreant, at my mercy. I spoke not another word, but left him a prey to his feelings.

In about a week from this time, one afternoon while I was seated at the door of the tavern of the village, a post chaise drove up, from which a young man, browned with the suns of a foreign clime, and habited in an oriental costume, alighted. He requested to be shown to an apartment, and the master of the hotel to be sent to him. Conjecture was soon busy as to his errand, while the news of his arrival spread like wildfire throughout the village. In a short time the bar-room of the tavern was crowded, and groups of persons were assembled around the door, curious to know who could thus so mysteriously have come to Rosecrag. At length the landlord made his appearance with an air of pomposity, which showed that the personage with whom he had been closeted, was, in his opinion, one of consequence. Questions from every side assailed him, as to the name and business of the stranger, but to all he only replied by a shake of the head, and a look of the most mysterious character. At the same time he advanced towards me, and requested that I should accompany him to the apartment of the new comer, who he said desired to speak with me. At first I hesitated, thinking that the landlord was laboring under some mistake, but on his saying that the stranger wished to see Mr. ——, having observed me as he alighted from his carriage, I yielded to his desire, and was conducted to his presence. At my entrance he rose, and respectfully saluted me by my name, at the same time told the host to be expeditious in bringing hither Mr. Williams and his daughter, as he had business of great importance to communicate to them. The landlord left the apartment, and the stranger, grasping my hand with a burst of feeling, exclaimed, "My friend, my benefactor!" I started back in surprize. I had no remembrance of his form or features, and thought that he must be in error, but he quickly continued, "You do not remember me? well, well, I do not wonder at it; burning suns and other climes have been at work upon my features, but thank Heaven I have not forgotten yours." In a moment I recollected him, and returning the pressure of his hand—"Is it not Arthur Goodall?" I inquired.

"It is,—the same Arthur Goodall you once befriended, and who now, thank Heaven, can repay his debt of gratitude."

"You owe me none," I answered. "I am glad, however, to know that you have been prosperous."

"I *have* been prosperous. From the hour, sir, that I parted from you. My story is a brief one. With the assistance of your friend, to whom your letter introduced me, I was relieved from immediate want, but finding that England was no longer a home for me, and that without my Jessy I could not be happy, I went to sea. Chance conducted me to Egypt, where circumstances occurred to render my services of value to the Pacha. The works of a military engine, of great importance, by the death of the chief engineer, had become useless. Luckily the knowledge I possessed of my former profession of a blacksmith, enabled me to repair the defect. In return, the Pacha heaped honors and wealth upon

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me, and at length I am enabled to return to the village of my birth, to claim my Jessy, and hurl defiance at my oppressor."

At this moment the door of the apartment burst open, and Jessy and her father appeared.

"Arthur, my own Arthur!" she exclaimed.

"Jessy, my beloved Jessy!" he responded, and the next moment they were in each others embrace.

The sequel may be easily inferred; in a few days the lovers stood at the altar of the village church. Their vows were hallowed by the blessing of the priest, and shortly afterwards, close to the cottage of which Arthur, by Weasel's villainy, had been deprived, a splendid residence arose. There long and happily did they dwell, while children, beauteous as their mother, sprang like rose-buds from the parent tree. With them resided Mr. Williams, 'till he was gathered to the land of his fathers. As for Weasel, fearing detection from the thought that I was aware of his act of incendiarism, and knowing that all hope of his possessing Jessy was for ever gone, as well as dreading now to encounter Arthur in the pride of his plenitude and power, he abruptly quitted the village on the morning of the nuptials, and went, no one knew whither, but the mystery was soon developed; two months after his disappearance, the body of a man was found washed ashore on the border of one of the lakes in Cumberland. The name of "Weasel" was found inscribed on various documents which were taken from his person, which, with other circumstances, proved it to be his corpse; by what means he had met his death, was never discovered, but it was natural to suppose that he had committed the deed of self-destruction. Thus was the vengeance of the Almighty signally exemplified in the death of the *oppressor*, while virtuous *love* and honest *enterprize* were as signally rewarded.

Original.

HUMAN LIFE.

I.

Say, what is Life? that toy we prize so dear;
A silv'ry sound, vibrating on the ear—
A gleam of sunshine on some desert spot,
Cold, isolated, barren, and forgot,
That only darts its false enliv'ning ray,
To mock stern desolation's with'ring sway,
And mark where glowed fair summer's flow'ry train,
Now blighted, scathed, and ne'er to bloom again.

II.

'Tis a light bark that ploughs this world's wide sea
Through waves of woe, and storms of misery;
O'er fortune's quicksands, envy's unseen shoals,
While round it hatred's deadly thunder rolls;
Hope, the bright pilot, steers the rudder, breath,
'Till anchored in the boundless haven, Death.

R. H.

Original.

"OUR LIBRARY." No. XII.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

It is now the dark and dreary season of winter;—patches of snow lie here and there on the brown herbage—dry stalks and rustling stems are all that remain of the garden's pride—the sky glooms loweringly above the frozen earth, and pale and feeble are the few gleams of sunshine which break through the leaden clouds. But, when thine eye, gentle reader, shall dwell upon these pages which I now indite, the snow-spirit will have fled on the wings of mighty winds to the far regions of the north, and spring, with all its verdure and its freshness, will once more deck the earth. April will be here, with all its changeful beauty, its sunny smiles, its oft-shed tears, its balmy breath—waking the perfumed violet from its wintry sleep, and calling into existence the tiny crocus, the fragrant hyacinth, the stately narcissus, and all the host of early blossoms which delight the senses in the '*soote season*.'

"Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me;
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety.

"The young peach-blossom's shower of rose,
The pear tree's pearly hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

"The purple light, that like a sigh,
Comes from the violet's bed,
As there the perfumes of the East,
Had all their odors shed.

"Now comes a storm-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again, sunshine,
Then clouds again, but bright, beneath
The rainbow's colored line."

Such is the pretty, girlish description of April, given by the lamented L. E. L., in the days of her earliest youth, and faulty as the verses may seem, when subjected to the strict rules of criticism, yet the freedom with which they seem to have been poured forth, the buoyancy of spirit which pervades them, pleases the fancy, and impresses them upon our memory like the song of a wild bird. What a curious volume might be made by collecting and arranging in order, all the descriptions of the delightful season of spring, which are to be found in English poetry from the time of Chaucer, to the present day! What a variety of phrase for the expression of the same impulses—what dissimilar trains of thought awakened by the same objects—what diversity of feelings and fancies on a subject common to all! Listen to the sweet and solemn music of the unhappy Chatterton—he who died too early for his fame:

"The budding flowret blushes at the light,
The meads are sprinkled with a yellow hue,
In daisied mantle is the mountain dight,
The tender cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, unto Heaven straught, (*stretching*)
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brought.
The evening comes, and brings the dew along,
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne, (*eyes*)
Around, the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass: yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still."

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Reader, what thinkest thou of this mournful strain? coming after the light melody of the fanciful poetess; it is like listening to the deep diapason of the organ, when the ear has been sated with the tinkling of the merry guitar. There is scarcely to be found in the language, a finer specimen of smooth versification, and, although in accordance with modern taste, I have stripped it of the uncouth and antiquated garb in which the "Boy-Bard" delighted to clothe his exquisite fancies, I doubt whether the lines have not lost more than they have gained by the exchange.

And now, friend, that I have gossiped to thee of the "*time, place, and circumstance*," which accompanies my writing, and may attend thy reading, let us proceed at once to the legend which I offer to thy acceptance—a tribute to the love of the marvellous, which is implanted in the breast of every human being. It is a tradition of that part of England where are to be found more remains of the ancient Druidical worship, and more traces of Druidical superstition, than in every other portion of the kingdom, and where a firm belief in the ministry of the fairies or 'pixies,' as they are there styled, still prevails among the lower class of peasants. Many a wild tale might be found in its stores of legendary lore, but content thee now, gentle reader, with this.

THE WHITE BIRD OF OXENHAM.

"Destiny may delay but not forget punishment."—*Shakspeare.*

Near the village of Oakhampton, in the wild and picturesque county of Devonshire, stand the remains of a large, antiquated building, erected in the time of Elizabeth, and still known among the peasantry, by the name of Oxenham Hall. One wing is still in perfect preservation, and its massive and cumbrous architecture would lead one to wonder how so noble a structure could become ruinous, if the blackened and crumbling walls of the dilapidated portion did not immediately solve the mystery by exhibiting the traces of the action of fire. To the superstitious, the old Hall is an object of dread, and he would be brave indeed who should venture within its grass-grown courts after the sun had set. Indeed, it is generally believed through the district, that a curse hangs on the place, and the utter desolation in which it stands, offers a more reasonable excuse than is usually to be found for popular superstition. The immense size of the apartments, which still remain, the rich oak carvings which decorate the wainscoting, and the large window once filled with the beautiful stained glass, attest the former splendors of the place. But the mouldy tapestry which flaps mournfully to the wind as it sweeps through the broken casement, and a moth-eaten state-bed, over whose velvet draperies the spider has woven his web for years, are all that remain of the costly furniture which once adorned the mansion. The ravages of fire in the left wing of the Hall, have left nothing but blackened masses of stone, save in one angle of the building, where the peasants, in shuddering horror, point out the sleeping-chamber of the Lady of Oxenham and tell you, that although the fire originated in that chamber, it is the only one which was not entirely consumed. It is true that only a few half burnt rafters remain by which to mark the fatal spot in which the ancestral curse on the house of Oxenham was finally fulfilled in the extinction of the race.

Belonging to an ancient and noble family, the Oxenhams had long borne a distinguished part in the stirring scenes of camp and court. Always prosperous, they had acquired, by kingly largess and wealthy alliance, a princely fortune; and when, in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I., the chief of the family joined the royalist party, he sacrificed to his loyalty one of the richest estates in the kingdom. He had the grief of learning how vain had been his sacrifices, when, from his prison in the tower, he heard the cries of the populace, proclaiming the murder of his monarch. Not many days after the execution of the King, the summons of death came to the unhappy Lord of Oxenham, and, wearied with a life of turmoil, he would have laid his head calmly on the block, even as one lies down on the pillow of his nightly rest, had it not been for the ties of affection which still bound him to existence. His wife and only son remained in close concealment, suffering privation and want, not daring to venture from their humble retreat, and it was their future fate which weighed heavily on the heart of the doomed prisoner. Unable to convey any written token of his affectionate remembrance, he charged his faithful servant to bear to the Lady of Oxenham, his last farewell, together with a ring of plain black enamel, inscribed with the single word "Spes," thereby indicating that she had more to hope from his death than from his prolonged imprisonment, since the parliament would scarcely pursue a lone widow and a fatherless boy. In the old records of the house of Oxenham, still preserved amid the archives of the Delmaine family, is the following letter, written by the exiled King, Charles II., to the unhappy lady:

Brussells, 20, *Oct.*, 1657.

"It has been my particular care of you, that I have thus long deferred to lament with you the greate losse that you and I have sustained, lest in steade of comforting, I might further expose you to the will of those who will be glad of any occasion to do you further prejudice, but I am promised that this shall be put safely into your hands, though it may be not so soon as I wish, and I am very willing you should know, which I suppose you cannot doubt, that I beare a greate parte with you, of your affliction, and whenever it shall be in my power to make it lighter, you shall see I retayne a very kinde memory of your frinde, by the care I shall have of you, and all his relations, and of this you may depend upon the word of

Your very affectionate frinde,
CHARLES R."

Nor was Charles unmindful of his pledge. At the restoration, the Oxenham estates reverted to the young heir, and, though oaks had been felled, parks ruined, plate melted down, and the fine old mansion used as a barrack by the parliamentary army, yet a short time sufficed to bring back much of the ancient splendors of the family. As a further proof of his gratitude for the father's loyalty, Charles took the youth under his especial protection, and, sending for him to court, bestowed on him a place of profit and honor. The widow, comforted by the kindness of the monarch, lived not long enough to learn that the favor of princes may be more fatal than their frown.

John Oxenham, young, high-spirited and passionate—with a fine person, graceful manners, and an insinuating address, was gifted in an eminent degree with the requisite qualifications for making a brilliant figure in the

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court of the restored monarch. But the affection of the King, the possession of wealth, and the example of a licentious circle of friends, produced their full effect upon the undisciplined mind of the youth. The fate of his noble father, the lessons of virtue inculcated by his excellent mother, were alike forgotten, and among the profligates of the day, John Oxenham soon became as prominent for his vicious indulgences as for his elegant person and address. Duplicity and hypocrisy were then court virtues, while vice, destitute even of the flimsy veil which refinement throws over its hideous features, was the bosom friend of the prince, as well as the nobles of England. An adept in all the wild excesses and follies of the times, the fine fortune of the heir of Oxenham melted away like snow before the sun. The morning of his twenty-fifth birthday saw him involved in debts which threatened to swallow up the noble heritage of his fathers, and leave him a homeless beggar. But the gallants of those times had learned a secret in the art of alchymy, which is not yet forgotten in modern days. If they could not extract wealth from the philosopher's stone, they knew how to win it by the spell of pleasant looks, and the talisman of lovers' vows; so that it was no strange thing for a spendthrft courtier to piece his worn-out 'cloth of gold,' with a scrap from the well-lined 'frieze' jerkin of a city tradesman. Every feeling of John Oxenham's nature revolted at the thought of marriage. His own experience amid the tainted beauties of high life, had taught him a lesson of distrust in the virtue of woman, and he was certain that such an alliance would draw down upon him ridicule, and, perhaps, disgrace. But no alternative remained, save a speedy flight from the harpy claws of his creditors, or a matrimonial connection with some wealthy dame, ambitious enough to barter, for a courtly bridegroom, her fortune and her happiness.

But fortune seemed disposed to favor the heir of Oxenham. In his frequent visits to the Jew money-lender, by whose aid his broad acres had been transmuted into the precious metals, he had, more than once, beheld the dark eyes of a muffled female gazing down upon him, as if by stealth, from an upper casement; and had he been less entangled in more serious matters, he would probably have been induced to penetrate the mystery in which the veiled beauty seemed involved. But perplexed as he was, with pecuniary difficulties, he would scarcely have ventured upon a new and perilous affair of gallantry, had he not accidentally heard a rumor of her history. Born in the wilds of the new world, the daughter of a native princess, and an English adventurer, she had been entrusted to the care of the Jew in her childhood, and in his hands were placed the rich treasures which the mines of El Dorado had afforded to the cupidity of the fortunate sailor. But about the time when the father was expected to return to his native land, tidings of his death arrived, and the youthful Zillah, left an orphan in a country of strangers, was entirely in the power of her covetous guardian. It is true the old man had always treated her as a daughter; the secret apartments in which she was secluded, were hung with tapestries each worth an earl's ransom—silver lamps, fed with the perfumed oils of the East, shed their soft light upon luxurious couches, and carpets woven in Persian looms; while all that art could invent of rich and rare, was bestowed upon the adornment of her exquisite beauty. But still she was only a prisoner in his hands, for Mordecai loved her wealth, and he sought to hide her from all eyes until his only son should return from his distant pilgrimage, when he hoped to secure her riches by giving her in marriage to the young Hebrew. But there was treason in the Jew's household; a domestic, whom he had ill-treated, told the tale of the veiled beauty to the Lord of Oxenham, and the glowing descriptions which he gave of her supassing beauty, as well as of her ingots of fine gold, aroused the strongest passions in the nature of the sated courtier. By means of the servant, who was in the confidence of Zillah, the affair was arranged with the utmost secrecy and success. Letters, expressive of the most devoted affection, had been the agents employed by the Lord of Oxenham, to win the heart of the innocent recluse, and, although she never replied to them, save by the mouth of the treacherous domestic, yet, to a nature ardent as hers, they were quite sufficient to arouse new feelings in her girlish heart. She consented to an elopement, and they, who had never exchanged a word with each other, save by the intervention of a third person, now met at the altar to exchange a marriage vow. The first time Oxenham ever listened to her voice, it was while pronouncing the oath which bound her for ever to his side, and it was not until the marriage had been legally solemnized, that he learned the secret of her ready acquiescence in his suit. She stood before him in all the budding loveliness of girlhood—beautiful as a dream, but a cloud was upon the spirit which should have lighted up that glorious temple. She was like a child whose faculties had never been awakened—simple, artless, affectionate, but with a dimness of intellect which, while it was far removed from idiocy, yet placed her in a lower scale of being than her seraphic beauty seemed at first to claim. Nothing but her enormous wealth could have reconciled John Oxenham to such a bride, whose very imbecility of mind rendered her peculiarly liable to the dangers of a court life, and he marked out, for vengeance, the treacherous servant, who, in the prosecution of revenge on the old Jew, had been careful to conceal all the mental deficiency of the helpless Zillah. But determining to lose no time in securing her rich dowry, the Lord of Oxenham applied to the King, and relating to the merry monarch the tale of his clandestine marriage, implored his majestys's aid in compelling the crafty guardian to relinquish her wealth. This he had little difficulty in obtaining, and the old man was glad to escape with a heavy fine in addition to the restoration of the bride's riches. But when the money was secure, and the King pressed Oxenham to present his Indian princess to the curious eyes of a court circle, he met with evasions and excuses. The sweetness and helplessness of the timid Zillah had awakened as much tenderness in the heart of the selfish voluptuary, as he could now feel, and resolving, for her sake, as well as his own, to preserve her from the perils of the gay

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world, he hastened to bury her in the seclusion of Oxenham Hall. Loving her husband, as a child will love one who looks kindly upon it, with southern ardor, and with infantine fondness, Zillah asked no greater happiness than to be his petted plaything. Of the world, she knew nothing, and therefore the noble mansion in which she now found herself mistress, seemed, to her, a very paradise of joy. The anxiety with which Oxenham watched her every movement, lest the secret of her imbecility should be whispered among the servants, gave to his manner a solicitude which a clearer head than Zillah's might have construed into the watchfulness of affection. Quiet, gentle and silent, the young wife rarely spoke, unless to reply to her husband's voice, and then her utterance was hesitating and imperfect. Her words sounded rather like the murmurs of a dreamer, and musical as were her tones, it was difficult to comprehend her meaning. Aware of this, her husband rarely addressed her in the presence of his domestics, and few of them had ever heard her voice. To one who could have beheld her moving gracefully through the stately apartments, or presiding in perfect silence and decorum at the solitary board, to which guests were never invited, she would have seemed the very perfection of womanly loveliness. But when she raised her usually downcast lids, there was a wild melancholy in her full black eyes that seemed almost startling, and this look, together with the peculiar accents in which she spoke, had excited, in the minds of the household, a strange and mysterious dread of her whom they styled "the Dark Ladye of Oxenham,"

But the quiet of home could not long satisfy the votary of excitement. Oxenham became weary of Zillah's childish caresses, her ignorance disgusted him, her hopeless imbecility shocked him, and, at length, confiding the care of his wife to the old and confidential nurse, who had early learned the painful secret, he determined to return to court. But first he took the precaution of exacting from Zillah a promise never to wander beyond the bounds of his own domain, and relying upon this, together with the watchfulness of old Winifred, he once more sought the scenes of dissipation. At first, the hapless Zillah pined for the accustomed face and voice of her husband. Like a froward child, she wept and refused to be comforted, until her infantile mind had lost remembrance of her grief in its very excess. Winifred attended her as she would have done a helpless babe; studying every wish, and yielding to every whim, until the image of her husband faded from her vague fancy, and she regained her wonted quiet of manner.

In the meantime the Lord of Oxenham was plunging anew into the excesses of a court, then the most licentious in Europe, and wasting, in riotous living, the gold which had been the dowry of his imbecile bride. Many were the jeers and scurvy jests which he was compelled to endure on account of his marriage, and the seclusion in which he had kept his beautiful wife. Thinking that they had fully divined his motives, his loose companions uttered many a taunt and sneer against the care with he sought to preserve her from contamination of evil. At length, in a moment of excitement, when heated with wine, Oxenham was goaded by the pertinacious teasing of the merry monarch into a measure at once degrading to himself, and unjust to his helpless wife. The King offered to stake his royal George against a signet ring, that if Oxenham would but give him one day's advance of him, he would gain access to the imprisoned beauty, and bring back some infallible token of her favor. Oxenham accepted the wager, and agreed to remain in London one day after the King should have departed, before following him to Oxenham, only stipulating that the King should make no use of his royal prerogative in obtaining entrance into Oxenham Hall. "Fear me not," said the King, "I will take no unfair advantage of thee, good John, yet will I see thy pretty wife, and bring thee a fair token from the caged bird;" then turning to Buckingham, he whispered, "I would not ride into Devonshire for all the gentle dames in England; it is a region of perpetual weeping. I mind me well of the weary days I spent at Tiverton, in the time when old Noll ruled the state; wheresoever else the sun may shine *it always rains in Devonshire.*"

"Will your majesty then lose your wager for a cloudy sky?" asked Buckingham.

"Not so, my lord, I care less to see the lady than to plague the proud knight of Oxenham; and it will go hard with me, but I will find means to win a jewel without going myself to seek it."

Some few days afterwards, as the Lady Zillah was seated with her faithful old attendant, in a retired part of the grounds, still known by the name of the Lady's Bower, she was accosted by an old gipsy-woman, apparently bending under the weight of years and infirmities, who importuned her to listen to her prediction. Naturally timid, and inclined to superstition, as the weak-minded usually are, Zillah's fancies had been nourished by old Winifred, who was a firm believer in supernatural events, and who had found the most efficacious method of persuading Zillah to obey her directions, was by the narration of wild and wonderful tales in which she delighted. The sight of the gipsy, therefore, excited Zillah's childish fancy, and in despite of all Winifred's remonstrances, she listened in a trance of wonder to the jargon of the pretended prophetess. She even offered her hand, small, dark, and lined with the softest rosetint, to the curious gaze of the sybil, who seemed to decypher the future fortune of the lady, while she peered into the eyes much more frequently than into the palm before her. At length Winifred's threats prevailed, and the gipsy retreated, but the childish Zillah, delighted with her bright predictions, was wild with excitement. It was not until Winifred was disrobing her for the night, that she missed a curious bracelet which she always wore, and learned at how dear a price she had purchased the gipsy's skill in palmistry. Terrified lest her master should be angry at her carelessness in allowing one of the proscribed race to approach the Lady Zillah, old Winifred framed a tale for his ear, should he inquire for the bracelet, and taught it to Zillah just as one would teach a lesson to a child. She was soon called to put in requisition all her skill in dissimulation, for in less

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than twenty-four hours after the loss of the bracelet, the Lord of Oxenham arrived at the Hall. Though he had evidently ridden in hot haste, he seemed to have no especial business save to inquire most closely of all the domestics respecting the guests who might have been entertained during his absence. Having ascertained to his satisfaction, that none had passed the porter's lodge since the day he left Oxenham, he then resumed his former watchfulness over his wife. But he had been absent so many weeks, that the vacant mind of the imbecile Zillah could scarcely be brought to recall his image. She shrunk from him in undisguised terror, and remained sunk in profound silence, as was her custom when in the presence of a stranger. In vain he caressed and fondled her as he had been wont to do; she was so much alarmed at his presence, that in pity to the delicate state of her health, and fearing the effect such continued agitation might have upon his future hopes, he determined to return to London, feeling satisfied that the King had lost his wager. He accordingly presented himself in the presence-chamber, with ill-dissembled glee, but what were his feeling when the King called him into his closet and produced Zillah's bracelet! There was no mistaking the jewel—there could be no other like it, unless hers had been taken as the model, for it was of Mexican workmanship—being a rudely-carved serpent of fine gold, with a carbuncle of great size and beauty, (which Zillah always regarded as a talisman) set in the enchasing of the head. Regardless alike of the respect due to his monarch, or of the laugh of the courtiers who were in the secret, Oxenham snatched the jewel, and hurrying from the apartment, mounted his horse, and spurred rapidly for the Hall. He arrived at the home of his fathers a few hours after the birth of an infant heir. But whatever joy such an event might have occasioned him at an earlier period, his soul was too full of gloomy fancies to heed the frail infant or the suffering mother. He sought the well-known bracelet, and heard from the lips of the old nurse, the lying tale which was to screen herself from the charge of carelessness, while Zillah remained silent, terrified by his unaccustomed presence, and exhausted by recent anguish. Oxenham knew the woman's tale was false, and he therefore looked upon Zillah's pertinacious silence and alarm as a proof of her guilt. He uttered no reproach, he gave vent to no burst of wrath, but calmly ordering the babe to be given in charge to a peasant nurse, avowed his determination to remain at Oxenham 'till the Lady Zillah was quite restored to health. Three days had scarcely elapsed, when the lady of Oxenham was seized with horrible pangs, and ere the leech could be brought to minister relief to her sufferings, she was dead! Her husband and old Winifred stood beside her as the shadow of death fell on her beautiful face—every door and window was closed, for the master of Oxenham dreaded the eye of prying wonder, yet, as the dull and leaden hue of the grave settled on her brow, as the last breath left her pale lip, a *bird of raven wing and snowy breast*, was seen to rise from her pillow, and, wheeling thrice round the canopied bed, vanished in the lofty vaulted roof of the apartment. Such was the tale told by the woman, when relieved from the terror of the Lord of Oxenham, and it tended much to strengthen the dark surmises which had gone abroad among the servants, when they beheld the livid spots on the face of their dead mistress, and the blood-red foam which gathered again and again on her rigid lips as she lay in her coffin.

John Oxenham returned to court as reckless in his profligacy, and seemingly as gay in spirit as before, but there was a fearful change in his countenance, and a ghastliness like that of a corpse, was upon his brow. His face seemed as if blasted by some lightning stroke of crime, and even as the beauty of his person vanished, so did the charm of his address depart. Moody and silent, he seemed to plunge into the very depths of vice, less from inclination than from the influence of some invisible agent who hurried him on from one madness to another. Exactly twelve months from the day on which the heir of Oxenham was born, the profligate father lay on his dying bed. A holy priest bent over his pillow, listening to the gasping accents of his confession, and ready to shrive the wretched penitent, when he should have revealed his tale of guilt. What were the words which, at the last, he murmured in the ears of the holy father, no one ever knew; but an exclamation of horror burst from the priest's lips, and at the same instant a *bird of snowy breast and raven wing* rose above the sick man's head, and wheeling three times slowly around his pillow, soared upwards, and vanished even as the mist fades into sunshine. Every door and window was closed, no real habitant of the air could have entered the apartment, and as the priest gazed, awe-stricken, on the marvellous sight, a deep groan from the bed, announced that the soul of the unabsolved penitent had winged its way to the bar of Judgment.

From that time a curse seemed to fall on the house of Oxenham. The heir of the profligate John grew up among strangers, married early, and *died* on the day that *his child* was a twelvemonth old. Orphanage and an early separation from all the ties of kindred, seemed destined to be the punishment of the ill-fated family for the crime of their ancestor, but ever, at the moment of death, the "white bird of Oxenham" was seen to hover around the pillow of each of the race.

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"Bird of the snowy breast,
Bird of the raven plume,
Hidest thou thy distant nest
Where the sweet spices bloom?
Art thou from distant shore
Borne on the blast?
Over the ocean's roar
Safe hast thou past?
But the bird swept by—it might not stay,
For it bore a soul on its wings away!

"Bird of the raven wing,
Why art thou come?
Is it that joyous spring
Wakes the bee's hum?
Is it that wintry skies
Frown o'er thy distant home?
E'en as the swallow flies,
Thus hast thou come?
But the bird swept by—for he came on the breath
Of the charnel vault to the bed of death!"

Such is the fragment of a song, still remembered by many in Oakhampton, as having been composed by the

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last lady of Oxenham, and it is with her fate is connected the desolation of the old Hall. Mary Oxenham was the last of her family, and the extinction of the *name* of Oxenham was now certain. The curse had lost none of its force as it descended through the several generations—each had fallen an early victim to death—each had been succeeded by an infant heir, until, at length, the birth of a female seemed to betoken the speedy downfall of the family honors. Bred up in loneliness and seclusion, Mary had learned to ponder too deeply on the misfortunes of her house, until her excited imagination led her to the dizzy verge of that fearful precipice where reason trembles, and is often overthrown. Allowed to follow the bent of her own will, with no near relatives to watch over her infancy and youth, she was indebted to an aged priest, who had long been an inmate of Oxenham Hall, for all the knowledge which she possessed. Firmly attached to the Catholic religion, she delighted to pore over the legends of saints and martyrs, to yield her fancy to the dreams of mystic faith, and to revel in the wild imaginations of the cloistered monks of olden time. The good Father Jerome, who might have directed the energies of her active mind to more useful pursuits, allowed her thus to waste her early years, in the hope that he should thereby confirm her in the faith of her fathers, not doubting but that he should be able, at some future time, to control the vagaries of her eccentric temper. He died, however, ere she attained the age of womanhood, and Mary, in an agony of grief, vowed to herself, as she stood beside his grave, that her life should hereafter be dedicated to the quiet cloister. It was the vow of an impassioned and sorrowing child, seeking to fulfil what she believed to have been the wish of her kind guardian, but Mary remembered it in bitterness and anguish at a later period. There was something in her isolated condition peculiarly calculated to excite the imagination. The mistress of a noble mansion, filled with records of past glories, and abounding in traditions of olden times, the last of a race to whom a curse was supposed to cling, and destined, (according to the legend,) in her own person, to fulfil the penalty of her ancestor's guilt, it is not strange that the lonely heiress of Oxenham should have found that meditation was but another name for incipient madness. The style of her beauty was as remarkable as her character. Her figure was one of perfect symmetry, but of the smallest possible proportions—her features were exceedingly delicate and regular, but her complexion was of the darkest tint, while her thick raven hair, which she wore in loose curls, falling almost to her feet, together with her large, lustrous black eyes, gave a singular wildness to her appearance. Her very countenance bore testimony to her dreamy temper, and no one could look upon her without feeling that she was a visionary enthusiast, but little fitted for a world of dull realities. The few who were admitted within the precincts of Oxenham Hall, could not fail to observe the wonderful resemblance between the portrait of the "Dark Ladye of Oxenham," and the living face of her latest descendant.

But the time came when her self-imposed vow of seclusion was to be forgotten, and stronger passions to be awakened in the heart of the imaginative girl. The Lord Delmaine, prompted first by a wish to add the broad lands of Oxenham to his paternal inheritance, sought the lonely orphan in her Hall, and whispered those words of love, which, when heard for the *first* time, rarely fall on a heedless ear. A new world was immediately opened to Mary. The dreams of wild romance, the vague fancies of girlhood, were now merged into a bright and beautiful reality, and could she have forgotten the dark cloud which overhung the fortunes of her house, she might have given up her heart to hope and happiness. But a blight had early fallen upon her life, and even while listening to her lover's tenderness, she felt a cold misgiving of the approach of evil. Lord Delmaine was neither vicious in habit, nor depraved in heart—he was *only utterly selfish*. He admired Mary's singular beauty, he pitied her weakness of mind, (for such, appeared to him, her gloomy fancies,) and he coveted her noble fortunes. With such notions he set himself to the task of gaining her affections, and his worldly wisdom was more than a match for Mary's guileless ignorance. It was in one of these moments of confidence that she related to him the wild legend of her ancestor's crime and punishment. But the man of the world had little sympathy with the fanciful enthusiast. He smiled at her credulity, soothed her excited feelings, affected to sympathize in her melancholy, and inly resolved to wed her as quickly as possible, lest madness should snatch from his grasp the rich prize which he sought. With the enthusiasm so natural to her character, Mary had yielded up her whole heart to its new passion, and even while she looked forward to marriage as the seal of her broken vow and her fatal destiny, she resolved to wed the lover who wooed with such earnest fondness.

Many an ominous shake of the head was seen among the peasants, as Lord Delmaine led his bride from the church where they had plighted their vows.

"Ay, ay, it is a brave bridal," said an old, decrepit creature, as she hobbled to a seat on a tombstone, to watch the procession; "it is a brave *bridal*, but there will be a braver *burial*. Have they forgotten the curse of the Dark Ladye of Oxenham? With a woman came the curse, by a woman must it be fulfilled."

These words were not lost upon their hearers, and ere the sun set, they had clouded the brow, and troubled the spirit of the youthful bride. But Lord Delmaine bore her to the home of his fathers, and amid the society of new friends, and the gaieties of new scenes, she strove to forget the evil auguries of her fate.

But time passed on, and heavier trials befel the sensitive heiress of Oxenham. Yet how may the pen of the legendary describe the gradual growth of coldness, distrust, indifference, in two wedded hearts? How depict the progress of petty annoyances and trifling grievances, until they became serious evils and mighty wrongs. Lord Delmaine fancied himself a good husband, because he neither insulted his wife by open infidelities, nor restricted her from indulging her own tastes and pleasures. He surrounded her with luxuries, and prided himself upon the lavish expenditure with which he purchased

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them. but he had no idea that duty required him to watch over the excitable nature of his young wife, and to guard her from disappointment and sorrow. He was a good natured, careless, fashionable husband, and with a woman of worldly character, might have managed to live in peace, if not happiness. But he had chosen a wife whose morbid feelings had been cherished in solitude—whose imagination had always exceeded her judgment—who had never learned the mystic lore of the human heart. To such a woman, his neglect and indifference, his careless manner, and frequent absence from home, seemed the height of cruelty and insult. She brooded over wrongs in secret, and met him too often with murmurs and reproaches. The passionate nature of her race existed in full vigor in the fragile form of the last of the family, and the very strength of her affection for her husband, gave new bitterness to her anger at his estrangement. Lord Delmaine was incapable of comprehending fully the character of his susceptible wife; he knew not upon how nice a balance hung the faculties of her mind, or, it may be hoped, he would have been less careless of exciting her restless and moody spirit. He encountered her sorrow with indifference, her reproaches with anger, and finally wearied with the daily excitements of so stormy a life, Mary determined to return to the loneliness of Oxenham Hall. Lord Delmaine would scarcely have consented so readily to her desire, had he known that the darling wish of his heart—the birth of an heir, which could alone ensure to him the future possession of the Oxenham estates, was so near its fulfilment. But there was no longer any confidence between the husband and wife, and he saw her depart with scarce a semblance of regret.

It was with sad and troubled feelings that the Lady of Oxenham entered once more within the walls of the home which she had left a happy and loving bride. The omens which had saddened her spirit in the days of her childhood, had, many of them, been fulfilled, and others seemed verging towards their accomplishment. She believed that the curse had fallen upon her, and felt herself doomed to complete the circle of destruction. To her wandering mind, every thing seemed corroborative of the ancient prophecy, and she looked forward to the birth of her child as the period of its final fulfilment. The apartments of Oxenham Hall, haunted by old traditions of the Dark Ladye, and the wicked John, and filled with the rich remains of the splendors which the wealth of the Indian bride had furnished, the grim portraits which hung upon the walls, the still grimmer figures which looked down from the ancient tapestry, all were calculated to deepen the melancholy which was fast settling over the mind of the lonely wife. Old legends, old tales of horror, old prophecies, old stories of fearful martyrdom were the subjects of her moody meditations; and as day after day passed on, in sickness of heart, and wandering of intellect, the light of reason faded slowly away. Yet it was only by slight tokens that this darkening of the spirit was indicated. The servants looked on her with a minged feeling of awe and pity; they knew not whether she was giving expression to a chafed spirit, or to the vagaries of madness. Even the feelings of a mother, which nature has implanted in the breast of all women, seemed to be forgotten, and the only evidence she gave of her consciousness of coming anguish, was to forbid any summons being sent to Lord Delmaine. Alone, with only the faithful nurse of her childhood, did she give birth to the heir of Delmaine and Oxenham, and from that moment every gleam of mental light vanished from her mind. A messenger was immediately despatched to Lord Delmaine with the tidings, and the timid servants waited in stupid terror for his arrival, to free them from the responsible charge of the mad Lady of Oxenham.

It was late in the evening when Lord Delmaine reached the town of Oakhampton, and leaving his retinue, he rode rapidly forward with but one attendant, towards Oxenham. The birth of a son, the wished-for heir of his honors and estates, had touched the heart of the man of fashion, and awakened kindly feelings towards the mother. He thought of her earnest affection, of her visionary temper, of her tendency to moody melancholy, and while he reproached himself for past unkindness, he determined, for the future, to make her comfort one of the studies of his life. Absorbed in such thoughts, he rode rapidly forward until he reached the park gate, and as the servant dismounted to arouse the porter at the lodge, he looked anxiously in the direction of Oxenham Hall. The walls of the stately building rose dark and scarce-defined against the black and cloudy sky, a faint light glimmered in the window of one of the offices occupied by the servants, but the left wing of the Hall, usually appropriated to the sleeping apartments of the family, was in total darkness. He was in the act of alighting, intending to walk up the long avenue, lest the trampling of his horse should awaken his slumbering wife, when he was startled by a sudden burst of light—and in an instant Oxenham Hall was enveloped in flames. Dashing forward, Lord Delmaine beheld the servants rushing from the great porch, and the next moment all was confusion and terror. The alarm-bell was rung, and all hurried to the rescue of the inmates of the blazing mansion.

"Lady Delmaine—my wife—where is she?" gasped Lord Delmaine, as he staggered into the midst of the terrified group.

All were silent—each had thought only of his own safety. Rushing into the midst of the flames, Lord Delmaine groped his way amid the dense smoke, towards the apartment of his wife, but the fierce flame met him as he advanced, and opposed his entrance. Thrice did he attempt to force his way amid falling rafters and blazing fragments, but his efforts were vain, and at length, scorched with the fire, and exhausted with his exertions, he was dragged out of the building by his faithful servant, who supported his sinking frame to the spot where the rest had sought safety. At that instant a cry of horror burst from the assembled group. Standing on the deep embrasure of a lofty window, was a figure clad in white, clasping in one arm a shapeless mass that bore some resemblance to a muffled infant, and brandishing aloft a burning brand. As the red light shone on the loose night-dress and long black locks of

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the singular apparition, the features of the Lady of Oxenham were distinctly visible. Her eyes gleamed with the wild glare of insanity, and the tones of her voice rang loud and clear above the crackling of the fire and the turmoil of the night, as she cried, "It is the martyrdom of fire! the curse is fulfilled—the broken vow expiated!"

"Save her! save her!" exclaimed the unhappy Lord Delmaine, "half my fortune shall be the reward of him who rescues her."

But life was dearer than wealth, and not one could be found willing to brave such certain death. It was but a moment that the chance of safety was afforded to the unhappy lady. With a wild cry she suddenly sprang from the casement into the very midst of the flames which rose fiercely beneath her, and at the same instant a large bird whose snowy breast gleamed brightly in the red light of the burning pile, rose slowly from the tower of the old Hall, and wheeling thrice above the spot where the lady had disappeared, soared aloft, and vanished from the view.

No one ever knew how the dreadful calamity occurred. They who alone could have told—the crazed mother and the aged nurse, fell victims to the destroying elements. The body of the unfortunate Lady of Oxenham was found amid the ruins, blackened and charred with fire, but still clasping to her bosom the remains of her babe. It was universally believed, however, that in a paroxysm of insanity, the last of the race of Oxenham had fulfilled the curse which had doomed them to extinction. The estates subsequently lapsed to the crown, and the white bird of Oxenham has never since been seen; but the legend is still remembered among the inhabitants of Devonshire, and the ruins of Oxenham are still shunned as haunted and unholy ground.

NOTE.—The preceding tale is founded upon an allusion to a legend which I found in Mrs. Bray's Traditions of Devonshire. "There is a family," says Prince, speaking of Oxenham, in his Worthies of Devon "of considerable standing of this name, at South Tawton, near Oakhampton, in this county, of which this strange and wonderful thing is recorded: that at the death of any of them, a bird, with a white breast, is seen, for a while, fluttering about their beds, and then to suddenly vanish away."

The letter of King Charles II., which I have quoted, is taken from an autograph copy, now in my possession, of one addressed by him to Lady Shirley, on the death of her husband in the tower.

Original.

TO A PORTRAIT.

BEHOLD!

The limned features of my lady love,
How beautiful, how bright—the dark blue eyes
Beam like twin stars of sapphire on the verge
Of a white cloud—the herald of Aurora,
Fit emblem of her forehead—and the rose
Of virgin blood seems glowing in her cheeks
Almost to nature's starting—and the lips,
Like a cleft ruby, gemm'd with ocean pearl,
Seem breathing balm—the sighing swelling breasts
Heave like the sea of love, adown her neck,
The clustering tendrils of the auburn hair
In wreathy dalliance revel—softly kiss'd
In sportive rapture by the wings of heaven. TREBOR.

Original.

THE DEATH OF A FAWN.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

CLOSE on the border of a wood,
A rivulet its course pursued;
Its other bank a beauteous lawn,
As ever fairies sported on—
Gemmed with the radiant flowers of spring,
Which tempt the bee to fold his wing,
And from their painted cups, to sip
The nectar with his dainty lip.
With noiseless current flowed the stream,
As placid as a maiden's dream;
Where Fancy lends her guileless thought,
And makes her visions pleasure-fraught.
Deep in its pure and chrystal flood,
Were mirrored sun and sky and wood;
So clear and bright there seemed below,
Another sun and sky to glow!
A bright-eyed fawn approached the brink,
And arched his graceful neck to drink;
When, frightened at his counterpart,
Perfect beyond the power of Art—
The timid creature started back,
And bounded o'er the forest track;
But ere he reached the thicket-glade,
His form was low and bleeding laid;
A rifle ball had pierced his heart,
And bade the streams of life depart;
The voice of death flew on the breeze,
Echoed amid the distant trees;
Scared from her nest Minerva's bird,
And all the wood's deep silence stirred.
That sound fell heavy on my ear,
And gathered in my eye a tear;
I pitied less the dying fawn,
That his brief hour of life was gone,
Than him who had destroyed that life,
With grace and beauty erst so rife—
That he, in wanton sport had fired,
And triumphed while his prey expired;
Leaving the victim in the wood,
Well pleased to think his aim was good.
Though man, by his Creator's will—
The inferior tribes of Earth may kill,
Yet mercy should control his power,
Since life alone is all their dower,
'Tis cruelty to prove our might,
Because, forsooth, we have the right:
Tyrants alone delight to show,
How far their cruel rage can go!

Georgia, February, 1841.

WE all, in *every state*, have our sufferings, but of none is the condition so abject, that he may not find grounds of consolation, and discern the merciful finger of the Omnipotent pointing out to him a place of rest, of happiness unmixed, of everlasting peace.

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Origina

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. XIV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' CAPT. KYD,' ETC.

We have been sailing all day through delightful scenery, made up of hills covered to their tops with noble forest trees, or pleasant intervals, spread between them and the river, with over-hanging cliffs, wooded islands, and occasional peeps through the openings in the hills, of a pleasant country beyond. Our boat moves through the water with undiminished velocity, and so far, has accomplished the quickest trip ever made from Saint Louis, and in all probability, she will arrive at Louisville at the time set, that is, fifty-two hours from her departure from Saint Louis. It is amusing to see how all on board, from the captain to the youngest cabin-boy, enter into the spirit of the occasion. It is the general talk; and all, including passengers, are as anxious to perform the quickest trip ever made, as if each were interested in a large stake. Bets of money, segars, oyster suppers, and "drinks," have passed between the passengers—while the cabin-boys bet jack-knives and circus-tickets, to be paid at Louisville. Every half-hour, one of them, a litte dirty-faced, brush-headed urchin, comes to me, or some other passenger, asking, "what 'tis o'clock," and evincing as much interest in the race, as if he had a purse of at least five dollars upon it. Two barrows, or iron trucks, loaded with chain-cables, are placed on the forecastle, and one or two men are constantly moving them from side to side to keep the boat in trim; they have been at this all the way from Saint Louis, and have worn already, quite a track in the deck, by the ceaseless rolling of these iron-laden cars. The mate is active in keeping an equal number of passengers on each side of the boat, or else driving them to the centre; the doors opening on to the guards are locked, to keep persons from going upon them to destroy the boat's trim. "Stand a little this way, gentlemen, *if you* please—now look out you deck passengers, there, keep off that lower guard!—Stand a little in, gentlemen, stand a little in,—pitch in the wood, boys, lively now, lively!" assail the ears every few moments. In vain, passengers on shore wave their handkerchiefs and white flags, and shout for the boat to heave to and take them on board; a deaf ear and a blind eye are turned to these appeals, and steadily and swiftly, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, we move onward. We were compelled to stop for a few moments at a small town in Kentucky, when one of the deck passengers hastened to a groggery to get some supplies. During his absence, (and it was not of a minute's duration,) the boat started and was ten feet from the shore when he came in sight. "Stop, captain, stop!" he shouted, running to the shore with a bunch of onions in one hand and a handkerchief full of something in the other. "Now you lazy lubber!" replied the mate, "you may run for it. What in the d—l had you to do ashore?" "Do stop, captain, do," cried the man in a low, plaintive tone. The captain seemed not to hear him, the boat moved along the shore at increasing speed, and the man run along the bank, shouting at the top of his voice to be taken on board. Still the boat kept on, and I saw it was the intention of the captain to give him a long chase. He run for about a quarter of a mile, casting the most appealing looks towards the boat, when he came to the mouth of a deep creek, thirty feet broad. We thought his race was now terminated, and he evidently thought so himself, for clasping his hands together in despair as he saw the water, he stood still; when the captain sung out—"Run *round* the creek! Why don't you run round it!" At this moment, his eye lighted on a pirogue on the shore, and jumping into it he pushed across to the opposite bank, and again continued his course.

The steamer had got some distance above him during his delay at the creek, and throwing away his string of onions, as he leaped ashore, he pressed forward with renewed vigor, every now and then, waving his hand and shouting. At length, he untied his handkerchief, and out rolled a loaf of bread, biscuits, apples and sausages, and thus lightened, he seemed to run better. He was now full a mile from his starting post, and yet the boat showed no signs of stopping for him. Still on he came, evidently dragging his legs through the mud, climbing over bogs, forcing his way through bushes, growing very much fatigued. He bared his head and began to fan himself as he ran, with his hat; next off came his coat, and then his shoes. With all these auxiliaries to his speed, it was apparent from the heavy dragging of his legs, the open mouth, and his general weariness of manner, that his strength was failing him. We had all now become interested in the luckless victim. The ladies thronged the guards, pitied him, and wondered the captain "could be so cruel;" the gentlemen at first enjoyed it and considered it a good joke, but they now began to feel that it had become too serious, and desired the captain to take him on board; the deck hands hurrahed at every good leap he made over a log or a ditch, and laughed unfeelingly as he at length tottered, from over exertion. At length it became evident that the poor fellow was actually knocked up, for he appeared about to throw himself on the ground several times, but as often nerving himself to renewed exertions, and then the boat was stopped and the yawl sent ashore for him. He was so weak when the boat came along side, that the sailors had to assist him on board. "Now, confound you," said one of the men, as he helped him in, "I reckon you'll not be left behind again." Comment on the above scene is useless. All who have travelled know how frequently one may be accidentally left on shore. The too general practice of captains, even when the delinquents appear on the bank hailing him, of going off and leaving them, is, to the last degree, reprehensive. The individual might have a family on board, whose distress and his own may be easily pictured; he might be an invalid, and be left in a desolate region, the continuance of his journey is, perhaps, of the utmost importance—but, whatever be the circumstances, it is an evidence of a great deficiency in human feeling, in any captain who should wilfully pursue such a course.

The modes of *wooding* on the Ohio and the Mississippi differ. On the latter, boats approach the shore and

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receive their wood from the bank; on the Ohio, before all the wood-yards are to be found long narrow flat boats, holding from twenty to thirty cords, ready loaded: the steamer runs along side of one of these, takes it in tow, and while she is still underweigh, the wood is transfered from one boat to the other. Sometimes these boats are towed up four or five miles, when they are cast off with the two woodmen who attend them, and suffered to float back to the place from which they were taken. This is a great saving of time and labor. The strength of the current of the Mississippi, and the difficulty of managing boats on that river, render the adoption of this convenient mode of wooding, altogether impossible.

We came very near running into a flatboat this afternoon; it lay directly across the channel, and was manned by three or four country-merchant looking youths, in broadcloth frocks and long-tailed coats. The boat was new, and it was very evident the men were new. The awkward manner in which they handled their long paddles excited the merriment and derision of some regular, hard old flatboatmen, standing on the forecastle of our steamer. "I could cut a better man out of a shingle than that are long coated chap," said one. "I say, strangers," called out another, "which o'you long tails is the preacher?" "Hand that paddle here," said a third, through his nose, "and I'll give it to my old woman to stir homminy with, for I'll be shot if you know whether it is a wooden ladle or a paddle you're got hold on." "I," said another, "should'nt be astonished to see him take it to stir up his grog with." "It would make a first chop sugar-spoon." (The paddle which was the subject of these remarks, was at least thirty feet long, constructed of a single, straight tree, with two planks nailed on to one end to give it breadth as a paddle.) After the flatboat had got out of the way, more by the help of the current than the green crew, an old pilot near me, (who like all pilots had once flatboated,) said—"How scared them chaps looked when they saw us coming right on to 'um! I don't wonder they did'nt know what they were about. When I was flatboating, I'd as lieve see the old one himself, hoofs, horns, forked tail and all, coming, as a steamboat, snorting and blowing enough to scare a human critter out of a year's growth." J. H. I.

Original.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Young maiden let the lily be,
An emblem of Life's flower in thee;
Pure as its bud ere sun or dew,
Have oped its leaves of virgin hue.
So now thou rear'st thy tender form,
A bud of beauty in life's storm.

Young maiden when in beauty bright,
Its silver leaves spread to the light,
Spotless and pure upon its stem
It hangs, the type of virtue's gem;
So may thy years, of later date
Show like the lily's glowing fate;

And when the lily bends its head,
To mingle with the garden's dead,
Though beauty's gone, yet still the flower,
Yields fragrance in its dying hour;
So lady when thou sleep'st in death,
Rich be thy deeds with virtue's breath. R. H.

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The dream of existence is blissful and bright
In the radiant morning of youth,
When Hope has no cloud to o'ershadow her light,
And friendship is hallowed by truth;
When Love is all pure as a calm summer stream,
That slumbering 'mid flow'rets doth lie,
Reflecting the brightness of Heaven's own beam,
And wearing the tinge of the sky.

How chang'd is the vision when Time hurries on,
And brings the decline of Life's day;
Then the sunbeams from Hope's fairy landscape are gone,
Then friendship has faded away.
And then like a stream which the wind-spirit wakes,
Is the once holy fountain of Love;
Then its troubled and wandering wave only takes
The hue of the storm-cloud above.

'Tis well, since we're speeding away to the tomb,
That youth's fairy pleasures should flee,
For could they return all their earlier bloom,
Too dear to our heart they would be.
And 'tis well, since the soul's lasting home is not here,
That the love of its spring-time should die;
For could it still cherish an Eden so dear,
'Twould forget for its Heaven to sigh!

Original.

SPRING.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

As hope to the heart
Which has sunk in despair,
'Neath clouds of affliction
And billows of care,
Even so the soft breathings of Spring,
Over Earth their blest influence fling.

As light to the sailor
When tossed on the wave,
As life to the suff'rer
Condemned to the grave,—
Even so falls the light of the Spring
On the shadows of Winter's wing.

And thus when the soul
From its fetters of clay,
Flies upward and homeward
Untramelled away,
It receives for Earth's Winter and pain,
A bliss which no sorrow can stain.

Boston, Mass.

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Original.

THE SECRET CONFESSION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Now Peggy," said Hannah Matson, addressing her sister-in-law, "I can see no reason in your taking on so because Mrs. Ray's child is dead. You had better by half leave off crying and come and help me to fold these clothes, and get them ready for ironing, so as to earn something to get your own child warm, comfortable clothing for the winter, that is fast coming upon us."

Mrs. Matson, instead of heeding this remonstrance, broke out into a fresh agony of tears. When she had become a little calmer, "You have never been to Mr. Ray's," said she, "as often as I have and seen what a pretty creature little Eliza was, or you would cry too."

"The child was well enough," replied Hannah, "but not a quarter part so handsome as your Betsey would be if she could be dressed out in as fine clothes as Elizabeth used to be."

"You don't consider that I nursed her, and had the whole care of her for full three months. I loved her as if she had been my own child."

"A little better, I should think, for in my opinion you never treated Betsey as a child ought to be treated."

Mrs. Matson made no reply, but moved backwards and forwards with a rocking motion in her chair, more violently than before. The door now opened, and a child about eight years old, meanly clad, entered with a basket in her hand filled with chips. She went to Hannah, and said in a whisper,

"Mr. Giles says he cannot let mother have any more chips unless she pays him a higher price, but I am afraid to tell her."

"I will tell her myself, dear," replied her aunt, stooping down and kissing her pale cheek. "Now go sit down and rest yourself, the basket was too heavy for you."

The child raised her large, beautiful eyes to her aunt's face filled with tears, threw her arms round her neck and returning the caress, cast a timid glance towards her mother, and then whispered,—"I am very hungry."

Hannah cut a slice from a brown loaf, which the child took and sat down where she could not be observed by her mother, who, however, had apparently paid no attention to her entrance. After the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, she beckoned her sister to approach her.

"That child," said she, in a low whisper, "must go away from here,—I cannot bear the sight of her any longer."

"What can you mean?" inquired Hannah.

"Make some excuse to send her away a little while, and I will tell you. If she should catch a word, I am ruined."

"If you are rested Betsey," said her aunt, "you may go to Mr. Ray's, and ask Mrs. White, if she would like to have you do some errands—there must be a great many to do, I think."

Betsey rose with alacrity, and a gleam of pleasure was perceptible in her sickly countenance, as she tied on her gingham bonnet. As her aunt looked at her little bare feet,—"Poor child," said she, "it is almost too cold for you to go without shoes, and I hope if Mrs. White observe you have none, she will give you an old pair that were Eliza's."

"I have something to reveal to you, Hannah," said Mrs. Matson, as soon as the child was gone, "but you must first make a solemn promise, that you will never mention it to a single person as long as I live."

"Indeed, Peggy, you behave so very strange, that I fear that you have something to reveal, which it would be wrong to keep secret."

"You may do as you like, but I will never tell a word 'till you promise solemnly never to say aught about it 'till after I am gone. No, Hannah, though the weight of it sink me to the grave, I will tell on no other conditions."

"Well, Peggy, I will promise then."

"That won't do. Here, lay your hand on this bible, and say, that you will never hint, in the most distant manner, what I am going to tell you."

Hannah, whose curiosity was strongly excited, rested her trembling hand upon the sacred volume, and solemnly and deliberately gave the required promise.

"You think it very strange," said she, after burying her face in her hands for a few moments, as if summoning resolution to commence, "that I should make so much ado because little Eliza is dead—but Hannah, she was my own child."

"What do you mean? I believe you are not in your right mind."

"Yes I am, though there is enough to make me otherwise. You know that Mrs. Ray lay at the point of death for several days, and that she was too weak for a long time to bear the noise of the child in the room. There were only three weeks difference in the age of her child and mine, and hers, when six weeks old, was rather the largest. A sore temptation came over me one night, as I sat all alone watching them, and I tried to get rid of it, but the more I tried, the harder I was beset. It was nearly midnight before I undressed the children, and when I did, I exchanged their night-clothes. The next morning I returned to again exchange their clothing, and by feigning them to be asleep always for several days, when any person came into the room, I escaped being detected, though Mrs. White, who still lives in the family, did say one day, that she thought Eliza had grown very homely. As no one cared about seeing the child they thought was mine, I had little trouble in preventing it from being seen, for being very quiet, it would lie covered in bed, even when awake, without crying. When I returned home, I took with me Eliza Ray, and left my own child in her room. I vainly thought I should be happy if I could see her brought up as a rich man's daughter, but I have never known a moment's peace since. Often when I used to go to Mr. Ray's and offer to kiss the child, or even take hold of her hand, she would shrink away from me, as if I were too coarse looking to touch her, and I can tell you, Hannah, it was a cruel thing to a mother's heart to be an object of dis-

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like to her own child; and I have often thought, that if I could only have her back again, the same that she would have been had she known nothing about riches and grandeur, my poverty would be nothing to me. But she is dead, as a judgment upon me, I have no doubt."

"Did your husband know that you exchanged the children?"

"No indeed, I never dared to tell him, and you know that he was killed by a fall from a building six months afterwards, just as he began to prosper in his business. Every thing has gone against me ever since. I suppose you think I have done wrong in not treating Betsey any better, if she was'nt my child, but the sight of her always kept what I had done fresh in my mind, which made me hate her."

Hannah remained silent and thoughtful for some time. She then said,—"I have given you my solemn promise on the bible that I will never reveal what you have told, and I never will while you live. You say that you cannot bear the sight of the child, and it is best that she should have another home. I have been thinking that Mrs. Ray will be willing to take her to scour knives and such kind of things, at first, but I am sure as soon as she finds what a sweet child she is, she will let her learn to do something better, and will send her to school."

The return of Betsey interrupted the conversation, and in a few days after, Mr. and Mrs. Ray had consigned the remains of their only child, as they imagined, to the tomb, Hannah, having provided her with a suit of decent clothing from her earnings, took Betsey by the hand and led her to the princely mansion which by right was her own home, but from which now, she might be turned away. They found Mrs. White, the housekeeper, alone, and to her Hannah disclosed the object of their call. Mrs. White was averse to mentioning the subject to Mrs. Ray, as she said that any reference to Mrs. Matson, who nursed the little Eliza, would, she feared, revive her sorrow; but the persuasions of Hannah overruled her reluctance, and she consented to be the bearer of the message. After being absent ten or fifteen minutes, she returned and said, that Mrs. Ray had consented for the child to remain a while, if Minda was willing to have her in the kitchen with her. Minda was consulted, and having already received a favorable impression respecting her on account of her beauty, as well as for the correctness and despatch with which she had executed various messages with which she had entrusted her, she graciously gave the required consent. Although the child was pleased with the idea of her new home, she wept when Hannah took leave, who promised to frequently call. Mrs. Ray had scarcely seen her since she was an infant, for Mrs. Matson ever avoided taking her when she went to obtain a sight of her own child, and Mrs. White charged Minda not to send her to her mistress' room on any account, as she feared that the sight of her would heighten her grief which was already so intense as to injure her health. The child in the meantime was happy, for she had clean, warm clothing, a sufficient quantity of wholesome food, and above all a good fire diffused a genial warmth through the apartment, where she cheerfully performed the humble tasks allotted her by Minda. All these were comforts which she had never known before during the six long winters which she could remember, and the others, could she have recalled them to mind, would have presented only a series of cold days and nights, passed mostly in her little flock bed with its insufficient covering, where her greatest luxury was to nestle in the sunbeams that streamed in upon her at mid-day, and her only amusement to wave her little thin hands to catch brighter glances of the light which looked quietly through the dusty window panes. She was fast growing to be a healthful, rose-cheeked child, and the warm sunlight of content which cheered her heart and beamed from her soft dark eyes, often overflowed in some artless gush of song, which, to adopt the language of Minda, "did the very heart good to hear." One treasure, a slate and pencil, which she found hanging against the kitchen wall, served to beguile many an hour of the long winter evenings. By carefully copying the somewhat rude chirography contained in a manuscript that had belonged to the child who had innocently usurped her rights, she could certainly write a hand which could be read if not praised. Hannah had taught her to read, and she devoured with great eagerness the few books which she found in the kitchen and Mrs. White's room. Winter passed away as well as the greater part of spring and it was now the middle of that month celebrated by poets as being full of smiles and flowers, but which more frequently deserves the reputation of fickleness ascribed to April, and Mrs. Ray had not yet seen the child to whom she had given a home. She was one of those persons who shrink from coming in contact with what they imagine will give them pain, and she had contented herself with giving Mrs. White directions relative to her clothing; the rich and costly apparel of the child who was gone, being carefully laid aside. It was now as we have said, the middle of May. The cool breeze of morning was dancing lightly among the fresh green leaves, and the lark, as it soared upwards, piercing further and further into the blue depths of the sky, seemed at last, as if buried amid its yielding softness. Mrs. White had gone up to Mrs. Ray's room, and by her desire, raised the sash to admit the air. Little Betsey, who was collecting in a basket the withered leaves that littered the shrubbery, was singing gayly as the lark soaring above her. Mrs. Ray involuntarily looked out of the window.

"Is that Peggy Matson's child?" she inquired.

Mrs. White answered in the affirmative, while the child unconscious of the gaze that was upon her, continued to pursue, with the graceful facility of childhood, what to her, was a most delightful employment, stopping only now and then to admire some timid violet, half buried in the grass, or the strawberry's snowy bloom, which seemed to give out new sweetness as she bent over them. Exercise and the warmth of the sun made her cape-bonnet oppressive, and she threw it aside. Mrs. Ray uttered no exclamation, but she could hear the beatings of her own heart as she continued to watch her.

"I had," she at length said, "an only sister, who died in childhood, that was very beautiful, and this child very much resembles her. Her hair is of the same sunny

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brown, her cheeks like the half open rose; if her eyes are the same, the resemblance must be perfect."

"Oh, her eyes are almost black, ma'am," said Mrs. White, in a rather loud tone of voice, as she drew near the window.

The child, who heard her speak, naturally looked up, and a pair of eyes combining all the softness and lustre of those which the poets call gazelle-like, for a moment beamed full upon the lady, and were then quickly withdrawn and bent to the ground, as if she were again searching among the grass for the violet, timid as herself.

"Don't forget," said Mrs. Ray, as she withdrew from the window, and took her seat in her low, luxurious chair, "the child must go to school. I wonder I never thought of it before, but I have suffered myself to be absorbed in my own selfish sorrow."

"La," said Mrs. White, "she can write very well now. She learnt on the slate last winter, without having any person to show her, and as for her reading, she can read better now, than—" she checked herself, for, warmed by her subject, she came near saying, better than Eliza could, but she finished her sentence by saying, "better than half the children who attend school."

"Tell Minda," said Mrs. Ray, as Mrs. White left the apartment, "to bring the child up to me."

"Now, dear," said Minda, after she had brushed the child's soft curling hair, "pull off your apron, and put on your morocco slippers that your aunt gave you, and we will go and see what Mrs. Ray wants of you."

Betsey, eager and agitated, in attempting to untie her apron-strings drew them into a knot, which defied Minda's skill to undo, she therefore cut it, and then taking her by the hand, led her up stairs. She did not forget to make a very low courtesy, when she entered the room, as Hannah had instructed her to do the first time she entered the presence of her mistress, little thinking it would be six months or more before she would have an opportunity to follow her directions.

"You may go now, Minda," said Mrs. Ray, "I want to talk with the child about going to school."

Mrs. Ray asked her many questions, to which she gave diffident but intelligent replies, the lady becoming more and more impressed with the resemblance she bore to the sister she had lost. Even the tones of her soft, musical voice, seemed again sounding in her ears, and the light of her own sweet smile seemed beaming from her eyes and lingering in the dimples round her mouth. Mrs. Ray told her that she should send for her again, when her husband was at home, and Betsey returned to Minda with a face full of smiles, to inform her, that she was to have several new books, and was going to commence attending school the ensuing Monday.

Leaving her to the joys of anticipation, we will revisit the abode of Mrs. Matson. She was lying in bed, and her extreme restlessness, together with her deeply flushed countenance, showed her to be in a high fever. Hannah, her sister-in-law, was standing by the bed side, holding some medicine which she was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to take.

"What good will doctor's stuff do me," said she, when the thoughts of the wrong I did the child keeps preying upon me all the time. I have worried about it day and night lately, and it is that, and nothing else that has brought the fever upon me."

"Then let me go and ask Mr. Ray and his wife to come, that you may confess what you did. It will take the burthen off from your spirits, and then, may be, you will get well."

"No, no, I cannot let you go to-night—I must think more about it."

Hannah sat down with a disappointed air, and as she sat musing in the twilight which was every moment growing deeper and deeper, the thought suddenly occurred to her, that should her sister die, the account which she then would be at liberty to give concerning the children, might be deemed a fabrication, as she could think of nothing by which she could prove its authenticity. She ventured to mention this to Mrs. Matson, hoping that she might know of something which would corroborate the truth of the relation.

"I know of nothing," replied she, "but there will be no difficulty. The child carries the proof of her parentage in her own person; and when once it is mentioned to Mr. and Mrs. Ray, they will see it as plainly as I always did. It was that which made me avoid carrying her there, for I dreaded for her mother to see her, lest she should observe how much she favored her own family. Let her compare the child's hands with her own. There is no difference, except in the size; while my own darling's that's dead and gone, had hands so much like mine."

Soon after this conversation, a girl, who was an acquaintance of Mrs. Matson and Hannah, came in to assist the latter in watching. The patient obtained no repose, and before morning, an event which Hannah had feared, she became delirious. She now remained silent scarcely a moment, and her incoherent ravings had constant reference to the criminal ambition which had tempted her for the sake of seeing her child bred a lady, to deprive another of her rights. She spoke, too, of the bitterness of being obliged to crush down the feelings of maternal affection, of severing the ties which bound her child to her bosom, and of seeing her, from the effects of her delicate and luxurious nurture, when old enough to discriminate, turn away when she approached her, clad in her mean, coarse garments, with aversion and disgust. Much did the assistant watcher wonder at the strange, wild tale uttered by the unhappy woman in broken, half-intelligible sentences; and more still did she wonder when Hannah said to her,—"Mark well what she says, and remember it."

—

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Ray, addressing her husband one day after tea, "that if we should give Betsey a good education, she will be an agreeable companion for me, when she is a little older, and if it meet your approbation, I should like to send her to Miss Tracy's school, which is said to be the best in town, the next quarter."

Just as Mr. Ray was expressing his acquiescence in his wife's proposition, Minda came to the door, and said that Hannah Matson was below, who wished very much

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to speak with them. In accordance with the readiness which they expressed to comply with her wishes, Hannah, in a few minutes, made her appearance; her mourning calico gown and the black ribbon on her bonnet, indicating that she had lost some relative.

"What means this mourning dress, Hannah?" said Mrs. Ray.

"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Matson is dead," she replied.

"What, is Betsey's mother dead without your even letting her know it?"

"My sister-in-law is dead ma'am, as I said before, but the child's mother is alive, and is well, I hope."

"What can you mean, Hannah?" said Mr. Ray.

"I will tell you what I mean, if you and Mrs. Ray will listen to me, for it is for that purpose that I am now here."

"Most certainly we will listen to you," said he.

And Hannah, with an artlessness and pathos, which carried conviction to the hearts of her auditors that she, herself, believed the truth of what she said, related all that Mrs. Matson had told her. "And when she had lost her senses," added Hannah, "the night before she died, she told just the same, only in a wild, awful manner, that was frightful to hear, before Ella Drew, who will tell you the same if you will send for her. Now please let me go for the child, that her looks may confirm the truth of what I have told you, for as poor Peggy said, and they were almost the last rational words she ever spoke, 'she carries the proof of her parentage in her own person.'"

"Yes, bring her up, by all means," said Mr. Ray, glancing at his agitated wife.

Hannah needed no second permission, and in a few moments she had placed the child beside her mother, looking towards Mr. Ray, as if appealing to him to say whether there were not a resemblance. The remarkable likeness which she bore to Mrs. Ray's deceased sister has already been mentioned, and that between the mother and child, though less striking, was plainly perceptible, and Mr. Ray might have said—

"Thy face *is* like thy mother's, my fair child."

Never was the innocence of childhood more faithfully depicted than in the sweet, wondering countenance of the little Betsey at this moment, and Mrs. Ray, who felt convinced that what Hannah had told was true, wept for joy as she clasped her to her bosom. Nor did the eyes of Mr. Ray remain wholly undimmed, as with his hand half buried amid the soft, sunny curls, that clustered round her pure brow, he gave her his blessing.

—

Should any one wish to obtain a glimpse of Eliza Ray at eighteen—formerly known as little Betsey Matson—the desire may be most readily gratified by calling at her father's house, for she loves to be at home. She has lost none of her rare beauty, which distinguished her when a child, and her mind is as lovely as her person. She has never forgotten the days of poverty, and suffering which she passed beneath the roof of Mrs. Matson, and the lesson thus learned in the midst of penury and tears, has caused sympathy for the afflictions of others, to take deep root in her heart, prompting her to that active benevolence, which makes her realize how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. We will only add, that there is a prospect of her being united in marriage to a young gentleman, upon whom we can pass no higher encomium than to say that he is, in every respect, worthy of her.

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

—

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

—

ALMIGHTY God! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames should turn to dust,
But, ah! forgive the wishful tear,
That would detain a *spirit* here.

Go, gentle babe, to realms of bliss,
The chastening rod we humbly kiss:
Thy Saviour calls thee home, my son
And let his holy will be done.

Thy earthly form, now icy cold,
Was framed in beauty's fairest mould;
But now, prepared by love divine,
A fairer, brighter form is thine.

Thy *earthly parent* loved thee well—
So much, that language fails to tell;
But ah! our love was weak and poor,
Thy *Heavenly Parent* loves thee more.

Here, thou wast tenderly caress'd
Upon a fond, maternal breast;
But angel-nurses, forms of love,
Shall now caress my babe above,

Fain would paternal love have taught
Thy little opening world of thought;
But we the pleasing task resign
To Heavenly schools, and books divine.

'Twas all our thoughts and wishes still
To guard our darling here from ill;
But that great God who call'd thee home,
Has sav'd from greater ills to come.

Then let us hush the rising sigh,
And bid affection's tear be dry;
Our child still lives, his sorrows o'er,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

There, shall thy sweet maternal kiss,
Increase his joy—enhance his bliss;
There, through redeeming love and grace,
The father shall his son embrace.

Almighty God! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames should turn to dust;
But, oh! the sweet, transporting truth,—
The soul shall bloom in endless youth.

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Original.

LUCY WIELAND.

"WILL my daughter tell me the subject of her thoughts?" asked Mrs. Wieland, as Lucy sat gazing upon a summer's sky, whose azure tint had deepened into lurid gold, by the last rays of the setting sun. "I have been studying your countenance, and find melancholy and admiration mingled in its expression."

"I was thinking of my father," replied Lucy; "you know how he loved this hour; and how often we have watched the stars appearing one by one in the firmament, until it seemed a field of glory, studded with gems, whose numbers shamed our weak comprehensions, and made us feel our own insignificance, and the glory of Him who made them all."

"Those were indeed happy hours, Lucy, yet let us not be ungrateful, that although God has called our beloved to that bright land, 'where the sun and the moon are no more needed,' He has given us the light of His word, to be 'a lamp unto our feet,' until we join your father in the mansions of the blest."

Lucy Wieland was the daughter of a merchant, who, having amassed considerable wealth, had married, late in life, a lady, whose amiable disposition and high mental endowments, united with the most humble piety, rendered her a meet companion to share his every pleasure, and to soothe the evening of his days; but it pleased the Giver of life, that this happy union should exist on earth but a short time, and after eighteen years of undisturbed felicity, his soul took its flight to that "enduring City," where parting is unknown, leaving his widow and only child not to *mourn* his loss, but to feel that "their treasure is laid up in Heaven," and that they will find him in God's own storehouse, in "the day that he counteth up His jewels."

On the evening alluded to, they were hourly expecting the arrival from New-York, of their much valued friend, Elizabeth Willis; who, being deprived of her parents before she was old enough to appreciate their value, or to feel their loss, was left to the care of an uncle, the extent of whose guardianship consisted in supplying her pecuniary necessities, and an occasional glance at the progress of her education; and the heart of Elizabeth would often yearn toward the peaceful cottage in Whitneyville, where her aunt and cousin were ever ready to meet her with smiles of affectionate greeting, which fell like sunbeams upon the chilled spirit, the more warmly welcome because so seldom felt.

The traveller will find much to admire and to interest him in his way through New-Haven to Whitneyville, which is about two miles and a half from that city. Here stand the venerable towers of old Yale, and there lies the beautiful burying-ground, where the dead are not indiscriminately laid in graves, dug at the risk of disturbing each other's remains, but in obedience to the command, "let all things be done decently and in order," have appropriated spots, enclosed in white paling, which gives it a neat and picturesque appearance; he will also be struck with the pervading stillness, which makes him feel as if each day were the Sabbath; no mobs, no rioting, and excepting in the one street appropriated entirely to business, no bustling or hurrying to and fro—thus it preserves a quietness truly characteristic of a city whose presiding spirit is intellect.

The conversation between Mrs. Wieland and Lucy, was interrupted by the arrival of Elizabeth, and as the latter sprang into the arms of her friends, she felt her heart expand and her spirits lighten with a buoyancy seldom felt in the chill and murky atmosphere of her uncle's home.

"Now tell me, Lizzy," said Lucy, to her cousin, the next morning, when she might *reasonably* be expected to feel refreshed after a long night of repose, (but those young ladies who have met after a separation of some months, can judge how much of it was devoted to *sleep*) "can it be you have made up your mind to marry Mr. Dayton, a widower, and with a child? how often have you said you would never be a stepmother: what can have induced you to change your mind?"

"Well, coz, when you shall have become acquainted with Mr. Dayton, I think you will not be surprized to find he is possessed of my highest esteem and regard, to say nothing of warmer emotions; during the two years I have known him, I have ever found the noblest traits of character, and at times, when I most needed consolation, have been soothed by the warmest sympathy, and the most tender anxiety for my happiness, and when he sought to be the guide and companion of my future years, could I refuse that, which my own heart so earnestly advocated? I shall endeavor to supply the place of a parent to his little girl. She is a sweet child, about four years old, and does not recollect her mother, who died while she was an infant, and I, who have known the orphan's lot, will be careful that she shall experience as few of its trials as possible."

"Very soberly reasoned; you have quite raised my curiosity to see this great magician whose wand has changed my lively cousin to such a calm metaphysician; when shall I be gratified?"

"I think he will be here next week; he wished to have accompanied me, but he showed me a list of interesting papers, commencing 'City and County of New-York ss.' which would necessarily detain him a few days; in the meantime, Lucy, may I not hope to be introduced to Mr. Seaver? for I will not believe all your account of him, until I have occular demonstration of his beauties, and positive proof of his excellence."

"I fear you will have little opportunity to form your opinion, as my mother objects to my seeing him often, until he shall have taken orders, and he has nearly a year to study before he will graduate; sometimes he will join us in our walks, but I am convinced it is best we should meet but seldom."

"Are you not engaged to him?"

"No; nor has he made any profession of attachment, except by the silent language of the eye, and his frequent visits, until he conversed with my mother on the subject, and she told him she could not permit them under present circumstances."

We will leave the cousins enjoying their reminiscences and their anticipations of future happiness, and transport our readers to a little room in Yale College.

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There sits a young student, diligently perusing a valedictory he has prepared for the ensuing Commencement, and ever and anon the form of Lucy Wieland presents itself before his imagination, her mild eye beaming with exultation, and involuntarily sharing with him the approbation of his *alma mater*.

"Why, why should I dwell thus fondly on hopes which may never be realized," exclaimed he to himself. "Years must elapse before I shall be in a situation to offer her my hand, and in the meantime may she not have formed other ties! ought I—can I be so selfish as to wish her to sacrifice present opportunity of happiness, for what must be far distant? no, I will banish her from my mind, and devote myself to the pursuit of such knowledge as will qualify me for my sacred calling! good resolutions! alas, how vainly formed; the very effort will endear that image to my heart, until it seems almost inseparable with its existence."

Educated by Missionary efforts, and feeling himself bound to dedicate his life to those duties for which they were preparing him—duties which would probably separate him from the object of his affections, Henry Seaver only obeyed the dictates of his generous mind, in endeavoring to conquer an attachment which he felt to be almost hopeless, and as he was not wholly aware of the state of Lucy's feelings, he was thankful he had not involved another in the arduous task.

It was a beautiful morning, and our friends were preparing for a ride. Mr. Dayton had arrived, and Henry was to accompany Lucy on horseback, but not far would Mrs. Wieland trust her daughter; the mother's eye had detected weakness in Lucy's fragile frame, and she feared lest the exercise would be too much for her, but she was happy, and how often does the buoyancy of the mind and spirit rise above the ailings of this "mortal soil." Elizabeth was all smiles and animation—all she loved was with her; here was her "oasis" in life's desert; alas! *she* dreamed not the "simoom" breath had already reached one of the loved ones! But we will not anticipate; the future is hidden from us in mercy, that it may not cloud our present enjoyment; and, when evening found them returning to their home, a happier party was seldom seen than that which entered the parlor of Mrs. Wieland's cottage.

The next day Lucy was unable to leave her room. They hoped it was the fatigue of her ride, but the glistening eye and crimsoned cheek, told too truly that Consumption had sealed its victim. We will not tell of the alternate hopes and fears which rent the bosoms of her friends, as they watched the progress of that dread disease; those who have traced its deceitful course, can appreciate their feelings. Lucy was fully aware of her situation; for herself, she rather rejoiced, for she knew her union with Henry was doubtful, and she felt that earth had few ties for one who looked not on it as her "abiding place," and she daily strove to reconcile him to their separation. He was now her almost constant companion; all the hours he could spare from his studies, were devoted to her—his *studies*, did I say?—*she* was a leaf from the book of nature, stamped by the image of her God, *the teaching of the heart*, and it has been well said, "The proper study of mankind is man."

Oh! 'tis a dreadful thing to view the sudden illness and death of a dear one, but to see them sink gradually away by slow but sure decay—to watch, as it were, their life ooze out with every breath, pouring drop by drop from the "golden bowl," straining the "silver cord" yet more tightly, 'till it snaps asunder, and finds us still unprepared to meet the blow; the heart that knows its bitternes, best may tell.

—

'Twas the Sabbath morn; all nature seemed to partake of the universal rest; all was calm and peaceful, save the sighing of the wind through foliage, now beautifully varied by the autumnal tint, and the caroling of the feathered songsters, to their Maker's praise.

In the room where first we met our Lucy, behold her on the bed of death. No racking pain disturbs the sweet composure of that placid face; gently she is sleeping, and we fear lest her spirit may thus silently wing its way to "Israel's rest." But no; it lingers yet to emit one more ray of its generous nature to her anxious friends.

"Dear Lizzy, do not, on my account, defer your marriage; let it take place at the appointed time; and then will you not be to my mother, all that her poor Lucy could have been? love her Lizzy, and cling to her, and if my spirit may be permitted to witness your happiness—if (and we know not but that it is so) we are appointed guardian angels to those we love, I will be ever near you until I welcome you to the 'better land.' Henry, my beloved, God has willed us to part awhile; when you shall have 'finished the work which He gave you to do,' He will unite us at his altar above; you know our favorite author, Percival, says, 'souls that would meet on earth, and cannot, they may meet in Heaven.' I would say to you as did our Saviour to his disciples, 'Behold my mother;' she is left alone in the world's wide wilderness; dear friends, protect her; dearest mother support my head, and let me breathe my last on the bosom of my first friend."

She ceased; the rising sun cast a crimson halo round her pale features, adding radiance to the happy smile already resting there; her spirit had ascended to the source of light.

We will not speak of the feelings of her friends; that is "hallowed ground," not to be trodden on by careless feet, or looked upon by the cold unfeeling eye of calculating worldlings. To those who knew and loved them, the subdued anguish and calm resignation of Mrs. Wieland's countenance, told a tale indeed of the mother's woe, but the Christian's hope—"the peace which the world cannot give nor take away."

Mr. Seaver had received a professional call to Ohio, and he was desirous of uniting Mr. Dayton and Elizabeth before he left them. Theirs was a sad and quiet wedding, for their brightest star had gone to "the marriage supper of the Lamb," but they remembered her parting words, and were happy—one earthly drop embittered their cup of joy—one word—one pang—*farewell*—and with chastened spirit, but an aching heart, Henry Seaver bore his Father's message to the western wilderness.

D. M. H.

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Original.

THE COSSACK'S CHARGE.

BY. F. A. DURIVAGE.

The following verses refer to the fate of a small detachment of the Imperial army, on their retreat from Moscow.

I.

NIGHT on the boundless waste!
And the snow-flakes wildly driven,
A shroud on the face of earth,
And a frown on the face of Heaven!
Is it the tempest's howl
That sweeps o'er moor and glen?
Or is it the deep drum that times
The march of martial men?

II.

Against the storm they move,
With manly port and tread,
And thy glorious eagles, France.
Are waving overhead.
With features proud and stern
The serried warriors come,
While ever in their van is heard
The deep sepulchral drum,

III.

And some are there who fought
On Egypt's burning sand,
And met the savage Austrian
At Lodi, hand to hand,
Who saw their eagles fly
Above Marengo's plain,
And proudly marched to victory
O'er dying men and slain.

IV.

From Moscow's scorching flame,
From the Kremlin's fallen walls,
The remnant of her bravest brave,
A tearful nation calls.
Yet proudly come they back,
As if from victory won.
For the spell words breathed by each platoon,
Are France! Napoleon!

V.

The conscript dreams of home—
A cottage by the Seine—
The lips that smiled upon him once,
He seems to press again.
Once more he joins the dance,
With Julie hand in hand,
As the sailor in his fever-dreams,
Appears to tread the land.

VI.

"Halt!" Is't a cloud that flings
Its shadow o'er the snow—
A shifting cloud, that moves as oft
As storm-gusts wildly blow?
But hark! a sound—a shout
Arises from afar;
It is no tempest-voice—it is
The Cossack's wild hurrah!

VII.

Through wreaths of blinding snow
They marked, those men of France,
The well-known Cossack steed,
The well-known Cossack lance.
Halt! at the chief's command,
The advancing steps are staid,
Promptly as in the Champ de Mars,
Of old, upon parade.

VIII.

"Fix bayonets!" At once
Is heard the crash of steel—
They form the hollow square—
At a word—the front ranks kneel
There, in the biting cold,
Equal to either fate,
The brave, devoted regiment,
The Cossack's charge await.

IX.

The Hetman waves his blade—
On dash the Cossack horse—
No volley from the hollow square
Arrests their headlong course.
No chieftain's rallying shout,
His troop to action calls—
But heavily, without a groan,
The front rank slowly falls.

X.

The Hetman reins his steed
With a wild and troubled air—
What need of Cossack's levelled lance?
The hand of death is there!
The valiant were no more—
From the soil that foemen trod—
From the tempest and the battle,
Sped their stormy souls to God.

Original.

THE BACHELOR'S FIRST FOLLY.

I SAID I lov'd her, and a blush
Stole softly to her cheek;
I said I lov'd her, and that blush
Spoke more than words could speak.

I said I lov'd her, and a glow
Suffused her face so fair,
It came, and went, like meteor flash,
Amid the summer air.

I said I loved her, and a tear
Of feeling fill'd the eye;
It was a harbinger of soul—
An eloquent reply.

I said I lov'd—and could no more
The deep affection smother;
The gipsy smil'd as she replied,
"*Oh, dear, I love another!*"

F. R.

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Original.

THE BACHELOR RECLAIMED;

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY. H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Nature is fine in love."—*Shakspeare.*

"You are determined not to marry?"

"Absolutely."

"And why?"

"In the first place, I never expect to be able to support a wife according to my ideas of comfort. In the second place, I have no hope of meeting a woman who will sympathize sufficiently with my feelings and views, to be a congenial companion. Thirdly, I cannot bear the idea of adopting as constant associates the relations of her I may love, and fourthly, I consider houskeeping, and all the details of domestic arrangements, the greatest bore in existence."

This colloquy took place between two young men, in the garden of one of the fashionable hotels at Saratoga. It was a sultry afternoon, and they had retired under the shade of an apple-tree, to digest their dinner, which process they were facilitating by occasionally puffing some very mild, light-brown Havana segars. The last remarks were uttered in a very calm and positive tone, by McNeil, a philosophical and quiet gentleman, who had a most sensible theory for every thing in life. Among other things, he took great pleasure in the conviction that he thoroughly understood himself. The first time his interest was truly excited by a member of the gentler sex, he had acted in the most extravagant manner, and barely escaped with honor from forming a most injudicious connection. To guard against similar mishaps, he had adopted a very ingenious plan. Being uncommonly susceptible to female attractions, he made it a rule when charmed by a sweet face, or thrilled by a winning voice, to seek for some personal defect or weakness of character, in the fair creature, and obstinately dwell upon these defects, until they cast a shade over the redeeming traits, and dissolved the spell he feared. When this course failed, he had but one resource. With Falstaff, he thought discretion the better part of valor, and deliberately fled from the allurements that threatened his peace. Thus he managed not to allow love to take permanent possession, and, after various false alarms and exciting vigils, came to the conclusion that no long siege or sudden attack would ever subdue the citadel of his affections.

But McNiel had so braced himself in a spirit of resistance, that he had made no provision against the unconscious lures of beauty. He could chat, for hours, with a celebrated *belle*, and leave her without a sigh; he could smile at the captivating manners which overcame his fellows. Regarding society as a battle-field, he went thither armed at all points, resolved to maintain his self-possession, and be on the watch against the wiles of woman. He had seen lovely girls in the drawing-room, followed their graceful movements in the dance, heard them breathe songs of sentiment at the piano, and walked beside them on the promenade. On these occasions, he coolly formed an estimate of their several graces, perfectly appreciated every finely-chiselled nose and tempting lip, noted with care the hue and expression of the eye, but walked proudly away at parting, murmuring to himself, "all this I see, yet am not in love."

But who can anticipate the weapon that shall lay him low, or make adequate provision against the inexhaustible resources of love? McNiel had sat for a week at table, opposite an invalid widow and her daughter. He had passed them potatoes not less than a dozen times, and helped the young lady twice to cherry pie. The only impression he had derived from their demeanor and appearance, was, that they were very genteel and quiet. On the morning after his conversation in the garden, he awaked just before sunrise, and found himself lying with his face to the wall, in one of the diminutive chambers in which visitors at the Springs are so unceremoniously packed. His eyes opened within six inches of the plaster; and he amused himself for some minutes, in conjuring the cracks and veins it displayed, into imaginary forms of warriors and animals. At length his mind reverted to himself, and his present quarters. "Well, I've been here just a fortnight," thus he mused, "and a pretty dull time I've had of it. Day after day, the same stupid routine. In the morning I swallow six glasses of Congress water at the spring, with the hollow eyes of that sick minister from Connecticut glaring on me like a serpent, and the die-away tones of that nervous lady from Philadelphia, sounding like a knell in my ears. I cannot drink in peace for those everlasting Misses Hill, who all three chatter at once, and expect me to be entertaining and talkative so early in the morning, with my stomach full of cold liquid, and a long dull day in perspective! Then comes breakfast. The clatter of plates, the murmur of voices, the rushing of the black waiters, and the variety of steams, make me glad to retreat. I find a still corner of the piazza, and begin to read; but the flies, a draught of air, or the intrusive gabble of my acquaintances, utterly prevent me from becoming absorbed in a book. It has now grown too warm to walk, and I look in vain for Dr. Clayton, who is the only man here whose conversation interests me. I avoid the billiard-room because I know who I shall meet there. The swing is occupied. The thrumming on the piano of that old maid from Providence, makes the saloon uninhabitable. They are talking politics in the bar-room. The very sight of the newspapers gives me a qualm. I involuntarily begin to doze, when that infernal gong sounds the hour to dress. No matter; any thing for a relief. Dinner is insufferable; more show and noise, than relish and comfort. How gladly I escape to the garden and smoke! That reminds me of what I told Jones, yesterday, about matrimony. He laughed at me. But there's no mistake about it. Catch me to give up my freedom, and provide for a family—be pestered with a whole string of new connections, when I can't bear those I have now—never have a moment to myself—be obliged to get up in the night for a doctor—have to pay for a boy's schooling, and be plagued to death by him for my pains—be both-

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ered constantly with bad servants—see my wife lose her beauty, in a twelvemonth, from care—my goddess become a mere household drudge—give up segars—keep precise hours—take care of sick children—go to market! never, never, *never!*"

As his revery thus emphatically terminated, McNeil slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, in order to ascertain the state of the weather, when a sight presented itself which at once put his philosophy to flight and startled him from his composure. He did not cry out, but hushed his very breath. Beside him lay a female form in profound slumber. Her hair had escaped from its confinement, and lay in the richest profusion around her face. There was a delicate glow upon the cheeks. The lips were scarcely parted. The brow was perfectly serene. One arm was thrust under her head, the other lay stretched upon the coverlid. It was one of those accidental attitudes which sculptors love to embody. The bosom heaved regularly. One felt that it was the slumber of an innocent creature, and that beneath that calm breast beat a kindly and pure heart. McNeil bent over this vision, for so at first it seemed to him, as did Narcissus over the crystal water. The peaceful beauty of that face entered his very soul. He trembled at the still regularity of the long, dark eye-lashes, as if it were death personified. Recovering himself, all at once something familiar struck him in the countenance. He thought awhile, and the whole mystery was solved. They occupied the adjoining chamber; she had gone down stairs in the night to procure something for the invalid, and on returning, entered in the darkness, the wrong room, and fancying her mother asleep, had very quietly taken her place beside her, and was soon lost in slumber. No sooner did this idea take possession of McNeil, than with the utmost caution and a noiseless movement, he stole away and removed every vestige of his presence into a vacant apartment opposite, leaving the fair intruder to suppose she alone had occupied the room. At breakfast, he observed the mother and daughter whisper and smile together, and soon ascertained that they had no suspicion of the actual state of the case. With the delicacy that belonged to his character, McNeil inwardly vowed to keep the secret for ever in his own breast. Meantime, with much apparent hilarity, he prepared to accompany Jones to Lake George. His companion marvelled to perceive this unwonted gaiety wear off as they proceeded in their ride. McNeil became silent and pensive. The evening was fine, and they went upon the lake to enjoy the moonlight. Jones sung his best songs and woke the echoes with his bugle. His friend remained silent, wrapt in his cloak, at the boat's stern. At last, very abruptly he sprung up, and ordered the rowers to land him. "Where are you going?" inquired Jones. "To Saratoga," was the reply. "Not to-night, surely?" "Yes, now, this instant." Entertaining some fears for his friend's safety, Jones reluctantly devoted that lovely night to a hard ride over a sandy road, instead of lingering away its delightful hours on the sweet bosom of the lake.

Six months after, McNeil married the widow's daughter, and the ensuing summer, when I met him at Saratoga Springs, he assured me he found it a delightful residence.

Original.

A RIDE TO MOUNT VERNON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

If I wished to possess a sketch of the Capitol at Washington, a distant lovely view, blending nature and art harmoniously together, it should be taken from the steam-boat wharf at Alexandria. We lingered to catch another view of it as the boat left us on our way to Mount Vernon. There it laid in all the glory of its pure, majestic architecture! pillowed amid its green terraces and noble trees, all rich and heavy with verdure, and bathed in the misty sunshine of a morning when, literally,

"The sunshine and the rain-drops
Came laughing down together."

With a pure classic beauty, its snowy pillars and lofty front rose against the sky; a soft gauzy mist floated idly amid the trees, and wove itself around the marble pillars; a pile of summer clouds lay sleeping in their own silvery light, in the depths of the sky beyond, and a beautiful stretch of the Potomac, divided us from the picture we looked upon. Its banks were heavy with rich grasses, long and cool with the deep green of mid-summer. There was a cheerful sound in the waters as they came flowing onward to the ocean; here dimpling and curling in the sunshine—there, lost in shadow, and again broken by a rough fragment of the bank, shooting over the water or apparently slumbering motionless beneath the green, deep shadows of a grove that crowded down to its brink. Occasionally a white cottage with its shrubbery and vines, cast a sweet picture deep into the tranquil water. Then came a steam boat, ploughing through all their beauty and destroying their quiet, as it were a stone dashed into the face of a mirror. What a dull, gloomy contrast it was when we turned from that bright scene to the town. Not many years since, I am told, Alexandria was one of the greatest commercial towns of the south, a depôt and mart for all the rich products of Virginia; but now, a crowd of gloomy, dilapidated store-houses around the wharves, a sloop or two laden with flour, rocking idly on the water, a swarm of hackney-coachmen thronging around the steam boats when they touch at its piers—is all the picture of business or commerce that presents itself to the visitor. Some pretty dwelling-houses are, however, to be seen on the outskirts of the town, as you pass the Mount Vernon road—many of them small rural cottages, bedded in flower-gardens and draped with honeysuckles.

It had rained over night, not powerfully, but enough to deepen the color and shed a bright moisture over the meadows through which we passed, and the trees which sometimes flung their heavy boughs over our carriage. The weather still continued fitful. Now a troop of clouds gathered in the sky, a few cool bright drops came pattering down upon the leaves, yet scarcely had their dripping music began, when out came a burst of sunshine, and everything looked joyful again. Just before entering the Mount Vernon grounds we stopped before a very small, neat looking house, which stood in a meadow bordering the highway. An immense rose-bush half

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covered the unpainted front, and from a window blind peered the dark face of its occupant, as we passed. She was a most happy looking creature, a slave, or probably the wife of a slave, who very cheerfully brought a glass of water for a gentleman of our party, and answered my request for one of her roses with a handful of half-open buds, full of perfume, and bright with the morning's rain. The bush was heavy with blossoms, and yet there was not a full-blown flower in my bouquet, but plenty of green leaves and buds, with the first blush yet folded in their hearts. Knowing the gaudy taste of her race, I had expected nothing less than a half dozen flaunting roses, with the centre petals turning white with age.

After a time our road became broken and ran through a grove of considerable extent. I was looking with strange interest at a bush of laurel, which grew, in full blossom, deep in the wood, the first I had seen for years, when one of my companions observed that we were in the Mount Vernon grounds. It awoke me from a dream of my early home, which had been awakened by a sight of that bush—a feeling of awe came over me, for I felt that the ground whereon we trod, was holy, We rode forward in silence—for our party gradually became subdued in spririt, as we approaced the tomb of Washington —when from a bend in the road before us, came a lady and gentleman on horseback. The lady was a slight, graceful girl, probably about nineteen, in a blue habit and black riding cap. Her horse was a small slender bay, and she rode forward with more than usual grace. I did not observe more of her companion, than that he was slight and seemed gentlemanly, for one of our company whispered that the young lady was a daughter of the Washington family. She rode slowly by our carriage, and looked quietly in as she passed. Her face was pleasing, and rather lovely than beautiful. I never knew what it was to feel a reverence for blood before, but my heart beat quicker when I looked on that young girl, and thought that the blood of Washington was in her veins.

A small ruined lodge stood on each side of the gate, through which we passed to the grounds more immediately round the mansion house. A short distance farther on, was a second gate, where we were met by the gardener, who conducted us to the house. We had letters of introduction to the lady who is now in possession, but forbore to present them, holding it scarcely delicate, strangers as we were, to claim her hospitality. We, however, sent for permission to visit the rooms usually thrown open to the public, and followed the example of thousands who have made the same pilgrimage, in examining the huge and rusty key of the Bastile which hangs in the hall, and in standing for a time in the room which Washington once inhabited, treading upon the same floor, and gazing upon the same objects which he had so often walked over and gazed upon. We lingered upon the piazza, for the scene before us was lovely enough to win the attention, even if divested of its solemn associations. The grounds sloped gently to the Potomac, which here and there broke to sight through the trees which grew upon its borders, and in picturesque clumps about the grounds. An old summer house, fast sinking to ruin, was nestled on a green knoll beneath a cluster of trees, directly between the mansion house and the river. It was a beautiful feature in the scene, yet it looked like a thing of the past, melancholy and desolate, even on a couch of verdure as rich and thrifty as ever felt the sunshine. The scene was very beautiful, yet a strange solemn gloom seemed brooding over each lovely object that composed it. It was as if every thing breathed of *his* sacred presence, as if every thing we looked upon or touched had become sacred from its nearness to the illustrious dead. We walked down to his tomb, silently and filled with solemn thoughts—thoughts too solemn for strong emotion. The grounds roll downwards from the mansion house, and in a green hollow, midway between that and the river, stands the tomb, a pile of new brick, fresh from the workman's trowel. In front of the tomb, guarded by an iron fence, lies the sarcophagus which treasures the ashes of Washington, and of the woman who was made immortal by his love. Above thirty of his family are sealed up within the tomb itself, their ashes rendered more saced by the melancholy glory which kindles around that cold pile of marble.

When I first saw the commission which Washington received and carried with him in the Revolutionary war, I was filled with emotion, my heart throbbed, and the tears gushed into my eyes spite of a strong effort to restrain them. But there, in the very presence of the mighty dead, I could not weep, I could hardly be said to feel—a strange awe pervaded my bosom, and froze all other sensations almost into apathy; my thoughts rebelled, and became, as it were, enfeebled by the vast subject for reflection, which that little pile of marble confined; yet there was no confusion in my thoughts. A little boy in Washington City, had begged me to bring him a few pebbles from the tomb. I remembered his gentle wish, and gathered some of the white pebble-stones that lie thickly about. A few paces from the tomb, stood a slender tree, drooping with the weight of a grape-vine, that fell over its branches almost to the ground. I gathered a few of its leaves as a memorial for myself, and we left the place of death mournfully, as we had approached it.

"Will the gentlemen see the garden?" inquired the black gardener, who had conducted us to the house, a good-natured, happy-looking negro, full of pompous pride, and grotesque vanity. The sound of his voice awoke me as from a painful dream. It seemed as if we had been wandering in the valley of the shadow of death, and the sound of a human voice had let in the sunshine. We entered the garden; there lay the flower-beds quaintly laid out, and guarded with borders of unpruned box, as it had been in Washington's time. There, in a huge tub, stood a tree, which his own hands had planted. A fire had broken out in the conservatory, and consumed many of his plants, the gardener said. This, among the rest, had been scorched and withered up by the flame, but the root remained uninjured, and put forth shoots again, more healthily than the first. The negro, who gave us the history of this plant, was a slave born, I think he said, on the Mount Vernon estate. He had seen Washington once or

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twice, when quite a boy, and though his remembrance of the great man was very imperfect, to have *seen* Washington, seemed to have ennobled him in his own estimation, as it certainly did in ours. Our little party dispersed, and we wandered away through the nooks of the garden, each anxious for solitude, and incapable of sharing thoughts which arose in a place so filled with associations. What a contrast was there between the tomb we had left, and the little world of flowers which shed their sweets about us. *There* lay the mighty dead—the brave heart whose every pulse had been given to a suffering country, resolved to dust, which the wind of heaven might have borne away but for a block of chilly marble. The strong proud man, with his matchless virtues and his mighty intellect, had passed for ever from the bosom of his country, while the love of his fellow countrymen seemed almost powerful enough to shield him from the grave. *Here* was a tender plant—a twig which, in his hours of relaxation, the hero had thrust into the earth, carelessly, perchance, and with a passing thought of its frailty, wondering if it would take root, or if the first strong sunshine would wither it to the earth again, and regarding it no farther. It was a fragile thing, and but for its association, almost worthless. A breath of frost, or a flash of fire, had power to wither or consume it to ashes, yet it flourished on, green and verdant, year after year, beneath the fosterage of a single man, while the love and tears of a whole nation were powerless to win that noble being, even for a moment, from the tomb. How strangely the air of that flower-garden fell upon my senses. It seemed as if nature should have taken some other form—as if the rose-trees which he had gazed upon, should be in perpetual bloom. The lilies for ever fill their snowy urns with dew and sunshine, as when they had cast their fragrance upon the air *he* breathed. It seemed to my excited feelings as if the gardener approached a rose-hedge near which I was standing, with too little reverence. He cut a few buds, and bound them tastefully in a bouquet, which he had been requested to gather. Custom had familiarized him with the place. *He* thought only of arranging his flowers, to me, every blossom was full of mute eloquence.

In a corner of the garden was a little wooden summer-house—a weather-beaten and tiny ruin. I would have entered it, but a bird had built her nest there, and fluttered wildly about the door at my approach. Poor, timid thing, it was all unconscious how sacred the place had become, where it was so tranquilly rearing its nestlings! The flowers which I had seen the gardener arranging, were for me. Every leaf has been religiously preserved, and this delicate record of flowers brings back sweet recollections of our visit to Mount Vernon.

Error is the cause of man's misery, the corrupt principle that has produced *evil* in the world; 'tis this which begets and cherishes in our souls all the evils that afflict us, and we can never expect a true and solid happiness, but by a serious endeavor to avoid it.—*Malbranche.*

Original.

ENIGMA.

Our whole, is a community of fame
Of fourteen members—can you guess the name?
We form a city—yet upon a pinch,
The space we occupy is scarce an inch!
And yet within so limited a spot,
Is found an inn, a castle and a cot;
A tent, a seat, an antiquated pile;
A sloop, a nation, continent and isle;
A sea, an ocean—still you'll understand!
There's neither building, water, ship nor land!
But Spain is there, the East, and both the Poles,
With planets, pilots, cattle, plaice and soles;
A coast and cape, a sail, a game of loo,
A sect, a saint, and one apostle too;
Lions and cats, an insect, tea and ice,
Toast, onions, peas and pie, a goodly slice;
A snipe, a seal, an ant, an asp, a snail,
A pot, a pan, a plate, with cans and ale;
Yet there is neither beast, nor bird, nor fish,
Nor food, nor drink, nor vessel nor a dish!
True, there's a pint, a spoon, some vats—a stool,
A plane, a nail, a staple, and a tool:
Soap, pins and paints, with caps and coats and lace,
But not a thing for body or for face!
We've pens and pencils to address a card,
An attic and a tenant—not a bard!
Coins, cents and notes—but ah! no cash is ours,
Plants, aloes, sloe—but neither shrubs nor flowers,
A fertile soil, with aspen, satin, pine,
Without one tree, and yet we boast of nine:
And though our place has no diseases in't,
You'll find a lancet, seton, and some lint;
Though we've no soldiers, whole platoons are found,
And though no lawyers, clients still abound;
We've spite, and plots, and noise—a strong police,
A slap, and contest, without breach of peace;
A sin, with pit, and pair, without a groan,
A sonnet on content—with taste and tone;
A smiling aspect, and a sprightly pace,
A lip of sweetness, and a step of grace.
All these are in our whole, with many more,
And yet we're not three quarters of a score!
But if you analyze our various parts,
Still greater wonder must possess your hearts.
For if our ninth, and third, and tenth you take,
You will a house of entertainment make,
Where oft our sixth, thirteenth and fourteenth joined,
Refresh the frame, and elevate the mind;
Our fourth, fourteenth and sixth, in order, form
The scene of many a desolating storm;
Our sixth, our fourth, and twelfth united, show
The remedy for Cleopatra's woe;
Our first and second, with our fifth combined,
Construct a dwelling of the humblest kind;
Our fifth, eleventh, with our seventh, make
A greater burthen than you'd choose to take;
Lastly, our eighth, fourteenth and sixth, reveal
A wholesome beverage for your evening meal. S. W.

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Original.

LINES.

SUGGESTED on visiting the grave of one, whose early promise gave assurance of no ordinary cast of genius; but whose efforts to win applause, overtasked a delicate constitution, and hurried him to a premature grave.

I.

Oh! I told thee the pathway to glory,
Was compassed by sorrows and cares;
And the memory greenest in story,
Was nourished and moistened in tears.

II.

And I told thee, at midnight, when poring
O'er Philosophy's time-hallowed page,
The spirit would stoop from its soaring,
And fluttering, would sigh for its cage.

III.

And I told thee, the noblest, the proudest,
That ever woke song from the lyre,
When earth in his praises was loudest,
And creation looked on to admire,—

IV.

Was desolate, wretched, and lonely,—
And the blaze of his intellect's fire,
Though gloriously brilliant, seemed only
To light up his own funeral pyre.

V.

But I saw thee by thousands surrounded,
And I thought thou wast happy *at last;*
And was glad when thy praises were sounded
And glory around thee was cast.

VI.

But I saw while thy cheeks brightly glowing,
Seemed to scatter young hope with their bloom,
That the rose though in loveliness blowing,
Was fast striking its roots in the tomb.

VII.

The young bud of promise is broken,
'Twas *so* frail! it hath withered and fled;
The eloquent lyre hath spoken
It's last aye! for its master is dead!

VIII.

He died when his laurels were greenest,
When the star of his glory was bright;
When the glance of his spirit was keenest
As it eagle-like gazed on the light.

IX.

Here he sleeps 'neath this low weeping willow,
By the side of this silvery stream;
And the soft breathing tones of the billow,
Seem to bid the enthusiast to dream.

X.

Oh! a beautiful bird is now singing,
From the boughs of this sad, drooping tree;
And the wand of fond memory is bringing
From their slumbers, past moments to me.

XI.

But I dare not drink in of the feelings,
That spring from the spirit's deep well;
For this cold world, too bright their revealings—
Thou aspiring spirit! farewell!

JOHN C. M'CABE.

LITERARY REVIEW.

NIGHT AND MORNING; *by Bulwer: Harper & Brothers.*—There is much to praise, but more to censure in this clever novel. As a work to excite the passions, to enlist the young in favor of vice and crime and make them view the world through the medium of romance, it is admirably calculated; but as one to exhibit society in a healthy and moral state, it falls infinitely short. On the contrary, it strongly tends to the encouragement of fatalism and affords excuses for the commission of crime. "Man sees the deed, but God the circumstance," is a convenient and dangerous doctrine, inimical to virtue and destructive to all moral energy. If the author will persist in drawing dark and morbid characters, infringing every law and principle of right, he should also place others of purity and truth in juxtaposition, so that the reader by contrasting them may be able to deduce his conclusions and find the balance in favor of the latter; but this he carefully evades, placing his characters by themselves in the most advantageous position, investing them with romance, and by a sophistry of reasoning and beauty of style, winning for them a love and sympathy favorable to the advancement of vice and detrimental to all moral and religious principles.

LIVES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN OF MODERN TIMES: *Harper & Brothers; Family Library.*—One of the issues of this very valuable series, containing forty-nine concise biographies of the most eminent men of all countries. It is principally a selection from a series of lives written by the British Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, which numbers among its members many of the most intellectual personages of England. Divested as the work is of all useless and uninteresting matter, retaining only the essential parts and traits in the lives of the individuals, it will be found inestimable to the general reader, as well as a book of reference to the scholar.

THE SOUTHERN HARP; *by Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana.*—We like to see sacred thoughts in elegant language allied to beautiful melodies in place of the drawling conventicle compositions of our forefathers. We are of John Wesley's opinion, that it is a shame "that the devil should have all the fine airs to himself," and always rejoice when we meet with any work that has for its professed object a radical reform in our sacred psalmody. Such a publication as this, although it has not directly or indirectly such a purpose in view, nevertheless goes far to the effecting this consummation so devoutly to be wished. The authoress displays a correct ear and a fertile vein of imagery. The work is beautifully printed and in handsome form. We trust that it will, as it merits it, receive a liberal patronage The work is published by Parker & Ditson, Boston.

THE LIFE OF COMMODORE PERRY; *Family Library: Harper & Brothers.*—This biography is written from original materials, collected expressly for the purpose, as well as from the documents and logs of the gallant officer himself, and undertaken at the request of his son, Doctor Grant Champlin Perry, to vindicate the character of his father from the attempts to detract from it by Commodore Elliot, as also from the remarks of J. F. Cooper, to advance that gentleman at the expense of Perry's well-earned fame. The work is executed with taste, ability and impartiality, and will be prized by every American who reveres the memory of one who fought in defence of our native land.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR: *Carey & Hart.*—The fourth volume of this work which has just been issued, is as intense in interest and as ably written as either of its former companions. Unlike the generality of modern novelists its author never abates in his invention or the keeping up of his characters. There are a briskness of style and a freshness of character in every chapter of the work, that secure the attention of the reader and carry him to the end of the volume, which he too soon finds with regret, and rises with a keener desire for a further taste of the writer's quality.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN: *Carey & Hart.*—To those who seek not for probability in romance reading, this work will prove acceptable. It is a degree above mediocrity, but many from excellence.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY: *Carey & Hart.*—The first volume of this admirable story has been concluded, and sent into the world in a handsome octavo volume, with illustrations by Phiz, by the indefatigable publishers, Carey & Hart of Philadelphia. Our opinion of its literary excellence has already been expressed while issuing in numbers, and we have only now to recommend it as one of the most graphic and spirit-stirring publications we have ever perused.

PATCH WORK; *by Capt. Basil Hall: Lea & Blanchard.*—A singular title to an excellent work, being the result of Capt. Hall's travels on the continent at various times, with his comments on the inhabitants, their pursuits, habits, laws, and customs. Independent of his remarks on the social body, his geological inquiries are marked by a deep research and acute observation, which will be found most valuable. While his remarks on the improvements which have been introduced into the arts of seamanship and navigation of late years, are deserving of deep consideration by our naval department. We know of no travels which for years we have perused with greater pleasure, combining as they do, the useful with the agreeable.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This delightful work is now completed, and can be had, tastefully bound in one handsomely printed volume. It is useless to proclaim its merits which have already received the praise of every one who has a taste for a graphic delineation of human nature. *G. & C. Carvill.*

BARNABY RUDGE: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This last work of Boz is now being issued in uniformity with Master Humphrey's Clock, in weekly numbers. As far as we can judge from the few pages of the first, it promises to be as excellent as either of his former productions. It will be observed that this is still part of Master Humphrey's Clock, as published in the London edition, but it has been thought advisable to issue it in this country as a separate story, free from the connection with the above work.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

LIFE OF DE WITT CLINTON; *by James Renwick. L. L. D.: Harper & Brothers.*—The appearance of this work, we are certain, will be hailed by all parties as a valuable remembrancer of one, who, by his profound wisdom and energetic spirit, contributed so much, to the prosperity and improvement of the Empire State.

THE AMERICAN REPERTORY.—This journal has now reached its third volume, under the editorship of James J. Mapes, Esq., whose name alone is a guarantee of its excellence. To the mechanic and man of science, it will be found invaluable, as also to the philosophical and literary student.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Still does this theatre fondly cling to the starring system. In less than seven months, Mr. Power has fulfilled four engagements of a fortnight each, and were he not one of the most fortunate as well as the best of actors, he must have played to empty benches. He, however, has drawn a succession of tolerable houses, but more, we believe, for the benefit of the management than his own. At this house the opera of Norma has been produced, and we regret to say, in a manner unworthy of the principal theatre of America; and, although by every effort that artifice and puffery could bring to its aid, has proved completely unsuccessful. The performances of the Woods, instead of benefitting, have in the highest degree been detrimental to the cause of music, engendering a host of mushroom singers, who arrogate to themselves the appellation of stars, and endeavor to palm their false notes for genuine upon the public. Of this we have almost nightly illustrations, and until these caterpillars are swept from the tree of theatricals, it never will recover its pristine soundness. Our remarks may be considered as illiberal by the friends of such individuals, nay, we know by many they will be regarded as

"Flat heresy—we know
'Tis scandalum magnatum, libel, treason
Against the queens of fashionable song;
Those sweet voiced *madames* of the winter season,
Who make *no* eyes or boxes overflow,
Traduce poor Auber without rhyme or reason,
Torture Beethoven, strangle sweet Rossini,
Inflict such signal justice on Bellini."

But we speak from a spirit of conscientiousness, and a duty that we owe to the public in our capacity of censors. As a science, we respect music, but we never can allow it to take precedence of the stage, which, of late, has been too much the case, sound completely supplanting the works of the masters of the drama, and the regular performers being made mere vehicles for the vapid and wiry patch work of opera. This is an evil that requires an immediate cure, and the remedy lies with the managers solely. Let singers be regarded but as a component part of a theatrical establishment, and not as they now presume to be, a distinct body. We disclaim all invidiousness in our remarks to any particular persons or establishments; we speak but from a desire to see the stage once more assume its former exalted position, and a hearty opposition to all charlatanry, arrogance, and imposition.

NATIONAL.—Mr. Vandenhoff and daughter finished their engagement during the past month, in which they were effectively assisted by Mr. Hamblin, in the plays of Othello, King John, and others. The Iago of Mr. Vandenhoff is a personation of great ability—natural in every look and gesture, chaste in delivery, and in keeping with the situation assigned to it by the author. Like the most of performers, he does not strive to make it the prominent character in the scene, by frowning, grimacing, and the strength of lungs. He walks before you the cool and systematic villain, slowly but surely instilling his poison into the heart of his victim. The Othello of Mr. Hamblin was dignified and impressive as the soldier, while in the scenes where passion and revenge were brought into action, he was electrical and terrific. It was a performance of rare excellence, entitling him to rank with the first living representatives of the part. Falconbridge he looked to the life, but he did injustice to himself, author and auditors, by neglect to the text. This might be pardoned in an actor of mediocrity, but not in the *star* of the evening. Miss Vandenhoff's Desdemona, like her Julia, was beautifully delicate, and true to nature, nor can we refrain from expressing our similar opinion of her representation of her Juliet. After the departure of the Vandenhoffs, it was attempted to produce the drama of Rienzi, and the tragedy of Macbeth, but both were marked by the most disgraceful negligence. Were we addicted to invective, we should be justified in using the most acrimonious language; we, however, in the hope of not again beholding such flagrant outrages, for the present refrain, but should a recurrence of the like take place, we promise to discard all leniency, and apply, to the utmost, the lash of merciless castigation.

BOWERY.—The performances have been honored with a tolerable share of patronage. We understand that Mr. Hamblin will again resume the reins of management in the early part of this month, producing a species of novelty which has not yet been presented to the public. Among the first will be the representation of the *Eglinton Tournament*, after the manner of that gorgeous spectacle which was exhibited to the public at Astley's Amphitheatre, London, and in due succession will be brought forward a series of dramatic and equestrian dramas, founded upon the most popular of Scott's Romances, such as Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, the Crusaders, etc., for which Mr. Hamblin has secured the services of many of the first dramatic and other professional artists, while an entire new stud of horses has been purchased expressly for the establishment.

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CHATHAM.—This house having been entirely repainted and decorated, has opened under the most flattering auspices. The dramas of Jack Shepherd, and Night and Morning, have been produced, and saving the loose principles which their exhibitions are calculated to inculcate, are very clever scenic affairs. However true the cry may be regarding the decline of the drama, we are sure as far as full houses and smiling faces are a refutation to it, we may produce the Chatham as a most convincing proof.

OLYMPIC.—The travesty bearing the title of "Mrs. Normer," and a new absurd sketch, entitled "China," have been among the recent prevailing amusements of this theatre, both very sorry affairs, and not at all calculated to add to its reputation. Vulgar caricature, and buffoonery, are the characteristics of the former, and ungenerous and disgraceful allusions to persons and countries, of the latter. This may, for a short season, benefit the treasury of the theatre, but ultimately must prove injurious to its popularity and interest. We respect the enterprize, tact, and talent of Mr. Mitchell, but deprecate in *toto* such vulgar, crude, and heterogeneous compositions. We hope he will be a little more particular in future, and not expose himself to the censure of the judicious, whose opinion, he ought to know, is worth a whole theatre of others.

EDITORS' TABLE.

TO THE PUBLIC.—With the present number closes the Fourteenth volume of the "Ladies' Companion," which we are proud to say, has, in no way whatever, found any abatement to its predecessors in the esteem and support of our subscribers. On the contrary, during its publication, we have received, to our list, an increase of names far beyond our expectations, while the praise and encouragement which, from all parts of the Union, have greeted our efforts, have imparted to us fresh energy, and stimulated us to renewed exertion. Accordingly, on the first of May, the "Companion" will appear in a new typographical garb, with many other mechanical improvements, while its pictorial embellishments, which have won the highest encomiums, will also, hereafter, be marked by a superior finish, thereby rendering it one, if not the most beautiful of the various monthly periodicals now issued from the American Press. With respect to the literary matter of the "Companion, we have only to say that the same chaste and elegant writers who have hitherto contributed to its pages, will still continue to uphold its high rank in our country's Republic of Letters, while no expense or exertion shall be wanting to secure talent wherever it can be found.

We have received the following letter from an esteemed correspondent, which we consider as promising something interesting to the readers of the "Companion."

DEAR SIR;—During a residence in Europe, I made it my study to collect whatever stray literary compositions, by authors of high standing, that fell in my way, and which, I believed had never met the eye of the world through the medium of publication. Many such I have now in my possession, and as I do not consider that I am violating the rules of courtesy, or the reputation or feelings of their writers, in giving them "a local habitation and a name," I consign them to your care, subject to your approval for insertion in your valuable journal.

Yours, with respect,

R. M——N.

We have perused the greater number of the articles, many of which are gems of rare beauty. They shall appear in successive numbers of our magazine. The first in our May issue.

POETS OF AMERICA.—We understand that R. W. Griswold, Esq., Philadelphia, is now engaged upon a work consisting of poems by our native authors, with a brief biography of each. From our acquaintance of Mr. Griswold, we know of no person more fitted for the task. With his fine taste, his deep research, and the abundance of valuable material at his command, we opine it will be a publication of no ordinary interest.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNALS.—In a recent number we returned our acknowledgments to our city weekly journals for the honorable mention they had made of the "Companion." Our thanks are no less due to the provincial publications, and especially to those in our more immediate cities, foremost of which stands Philadelphia. The principal weekly there is the *Saturday Courier*, possessing the greatest circulation of any of its brethren, and edited with independence, taste, and talent. Next follows the *Saturday Chronicle*, a paper of universal information, and as a domestic compendium, unrivalled by any similar publication. While the *Evening Post*, the oldest of the Philadelphia hebdomadals, in the midst of fluctuation, speculation and opposition, quietly and steadily pursues "the noiseless tenor of its way," and like a tried and faithful friend, retains a host of old and staunch supporters. The *Weekly Messenger* is characterized by spirit and variety, the best qualities that a journal can possess; and to conclude, we may add, that the *Germantown Telegraph*, which, from its close proximity to the city, may almost be considered as belonging to the Philadelphia brotherhood, is one of the best country papers in the Union. In Boston, we are proud to say, that we find an equal liberality evinced towards us in the weekly journals. The *Evening Gazette* as a family periodical, is ever lively and entertaining, and characterized by some of the best original articles in the walks of light literature. The *Boston Notion*, one of those mastodons of periodicals, is ably conducted, and among its contributors numbers many of our best writers; while its neighbor and contemporary, the *Yankee Nation*, displays a tone of independence and a soundness in politics, that promise to render it a very valuable paper. To all of whose editors we tender our courteous acknowledgments for their candid and liberal opinions towards the "Companion," while nothing that assiduity and enterprize can effect to retain them, shall by us be neglected.

TRAVELLING ON THE HUDSON.—We rejoice to hear that the Hudson Steam Boat Association intends, early in the spring, to place upon the river, several new and elegant boats, adapted to the comforts and convenience of the numerous passengers who, on pleasure or business, are in the daily habit of traversing this noble river. This is exactly what for several years has been wanting, and not the company buying off every frail and incompetent vessel which any speculating individual chooses to run in opposition, knowing well that he would find a purchaser for his crazy craft. Good boats, under the direction of the present polite, or similar commanders, are all that the public can require, and who, no doubt, will amply repay the proprietors.

NOTICE.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the *year* of the Ladies' Companion commences in *May* or *November*. All subscriptions *expire*, either with the *April* or *October* number. Persons receiving the *first* number of a *new volume*, are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon. It is the duty of every subscriber to give notice at the office, *personally, or by letter post-paid*, if he desire the work stopped, and not to permit it to be forwarded to his address for several months after the year has expired. When a person once causes his name to be registered, it is not for any definite period—but so long as he suffers the work to come in his name, he is answerable for the subscription, (see Judge Thompson and Judge Williams' decisions,) whether it be taken from the post-office, or allowed to remain there by the person whose name it bears. No subscription can be transferred without the consent of the office, otherwise the person first subscribing, is held responsible.

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THE

LADIES' COMPANION;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XV.

NEW-YORK:

WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

1841.

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INDEX
TO THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME,

FROM MAY 1841, TO OCTOBER 1841, INCLUSIVE.

A. Page.

Alice Copley, a Tale of Queen Mary's Time, by Ann S. Stephens. 4,75,115,172,237,282
Anacreontic Farewell, by F. W. Thomas. 14
A Rare Portrait, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 15
A Sister's Love. 88
Abide with Us, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 98
Allan Mentieth, by Robert Hamilton. 122
A Sketch from Life, by Mary Ann Browne. 126
A Thought on Immortality. 138
Answer to Rev. J. H. Clinch's Charade, No. I. 261
A Visit to Madame Catalani, from the French. 177
An Extract from the Polish of Mons. Niemcewiez, by William G. Howard. 212
A Summer's Noon. 236
A Remonstrance, by Frances S. Osgood. 248
Apostophe to the setting Sun. 281
An Operation, by J. S. Jones. 290
Abuse of Power. 295

B.

Bridal Customs of the Northern Germans, by Anna Cora Mowatt. 121,302

C.

Crow-Nest, from Bull Hill—illustrated. 153
Charade, No. I., by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. 157
Charade, No. II., by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. 243
Caldwell—illustrated. 261
Contrasts, by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. 301

D.

Dark Eyed Gipsy—set to Music. 96,97
Daily Thoughts, by Henry B. Hirst. 201

E.

Editors' Table. 49,100,150,208,258,312
Essay on Education of Females. 94
Effie Deans—illustrated. 103
Embroidered Mantle, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 159
Earth and Heaven. 304

F.

First Doubt, from the French. 267
Fancy by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 305

H.

Hair, by H. T. Tuckerman. 44

I.

Indian Falls—illustrated. 53
Indian Gratitude, by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith. 199
"It was a Dream of perfect Bliss,"—set to Music. 256,257

J.

Jewess of Cairo, by S. B. Becket. 270
Joachim Murat; or, the Mutineers, from the French, by Robert Hamilton. 36
Josephine at Saint Cloud, from the French of Madame Saint Hilaire. 218

L.

Love's Seasons, by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. 43
Literary Review. 48,98,148,206,255,310
Love, by Rufus Dawes. 68
Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 104,179
Lines. 108
Life's Pilgrimage, by Rufus Dawes. 112
La Rose D' Amour—set to Music. 146,147
Lake George—illustrated. 261
Love's Visions Fade, by J. G. Cummings. 292

M.

Man, from the Polish of Krofviuski, by W. G. Howard. 41
Memoirs of Mr. Samuel Hill, by C. F. Daniels. 57
May. 145
Marius Amidst the Ruins of Carthage. 158
My Lost Father, by Hannah F. Gould. 184
Manœuvering; or, First and Second Love, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 189

N.

New-York Twenty-Five Years Ago, by John Inman. 196
Night. 202
No Fiction as Glorious as Truth. 143

O.

On the Death of a Child, by Park Benjamin. 20
Oh! Weep no more, Sweet Mother—set to Music. 46,47
On Reading the Memoir of an Interesting Young Man, by Lydia H. Sigourney. 53
Ode to Peace. 85
On the Death of a Little Girl. 95
Occasional Thoughts, by a Bachelor. 304

P.

Pride, by Frances S. Osgood. 145
Pressed Flowers and their Associations. 203
Pierre Franc; or, the Orphan, by Robert Hamilton. 244
Poor Relations, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 292
Prophecy and Death of Calanus. 289

R.

Retribution; or, the Last Lord of Dunraven, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 127
Rapine of the Rock; or, the Outlaw of the Ohio, by Professor J. H. Ingraham. 132
Reflections at the close of day, by Lydia H. Sigourney. 139

S.

Stanzas. 43

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Page.
Skeleton Essays; or, Morals, Law, Education, by W. Gilmore Simms. 88,109,296
Sonnet. 113
Shelley, by Albert Pike. 114
Stanzas, by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. 142
Sonnet—to a Mountain Rill, by Robert Hamilton. 145
Stanzas. 201
Sebastian Bach, and His Family, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 220,262
Scene on Lake Champlain, by C. F. Daniels. 16
Summer's Evening Ramble. 169
Sonnets, by Thomas Dunn English. 14
Spectre Steamer, a Tale of the Mississippi, by Professor J. H. Ingraham. 231
She Loves Him Yet, by Frances S. Osgood. 301
Song of the May Rose—set to Music. 308,309

T.

The Young Chief's First Ride—illustrated. 3
The Uprooted Elm, by Hannah F. Gould. ib.
The Ages of Gold and Iron, from an Agricultural Oration, by W. Gilmore Simms. 12
The Lost Traveller, by Isaac Mc Lellan, Jr. 20
The Will; or, Law's labor lost, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 21
The Flower and Fly—a Fable, by Frances S. Osgood. 25
The Newly Born, by Park Benjamin. 26
The English Family; or, who are they? a sketch, by Professor J. H. Ingraham. 27
The Water Lily, by Rufus Dawes. 31
To a Rainbow, seen from a Town, by Mary Ann Browne. 35
The Conqueror, by Epes Sargent. 38
The Rose of Flora, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 42
The Portrait of Two Sisters, by Lydia H. Sigourney. ib.
The Mother's Offering, by Miss A. D. Woodbridge. 43
To the Earth, by S. F. Jewett. ib.
The Sabbeth Bell, by John M'Cabe, M. D. 45
Theatricals. 49,99,149,207,258,311
The Masked Bride, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 54
The Ideal, by Henry T. Tuckerman. 62
The Green Huntsman; or, the Haunted Villa, by Professor J. H Ingraham. 69
The Sailor Boy's Lament, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 82
The Mother of Napoleon, by Robert Hamilton. 83
The Rescue by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith. 86
The Falling Star. 92
To Ianthe by F. W. Thomas. 94
To Helen, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 108
The Phœnix, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 113
The Sea, by John C. M'Cabe, M. D. 120
The Forest Tree, by Grenville Mellen. 131
The Seal, by William B. Tappan. 140
The Vision of Old Age, by Isaac Mc Lellan, Jr. 141
Twilight Musings, by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith. 142
The Shipwreck, by William G. Howard. ib.
To a Wounded Bird. 144
The Good Farmer, by W. Gilmore Simms. 154
The Bucanier to His Crew, by Robert Hamilton. 168
The Sleeping Infant, by Lydia H. Sigourney. 171

Page.
The Wreck, by the Rev. J. H. Clinch. ib.
To a Southern Lady, by John C. M'Cabe, M. D. 177
The Two Cupids, by Anna Cora Mowatt. 184
The Last of the Brigands, by Robert Hamilton. 185
To Lydia H. Sigourney. 188
The Rose's Remonstrance, by Epes Sargent. ib.
The Warrior's Death. 193
To Summer. ib.
The First Meeting—set to Music—composed and arranged by J. G. Maeder. 194
To My Sister. 198
The Cocoa-Nut Tree, by Frances S. Osgood. 205
The Rivals—illustrated. 211
The Wife's Duty, a Tale of the Mississippi, by Mrs. E. R. Steele. 213
The First Grief. 217
The Sailor Boy. 230
The Mother Summoned, by Lydia H. Sigourney. 243
The Rash Engagement; or, a Bachelor's Reminiscence, by Emma C. Embury. 249
The Castanet by, W. C. Richards. 261
The Blossom and the Green Leaves. 230
Three Conceits, by C. C. Pise, D. D. 266
The Flower, an allegory, by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith. 306
The Wind, by Jenetta H. Williams. 307

V.

Visit to the City Cousins, by Mrs. Caroline Orne. 32
Voices of Home, by Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud. 41
Visions of the Heart, by Miss A. D. Woodbridge. 56

W.

Wilfulness; or, the Wife's Tale, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 63
What Makes a Freeman. 74

Z.

Zeke Dyer and One of His Yarns, a Short but Veritable History, by Mrs. Seba Smith. 39

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE YOUNG CHIEF'S FIRST RIDE.
THE INDIAN FALLS.
EFFIE DEANS.
CROW NEST, HUDSON RIVER.
THE RIVALS.
CALDWELL, LAKE GEORGE.

MUSIC.

OH! WEEP NO MORE, SWEET MOTHER.
DARK EYED GIPSY.
LA ROSE D' AMOUR.
IT WAS A DREAM OF PERFECT BLISS.
FIRST MEETING.
SONG OF THE MAY ROSE.

FASHIONS.

SUMMER FASHIONS.
AUGUST FASHIONS.
SEPTEMBER FASHIONS.
FALL FASHIONS.

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Engraved by A. H. Dick

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green, Paternoster Row, 1829.

Hunting Scene, after Snyders.

ROTH. DSRIF. SNIDER. GEORG. FEB.

UNIV. OF MICH.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1841.

THE YOUNG CHIEF'S FIRST RIDE.

Young scion of honor—fair child of a race,
Whose sires, from the records of Old Albyn trace
Their lineage, their birthright, their fame and their power,
Since first on their hills, the heath waved its flower.
Thou drop from the fount of a true highland heart,
Whose current from honor did never depart—
Thou sapling that's sprung from a firm mountain pine:
Round thy form may the halo of liberty shine,
Untarnished thy honor—unsullied thy truth—
A shield of the helpless—dispenser of ruth.

Ay, smile in thy innocence, beautiful child!
The ruddiest rose of thy own native wild,
Is pale to thy cheek—and the lily must bow
To the stainless and beautiful plane of thy brow;
Not brighter the light of the star in the sky,
Than the blue flashing glance of thy young eagle eye,
Not the flower of the furze in the zephyr's caress,
Can match with the hue of thy golden rich tress,
As proudly thou amblest o'er mountain and dale,
Thou gallant young Donald, true son of the Gael!

The fond vassal gazes—his locks snowy white—
On the son of his chieftain with pride and delight,
And craves from his God that yet his old eyes
May behold his young master to manhood arise;
Like that sire, may his heart cling aye to his clan,
The fearless in battle—in mercy a man,
And never, oh, never, his highland soul bend,
To the rule of the Saxon, or law of their land,
But proudly and bravely in liberty rove,
The lord of the mountain, of forest and grove.

The bloodhound, with instinct, regards the blithe boy,
And silently joins in his innocent joy,
And the stout shaggy courser is prancing with pride,
As he shared in the mirth of *the chieftain's first ride*,
While his little rough guardians and mates of his play,
Are barking and bounding before him away.
Their voices have startled the deer from his lair,
And the eagle is screaming aloft in the air.
Oh! group of affection—life's picture all bright—
Youth, Age, dumb fidelity—soul-stirring sight.

Oh! blest be thy parents, my bonnie young flower,
Thou rose-bud of beauty—the pride of their bower;
May the dew of their love, and the light of their eye,
Cause thy leaves to expand in liberty's sky,
And like thy own thistle on crag, vale, or wold,
Be thy courage as stern, and thy bearing as bold;
May the deeds of thy sire nerve thy heart and thy hand,
To guard and to cherish thy dear native land,
And sooner the *coronach* swell for thy death,
Than to live in the taint of tyranny's breath. R. H.

Original.

THE UPROOTED ELM.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alas! alas, my good old tree!
A fatal change is past on thee;
And now thy aged form I see
All helpless, lying low!
The rending tempest, in his flight,
'Mid darkness of the wintry night,
Hath struck thee, passing in his might,
And felled thee at a blow.

And never more the blooming spring,
Shall, to thy boughs rich verdure bring,
Or her gay birds, to flit and sing
Where their first plumage grew!
For thou, so long, so fondly made
My eye's delight—my summer shade,
Here, as a lifeless king, art laid
In state, for all to view.

Thy noble trunk and reverend head,
Defined on that cold, snow-white bed;
And those old arms so lowly spread,
Thy hopelessness declare.
Thy roots, in earth concealed so long—
That struck so deep, with hold so strong,
Upturned with many a broken prong,
Are quivering high in air.

But yester-eve, I saw thee stand,
With lofty front—with aspect grand,
Where thou hadst braved the ruthless hand
Of time, and spread, and towered,
And stood the rain, the hail, the blast,
'Till more than hundred years had passed,
To fall so suddenly at last,
For ever overpowered!

Yet while I sadly ponder o'er
What now thou art, and wast before,
Though sighs should rise, and tears should pour
Like summer winds and rain,
Not all the sighs and drops of grief,
Can bring to thee one bud or leaf;
Thou liest so like a stricken chief,
By one swift arrow slain.

But may'st thou prove an emblem true,
Of what the spoiler's hand shall do
With one who, pensive, here would view
A shadowy type in thee!
Let not the conqueror piecemeal slay,
With power by power, in slow decay;
But strike, and all in ashes lay!
Farewell, my good old Tree.

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Original.

ALICE COPLEY.

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

In the recess of a large gothic window in her favorite apartment, stood Mary, the first female Sovereign of England. Above and around her, towered the turrets of Windsor Castle, and below, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the royal park, garbed magnificently in its wealth of summer leaves. Here and there, beneath clumps of stately trees, might be seen companies of spotted deer, gazing about through the leafy glades of the park, or lying idly on the rich greensward, with their delicate hoofs gathered underneath them, and their graceful heads now and then lifted to the rustling sound of the leaves, or to the leap of a neighboring herd as it frolicked among the thicket, or bounded across the majestic avenue of oaks which, even to this day, intercept the Windsor Park as with a rampart of heaving foliage. Beautiful, cool and quiet was the scene; a pure heart would have been made better by gazing upon it, kindled up, as it was, with the arrowy gold of a summer twilight. But Mary, who might have dwelt upon it all but as a lovely fragment of the great kingdom which owned her its mistress, stood discontented and restless, gazing earnestly toward the avenue of oaks, as if anxious for the appearance of some desired object. Her narrow forehead was contracted with an iron frown, and her thin lips were compressed, 'till the feminine curve which, at times, formed the redeeming feature of her harsh face, was lost in a cold and rigid expression of deliberate malice. There was anger in her small grey eyes, and in the heavy brows lowering darkly above them —not the indignation of a bold, generous spirit, excited to wrath, but the dull, malignant sullenness of a bad heart and a narrow intellect, aroused to jealousy of the Spanish husband, who was alike the object of her childish fondness, and her country's hate. For more than an hour she had been gazing down upon the park, her face changing and working with evil passions. The light shed through the upper part of the window, which was gorgeously stained with the precious dies of past ages, fell over her person as if filtered through vases filled with mingled wine and molten gold. The heavy jewels which studded her stomacher, and flashed over the small withered hands, folded, and yet working restlessly on her bosom, gave back each subdued ray as if touched with hidden fire, and she stood in the blazonry of her queenly state, gazing earnestly down upon the avenue, her face changing with wrathful passions, 'till she seemed more like a spirit in the torment of a material flame, than the sovereign lady of a great kingdom, or a wife waiting the approach of her husband.

The light was dying amid the armorial bearings of her family, carved in the dark oaken frame-work over the window, and fell more dimly through the stained glass, when her anxious watch was rewarded by the appearance of a tall form, wearing a Spanish cap and feather, and shrouded in a sad-colored cloak, which came somewhat hurriedly from the densely piled shadows of the avenue. He passed through a private gateway, used only by the royal inmates of the castle, and ascended to a terrace just beneath the window where Mary was standing. Something like an expression of pleasure brightened the Queen's face, but the haughty personage passed on to his own apartments without casting one glance toward the window where she was standing. Again her brow became heavy with frowns, and with a fretful exclamation she turned from the window. After pacing the room unquietly for a time, she suddenly paused before a mirror set in a heavy frame-work of ebony, embossed with silver and pearl, which Philip had brought her, as a marriage gift, from the continent. Mary glanced anxiously at the worn features reflected therein, and again her brow was clouded with renewed discontent. Not all the light of her queenly jewels, or the gleam of the velvet robe, falling in rich drapery about her person, could, even to her partial judgment, conceal the ravages which time and an evil temper had made on her features. With an impatient gesture she snatched at the band of rubies woven in the dark, lustreless hair which, according to the fashion of the time, was drawn sheer back from her meager face, and knotted on the crown of her ill-formed head.

"Out upon the tyring wench!" she muttered, angrily twisting one end of the string on which the gems were threaded, round her finger, and striving rudely to unbraid it, "out upon the wench—we have marked her wiles—ay—ay, she would win the eyes of our princely consort from his liege lady, to her milky features. By our lady, she had better see to her behavior, or her stay in this our castle, may chance to be more brief than she dreams of." Again she began to pace the room, muttering fiercely as she walked. "This morning it was, when she shook her knotted ringlets loose in his presence, that he might see their wealth and brightness. We marked it all—the kindling of his eyes, and the crimson blush with which she strove to cast the blame on her diamond bodkin, which, forsooth was all too frail for her abundant tresses. By the mass! at this rate our royal crown would soon prove too light for her brazen forehead." Again Mary paused before the mirror. "It is easily guessed why our locks are sit in this guise, and why she is so chary of the gold powder which we have provided at such cost," she said. "She would not that the grey tinge which, of late, has fallen on our head like a mildew, methinks, should be concealed by its lustre. This comes of lifting a wench to a place of trust about our person. Philip would have it so—oh, 'tis well—'tis very well contrived; we see it all, now, and will be wary. Let her but lift her eyes to his face, or blush beneath his gaze again as she did this morning —let her prove careless in the adornment of our person, even to the twisting of a hair awry and she may chance to be cared for; our trusty servant, Romer, has planted stakes and kindled faggots for more dainty limbs than her's, ere now."

Thus muttering her evil thoughts, as it were, to the lowering image reflected from the mirror plate, Mary, in

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awkwardly striving to arrange her hair, only entangled it more completely among the rubies, and brushed off the powder, the scant portion of which, already excited her anger, with the point lace which hung profusely from the sleeves of her robe.

"We must summon her at last," she exclaimed, angrily dropping her hands from their fruitless efforts. "Yet it irks our very heart to feel her dainty fingers working about our person, as if they had been bred to gentle service from her girlhood. The daughter of our retainer—the—ha! Yonder she comes through the private postern. It is well—*he* came thence but a moment since. It is *very* well!"

In the working of her evil jealousy, Mary had forsaken the mirror, and with dishevelled hair and disturbed features, hurried to the window just as a fair young girl, wrapped in a summer mantle, with the hood partially drawn over her face, passed out of the park from the direction whence the cavalier had come. She came through the postern, and ascending the terrace, hurried forward as one under some strong excitement. As she raised her eyes to the casement where Mary was standing, a flush of crimson started like lightning to her face—a small white hand was nervously put forth from the folds of her mantle, and its hood drawn hastily forward so as entirely to conceal her features. Mary snatched the golden bird-call suspended over her bosom by a heavy chain, with a force that ground the rough gold against her neck, and blew three sharp notes, which sounded through the apartment like the cry of an angry falcon. Some few moments she waited, and then again the call was repeated louder and more sharply than at first. Scarcely had the sound died away, when the rich, massive tapestry which hung over the walls of the room like a cloud of woven foliage, was flung back at the farther extremity, revealing an open door and an oratory beyond.

In a recess opposite the door, a small lamp of filagree silver shed its light over hangings of sable velvet, and amid their folds tiny stars of the same chaste metal, gleamed out with a pure and subdued brightness. Beneath the lamp was a hassock fringed and spotted in like manner, and within its clear pearly light stood a pedestal and cross of polished ebony, to which an image of our Saviour, exquisite in its proportions, and in the shade of meek suffering betrayed by the bent head and the relaxed limbs, was suspended. There was something thrillingly solemn in the gentle light which fell as if from the heart of a great pearl, over that image of divine suffering—something tranquil and heavenly in the mingled gloom and light of the little place. It was all in painful contrast to the picture of fierce passion betrayed by the woman at whose call it had been revealed. Her eyes were bent eagerly—not on the holy quiet of that spot which should have been a place of prayer, but on the form of a pale man in a priest's gown and cowl, who had drawn aside the tapestry, and with a soft, noiseless step, glided a few paces into the room. There, with his hands crossed, and folded within the loose sleeves of his gown, he stood meekly gazing on the floor as if waiting to learn why he had been thus peremptorily summoned from his devotions.

"What would'st thou with me, daughter?" he said, at last, as the Queen came toward him, lifting his large black eyes to her lowering face a moment, and then casting them down again as if to conceal the smothered energies that lay beaming in their depths, like lightning pent up in the folds of a thunder-cloud. "Speak, daughter, why art thou thus disturbed?"

"Father," said the Queen, clasping her hands almost fiercely, and bending her eyes upon his composed features, "father, dost thou bear in mind that some days ago when we knelt at the confessional, poor sinful mortals that we are—dost thou remember our suspicions touching Alice Copley, the baker's daughter, whom, to gratify our consort's wish, was advanced to a station near our person?"

Mary paused as if expecting some answer, but the priest merely bent his head, and as if exasperated by his silence, she went on in a voice which gradually concentrated itself in a tone of uncontrollable passion—her high reverence for the priesthood, seemed lost in a flood of bitter and vindictive feelings.

"Even now," she said, laying her hand on his folded arms in the energy of her language; "even now our eyes saw the pal-pert wench, as she came stealthily from the park in the very footsteps of King Philip. Through our private postern she came, and up on the terrace beneath our very window. She would have concealed her face, but it was in vain; our suspicion would have penetrated through her disguise, though she had been cased in iron."

"If I mistake not," said the priest, in a voice whose cold calm tones fell softly upon the air after her vindictive accents, "if I mistake not, daughter, the maiden passed me but now in the corridor leading to King Philip's apartment. A fair creature to look upon—is she not? with soft, sinful eyes, and lips that it beseemeth not a son of the church to think upon."

"From Philip's apartment—from the King's chamber?" almost shrieked the Queen; "and has it already come to this? Here, in our own royal castle, do they lonely have passages. Thy counsel, holy father—teach us how to rid our palace of this graceless minion, and the first honor in Mary's gift is thine!"

What counsel would the Queen of England ask—is she not all powerful in her own realm? she has but to command, and the maiden is driven from her presence," said the priest, quietly.

"Ay, that she might return within the town, or go up to London, where Philip could seek her at his will—nay, father, she must be more silently cared for. We dare not wreak our just vengeance on the minion without his assent. It was but yesterday, good father—but yesterday, that for crossing his will in a thing of lightest moment, he threatened to return to Spain, and leave us here to the solitary government of our realm. We dare not act as beseemeth a free Queen and a wronged wife, so think thou for us, holy father. Hath the law or the church no power to crush her without our seeming interposition?"

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"What proof have we that the fair maiden may not have descended to the park for other purposes than to give his highness a meeting?" inquired the priest calmly lifting his eyes to the Queen's face. "A court, ecclesiastical or civil, will require evidence of guilt, or proofs of heresy, before they can act in a matter which—but that it appertains to thy peace of mind, daughter, might be deemed of slight moment."

"Of slight moment—ha! Is it a slight thing that their liege queen is shackled down like a common serf in her father's castle—that her crown and sceptre are but baubles, which her husband wields to the silent advancement of his own power and vices. It irks us to say this of him, but to thee, holy father, it should not be concealed. Though we brought a kingdom in dower to Prince Philip, he hath ever paid more gentle court to the ladies about our person, than to our royal self, his wife, and England's Queen, though we be. And as for this Alice Copley—this milk-faced menial whose attendance he has forced upon us, his soft glances and tender words are scarce withheld from her even in our very presence. He seldom seeks our chamber, save at times when she is sure to be in attendance, and then sits hours together, with his eyes fixed on her as she moves about, and his voice often so stern to us, softens and becomes humble whenever he addresses her."

"But the maiden—how does she bear herself under this weight of princely admiration?" said the priest.

"How, but as a low-born creature, like her, might be expected to receive the homage of a man so brave in his beauty, and withal so princely in his bearing. At first she smiled, and cast down her eyes timidly when his were dwelling upon them; then she began to blush and turn her head away in seeming anger; it was *but* seeming, and, of late, we have often seen a cold, scornful smile upon her lips when his eyes have dwelt long and steadily upon her, as if she knew her power to be so well founded, that she dared to brave the eagle, glance for glance. She never blushes now, so shameless has she become, nor does she cast down her eyes as was her former wont, but returns his gaze with a clear unwavering eye, as if there were no guile, or, perchance, too much in her heart. Proudly we have seen her return his courteous greetings—ay, as if *she* had been his Queen, and felt all the high dignity at her heart, while his proud eye has sunk abashed beneath the influence of that strange proud smile which curls her lips ever and anon, as if she were born and bred to palaces and power. Is not this some proof of guilt, father."

"Of *his*, perchance," muttered the priest, levelling his eyes again to the floor. The words were very low, and no ear but that of a jealous, angry woman, could have caught their meaning, but Mary answered eagerly and with a burst of fierce indignation.

"Of his, and not of hers? Think ye, holy father, that Prince Philip could sue in vain to any woman, and of all others, to a poor adventuress—he, the most stately and graceful cavalier of old Spain?"

The least possible indication of a smile passed over the thin lips of the priest, but it was concealed by the position of his bent head, and Mary went on.

"Tell us, father," she said, in a voice of mingled wrath and entreaty, "is there nothing in all this, which, if cunningly used, may work the minion's downfall, and ourself escape Philip's censure? Rid us of this plague, and thy advancement is certain."

The priest stood pondering for the space of a minute, with his eyes bent on the floor, and his hands still folded and motionless. Mary was silent, but fixed a keen gaze on his still and marble-like features, as if she hoped to gather something of what was passing within, from the expression of a face that had been schooled in every lineament to the rigidity of stone. There was a strange contrast in the passionate eagerness betrayed in her features, and the cold, deathly composure of his, and yet that pale, intellectual face, was one over which passions fierce and terrible must, sooner or later, have kindled. Nothing but the power of a strong mind had frozen it to the expression which it bore; his meekness was that of a tamed lion, not of a humble Christian.

"Daughter," he said, at length, raising his eyes slowly to her face, "without the sanction of the Queen, openly and fearlessly expressed, there is no court in England would dare to interfere with one it was King Philip's pleasure to protect; but the church, that hath a power which none may gainsay. Is the maiden firm in our holy faith—does she acknowledge the actual presence? Methinks I have heard it whispered among the servitors in the household, that the man, Copley, her father, hath demurred somewhat of late. It shall be inquired into. May it please your grace to send this light maiden to my private oratory? I will question her on the points of doctrine most disputed in this sinful kingdom. Meantime rest in peace, daughter; it were strange if power lay not within the church to protect the Queen from a menial's presence."

"We will send her, good father, but see to it that she is questioned closely," exclaimed Mary, her small eyes lighting up with serpent-like malice.

"Fear not; she shall be duly pressed on all disputed points; if she falter or swerve but in the sounding of a word—"

"Plant thou a stake for *her*," interrupted Mary, eagerly. "Thy Queen hath little power with the holy pontiff, if a cardinal's hat be not the recompense of such service. As an earnest of our future bounty, meantime, take thou the forfeit living, now left vacant by the late execution in Heathfield."

A faint gleam shot athwart the priest's high forehead as he bent his head, but before his face was lifted to a level with the Queen's, it was again expressionless as that of a statue.

"Rest content, daughter," he said, blandly; "send the maiden to our oratory, and fear nothing."

"But be wary that Philip suspect not of our connivance," said Mary, apprehensively; "be cautious as a serpent, father—strike sure, or not at all."

"Fear not my zeal in your highness' cause," said the priest, and, with a cold inclination of the head, he turned away, glided noiselessly across the oaken floor, and disappeared through a private door leading from the Queen's oratory.

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Mary stood gazing after him 'till the tapestry fell together with a rushing sound; then she lifted the bird-call to her lips as if about to blow a summons, but dropped it slowly from her hand as if forgetful of her intention. For several minutes she paced slowly up and down the apartment, now dusky with the purple gloom of twilight. A bitter smile, full of malicious triumph, gleamed in her eye, and curled her thin lips, which was painful to look upon. At length she again lifted the bird-call, and blowing a clear, deliberate summons, sat down by a massive table of polished oak, and leaning her head upon it, seemed lost in tracing the quaint devices inlaid over its surface, with gold and ivory, by some foreign artisan. She sat several moments, pondering, as it seemed, on the rare workmanship beneath her gaze, when the tapestry, opposite that through which the priest had entered, was slowly parted as if by some reluctant hand, and a beautiful girl presented herself in the opening.

Mary, without changing the position of her head, turned her eyes with a quick glance toward the intruder, and dropped them to the table again, and remained apparently unconscious of her presence. The girl was young, fair, and exceedingly pale, but this seemed the result of agitation, rather than a fault of nature, for, around her soft blue eyes a slight rose tinge was perceptibly fading away, as if she had been recently weeping, and her features were of that oval and exquisite proportion which usually bear upon their surface the most delicate and beautiful bloom in nature. Her dress, though unadorned, was rich in its material, and partook somewhat of the Spanish fashion, a costume which Mary had partially introduced among her attendants, more from a wish to gratify the imperious Philip, than from a love for the dress which she might be supposed to have inherited from her mother; her long golden hair was swept entirely back from her forehead, and confined at the back of her head in a heavy knot. A golden bodkin, headed by a single diamond of exceeding brilliancy, the only jewel about her fair person, was thrust through this rich mass of hair, and two or three long silken ringlets, escaped therefrom, one of which lay like a wave of spun gold on the round white shoulder, now more than commonly exposed, as it seemed, by some recent and neglected derangement of her dress.

The Queen still seemed unconscious of her presence, and after standing for a moment holding back the tapestry with her small fair hand, the beautful girl withdrew her grasp, and allowed its heavy folds to sweep together again. Then moving across the room, she knelt timidly down at Mary's feet.

"Did your grace summon me?" she inquired, after remaining unnoticed in her humble but graceful position for an unwonted length of time.

There was something low, rich, and gentle in that young creature's voice, that would have thrilled any heart, less hard than the Queen's, with a touch of affection. It was anxious, but very sweet, and her beautiful lips trembled like the leaves of a south sea rose stirred by the wind. Even then there was a tremor in her frame, as if she were striving to subdue some hidden feelings of fear or sorrow.

"Ay, we required thy attendance some half hour ago, but thou wast roaming, forsooth—whither, minion—whither hast been?" said the Queen, turning sharply, and fixing her eyes on the round white shoulder which we have spoken of as more than ordinarily exposed. Her thin lips became white as she gazed, and starting up, she made a motion as if she would have spurned the girl from her feet, but with an effort of unusual self-command, she sat down again, and with her eyes still fixed on the distressed young creature, awaited her reply.

"I did but step to—to the park," said the poor girl, shuddering all over again, as with some painful recollection.

"And who was thy companion, girl, and whence is it that thy robe is broken loose, and rent thus from thy shoulder. Tell us why it is that thou appearest before thy Sovereign in the guise of a ranting gipsy woman?"

Alice Copley looked down upon her exposed shoulder, and, with a painful blush, drew the edge of her robe over it, but the materials which formed it, had, in truth, been torn, as if by some violent hand, for they were both firm and new, and she could not, with all her effort, properly arrange it. A fiendish smile curled the Queen's lips as she witnessed her distressing embarrassment. That wicked smile at length gave way to a torrent of fierce and unwomanly invective. "We know it all—all, minion, *all*—up, graceless, up from our feet, lest we forget that we are a Queen, and spurn thee hence. Out upon thee heretic and cast-away!"

The young girl started to her feet, and stood before the enraged Queen, her pale lips trembling, her hands clasped, and her large blue eyes surcharged with astonishment and terror. Mary glared upon her with one foot advanced, and her withered hand clenched as if really tempted to commit the violence she threatened, when the only door not concealed by the hangings on the wall, was quietly opened, and a dark-faced Spanish boy entered with a reserved air, which did not seem to arise from boyish awkwardness or timidity; he addressed a few words to the Queen in his native language.

When the door closed after the boy, Mary turned away from her shrinking attendant and walked hurriedly up and down the room, as if striving to calm her purturbation. As she passed the window her face pale and distorted with passion gleamed upon her from its surface. She paused, put back the hair which her own rude hand had dishevelled, and seemed striving to smooth her brow and force her lips to a more gentle expression. At last she turned again to Alice Copley, where she stood pale and terrified in the dim light, and in a more subdued voice than she had yet used, bade her bring candles, that her person might be adorned for the visit which Philip's page had thus unseasonably announced.

Alice went forth, and soon returned bearing a taper in her hand. As its gleam fell upon her white face, even Mary was startled with its expression. It was stern and calm, as with the indignation of a pure heart unjustly

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trampled to the dust,—a still, settled show of strength, which sometimes springs to life in the young heart beneath the pressure of circumstance, creating a thorough transfiguration of character. It was an expression that made the mean spirited Mary cower with a fear she could not understand. A dread that her ill-treated attendant might expose her violence to Philip, and thereby drive him entirely from her, gradually crept to her heart, and her manner was almost abject as she spoke to her again.

"We overlook thy fault this once, though in sooth such negligence deserves a more severe reprimand even than we almost take shame to ourself that we have given. Now, girl, see that our head gear be fitly arranged for the presence of our stately consort, we would not that he should find us in this guise."

Mary seated herself, and Alice without speaking a word or bending her head in acknowledgment of this relenting mood, went to a small dressing closet, brought forth the implements of her mistress' toilet, and with a firm hand and steady composure, wreathed the ruby braid afresh amid her hair, shook the required gold tinge over it, and when her task was finished, stepped back to the window recess, where she stood in all the outward humility befitting her station, with folded arms and eyes cast to the floor, from the mere force of habit, but her brow seemed broader and her figure more erect than it had ever done before, and there was a stern tranquillity about her face which shed a strange light over it as if the thought and expression of age had for the present time mingled with the spirit of her youth.

Again Mary became restless. Visits from her more youthful husband had of late become rare, and consequently highly desired events in her existence. Like all tyrants, when once forced to succumb to a more powerful or less scrupulous spirit than their own, she was undignified in her love and abject in her fear of Philip; to gratify his ambition, his bigotry, and his hate of the English, she hesitated at no act of cruelty or oppression, nay, would have crucified her whole nation. In return he hated and dispised a nature so much like his own, that, as in a distorted mirror, he only saw his true shadow there more hideously given back, from the warped and narrow medium through which it was reflected. With more intellect than Mary, he could detect and condemn faults in her, while pride, vanity, and ambition flung their drapery over like evils in his own heart, shutting out all knowledge of their enormity from himself, and all charity for those he detected in her.

For more than half an hour Mary had been impatiently expecting the promised visit. With fretful and broken expressions of discontent at its delay, she moved about the room—paused to listen at the door—passed into the oratory and back again without aim or motive, and at length threw herself petulently into a chair, and began to slip the great pearl beads of a rosary, which she had impatiently snatched from its cushion, eagerly through her fingers; like a wayward child, striving to quiet its own petulent temper with a familiar motion of the hands.

At last there was a slight bustle without. Mary held the rosary motionless in her hands, with a single pearl suspended between her thumb and finger, and listened. The door opened, and with a constrained air, but with a tread imperious and haughty as that of an eastern monarch visiting his slave, Prince Philip entered the apartment. He did not even lift the plumed cap from his brow 'till he had advanced some paces into the room, and even then it seemed more in compliment to the pale girl who stood in the window recess, rather than from any respect to his consort.

It was true, Alice Copley's eyes neither wavered nor drooped beneath his glance, though all the confidence of a king and the fire of his southern climate burned in their black depths. She returned his glance with a cold quiet dignity, that sent the blood to his swarthy forehead, and then quietly dropped her eyes to the floor again.

Mary had started from her chair, and in defiance of all etiquette, walked forward to greet him; but, when she marked his demeanor, and saw that the look of her menial had a power to send the color to his temples, she stopped short, her own face grew red with scarcely suppressed rage, and in a voice that trembled with passion, spite of her effort at self-control, she bade Alice return to her own apartment.

Philip seemed about to make some objection, but while he stood hesitating and somewhat confused, Alice moved hastily from the window, lifted the tapestry, and disappeared.

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When Alice Copley left the Queen's chamber, she went directly to her own apartment, and flinging herself in a chair, buried her face in her hands and wept long and passionately.

"He must not know of this—he must not see me thus," she murmured, removing her hands from her burning and wet cheeks, and trying to stifle her tears. "Oh! that I should live to be so insulted, and yet be compelled to keep it secret."

It was long before the poor girl could calm her ruffled feelings, but at last she arose, threw aside her robe with a gesture of abhorrence and replacing it with another, again resumed the light mantle which she had flung off on leaving the park. Drawing the hood over her face, she descended again to the terrace, and gliding cautiously along, sprang like a frightened fawn down the shadowy side of the oak avenue. It was a lovely night. A few tranquil stars were beaming in the sky, and the moonlight lay in a pearly mist amid the huge old trees and flickered through their boughs 'till the dense shadows which they threw on the rich sward, were broken as with a network of quivering silver. Everything was still as death within the park, and the echoes of her own light footsteps almost startled the young girl as she passed along. She stopped suddenly, gathered the mantle over her face with a shudder, and looked timidly about. The sound of a light footfall, seemingly not her own, had startled her. Her eyes flashed from beneath their covering with wild terror, and she listened breathless with apprehension, and with one small foot advanced for flight, should her fears prove real. Not even a breath of wind was stirring, and everything was perfectly tranquil in the park. Alice

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was not easily convinced that the sound was a delusion, she peered among the dim trunks of the trees, up into the branches, and cast her startled eyes eagerly along the line of moonlight that paved the avenue as with flags of glittering silver. No living thing was in sight, and drawing a deep breath, she moved forward again, muttering—"It was a deer perchance, or it may be a vulture whetting his beak against a tree bough. Methinks the ugly birds should know by whose hands their banquets are so well spread, for they haunt this spot more than ever." With these words she moved swiftly along, but scarcely had she advanced a dozen paces when a slender, dark form glided from behind a tree, and followed after with footsteps so quick and noiseless that they seemed but beating time with her own. No misstep again aroused the young creature's fears, though more than once the figure came out into the moonlight 'till the long black plumes in his cap gleamed and flaunted out like the wing of a flying bird. At length Alice left the avenue, and passed beneath the trees towards a small body of water, which lay alone and tranquil, partly in shadow and partly breaking in glittering ripples beneath the quiet moon, bright and lovely as if a fragment of the blue heavens had nestled itself into the green bosom of our earth. At that time, the beautiful Virginia water was only a broken and picturesque little pond, haunted by herons, cranes, and various other wild birds. It was a sweet neglected spot. Thickets in full flower entangled the banks, and isolated clumps of trees flung their irregular shadows almost to the centre of the pond. A small grassy promontory crested by a single clump of trees, shot some twenty paces into the glittering waters, as Alice caught sight of it, she quickened her pace, but scarcely had her shadow broken the moonlight on its broadest part, when a young man came eagerly from beneath the trees and flinging his arm round her waist, drew her, panting and breathless, within their shelter.

"I feared you would be gone," she said, modestly withdrawing herself from his arm, "but where is my father, surely he would not leave me to meet you here, alone and at night?"

"And wherefore not?" said the youth, smiling and drawing her again to his side. "Think you that the walls of Queen Mary's castle yonder are a better safeguard than the green trees or the blue skies of heaven? Is there a place on the broad earth where Alice Copley would not be safe with her affianced husband?"

"Nay, Huntly, nay," said Alice, laying her small hand on his arm, and looking with her large earnest eyes into his face; "in sooth I did not mean that, but I was terrified and sorely beset. Twice have I striven to reach you to-night, and both times have my footsteps been watched and my progress hitherward prevented. Even now, as I came down the avenue, methought some person was pursuing me. Should it be so, and information be carried to the Queen that I am here, at night, and thus, who will vouch for my pure intent, who could be found with boldness to stand before the cruel lady and say a word in defence of her despised and hated tyring woman?"

"Do not fear, Alice," said Huntly, evidently convinced that, had she been observed, her apprehensions were all too just, "it must have been your father whose footsteps startled you, he was weary with waiting and so went forward toward the castle. Either himself or your own overwrought fears frightened you. But tell me, sweet one, who was it that dogged your footsteps at nightfall? Said you not that you were driven back from the path?"

Alice knowing the indignation that her answer would bring forth, in the solitude of her chamber had determined to remain silent on what had befallen her, but to a pure heart there is something of sacrilege in withholding even a thought from a beloved object. Alice felt the blood burning painfully over her face, and her tongue faltered in giving the required information. But she did speak, and her answer, though uttered almost in a whisper, fell upon the young man's heart like sparks of fire.

"This moment tell me the evesdropper's name!" exclaimed the youth.

"It was King Philip!" replied Alice, in a low voice.

"King Philip!" repeated the youth in a stern indignant voice, which contrasted strongly with the tremulous tones in which she had spoken. "King Philip of Spain! what had the insolent papist to do with thy movements, Alice? Did he speak or seek to prevent your free passage hither?"

Alice could scarcely answer, her pure heart was so oppressed with shame. She drew close to her affianced husband and buried her burning face on his shoulder as she spoke—

"He did but repeat what he has said many times before in the galleries of the castle, on the terrace, and even in the apartments of his own queen, when I have fled thither for security. But to-night he spoke of his wicked love more boldly than ever; by force he detained me, and strove to poison my ears with his vile passion. Nay," added the poor girl, bursting into tears of bitter shame, "he even seized me violently and would have polluted my lips with his loathsome kisses."

"Had you no dagger wherewith to strike the wretch dead?" exclaimed Huntly, through his silent wrath, stamping his foot violently on the earth.

"Alas," replied the weeping girl, "I had but my own strength, but that was sufficient. I broke from his rude hold and fled to the castle, yet did he follow me even to the presence of his royal wife. In the first heat of my indignation, I had resolved to fling myself before the Queen's feet and tell her how dreadful was the persecution I received from that bold man. I knelt at her feet, and would have poured forth my whole heart had she looked upon me or cast one ray of womanly pity into her face, but even as I knelt, with my very heart ready to burst with thoughts of the slight that had been put upon me, her cold dark eyes fell on my disordered dress. I had not marked it before, but my robe was rent and many of the folds torn away. I could have died beneath that bitter sneer, but when words still more bitter broke from her harsh lips, I scorned to defend myself. Humbled, insulted, and unprotected as I was, I could not have taken aught of favor from that unqueenly woman. There and then to the royal chamber did King Philip pursue me. I could no longer brook his wicked eyes

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and audacious bearing, so at last I betook me to my chamber and fled hither, but never was a poor bird broken loose from his cage so terrified and so anxious to creep away to some safe shelter."

While Alice was speaking, Huntly stood silently before her, his face becoming paler each moment and his teeth set resolutely together, but his frame shook with an effort to suppress the fierce anger struggling within, and more than once he wrung the little hand still enlocked in his, 'till the young girl could scarcely forbear crying out with the pain. When she ceased speaking, he suddenly dropped her hand, folding his arms strode to the point of the promontory thrice before he uttered a word. At length he went up to Alice once more, and taking her hand, strove to appear composed, but his face looked unnaturally stern, his eyes gleamed strongly and his pale lips trembled as he spoke—

"Fear him not, my Alice, fear him not," he said, in the deep constrained tones of intense passion. "There is vengeance in store for this unkingly outrage, and such vengeance—"

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it saith the Lord!"

These words of holy writ were uttered in a clear, deep voice, that broke over the tranquil air like the sound of a trumpet, their solemnity fell like a rebuke from heaven on the angry passions of the young man. Alice clasped her hands and sprang eagerly toward the speaker. He was a broad, square, firmly-set man, of some forty years of age, but so healthy and staid in his appearance, that he might have been supposed much younger than he really was. He was dressed plainly in a suit of sad colored stuff, and a black velvet bonnet, approaching the form of a skull cap, sat on his massive head. He was a plain, unpretending man, with no higher station than overseer in the Queen's household, yet as he stood there with the broad moonlight full on his face, few persons could have passed him without an undefined feeling of respect.

"What is it, Master Huntly that so excites thy anger?" inquired Copley, after laying both hands on his daughter's bright hair, and silently blessing her. "We do not come to this spot in the still night to talk of vengeance on our fellow men."

The youth stood for a moment abashed before his friend, and Alice, with the quick sensitiveness of her woman's nature, drew close to her father and laying a hand on either shoulder, looked pleadingly in his face.

"Do not chide him, father," she said, "the fault was all mine. I had been telling him of that which chafed his high spirit—that which should not have escaped my own bosom."

"And why should this vile outrage be kept secret?" exclaimed the youth, again firing up with indignation. "Why should we remain passive when all the rights and delicacies of womanhood are trampled under foot by a Queen who has forgotten that she is herself a woman. Are we to sit supinely by and witness a foreign prince, a haughty Spaniard insult an honest maiden with his licentious love. I tell you, Master Copley, not three hours ago King Philip has dared to lay his dastard hand on your own pure daughter!"

Copley started, and a shadow passed over his face. Alice felt the start and flung herself on his bosom as if to prevent all farther outbreak of feeling, with her own clinging arms. Her apprehension was needless. John Copley merely unclasped her arms from his neck and looking earnestly into her face, demanded to know what had happened from her lips, justly deeming Huntly too much excited for reasonable detail.

Alice, though still much agitated, briefly related the events of the evening. Copley did not speak for several minutes after she had finished, but quietly putting her still farther from him, folded his arms, and while his forehead was heavily contracted, stood pondering, with his eyes fixed on the earth.

"Was I wrong to speak of vengeance after coming to a knowledge of this vile insult?" said the youth, at last reading a portion of his own spirit in the father's face. Copley lifted his head and replied as one holding a strong power over passions which had been furiously excited.

"Ay, wrong and selfish," he said. "Vengeance is a fearful thing—leave it in the hands of God. We have eaten of the Queen's bread, and have submitted to worship the great God of Heaven privately, as thieves going forth to do evil. We have seen this poor land deluged with Christian blood, and scorched with the ashes of just men, without once lifting up our voices against the iniquity of her leaders. The lash has now fallen upon our own backs, but shall we therefore cry aloud for these slight wrongs, when a whole nation is suffering evils greater than have befallen us?"

There was reason in what the good man said, and reproach was implied both in word and tone. Huntly felt that his own impulses had been less pure and upright than those that actuated his clear-sighted friend. When he answered, it was in a different tone to that he had hitherto used.

"But if *we* must even yet bear the chains of bond servants, let us at least secure this gentle maiden from farther insult, by removing her to a place of safety," he said.

"Is there any roof which can so properly shelter her as that which covers her father and betrothed husband?" said Copley.

"And if King Philip—" added the youth bitterly.

"Where is the castle so strong or the hut so lonely that the King may not enter it at will?" replied Copley.

"But how can we protect her, how within the very net of the fowler? What can a gentleman and a powerless secretary avail against the sinful devices of one propped up in kingly power?"

"A maiden's best protection lies in her own pure integrity. While the vicious and the weak fall beneath temptation, the pure and lofty of heart struggle with it, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, to come forth wiser and stronger than before. King Philip is rich in a power to do evil, but above him is the King of kings, one who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. I have no fear of my daughter."

Alice drew close to her father, and once more wound her arms about him—her lips trembled with generous

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emotion, and her eyes glistened with tears. Copley bent down, put the ringlets back from that fair brow, laid his broad palm upon it, and lifting his face to the star set heavens, uttered a solemn and heart-thrilling prayer for her safety. It was a touching scene, for the heart of that untaught man was imbued as with the eloquence of angels. When the fervent amen was uttered, the secretary joined it in a voice which bespoke the more christian feelings that had taken possession of his spirit. Alice was too deeply affected for words, but her lips moved and her pure young heart went up burstingly with that eloquent prayer. There was another voice too—a low sobbing breath, as of some person struggling to suppress feelings already beyong control. It arose from behind the clump of trees where the dark figure we have mentioned, lay crouching in the shadow. His stifled sobs were perfectly audible and yet the group beyond were deeply occupied by their own thoughts, and the sound aroused no suspicion.

"We must not forget our errand hither," said Copley after his companions had become subdued to a more tranquil state. "Come hither, Master Huntly, and help me to lift the flag."

Huntly followed his friend a few paces into the park and removing a quantity of dry grass that lay heaped beneath a thicket of wild thorn, laid bare a small stone flag, which being removed, gave to view, a wooden box closely lined with double layers of surge. From this receptical Copley reverently lifted a ponderous bible, rudely bound and hasped with iron, which he bore to the promentory were Alice still remained. The secretary drew forth steel and flint and kindled a torch which he thrust into the sword beneath the oaks. They all sat down together on the matted roots that coiled among the grass, and Huntly opened the bible and began to read aloud, by the flashing and fitful light. It was a beautiful picture, those three persons grouped together beneath that dusky clump of trees. The torchlight shed a yellow and crimson glow amid the thick leaves, that shivered over their heads, just sufficiently to reveal the glossy dew and the dim shadows woven among them. A soft golden brilliancy fell slumbering upon the thick grass all around, in lovely contrast with the dense shadow and the calm holy moonbeams that lay upon the whole outward landscape. Sometimes, when the flame was swayed by the wind, a bright gleam would dart over the lake and die away again, like the flash of a golden arrow shooting into the bosom of the waters, and for one moment the quiet of the scene was disturbed by a deer which crept from its fragrant lair near the promentory and fixing its great black eyes on the strange group, plunged into the park, terrified by the sight of human beings in that solitary place. The secretary lifted his head for a moment at the noise, and then bowed over his book again. Alice started, looked timidly about, and creeping closer to her father's side, nestled her hand into his palm, and again became tranquilized by the deep solemn tones of her lover's voice. By degrees her sweet features became placid, serious, and almost holy in their expression, a smile lay upon her lips and her eyes filled with a strange spiritual light. She was gazing upon the secretary with an earnest, untroubled look, yet it was not the fine intellectual face of the young man, as he bent over the bible, pale with previous agitation and chastened by the shadow of subdued passions, that awoke the gentle beauty of her countenance. It was not the rich black hair that fell in masses over his shoulders, or the chiseled beauty of his high forehead, that rivited her gaze. The spirit that awoke hers was something higher, holier than a form of earthly beauty, perfect though it was. There was a holy fire kindling over those features, a depth of feeling and fervency of devotion breathing in his voice that awoke every pure feeling in the young enthusiast's heart, 'till its best strings vibrated to the sound of his voice with a kindred harmony. They knelt down together—those three persons—within the light of the waning torch, and there went up to heaven a voice so deep-toned, so solemn and earnest, that it seemed like the ponderous tones of an organ forcing its way through the arches of the upper air. The secretary bowed his face to the earth awe stricken by the ardent eloquence of that good man, his breath came thick and his spirit struggled like a bird to soar upward with the eagle flight of him that was pouring forth his strong soul at the feet of Jehovah. Calm and quiet, with closed eyes and her face uplifted trustingly to heaven, knelt the young girl by her father's side, like a timid dove, sheltered by the wing of an eagle; a sweet solemn trustfulness lay upon her heart, and though her spirit found no words, it mingled with those of her father, and went up to heaven not the less pure that it borrowed something from his strength.

"Three nights hence we will meet here again, my child," said John Copley as he and the Secretary returned from depositing the bible in its strange hiding-place.

"Our heavenly father grant it!" said Alice. "I know not how it is, father, but as you and Master Huntly were out among the trees yonder, a strong apprehension came over me—a feeling that henceforth these blessed hours of devotion would be denied to us."

"Fear not," said the Secretary, joining them, "it was but the anxiety of an overtasked spirit. But see, the moon is already sinking behind the hills. We must hasten, Master Copley, or the castle gates will be closed for the night."

Thus saying, the friends hurried from the spot which had been consecrated by so many holy feelings, and pursued their way toward the palace. Scarcely had they disappeared when the figure which had unseen haunted them, arose from the earth feebly and as one worn and exhausted by conflicting emotions. He stood for a moment with his arms folded, and his small dark face bent to the earth, then with a sudden start he sprang lightly forward, and was soon lost in the shadows of the park.

(To be continued.)

THERE is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.—*Johnson.*

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Original.

THE AGES OF GOLD AND IRON;

FROM AN AGRICULTURAL ORATION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THE period, fancifully denominated the age of gold, was not one of simple fiction. It had its date and existence, without doubt, in the progress of every primitive nation. It was, unquestionably, that period when the great majority of mankind was engaged in agriculture—when there were no strifes of commercial enterprize—when the jealousies of trade provoked not to war, and its attractions seduced none from the paths of industry—before cunning had sapped the strength from manhood, and baseness had corrupted the soul of magnanimity! Agriculture, being expressly a divine institution, had the natural effect of subduing the passions of men, of regulating their appetites, promoting gentleness, harmony, and universal peace among them. The earth was enriched by judicious cultivation, and the population of the world was necessarily and proportionately increased:

> "Their harvests ever swell
> The sower's hopes: their trees o'erladen, scarce
> Their fruit sustain; no sickness thins the folds:
> The finny swarms of ocean crowd the shores,
> And all are rich and happy."*

The principles of agriculture were simple, exceedingly. That they might be made so, God, himself, was the great first planter.† He wrote its laws, visibly, in the brightest, and loveliest, and most intelligible characters, every where, upon the broad bosom of the liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate fruits, in beguiling and balmy flowers! But he does not content himself with this alone. He bestows the heritage along with the example. He prepares the garden and the home, before he creates the being who is to possess them. He fills them with all those objects of sense and sentiment which are to supply his moral and physical necessities. Birds sing in the boughs above him, odors blossom in the air, and fruits and flowers cover the earth with a glory, to which that of Solomon, in all his magnificence, was vain and valueless. To His hand we owe these fair groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees, these deep forests, these broad plains covered with verdure, and these mighty arteries of flood and rivers, which wind among them, beautifying them with the loveliest inequalities, and irrigating them with seasonable fertilization. Thus did the Almighty Planter dedicate the great plantation to the uses of that various and wondrous family which was to follow. His home prepared—supplied with all resources, adorned with every variety of fruit and flower, and chequered with abundance, man is conducted within its pleasant limits, and ordained its cultivator under the very eye and sanction of Heaven. The angels of Heaven descend upon its hills, God, himself, appears within its vallies at noonday—its groves are instinct with life and purity, and the blessed stars rise at night above the celestial mountains, to keep watch over its consecrated interests. Its gorgeous forests, its broad savannahs, its levels of flood and prairie, are surrendered into the hands of the wondrously favored, the new-created heir of Heaven! The bird and the beast are made his tributaries, and taught to obey him. The fowl summons him at morning to his labors, and the evening chaunt of the nightbird warns him to repose. The ox submits his neck to the yoke—the horse moves at his bidding in the plough, and the toils of all are rendered sacred and successful by the gentle showers and the genial sunshine which descend from heaven, to ripen the grain in its season, and to make earth pleasant with its fruits.

The origin of agriculture being thus dignified, the art was pursued by the Grey Fathers of the infant earth! Its kings and princes drove the harrow, and dropped the grain, and danced, with songs of thanksgiving, around the harvest. Their exercises continued to ennoble it; and, for ages, the destinies of the world were happily committed to the hands of men, whose chief distinction lay in their superior use of the sickle and the ploughshare. These were the patriarchal ages. Toil, then, if a duty, was no less an unadulterated blessing. Nothing can exceed the sweetness and felicity with which the poets expatiate upon this happy period. They sang, in its praises, without qualification, that it gave health to the body, strength to the frame, energy to the will, and nobleness to the purpose—that it conduced temperance, pure desires, devout thought, and becoming patriotism—that it inspired happy feelings among the people, brought the young together in fruitful marriage, and blessed the eyes of the patriarchal fathers with glimpses of a third and fourth generation. These were the very days of Astræa—the days of peace, and sunshine, and innocent mirth—of a long life of youth, unembittered by disease—health to the last—and when Death drew nigh, his approach was gentle and kind, like that of some friendly attendant, who lets down the curtains around us, and soothes us to repose. The toils of the day, in this happy period, were begun and closed in music. The shepherds led their flocks over the mountains, to the delicious strains of flute and flageolet—drew them together by the same process when they wandered, and, with a like summons, compelled them to follow homeward at the approach of evening. But the Golden Age was of short duration only. The same sweet instrument, in course of time, became the agent of a sterner influence. That which had been the chosen voice of love, now spoke in louder language at the requisitions of hate! The herdsmen and shepherds, when they became warriors, went into battle,

> "In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood,
> Of flutes and soft recorders."

Hence the origin of martial music. The plaintive notes which had led the shepherds and their kine, and responded to their doubts and hopes, in melodious murmurs which betokened gentleness and peace, were now exchanged for those of angry warfare, wild passions, and insatiate ambition.

> "So violence
> Proceeded, and oppression, and sword law,
> Through all the plain."

* Cowper.—† Jo Milton,—the Jovran planter.

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The application of an agent, once so innocent, whose only language, hitherto, had been that of love, to the purposes of strife and aggression, betrays, of itself, how large and how sudden was the change which had taken place in the minds and condition of the people. But this belongs, seemingly, to the usual, if not the natural order of events. The age of Iron had succeeded to that of Gold. Sterner feelings and passions overthrew the simplicities which had hitherto characterized the primitive races of the earth; even as the stronger appetites and desires of the man overgrow and absorb those, more gentle and limited, which prevail in the bosom of the child. Change naturally follows in the paths of prosperity, and the very accumulation of wealth occasions new desires, and suggests new necessities. When men had so far advanced in art as to be enabled to tame and gather within their folds the wild herds of the plain and prairie, a portion of their numbers was necessarily withdrawn from the cultivation of the earth, and assigned the duties of herdsmen. These were required to contend with the yet unsubdued monsters of the wilderness—to grapple with the Asiatic tiger, the swarthy and fierce lion of the Numidian deserts, and to level their sharp arrows at the breast of the Caucasian vulture. The herdsman consequently became the hunter, and the use of arms brought with it a passion for their exercise. The world soon became filled with a class, of whom Nimrod, that mighty hunter before the Lord, is a sufficient sample. The transition was not difficult, from hunting the wild beast of the forest, to hunting MAN! and WAR became the next and natural employment of the hunter. It was not easy for men, who had been accustomed, for years, to rove at will, in pursuit of their prey, to fall back, after their final conquest of the common enemy, upon the peaceful and regular employments of agricultural life. The occupation was too tame, too wanting in those excitements, the desire for which had become habitual, in consequence of their employments; and they yearned for the licentious pleasures of their wild and warlike pastimes. They had tasted the sweets of power—they had acquired the appetite for blood—they felt their strength—knew the weakness of the peaceful and unsuspecting farmer, and they selected him as their victim. He was more profitable as a victim, and far less to be feared as an enemy, than the lion of Numidia. The grain was no sooner ripened, than the warlike tribes descended from the mountains to the plains, and gathered their harvests with the sword. Vainly did the farmer strive to defend his possessions. The savage, inured to arms, and delighting in his exercise, was necessarily triumphant. Butchery followed, and the devastated fields grew fat in the blood of those who could till them no longer. Who shall predict—or limit the penalties which flow from every departure from the impervious line of duty? These crimes—this fatality, were the inevitable result, accruing from the adoption, by the herdsman, as a trade and occupation, of one of the incidental necessities of his condition. The first ordinances of the Deity were forgotten. The decree of labor, pronounced by the Creator as a judgment, has ever been borne, except for the brief and blessed period described in the age of Gold, with discontent, by the creature. The herdsman gladly becomes the hunter—the hunter, the warrior—the warrior, the robber; and the peaceful farmer is sure to be the victim. Hence, the desertion of fields, the depopulation of countries, the desecration of altars, the famine, the slaughter and undiminished misery everywhere! In proportion as the pursuits of agriculture became insecure, the races of men decline! this is the unerring law of God's providence, and the unerring consequence of man's disobedience. It cannot well be otherwise; and with the decline of population, will be the equally certain decline of prosperity and happiness. Such has been the history of all the nations. With the lapse of the patriarchal ages, Asia, the first and loveliest garden of the earth, became a desert, or something worse—Africa, a land of howling cannibals, which it must long continue; and when, in the progress of pursuing centuries, Europe grew maddened with the perpetual and exhausting strifes between the despoiled and the spoiler, the providence of God vouchsafed America as a new Land of Promise, and of refuge to the fugitive. But in that new land—that seemingly virgin empire—what was the melancholy history? The colonists found a wilderness, but there was no peace. Even here the same bitter seed had been sown, and the same bitter fruits were gathered. The same inevitable fate had followed the same wilful disobedience of mankind. The departure from those holy laws which enjoined industry, and blessed with abundance, had produced, among the red men of the new world, the same profitless scenes of strife and carnage which had distinguished the career of the ancestral nations. It was the wretched boast of the American savage, that he was the conqueror of the country! that he had invaded a numerous and highly civilized people—that he had ravaged their fields—sacked and destroyed their walled places—and having consumed the common enemy, had, at length, in the absence of all other victims, turned the barbed edges of his thirsty tomahawk upon his own brother. But what was the history of the people thus destroyed? were they wise—were they virtuous? For what unhappy sins had the Deity delivered them into the power of their wild invaders? Had they become inert in the accumulation of superfluous wealth? Did they disregard the wholesome laws of their creation? Did famine enfeeble their energies; or, in the sweet peacefulness of a golden age, that disarmed every domestic enemy, did they become heedless of those dangers which might follow the sudden presence of a foreign one? Perhaps, if we might trace the tale of their fortunes to its source, it would not be unlike that of all the rest! There was strife among themselves, which facilitated the progress of the invader, and sharpened his arrows. Faction strove with faction for the treasures of the commonwealth, or—which is the same—for its control. Then perished the public liberties. Then labor became a mercenary, and changed his ploughshare for the deadly brand of battle. Then industry and art were dispossessed of their fruits, and so, dishonored; and the city grew rank and ready for any pollution. When its suburban fields flourished

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no longer in smiling yellow beneath the mellowing signs of the autumnal heavens, its golden age was gone—gone for ever! Then was it only fitting that the mountain robber should descend to the harvest that was ready to his hands. So long as he heard from its busy streets the clink of the morning hammer, and beheld the keen scythe throughout the long hours of the autumnal day, so long did he tremble to encounter the muscular hands which grasped them. But when these tokens of sure strength and manly virtue were withdrawn, then did he know that the age of Iron was begun. Toil had given place to cunning and the barriers of moral and physical defence were all swept away.

The story is every where the same. It admits of no variation. The golden age is the age of agricultural pre-eminence. The nation whose sons shrink from the culture of its fields, will wither for long ages, under the imperial sway of Iron. It may put on a face of brass, but its legs will be made of clay. It may hide its lean cheeks, and all external signs of its misery, under the harlotry of art; but the rottenness of death will be all the while revelling upon its vitals, and a poisonous breath will go forth from its decay which will spread its loathsome taint along the shores of other and happier and unsuspecting nations!

Original.

TWO SONNETS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

I.

PLEASURE! what's that ?—the heat to reason's ice;
A specious term in use, to banish vice.
Men seek this beldame, and she seems to them
Attired in purple, decked with many a gem,
And fair as day-dawn when the bright sun sips
The dewy nectar from each blossom's lips.
Fools! strip her of her mask—her face is old;
Tinsel is that your eyes mistook for gold;
Her velvet, serge, and false her colored gaws—
Pursue her not, or, if pursuing, pause.
Virtue may seem austere, but dim your eye,
If less than bliss within her face you spy.
Or, if you deem aught false within her train,
Weak, your perception, and your judgment vain.

II.

Well have I learned by bitter deeds, to deem
Not always men are candid when they seem.
Cowards oft courage, as a mantle, don;
Liars talk loud their matchless truth upon;
Those born ignobly, bear of birth no taint,
And sinners hide them in the name of saint.
Not so with holy nature, who is still,
As she has ever been, and ever will,
Governed by laws, by fixed, unchanging rules,
That mock the wise man's fathoming, and fool's.
She still the same external visage wears,
Or filled with sunny smiles, or dewy tears.
Her every beauty to thy touch is free,
Mistress, as well as mother, she to thee.

Original.

ANACREONTIC FAREWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW," "HOWARD PINCKNEY,"

WE'LL drink to those who are drinking now,
Who of joys like ours are ever thinking,
Who fill the bowl with a laughing brow,
And thus are ever drinking, drinking:
Then dearest fill my cup for me,
And I will fill thy cup for thee,
Thus will we love and wine impart,
And pour their gladness in the heart.

We'll drink to those who are roving now,
From fair to fair, as we are roving,
Who give to each a passing bow;
And thus are ever loving, loving:
Dearest, etc.

Come, kiss me, while you brim the bowl,
Now, while its liquid joys are streaming—
We'll taste the grape's delicious soul,
And Love to Love is beaming, beaming.
Dearest, etc.

What's life? a desert's cheerless woe—
And we are pilgrims onward going,
And wine's the sparkling Fountain's flow,
To cheer us onward, flowing, flowing.
Dearest, etc.

And by that Fountain blooms a flower—
Woman! When our joys are cloying,
We'll bear our wine-cups to her bower,
And thus for aye be joying, joying:
Dearest, etc.

Fill deep, for it is early yet,
Be far away the thought of warning—
We saw the glorious day-god set,
And over the hill he's coming, coming:
Dearest, etc.

With the fair dawn I haste away,
To the far west my footsteps turning,
Where Freedom, like the shining day,
Wide o'er the land is burning, burning:
Dearest, etc.

Yet will I bear ye in my heart,
With every sense of gladness living,
With all that Friendship can impart,
And all that love is giving, giving:
Dearest, etc.

We've lit the lamp of love together,
And when, alas! it wanted trimming,
We've sought, like birds less murky weather,
The generous wine-cup brimming, brimming:
Dearest, etc.

We've met in many a festive hall,
And whispered low to beauty listening;
And sought in vain to tell of all
With which the eye was glistening, glistening:
Dearest, etc.

We joined our hearts in boyhood's glee,
When all the world seemed made for laughing,
And now, if parted we must be,
Why, brim the bowl, be quaffing, quaffing:
Then dearest fill my cup for me,
And I will fill thy cup for thee,
Thus will we love and wine impart,
And join their gladness in the heart. F. W. T.

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Original.

A RARE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It was not yet dusk, and the gayety of the careless hour of evening was at its height in the streets of Florence, along which two men might be seen passing, arm in arm, who took no part in the conversation of those near them, nor stopped for a moment to hear the music and songs with which at almost every corner minstrels were regaling the crowd. They were engaged in earnest discourse; and seemed now grave, now merry, as though their conversation was desultory rather than otherwise. The appearance of one of them would have struck any casual observer; not only were his face and figure handsome, but the rapidity and decision of his movements, the nobility of his features, and the fire in his flashing eyes, denoted the possessor of no ordinary talent. He was carelessly dressed, but moved with a free grace which any court gallant would have envied; in short it was Salvator Rosa, the eminent painter, poet, and improvisatore. His companion was Lorenzo Lippi, his intimate friend, faithful to him in spite of the reverses his own imprudence had occasioned.

They walked on some time in silence, when Salvator suddenly burst into a laugh.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed he; "I cannot but laugh to think in what surprize and apprehension I left my worthy friends at Rome! As fast as post-horses would carry me, I went, and after figuring in disguise at the carnival and masque, invited each of them to meet me before midnight; entertained them sumptuously while they were railing at my prodigality, and off for Florence again before dawn. Not a soul of my Roman enemies knew of mine adventure, but 'tis all abroad before this. How they will fume with rage to think of being outwitted! Ha, ha!"

"You are a mad fellow, Salvator," said Lippi, "but there is no use in my rehearsing the lesson of prudence in your ears, when they have been so lately refreshed by the counsels of your friend, Minacci. I am one of those who trust you have a good heart under all your wild humors, that will appear in time, when you shall no longer be an exile from the city of your choice. But had you no compunctious feelings on visiting Rome?"

"I had no time for them, Lorenzo mio!" answered the painter, sighing however, in spite of himself. "Yet on one thing I am resolved; as I fled from Rome furtively and in disgrace, I will never return 'till I can show them all an equipage worthy of my splendid tastes; attire becoming a cavalier; servants in rich liveries, armed with silver hafted swords, etc., etc."

"There is not prospect of that at present, so far as I can see," observed his friend, with a smile.

"So says *la bella Lucretia!* But you shall both be proud of me yet. Do you know what spot I have fixed upon for my place of residence at Rome? It is on the Monte Pincio—the *Piazza della Trinitiá del Monte;* it commands, you remember, a magnificent view; the Capitol and Campus Martius, the groves of the Quirinal and Cupola of Saint Peter's, the ruined palaces of the Cæsars—the splendid villas—"

"Stop a moment," interrupted Lippi, laughing at his friend's castle-building, "and help me to consider where we are to get our supper to-night."

"True," cried the mortified Salvator, "we have need to look about us—for sooth to say, our appetites are none the worse for our artistical excursion this evening, and I have not a scrap of a drawing in my port-folio, worth a scudo, even if some generous Lanfranco could be found to purchase it."

It will be remembered that the genius of Salvator Rosa was first made known to the public by means of the Cavalier Lanfranco, who returning one day in his splendid equipage to his lodgings by *La Strada della Carita*, was struck by a picture of Hagar and her son, outside the shopdoor of a petty dealer in paintings. The artist was unknown; but the piece was marked "*Salvatoriello.*" Lanfranco immediately gave orders for all pictures bearing that name. Thus the painter obtained the first remuneration for his labors, though the first praise was reaped nearer home. Francanzani, his brother-in-law, used, on Salvator's return from excursions in the mountains to sketch, to rifle his port-folio; and not unpleasing to the ear of the young artist was approbation, even when expressed in the Neapolitan *patois* of his relative, who glancing by lamplight over his labors, would pat him smilingly over the head, and exclaim,—"*Fruscia, fruscia! Salvatoriello! che va buono!* (that is well done!)" plaudits remembered in after times, when the cupola of the Pantheon had rung with the admiration extorted by his genius!

Lippi protested also his present poverty, and was about devising a plan for obtaining a supper at the house of one of their friends, when Salvator said—

"No, we will be independent as long as we can. Our embarrassment is only for the present; to-morrow I may be rich. Come with me, meanwhile, to the house of Madonna Gaetano. She will entertain us—I warrant me!"

An *osteria*, or inn of considerable repute among the wits of Florence at that time, was kept by a dame of singular manners. The sign over her door indeed was enough to arrest the attention of the passer by: on it was simply inscribed, "*Al buon vino 'non bisoyna fruscia.*" And it was not only her racy orvietto that attracted to her inn the most distinguished men of Florence, and that caused it to be the resort of so many stranger cavaliers; her humor was as racy as her wine; and not a few came to lounge in her guest-room, for the pleasure of drawing her out, and of listening to her fluent and piquant discourse.

This dame though seventy years of age and hideously ugly, had conceived a romantic affection for Salvator Rosa; and on every occasion treated him to marks of regard that afforded no little amusement to his companions; for she was evidently not hopeless of a return. She gave the two friends however, a welcome much less warm than usual on their entrance into her osteria, this evening. Though it had been long since she had seen "her dear Salvator," she had few words to bestow on

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him; while she poured forth in voluble and not unmusical Tuscan, her wit to the refreshment of a party of strangers, who were just finishing their supper. Salvator, nothing daunted, talked with his usual vivacity, rallied her on her coldness, and when the strangers were gone, requested her to prepare a meal for his friend and himself.

"Ay, it is well, *caro mio!*" cried the dame, "you come here, and order supper, and take up my time in serving you, just as if you meant to pay me well for it afterwards."

"And how know you but I do, Anna?" asked the painter.

"Madre! do I not know you for the spendthrift Salvator Rosa! Do I not know you owe more, ay, to me, than you will ever pay, unless I will take love for coin."

"I should never be in you debt, if you would do that, dame," said Rosa."

"So you would say every day in the year," answered the Tuscan dame, looking very sullen, "but when I asked you for an hour of that time of which you waste so much in dissipation, that time you think I have naught to do but throw away, marry, you will never listen to me. So good night, gentlemen."

Lippi joined his entreaties to those of his friend, laughing all the while at the odd faces she made; and she seemed at length to relent.

"On one condition," she said, "I will be still your friend; ay, and ever afterwards. It is, Salvator, that you paint my picture."

"Paint your picture?" ejaculated both the artists in a breath."

"Yes, my portrait. Why not? I wish, as well as others, to reach posterity by the hand of the greatest master of the age."

Notwithstanding the complacent smile with which the dame confessed her ambition, Lippi at first thought her in jest. She soon, however, convinced both of them of the sincerity of her desire; and teased and provoked by her pertinacity, Salvator exclaimed,—"Well, Madonna, I will paint you, but it shall be at one sitting; you must not move from your seat 'till I have finished the picture. But I cannot paint fasting, so let us have some supper first."

This was soon accomplished; the smoking viands were placed upon the table, and our artists did ample justice to them. When supper was over, and they both refreshed by an ample draught of wine, Rosa drew forth his implements of work, adjusted the lights, and the dame commenced her sitting. She was dressed in the most grotesque style, and Lippi had much to do to preserve his gravity; but Salvator never changed countenance, while he went on with his work The portrait was dashed off with the Master's usual spirit and rapidity; and Lorenzo, glancing at it frequently, pronounced it done to life. Scarcely could the vain and impatient hostess retain her seat. The darling wish of her heart was about to be gratified; and she resolved that every one of her acquaintance should have an opportunity of admiring it before the next day was over. But whenever she moved, a frown from the painter reminded her of her engagement to sit still.

At length Salvator rose from his chair, pronounced the sketch finished, and placed the picture in a convenient light to be seen. Never did miser spring to contemplate his treasure with more eagerness than the dame Gaetano. Never was surprize greater than hers. The portrait was indeed a faithful likeness; nay more, it was an *inveterate* likeness; not the truest mirror could have given back a more unadorned reflection of the furrowed face. But to the face the painter had added a long *beard!* and lo! mine hostess *al buon vino* figured as an ancient male pilgrim, a character to which her harsh features, weather-beaten complexion, and gray hair, admirably suited.

We cannot attempt to describe the rage, chagrin, and mortification of the disappointed dame, nor to repeat a tithe of the abuse, which in the strongest Tuscan billingsgate, she lavished upon Salvator Rosa and his friend. They precipitately made their escape, leaving Madonna Anna to wreak her vengeance on the picture. This however, she prudently spared, depositing it in the garret where no one would see it without her knowledge. Notwithstanding the mortification it had cost her, she never suffered it to be defaced or destroyed; and after her death, her heirs sold the picture at an immense sum.

Original.

A SCENE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A REALITY THAT ROMANCE VERY RARELY REACHES.

It is often stated as a discouragement to American writers of romance that this country is deficient in material; that it affords none of the baronial castles, supplied with the legendary lore that throws so much interest over the very ground on which they stand, and offer traditionary embellishment at every step you take in wandering about their precincts. To some extent the remark is true, and the man of imagination has found it so; but, it is not true, nevertheless, in all particulars, and it is our present purpose to prove by the actual exhibition a real scene, that the realities of well authenticated facts, in some instances at least, furnish materials for story far beyond the *fiction* that has given so much delight to the readers of romance, and so much wonderment to the admirers of the marvellous.

Our romance is "founded upon fact" literally so to speak, and if telling simple truth and detailing actual facts should rise above or fall below the imaginary horrors and *manufactured* "chivalry" of border times, and the "absorbing interests" of the taffety heroines of the Scotch school, there is no help for it that I can think of—unless it be in the Utilitarian notion, now prevailing to some extent, that a true story is as worthy of attention as a false one—especially if its incidents happen to be as interesting and as strange as those that are wrought into the semblance of reality by the overworked brains of the professional romancer.

If, therefore, it should so chance that my narrative and my descriptions savor somewhat of romance, and by mere force of their own extraordinary character, awaken

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some interest in the reader, it is most humbly hoped and in some measure believed, that no body's lip will curl itself into contempt, merely because they happen to be *true*. If the subject is too recent for romance, and the names and dates which I shall be obliged to give in order that my readers may be enabled to believe in the *reality* of the scene described, I don't know of any better advice to give on the occasion, than this:—they must ante-date the occurrence, and *re-nominate* the actors in it. Instead of placing the period as I have been obliged to do out of regard to chronological accuracy and to a just consideration of "contemporaneous history," in the year and day mentioned, they must call it an occurrence of the 15th century, and grace the heroes and heroines "concerned in it," by such names of Norman origin, as are best deemed competent and appropriate. As a "Native American," I deem it all important to adhere more strictly to fact and be more literal as to names, than is considered either very necessary or very "nice" in such matters now-a-days. If I am too "statistical" and too precise, let the poets take up the matter on their own "hook," and the matter-of-fact men correct dates and "modify facts" in the most approved style of their vocation! It is only necessary for *me* to remain conscious of my own good intentions, and to tell the interlopers to—stand off.

The event intended to be commemorated in this short and certainly very unpretending modicum of history, took place on the 5th of September, 1819, and in relating the incidents connected with it, real names and real occurrences will be strictly adhered to.

It must be still fresh in the memory of those who do not choose to date their reminiscences more remote than the period alluded to, that the Steamboat Phœnix, commanded by Captain Sherman, one of the best and boldest of the steamer officers on the Lakes, and one of those in whom most confidence was placed as a man, a gentleman, and a sailor, left Burlington, Vt., for Saint John's, L. C., at that time. It was one of those glorious moonlight evenings which are found no where else in such brilliant perfection as on this continent, and it is not too much to say that the "queen of night" never shone elsewhere upon a lovelier scene than her rays fell upon and enlivened on this occasion.

Lake Champlain claims none of the olden associations which shed the wizard influences that make classic the romantic margins of Loch Lomond, Loch Tay, and Loch Katrine, of Scottish celebrity; but, it is inferior to neither of them in the beauty or the boldness of its shores, or in point of fact, in the traditionary riches of its lore. It has no castellated Baronial residences, and not many revolutionary ruins—though it is not entirely without *them*—but it is as bright in its moonlight landscape, and as glorious in the beauty of its wooded head-lands, as gorgeous in its mountain scenery, and as lovely in its lowland lawns, as the most *petted* water view that has ever aided the poet in his imagination or given hints to a prose writer to be poetical.

The night on which the unfortunate Phœnix left Burlington, with a large accession of passengers from that place for her voyage up the lake, was one of the most beautiful of the season, and one calculated of all others to add grandeur to the glorious scenery amidst which she wended her way. The moon-beams, while they seemed to convert the waves of the lake into a sheet of expanded silver, were playing among the verdant summits of the mountains that surrounded it, and seemed at every motion of the gallant vessel to give them new tints and new beauties. The green mountains of Vermont on one side and in the distance, seemed placed there on purpose to offer a more sublime back ground to the nearer beauties of the borders, near which the steamer was threading her firery course through the blue waters of the lake. On each side of the expanse the admiring passengers were equally gratified. Here was the moon tipping with silver the pinnacles of the *Camel-romp*, and there throwing peculiar beauties over the summit of the Man's-fated Mountain. Bald Ridge and White Fan glittered with new beauties, and seemed to partake of new romance in the exquisite loveliness of the panorama. The passengers were all on deck and in the midst of the admiration which such a scene was calculated to inspire, when one of those phenomena that so suddenly change the aspect on the lake, made its appearance, and drove the gazers all below.

The clouds gathered all at once in the west, and the whole horizon soon became enveloped in darkness. The overhanging clouds only brought with them intense cold, and a northwestern wind, without storm of other kind, and unaccompanied with aught else than the gloomy murkiness of an obscured atmosphere, and the chilliness of a September night.

The gallant boat was gliding gladsomely and swiftly through the waters. The quick rushing of the clouds together at a central point, and the agitation of the waves, consequent upon the increase of the wind, were all that were observable. The Captain, worn to weariness by the fatigues of several days and nights of unremitted care and labor in his calling, had retired to his berth, and was so sound asleep, that it was found difficult to arouse him, when Mr. John Howard, a passenger from Burlington, smelt fire. This gentleman, proverbial wherever he was known, for an unceasing vigilance of character, fully fortified his title to that character on this occasion. It was, as was always said of him, "impossible to catch him napping."

He found the boat on fire, and found too, that the flames had already made such progress below, that it was out of the question to check them. All that remained to be done, was for those on board, to escape as best they could. He immediately rushed through the cabins and gave the alarm. The fire had originated in the kitchen.

After Mr. H. had aroused the sleeping inmates of the cabins, the Captain was awakened, but so sound had been his slumbers, that even after he was first awoke, and sometime after the passengers were on deck in their night clothes, ready to save themselves if possible, by leaving the vessel, he still remained in his state-room, half asleep. He soon, however, was on deck, and nobly did he bear himself. Nothing could exceed the coolness and judgment which he manifested on the occasion.

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The most prompt and energetic measures were immediately adopted for the extinguishment of the flames; but every effort was unavailing. The engineer and firemen were very soon driven from their stations by the angry elements that had now got the mastery.

The cry was now, of course, for the pilot to put the boat ashore, and that officer promptly attempted it, but, he had only time to head her for the land before the tiller ropes burnt off, and he himself obliged to leave the wheel-house, and rush among the crew. His feelings had been wrought up to such a pitch, that when he reached the sufferers in another part of the vessel, his reason had departed, and he appeared among them, a raving maniac! So complete was the prostration of his mind, that the last time he was seen, he was proposing to the Captain, for all hands to go on shore upon two small pieces of wood which he held in his hands, and which he declared would be a sufficient raft for every body to go to shore upon.

The scene now may be imagined, but it is quite impossible to describe it. There remained not the slightest hope of saving the vessel, and of course no vestige of chance for personal safety, by remaining on board. The prospect of reaching the shore in the small boats was very faint indeed, for besides the difficulty of launching them amidst the confusion that had now become general and almost uncontrollable, the wind had increased to an actual gale. The passengers were in the utmost terror. The Phœnix was utterly unmanageable, and well-grounded apprehensions were felt, that the larger quantity of combustible matter near the boilers and about the machinery, would check the proper supply of water, and thus very soon add to the other horrors of the scene, an explosion that would blow them all to fragments.

The two quarter-boats were of sufficient capacity to take the whole crew and passengers on board; but, how were they to be got into the water? How were those on board the burning steamer to get into the small-boats even if they could be launched?

It was, however, determined to attempt it, and the smallest of the boats was launched and brought alongside. Great efforts were made to prevent a rush, but, a rush took place, and in a moment as it were, twenty-two souls were on board, including the ladies. Mr. D. D. Howard,* an officer of the Phœnix, was the last that leaped into the launch, his father, Mr. J. Howard, at that moment, throwing on board a bag that contained a large sum of money which he was conveying from a bank in Burlington to Montreal. This boat put off with its passengers, and it was to the firm and indomitable courage and presence of mind of Col. Henry Thomas and Mr. Howard, that those on board were indebted for their lives. The boat could never have landed but for the skill and intrepidity of those two gentlemen. There are those now living in this city, in Boston, and in other parts of the United States, who will never forget the gratitude due to their manly and untiring efforts on this trying occasion.

The first boat had no sooner left the Phœnix than the other and larger one was launched. Captain Sherman was on the burning deck, directing and advising the crew and passengers; but his admonitions to avoid a rush were fruitless, a rush *was* made. Fifteen got on board, and though the boat was large enough to take all that remained on board the fated steamer, those who had got into the boat were fearful of swamping, and the engineer, one of the number, became frightened and cutting the fastning, the boat was soon out of hearing of the sufferers in the burning steamer. She made immediately for the first and smaller boat, and soon came up with her, when Messrs. Howard and Thomas, learning the fact, that the last boat had left a number on board the wreck, then burning furiously and running through the waves like a race horse on land, and that the Captain and Mr. John Howard were among the number, they made the strongest appeals to their fellow sufferers to go back and endeavor to save those perishing in the flames. Captain Burnham who was in the smaller boat, readily agreed to take command of her and to join in the attempt; but those on board the other boat were alarmed and impatient, and both boats were put towards Providence, an uninhabitated island in about the middle of the lake, here nearly twenty miles wide.

After Messrs. Thomas and Howard had succeeded in landing their charge, they immediately endeavored to induce volunteers to launch the boat and go in search of the wreck, in the hope of saving alive those who might still cling to her or of rescuing such of the sufferers as may have taken to the water; but not a soul save one would consent to run the risk of accompanying those brave men. Much indeed, was to be urged against so perilous and to all human appearances, so helpless an undertaking, for the boat had nearly filled before landing, and was only prevented from beating to pieces on the rocks by the hardy efforts of Colonel Thomas, who jumped overboard and stood up to his waist in the water for that purpose.

However, Howard and Thomas were not the men to give up in an emergency like this. They were determined to save the survivers if there were any human possibility of doing so. In making her way towards the wreck the small boat met the large one, and directed her where to land, and an agreement made at the same time, for both boats to go to the rescue of those left behind, and to do so in different directions.

The result was a very happy one, for the boats succeeded in picking up ten of the unfortunates, who had left the burning boat on tables, benches, planks, etc. Among the number was Captain Sherman and Mr. Howard, the elder. Neither of whom left the wreck 'till they saw the last person off, each provided with the best means of preserving life that it was in their power to find for them. Mr. Howard and a Mr. Harris had been in the water more than two hours, with scarcely a prospect of ultimately saving themselves. The two boats, after

* This officer is well known to every traveller, and especially to every one who values his comfort in travelling, as the gentlemanly and senior proprietor of HOWARD'S HOTEL in this city. A house that has already grown into a popularity as unprecedented as it is well deserved. Few men combine so many qualifications for the head of such an establishment, as Mr. Howard.

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an indefatigable search of more than five hours, were unable to find any more of the victims, gave over their exertions. Six, out of the fifty persons on board the Phœnix, were never found.

The situation of the sufferers after landing on the island, was one of intense distress, and a moment's imagination can do more in depicting it, than any pen can hope to accomplish. The night was cold and dark in the extreme, a severe gale of wind blowing over the lake and the land. A large portion of the passengers were females of all ages, and many of them nursed in the lap of luxury and refinement; unused to aught but the tenderest nurture and the most delicate and assidious attentions of friends. Here they were, matron and maiden, old age and infancy, in the same common calamity; thrown ashore upon a bleak and desolate island in a wide waste of waters, without food, and almost without clothing; for few of them had time in escaping from the flames to provide themselves with any other apparel than the night garments in which they had retired to rest.

Here, were they fated to pass that dreary night, half perishing with cold, and their condition rendered still more awful not only by a contemplation of the perils that they had just escaped from, but by the appalling suspense still hanging over their own destiny; for they had no definite idea of the spot they were thrown upon, or any certainty as to their own ultimate safety. Whether they would be able to survive the sufferings of their situations—whether those left struggling with the waves would ever return, or whether succour would reach them from any quarter, were questions that they shuddered to put to each other, and which no individual dared scarcely to put to himself.

There were upon this lonely island, those who would have graced and given interest to the loftiest assemblage of beautiful women that was ever made the theme of the poet; there were congregated some of the loveliest of the land, and there seemed likely to be severed some of the tenderest ties that bind humanity to life! There mourned the mother over the children separated from her by the very boat that had enabled her to save her own life; and here was to be seen the maiden who had escaped death in her own person only to find a worse one in that sore stroke that had swept from her all that was dear to her on earth, and left her dead in the widowhood of her heart's best affections. Who can paint the agony of such a scene? What description can pretend to reach the reality of so much complication of woe? How much worse than death is the state of that young and lovely creature, who forgetful of her own destiny is shivering on the shore in the vain hope of descrying amidst the mad waves that beat upon the island, some signs that the gallant youth she had parted with upon the wreck might, by some improbable possibility, be saved. Look at that fair form bending in speechless agony over the sustaining shoulders of a husband, as she intently gazed upon the wild waters, in the fondly cherished hope of seeing a brother float ashore upon some fragment of the wreck! Can human endurance be called upon to sustain a more intense state of human suffering? There was a wildness of horror, an actual concurrence of aggregated miseries thrown upon the scene, such as have very rarely clustered upon the destiny of the distressed.

The time, the place and the circumstances combined to give peculiar intensity to the sufferings of this horrid night. The heavens were overhung with a darkness dense as the atmosphere of a dungeon, the angry bellowings of the broad waters, were, of themselves, terrific enough to blanch the cheek of the boldest, and amidst this gloomy grandeur of the situation, there was one feature in the scene, which none but those who looked upon it can ever have but very faint conceptions of. The fated boat herself, left to her own control and her own guidance, flying like a comet broke from its path through the heavens, was scudding through the surges of the lake, at a speed little less rapid than the career of that comet. Her head was in an opposite direction from the island, and as she travelled over the troubled waters, seemed like the phantom ship which affrights the descendants of those who murdered the crew of the "Old Palatine," upon the shores of Block Island.

She was flying from the sufferers as though appalled at the calamity that she had herself occasioned, and anxious to escape from the presence of her victims!

Her spars and rigging formed one continued sheet of living flame, and the black hull, pierced with cabin-lights through her whole length, was spouting fire and smoke from each opening, and seemed to the spectator like a line of battle ship, pouring uninterrupted broadsides into an enemy. No human spectacle ever presented greater grandeur, or accompanied the exhibition by more heart-rending associations. Even the tremendous conflict which terminated in the prostration of the red cross to the superior prowess of those who did battle under the starry striped banner of the Republic—a conflict that took place but a few years before, on these very waters, fell very far short of the terrific picturesqueness of this scene. Here McDonough had beaten down the proud emblem of England's boasted invincibility, and here the thunders of Yankee cannon had silenced the superior (superior only in number and weight of metal, not in the spirit with which the guns were worked,) fire of the British Naval Artillery; but, as a *spectacle*, the achievement could not be compared with the present scene.

But, I have dwelt too long upon this theme, and must hasten to a close. The sufferers all survived the horrors of the night on the island, and at almost the middle of the next day, boats were seen coming to their rescue from Burlington. The people of that village, with a feeling for which they always have, and always will, I trust, be proverbial, sent every assistance to the sufferers, took them off the island to their own hospitable homes, and furnished every comfort that kindness could suggest or ample means provide. The recognitions which took place as the succourers reached the island, would afford material for volumes of romance, and which may yet be used in proving, how much reality may sometimes exceed fiction. There met the mother with the son she thought burned to death in the wreck, or drowned beneath the waves of the lake—there flew the father to

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the arms of his child given up for lost—there embraced again the husband with the wife of his bosom—that husband who was believed to have sunk to rise no more—and here again were united on earth the lone and lovely one with him she deemed gone from her for ever!

* * * * * *

We drop the curtain for the present. C. F. D.

Original.

THE LOST TRAVELLER.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

In this dreary forest lost!
Thick around the snows are tost,
Whirling as the whistling breeze
Rushes through these bending trees,
Whose rough branches frown around
Like dark spectres o'er the ground.
Fast the fleecy billowy heap
Gathers round me bleak and deep,
Heaving like the rolling main
Lashed by storms o'er its wide plain,
Pouring o'er the fisher's prow
Like this tempest o'er me now,
Fast the sunset's parting glow
Fades along the wreathed snow,
Fast the night is gathering black,
And no sign of human track
Can I in these deserts meet,
To direct my toiling feet.

Every hill is white with snow,
Deep the vales are heaped below,
Hidden is the well-known lake
And the brook whose waters take
Their clear route along the glen,
Mute and waveless mocks my ken,
Not a feature may I trace
Of the landscape's rigid face.
Long and loud the piping blast
Howls as it careereth past,
Like the wild wolf's famished pack
Yelling on its quarry's track.
Would that some blest starry beam
On my 'wildered sight would gleam,
Or some cottage lamp illume
This wide-spreading dusky gloom,
Or some glittering belfry show
Its white spire above the snow,
That the pathway might be traced
O'er the undistinguished waste.

Onward! though my reeling form
Scarce can struggle with the storm,
Onward—though my failing breath
Chills at the approach of death;
Onward—though my freezing heart
Tells me life must soon depart;
Onward still while warmth remains
In these dull and sluggish veins,
While there's life there still is hope,
Though in thickest gloom I grope.

Vain, all vain! no living sound
Cheers these savage glooms around.
No dear church-bell loud and clear
Echoes to my dying ear,
And no sheep-bell from the farm
Soothes my spirit with a balm.
Comes no foot-step of a friend,
Warning whither now I tend;
Comes no voice of wife to pour
Comfort on this anguished hour;
And no prattle of my child
Cheereth me across the wild,
While a drowsy trance doth roll
Fearfully upon my soul!

Darker, darker, falls the night!
Fainter, fainter fails my sight;
Colder, colder rolls my blood,
Scarcely pouring its chilled flood;
Weaker, weaker grows each limb,
Dizzily my eye-balls swim,
Deeper, deeper pile the snows,
And more fierce the tempest blows,
And beneath the moonless sky
Soon must I drop down to die.
But methought I saw a ray
From some cottage window stray,
On my sense a voice did fall
Louder than the whirlwind's call.
Joy! it was the blessed flame
From my own bright hearth that came.
Joy! it is the deep-mouthed roar
Of my watch-dog at the door.
Joy! the sheltering roof I gain,
Safe from wintry snow and rain.

Trim the lamp and trim the fire,
Let it kindle higher, higher—
Pile the generous faggots high,
Let them thaw me or I die—
Shake the snow so icy cold
From my stiffened mantle's fold;
Quickly let the spreading board,
Bend beneath the genial hoard,
Let the foaming tankard swim
With rich liquor to its brim,
Add the brown loaf to the ale
Ere this famished body fail,
Then upon the welcome bed
Be the downy covering spread,
That these limbs in slumber prest
May restore themselves in rest.

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta;* for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—*Bacon.*

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Original.

THE WILL; OR, LAW'S LABOR LOST.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buys lands, but wives are sold by fate."
SHAKSPEARE.

"FRANK! Frank Erldon! what in the world is the matter with you? I have been standing at your elbow these five minutes, and you don't seem to have heard a word that I have been saying."

"I beg your pardon, sister, I did not see you."

"No, nor do you seem to see any thing else: look, your segar has burned a hole in the paper lying on your knee, and I suppose you would not have discovered it until the fire had penetrated to the flesh."

Frank laughed, and tossing away his mouldering segar, said, "I was absorbed in thought, Mary, and forgot every thing."

"Pray what were you thinking about, brother? were you pondering on the case of some suffering patient, or recalling the charms of the last new face in Broadway?"

"Neither, sister; the last new face is perfectly indifferent to me, and as for patients—Heaven help the mark—if it were not for my hospital duties, I believe I should forget my profession."

"Why, you certainly have had time enough since you wrote yourself down M. D., to have some experience in the art of killing *secundem artem*."

"Ah, my good sister, you know little of the struggles which men are compelled to make against evil fortune. Talk of hardships! why, the lot of a common laborer is luxury, compared to that of a young physician."

"How do you prove that, pray?"

"Very easily. The laborer *is* poor, and *seems* poor, while his daily toil procures him food, clothes and fire, which are all he wants; but a young physician—an intellectual and educated man, with refined tastes and habits, compelled to look and act the gentleman, even in the midst of actual want, and denied the privilege of cultivating his best affections because poverty is ever at his heels, is the most luckless wretch beneath the sun."

"What a sombre-tinted picture you have made, brother."

"I have drawn my tints from facts, Mary. People will not employ a young and unmarried doctor; they think wisdom is never to be found unaccompanied by wrinkles. No fashionable belle ever dreaded the first grey hair as much as I have watched and hoped for it."

"For shame, Frank; just look in that glass, if your eyes can penetrate the dust that lies upon it, and tell me if you would like to see streaks of silver mingling with those fine masses of black hair upon your temples."

Frank glanced towards the mirror, not without a slight feeling of gratified vanity, for he could not but be sensible that few finer persons were ever reflected from its shining surface. "After all," said he, with a half sigh, "What is the use of good looks, or talent, or industry? here have I been hiving up knowledge for years, and gathering a store of kindly affections since my boyhood, yet my knowledge is useless, and my affections only prey upon my own heart. I cannot obtain a lucrative practice as a physician, because I am too young. I cannot marry because I have no practice, and by the time old age has given me a diploma to kill or cure *ad libitum*, I shall have no love to bestow upon any one."

"A most lamentable tale, truly, brother; there is only one way that I can perceive to enliven it; you must marry a rich wife."

"This from *you*, Mary! from *you*, who refused one of the richest men in the community, to marry the object of your early attachment."

"I did not say you must marry a woman whom you did not love, Frank, for the sake of her wealth; are there no loveable women to be found among the rich? The pretty widow, for instance, with whom you were walking yesterday," said Mary, with an arch smile.

"For Heaven's sake, sister, do not speak of her: I can bear with your merry jests, on any subject but that."

"My dear brother, I would not, for the world, sport with your serious feelings; but why, if you love her, are you so unhappy? She must be fastidious indeed, if she cannot feel a reciprocal esteem for a man like Frank Erldon."

"Sit down beside me, Mary, and I will tell you all I know about her; you shall sympathize with me, and perhaps advise me. About six months since, I had just laid aside my books, and was drawing on my gloves for my usual walk, when the office door opened, and a head, covered with shaggy red hair was thrust in:—

'Is the docther home?' was asked in a rich brogue.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Och, shure—he's jist fell, and lies for dead."

"An accident, I suppose."

"That's it, shure enough."

I looked at my neat dress, my light gloves, and my best beaver, and hesitated a moment, for I have had some little experience in mending broken bones and cracked pates. But the man was waiting, so notwithstanding my forebodings of an ugly job, and no fee, I followed him. "Has the man hurt his head?" I asked, still thinking it was some laborer who had fallen from a neighboring building.

"Och, thin, his head is jist gone intirely," was the luminous reply.

"Then there is not much use in my going," said I.

"What 'ud be ailing me to tell your honor a lie; it's his sinses I mane; his head's jist where it belongs, and that's on his shoulders, shure."

With a hearty laugh at the droll look, as well as the droll speech of the honest Irishman, I followed him to the door of a large house in the next street; and, much to my surprize, was ushered into a well-furnished drawing-room, where I beheld an old man stretched on a sofa, in all the stupor of apoplexy. To tell you the truth, Mary, I was not sorry to find myself the first doctor upon the ground, and I immediately adopted the most prompt measures for the relief of the patient. Don't look so alarmed; I am not going to give you the details of his treatment; it is enough to say that the old man at length gave some signs of returning animation. He was carried to bed, and, as I foresaw that death

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would probably ensue, though several days of unconsciousness might intervene, I thought it advisable to divide the responsibility, by proposing to send for the family physician.

"We have none," exclaimed a sharp-voiced elderly woman, whom I concluded to be the old man's wife. "Mr. Brambleton was always afraid of doctors, and he never had a family doctor."

"Did you never get sick?" I asked in some surprize.

"Oh, yes, but we always sent to the druggists for a dose of medicine, and with that, and some *yerb tea*, we doctored ourselves."

I turned away to hide a smile as I replied, that in this case more powerful remedies were required, and, mentioning the name of a distinguished physician, I begged that he might be called in consultation.

"I should think you risked the loss of your patient by the *doctor*, if not by the disease," said Mary laughing.

"No sister, I knew my man; Dr. ——'s character for probity and high-mindedness, is so well established, that one may consult him, without expecting to be superceded by him. I am sorry I cannot pay the same honest tribute of respect to all the fraternity. However, Dr. —— came, approved of all I had done, and kindly left me the whole management of the case, only affording me the benefit of his advice. To be sure, there was little to be done, except to watch the disease, and seize any favorable change that might occur. Mr. Brambleton recovered his consciousness so far as to recognize persons around him, and the first evidence he gave of it, was to order the old lady out of his room. He refused to receive any thing except from the hands of a young and beautiful creature whom I had supposed to be his daughter, but whom, to my great surprize, I now learned was his *wife*. He was old enough to be her grandfather, Mary and as testy and choleric as you can imagine.

"He seemed fast recovering, when one day something occurred, which excited his anger against the old woman, his wife's mother. He flew into a violent passion; his rage actually choked his utterance, and in the midst of this excitement, he was seized with another apoplectic fit. He died in twelve hours after. Thus ended my duties towards him, but Mrs. Brambleton, young, sensitive and timid, was shocked and terrified at his sudden death. She was nervous and hysterical for several days, and it required some skill to soothe the excessive agitation of her system."

"You found her a dangerous patient, brother."

"I did, indeed, Mary, but not at that time. I had no disposition to fall in love with the widow beside the coffin of her husband. But I fear I have since seen her too often for my own peace; I have called upon her, frequently, under the plea of professional duty, but she needs no such care, for her health is as good as my own, and I shall now be compelled, in spite of myself, to cease my visits."

"What is there to hinder your visiting her, if you admire her, Frank?"

"Her wealth, Mary, and my poverty; I cannot bear to have my motives misinterpreted, and my best feelings misunderstood."

"Are you sure she is rich?"

"There is no doubt of it. The will has been opened, at least, I judge so, from the fact that my bill was paid a few weeks after the old man's death—and he is said to have been worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"But perhaps she does not inherit it."

"Alas! Mary, if she is rich I dare not offer her my heart, lest she should think me interested in my views; if she is not wealthy I must never breathe my love, for how could I bear to reduce her to poverty such as mine?"

"Come, come, Frank, don't give yourself up to despondency; if you love her, try to discover the nature of her feelings, and if you find your affection returned, then marry her; let people say what they will. The gossip of that many-tongued monster, whom we call the world, is little to be regarded. It called me a *fool* for preferring *love in a cottage*, and perhaps it will deem you a *knave* for finding *love in a palace;* but what need we care if we are happy in our own way. Remember the pretty song—

'Tom, if you love me, pray tell me so.'

How is she to give you any evidence of her feelings, if you are resolute in repressing your own?"

"How I wish I was rich!"

"And she poor, I suppose; a very kind wish, truly; I dare say the pretty widow would not thank you for it. Take my advice, Frank, if she is gentle and kind and warm-hearted, win her if you can. If *she marries you*, it must be for *love*, as it certainly can't be for *money*; and now, good bye; I wanted you to walk with me, but it is now too late, so I will leave you to your *brown study*."

"Ah," sighed Frank, as her cheerful face disappeared from his view; "if I could but find as true-hearted a creature as that dear sister of mine, I should have little fear for my future happiness. But I dare not tell her all my cares; I could not tell her that even while I believe the lovely Julia Brambleton might be won, I am restrained from the pursuit by the remembrance of her past life. Why did she marry that cross old man? How can so young and gentle a creature be mercenary and selfish? Yet would she have wedded age and ill temper, if she had not been both? Heigho! she is very beautiful; I wish I had never seen her. But I must not sit moping here; my health requires regular exercise, and I suppose Mrs. Brambleton thinks the same of herself, for I always meet her at this hour in Broadway. Heigho!" and so saying, the young doctor brushed his best broadcloth coat, dusted his shining boots, pulled his snowy wristbands *down*, and his immaculate collar *up*, grasped his slender little cane, and sallied forth.

As he had expected, he met Mrs. Brambleton, shrouded in the 'weeds of deepest woe.' She invited him to attend her home, one of her servants being ill with a cold, and she wished his medical skill exerted in her behalf. Of course Frank was delighted. He prescribed for the girl—complimented the old mother on her good looks, (N. B., she had a face like that of a Chinese lion,

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or a Nankin jar,) and made himself so agreeable to the widow, that dinner was served before he thought of taking leave. But he was wise enough to decline the fair dame's invitation to remain and take a family dinner with them, for he had espied a warning glance in the old lady's eye, and a gathering cloud upon her brow, which, knowing her economical habits, he had tact enough to interpret into a presage of a meagre bill of fare.

The sickness of the domestic brought Frank Erldon to Mrs. Brambleton's house every day, and, as the housemaid had no greater objection to idleness and good nursing, than the doctor to a *tête-a-tête* with his charming mistress, several weeks elapsed before she became convalescent. During all this time, Frank had availed himself of his opportunities, and had made himself so agreeable to the young widow, that she learned to anticipate his daily visit as a pleasant interruption to the monotony of her secluded life. It was no wonder, therefore, that he became deeply fascinated with her loveliness. Beautiful and gentle, she appeared before him in all the bloom of early womanhood, for the sunshine of three and twenty summers had brought to perfection the graces of her person, while it ripened the fine qualities of her character. There was a degree of timid reserve in her manner, which seemed less the effect of her natural disposition, than the result of parental and conjugal restraint, but, as this gradually wore off, her cheerfulness of temper added another charm to her loveliness. But still she was a riddle to her young lover. He could not reconcile her frankness, her simplicity, her high-toned delicacy of feeling, with the fact of her *marriage.* There could be but one motive for her union with the peevish old man, whom she had so recently buried, and Frank knew not how to explain so mercenary an act, without doubting the truth and nobleness of her character. He could not unravel the mystery of these incongruities, and he felt that the subject was one which he ought not to contemplate, for what benefit should he derive from being able to believe her the most exalted of her sex, since in loving her, he must subject himself to the same imputation under which *she* now labored? "No," sighed he to himself, "if she be the angel which she seems, there is only so much the greater necessity for me to fly her presence. I cannot bear the jeers of the world, nor will I go through life dependant upon a wife for the very bread I eat. I will summon resolution enough to cease my dangerous visits, and learn to think of her only as one whose gentle beauty shed a momentary gleam of sunshine over my lonely life."

Alas! for the frailty of human nature, and the weakness of a lover's vow! In less than three hours after having made this wise resolution, he was at the side of the pretty widow, pacing that part of our beautiful Battery which has obtained the significant title of '*Declaration Avenue!*' The time, place and circumstance, were such as have proved irresistible temptations to many a prudent youth. The moonbeams, which shed a flood of light over the less sheltered walks, here fell in broken gleams through the thick foliage, diffusing a sort of tender twilight which has always been found a fitting time for lovers to breathe their vows, and for ladies to hear them. There was a soft melancholy in the blue eyes of the fair widow, which might be the shadow of past grief, but which seemed much more like present tenderness. Her heavy black veil was thrown aside, and her white forehead, her delicately-tinted cheek, her rosy mouth, had never appeared more lovely than when seen in that soft light. Frank felt his heart beating wildly at the touch of the small hand which rested on his arm, and, with the desperation of a man who finds himself on the brink of a precipice, without the strength to turn his steps aside, he yielded his whole soul up to the fascinations of the moment. Those words, which—however after life may fail to fulfil their promise—are never forgotten:—the words of earnest tenderness—the outpourings of a heart filled with passionate love—were uttered in the ear of his beautiful companion, and were answered by a look—a sigh—a broken murmur—which disclosed a volume of reciprocal affection.

That first delicious trance of youth! Who does not remember the moment when the voice of a dear one first breathed into the heart the exquisite music of a lover's vow? Who can forget the hour when the words never to be recalled—the burning words which told that the happiness of another was placed in our keeping—first fell upon the charmed ear? Who does not look back to that 'green spot on memory's waste' with pleasant tears? Happy, thrice happy they, who, from the sweet shelter of domestic bliss, can look upon it, not as the *oasis* of a desert, but as the 'fountain of delight'—the pure source of life-long happiness!

> "They loved, they were beloved:—said I not all
> In saying this?"

Alas! no: life is not poetry, and something more than love is necessary to actual existence, since Anacreon Moore—a very Solomon in such matters—has declared that "not e'en Love can live on flowers." They parted at the widow's door, and while she retired to enjoy, in solitude, the excitement of a *first* affection, her lover returned to his home to reflect upon the irrevocable vow which he had uttered, and to ponder on his future prospects. His joy at finding himself beloved, did not blind him to the consciousness of his precipitancy, and, while *she*, with a true woman's feeling, thought only of the *love, prudential calculations* were allowed to mingle their base alloy with the pure gold of *his* affections. Not that our friend, the doctor, was selfish or mercenary; far from it; but he dreaded the opinion of society—he feared to be considered interested in his views, and he was tortured by the thought that the beautiful widow would be accused of having *bought him* at the price for which she had formerly *sold herself.* A sleepless night was the result of his agitated feelings, and the morning found him a prey to both headache and heartache.

He was sitting sad and solitary in his office—feeling and looking more like a criminal than a successful lover, when a packet from his ladye-love was placed in his hands. Without heeding the other papers, he opened her letter.

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"Do not come to me to-day," she wrote. "I am too much disquieted to see you, and I would have you to fully understand my feelings and my position, before we meet again. I was scarcely six years of age when my mother, (whom the death of my father had reduced to poverty,) obtained the situation of housekeeper to the late Mr. Brambleton. He was rich and eccentric, and pleased with my childish caresses, he determined to educate me as an adopted daughter. Of course my mother was rejoiced, and no pains were spared to inspire me with a lively sense of gratitude towards my benefactor. Peevish as he was to others, he was always gentle to me, and, as a child soon learns to love those from whom it receives daily kindness, I repaid all his bounties with sincere affection. I suppose I was the only living creature who *did* love him, and he was not insensible to the unusual gratification, for he certainly lavished upon me all the indulgence of a parent. What my mother's views were, at that time, I cannot pretend to determine; she probably expected that he would make me his heir, and therefore sought to establish between us the relation of parent and child; but as I grew older, her ideas on the subject underwent a great change. Mr. Brambleton's distant relatives began to clamor against my mother's artifices, and they did not hesitate to avow their intention to dispute any will which might be made in my favor. This excited my mother's apprehensions, and a scandalous rumor which was invented by the same persons, determined her to alter her plans. They dared to say that I was the natural daughter of Mr. Brambleton, and thus my mother's fame suffered from the kindness which had been lavished upon her child by a solitary old man. I will not detail the arts which were practiced upon him and upon me. His implacable hatred to his relations, his old-fashioned ideas of propriety, his dread of leaving a stain upon his spotless character, influenced him to adopt my mother's suggestions, and to make me *his wife*, in order to prove to the world that I was not *his child*. As for me, I was scarcely sixteen—inexperienced and ignorant, loving my mother and Mr. Brambleton better than the whole world beside—judge, then, how easily I was persuaded to adopt any course, which would rescue from obloquy, their good name. The very idea of the slander was agony to my pure mind, and it was with a feeling of romantic heroism, at which I could now smile, were it a less serious matter, that I consented to give my hand to my aged benefactor. I stood at the altar with a sense of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, worthy of the days of the old Romans, and fancied that by thus consecrating my life to gratitude, I was acting a similar part to the nun, who condemns herself to a cloister from mistaken piety. Do not smile at my folly, dear Frank; I wa sa romantic, novel-reading girl, full of enthusiastic feeling—can you wonder that I suffered myself to be thus misled?

"As I grew older I learned my error, and I found, by sad experience, that the marriage which I considered an example of heroic disinterestedness, appeared to the world a grossly necessary act. The pain which I endured from this knowledge, first awakened me from the idle dreams of visionary youth, to a consciousness of womanly duties. But my life was now embittered by the quarrels between my mother and my husband. She had expected to assume a different station in his household, and to be treated as his mother-in-law, while he was determined she should never be any other than his hired housekeeper; this, of course, led to perpetual disputes, in which I was obliged to preserve a perfect neutrality. I had purchased, at a heavy cost, the knowledge of my mother's mercenary spirit, and it was natural that I should distrust her counsels for the future. Mr. Brambleton, always prudent and watchful for my good, advised me, even as an anxious parent, and, of course, I was disposed to obey his wishes in preference to all others. A wearisome life has been mine during the last six years. I longed for quiet even if it were to be found no where but in the hovel of poverty, and I learned to realize the full force of the wise man's saying—'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' During the last year of Mr. Brambleton's life, he seemed to distrust even me, for the ill-judged importunities of my mother respecting his *will*, had led him to doubt the sincerity of my affection. When he was so suddenly cut off by death, I did not, *(as you know,)* pretend to weep for him as if he had been the object of my passionate love; but I wept for him as a kind and indulgent parent. It was not until his will was opened, that I discovered how deeply suspicion had taken root in his mind.

"Frank, dear friend, will it disappoint you to learn that you have wooed one who, by loving you, has forfeited all her wealth? Do I not judge you aright, when I feel assured that it is my affection you seek, and not my fortune? If not, then are you this moment free. If you sought only the heiress of Mr. Brambleton's estate, then do I release you from your vows, for, the moment that I promise to become your wife, I cease to have any claim to that estate. The provisions of the will are such that I enjoy the whole income *during my widowhood*, with the privilege of bequeathing the principal to whom I will, at my death—*if I die a widow*; but if *I marry*, an annuity of one thousand dollars is all I shall receive, while the bulk of the fortune is directed to be then bestowed upon the heirs of a certain lady to whom Mr. Brambleton was attached in his youth, and from whom he was separated on account of his poverty. It is a queer will, but not more so than the testator."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, as he read thus far, "then I am in a pretty scrape! How the deuce am I to live on a thousand a year with a wife accustomed to spend more than that at the fancy shops?"

"Now, dear Frank, ponder well on what I have told you, and give me a candid expression of your feelings. I can cheerfully bear with poverty for your sake, but I will not increase the hardships of your lot. If you really love me, as I believe—and shall I add—as I hope you do, our course is plain."

"Yes, the course is plain enough," muttered Frank to himself. "We must either separate, or starve in each other's company—or—stay, there is one other alternative. We can pledge our faith to each other, and then wait for better times. But would it not be base and selfish to make that lovely creature waste the best years of her life in 'hope deferred?' Can I as a man of honor, enter into an engagement which I cannot fulfil for long years to come? No, no, dearest Julia, I will deal frankly with you—I will open my whole heart to you, and if you are willing to bide the time and share the fortune of a poor physician, we may yet be happy. But what's this," exclaimed he, as he picked up a paper which had dropped at his feet. It was inscribed—"Copy of the last Will and testament of Solomon Brambleton."

"What the deuce do I want with that?" thought Frank; "however, I may as well look at it. What a long-winded affair it is."

"I, Solomon Brambleton, of the city and county of ——, being of sound mind, etc., etc.,"

"Fudge!"

"Do give, devise, and bequeath, etc.,"

"Ah! here is the pith and marrow of the business."

"But in case the said Julia Brambleton should *marry a second time*, thereby *forgetting her duty to the husband of her youth, and a proper respect to his memory* then I do hereby authorize my said executors to pay to the said Julia, only the sum of one thousand dollars annually, during the term of her natural life. In the event of the second marriage of my said wife, I do give, devise, and bequeath all my estate, real and personal, (reserving only the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to be held in trust for the payment of the aforementioned annuity,) to Catharine Belford, formerly of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, England; and to her heir or heirs, wheresoever they may be found."

"What! can it be possible!" exclaimed the astounded Frank; he read on:

"In case no such heirs be found within ten years after such marriage of my said wife, then I give all my estate to be divided equally among my heirs-at-law. I wish them fully to understand, that I still hate them most cordially for reasons which they will remember, and I only give them this remote interest in my estate, in order to ensure full obedience to my wishes herein expressed, since their covetousness is my security that they will keep a watchful eye over the future conduct of my first named legatee."

Frank started up, flung the will to the ceiling, and caught it as it fell—tossed the widow's letter into the fire—snatched it out again, and begrimed his face with coal-smoke as he pressed the rescued epistle to his lips. In short he acted like a mad man for the next five minutes. What did it all mean? Was he crazed with disappointment? We shall see.

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Just one year after the death of Solomon Brambleton, Esq., a bridal party was assembled in the richly-furnished drawing-room which had never before been thrown open to guests since it had admitted the old gentleman's funeral train. The bride looked very beautiful in her embroidered satin robe and Brussels veil; and those skilled in such mysteries, did not fail to notice

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that a band of diamonds occupied the place of the maiden wreath of orange-blossoms. Quiet, calm, and self-possessed, she assumed no girlish airs of bashfulness, but appeared gentle, dignified and womanly. Frank had never appeared to more advantage than when, with a flush of joy on his cheek, and a triumphant smile playing around his handsome mouth, he led his beautiful Julia into the room, in the full view of the whole assemblage.

Among the guests were two elderly gentlemen, cotemporaries of the late Mr. Brambleton, and executors of his whimsical will. "What a pity," exclaimed one, a jolly-visaged, good-humored old man, "what a pity that the widow should lose all this fine fortune for the sake of a young fellow's good looks. I only hope she has not bought her humor at too high a rate."

"It's no pity at all," growled his vinegar-faced companion; "one husband is enough for a woman, and if she will be fool enough to take another, she deserves to be punished. I mean to advertise to-morrow for the heirs of this Catharine Belford, whoever she is."

"What is the use of being in such a hurry about it?" said the other.

"Oh, because it is a troublesome business, and the sooner we get it off our hands, the sooner we shall get our *commissions* for managing the estate."

"Shall I save you the trouble of advertising, gentlemen?" said a voice behind them. Both turned in surprize, and beheld the handsome face of Frank Erldon. "Excuse me for having accidentally overheard your conversation, but I am thus enabled to spare you some inconvenience," said Frank, with a smile; "the heirs whom you seek are at this moment before you. Allow me to introduce you to my sister, Mary, and to inform you that she and your humble servant are the only living representatives of our maternal grandmother, Catharine Belford. The proofs of my assertion shall be laid before you to-morrow, and when you are fully satisfied of our identity, I can assure you, gentlemen, that your *commissions* shall be promptly and cheerfully paid."

"I don't believe a word of it," growled the cross old fellow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the other. "If this is not a hoax, it is a capital trick for cheating the ghost of a suspicious old husband. Does Mrs. Brambleton—does your wife, I mean, know all this?"

"To be sure she does; she was willing to forfeit her wealth for the sake of her lover, and she is now quite content to share the fortunes of her *husband's heir*. Nor must she be censured for obeying the impulses of a susceptible heart. Where there are no recollections of *past tenderness* to link the living with the dead, even *golden fetters* are not strong enough to bind the affections."

Brooklyn, L. I.

A MAN would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Lord Bacon.*

Original.

THE FLOWER AND FLY.—A FABLE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"FAR, far from me," the sunflower cried,
"Tho' glorious beauty crown my brow,
Far, far from me be selfish pride:
Yet this can I, with truth, avow,—
That orb, whose smile, I seek for aye,
Has lent my leaves his richest ray,
And not a bloom in all the bower,
Can match my stately, starry flower."

The gorgeous plant looked smiling round—
"What's this?"—beneath her, on the ground,
A quiet caterpillar crept,
On silken feet, that silent stept.

"Hence, abject thing!" she cried in ire,
"Nor trail, upon my robe of fire,
Your slimy folds;—vile worm, away!
A queen am I—the queen of day!"

With tranquil mien—without reply,
The simple worm went slowly by:
But, as his rising rings he drew,
That silly sunflower little knew
To what a guest her careless pride,
A moment's shelter had denied.

She deemed not, in that homely thing,
A winged blossom folded lay,
Whose form resplendent soon should spring,
To meet and mock the morning ray.

She noticed, as the days flew by her,
Once—twice it changed its strange attire.
At last it wove a silken string
Which, fastened to a friendly spray,
Formed, for the little worm, a swing;
And there it hung, as if in play.
"A new caprice!" the sunflower cried—
"Another coat is thrown aside."
She sees the torpid chrysalis:
"A living tomb! what trick is this?
Well, well! it does not me concern;
But this I'll say—when people turn
Thus suddenly, from all their kind,
There must be *something* in the wind.
I'd give my brightest leaf to peep
Behind that curtain but a minute;
I wonder—does the creature sleep?
I wonder—did he really spin it?"

And soon the silken pall was riven,
And forth a radiant being flew,
On wings that wore the hue of Heaven,
With stars of silver gleaming through.
He soared beyond the sunflower's ken,
But soon came beaming back again,
And fluttered, like a joyous sprite,
From bud to bloom his plumes of light.

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The sunflower turned, bewitched, amazed,
And, on the brilliant stranger gazed.
False to her glittering god, that day,
For once, she quite forgot his ray;
While soft she wooed, with many a sigh,
The rover bright—the butterfly,
And spread, in vain, her robe of gold;
For still he shunned its shining fold;
But gaily, while he waved his wing,
He sang—(they are not apt to sing,
I know; but this, as you're aware,
Was not an every day affair.)

"Lady-flower!" he warbled,
When, alone and low,
You beheld me creeping,
Weary, feeble, slow—

Scorn was in your accent,
Pride was on your brow,
Why in tones so tender,
Plead you to me now?

Woven of the sunshine,
Rich in your attire;
Dew-drop jewels glisten;
On your robe of fire.

But there is a treasure,
Which, with all your art,
Lady-flower, you have not—
Honey in your heart!

Gems of glowing glory,
Beautiful array,
More of these, I need not,
While my pinions play;

But the precious nectar
Of the blossom fair,
'Tis for this I wander
Through the summer air.

Plead no more! you hold not
Balm for thirst like this:
Lowlier flowers offer
Sweeter, purer bliss.

On yon violet nestling,
While my wings I fold,
To your day-star, lady,
Spread your robe of gold!

MORAL.

Read—for the sunflower—"pride of place,"
That, in the blaze of wealth and fashion,
Complacent basks and lifts a face
Untouched by pity, grief or passion;
And let the caterpillar be
A poet poor to Fancy's eye,
That scarcely knows his spirit free
Yet feels resolved "to do or die."

Aweary of this world's neglect,
He, from the world, awhile, retires,
Content, secure in self-respect,
While hope, the secret taste inspires.

At length, refined by toil severe,
He plumes, for fame, his spirit-wing,
And Wealth illumes his proud career,
And Fashion votes him—"just the thing!"

While she—the scornful lady bright,
Who, when he *needed* some protection,
Reviled his shape and lowly plight,
Now begs his notice—his affection!

A soul is his, too pure and high,
To worship gold; he scorns her passion,
And bids her to her idol fly,
Her sun—the god of Wealth and Fashion:

While he will seek some maid, whose charm
Lies in her heart—a treasure holy;
Whose love is like the violet's balm,
To win the great, and bless the lowly.

So goes the world. In *humble* guise,
Altho' your *soul* be winged with light,
The worldling still, your claim denies—
"Dig, sweep, beg, starve! You'll never *write!*"

But once let fickle fortune pet you—
"*That* man's a genius;—pray present me!
Sir, I'm most happy to have met you:
I've read, *twice o'er* the book you sent me!"

Original.

THE NEWLY-BORN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In answer to its mother's prayer, behold the newly-born!
Fair as a star that shines amid the swathing mists of morn;
Sweet as a lily wet with dew before its leaves unclose,
Or as a little bud that clings beside the parent-rose.

My heart was happy when I heard the tidings of its birth—
Such sinless creatures surely are the seraphs of our earth;
They love, and are beloved, as if but lent us for awhile,
To shed around this lowly world a Heaven—reflected smile.

How peaceful when in sleep it lies! how merry when awake!
Now tranquil as a silent swan upon a silent lake;
Now fluttering like the restless birds—the birds that cannot sing,
But chirp their broken melodies into the ear of Spring.

Fond mother—fold the darling one all closely to thy breast,
Although it would not, if it could, desert so sweet a nest:
Unconscious of its joy, it sinks upon a couch as fair
And pure as are the upper clouds in the serener air.

In pictures which the master-hand of genius robes in light,
Soft as the dawn that trembles on the fading skirts of night—
To me most dear are not the grand and noble, but the mild—
I never tire in looking on Madonna and the child.

Types of the chaste, the calm, the good, the holy and the true,
The very blessedness of Heaven seems painted to my view:
And thus, fond mother, in my thoughts and dreams ye seem to me—
Thou and the newly-born delight, that God has given to thee!

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Original.

THE ENGLISH FAMILY; OR, WHO ARE THEY?

A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'THE QUADROONE,' ETC.

PART I.

It was in the sultry month of August, 1830, that I took passage in the steamer Napoleon, at New-York, on an excursion to 'Schooley's Mountains,' *via*. New-Brunswick, which, as every body knows, is a pleasant city on the Raritan, forty miles from the Metropolis. The day had been intensely hot in the streets, and the pavement of Broadway burned the feet of the thin-slipper'd lady that dared venture forth. But we had hardly cleared the shipping and got into the stream before a refreshing breeze from the sea cooled the brow and gave promise of a delightful trip. As soon as we were in motion down the harbor, I went to the upper-deck. What a scene of life, novelty and natural and artificial beauty met my eye! The river and bay were whitened with craft moving in all directions, with here and there a steamer dashing across their tracks leaving a long wake of snowy foam upon the blue water and a longer train of dark brown smoke streaming horizontally upon the air. Sail boats and row-boats dashed hither and thither like water-fowl, while in the midst of the moving scene, stately and immoveable as a war-like castle, was anchored a majestic ship of the line, seemingly monarch of the whole.

From this lively water-scene my eye ranged over the varied outline of wooded hills, towers, and precipitous heights that encompassed it. On the north were the Palisadoes—the grand gate-way of the lovely Hudson, which was lost beneath its rocky portals in a hazy, undulating outline of a faint blue tint that might be either the summits of the Highlands or masses of stationary clouds that had fashioned themselves, as they are wont to do of a summer's day, into mock hills. Then coming down with the western shore, the eye rests on Fort Lee, with its romantic delineation of cliff and towering rock; upon the picturesque and ever sylvan Weehawken, celebrated by Halleck's muse; upon Hoboken, the paradise of citizens; and, nearer still, upon the level shore of Jersey, showing a low line of green for many miles to the south, not unpleasingly relieving the bolder features of the scene. Turning round to the east, the vast metropolis, with its girdle of thickly woven masts lay before the eye, like a picture, over which the painter had thrown a soft, azure tint, neither haze nor yet smoke, but a transparent medium between the two. The heat had, also, made the whole atmosphere tremulous and visible, so that the outline of towers, turrets, and majestic edifices of stone and marble, was fluttering and notable as if an etherial sea of some subtle fluid, with trembling waves and a constant, rippling motion, was flowing and dancing over it. Like an *aqua marine*, (for we *must* compare it to something besides an emerald, inasmuch as its *emerald* green hue had been lightened by the dust and drought of summer, until the foliage and wood were of a pale sea-green,) like an aqua marine, then, worn on the forehead of beauty, the brilliant 'Battery' crowned the brow of the 'Mistress of the Seas,' her greatest ornament and pride.

The Heights of Brooklyn with their green terraces, numerous temple-like edifices and extensive lines of majestic porticos, mingled, more seaward, with groups of oaks, half-exposing, half-concealing white villas, with stretches of bright lawn, opening between them and the beach, met my view, eastward; while to the south, between this receding shore and the stately Highlands of 'Staten Island,' was a glorious vista to the open sea. Many ships and brigs with their canvass spread from deck to truck, to catch the afternoon breeze that came in with the tide, were at that moment entering the magnificent basin forming the bay and harbor of New-York; others, closer in, were approaching their anchoring ground with rapidly lessening sail. As the eye, loosing these among the thickly-moving craft, travelled beyond them, down the far-stretching Narrows, it met others at greater or less distances, standing portward with crowding sails, while outward-bound vessels, with zig-zag course and slower motion, were diminished in a series of distances to the eye, 'till they became white, shining specks upon the horizon. Far, very far off, where ocean met heaven, I could discern, with a small pocket-telescope, a single solitary barque, standing steadily to the northward, from some southern port. As I saw her moving past the inviting haven that extended its bosom to receive the lonely wanderer, with a oneness of purpose and a steadiness in the pursuit of its object that nothing could divert, I thought how beautifully it illustrated the course of human duty and perseverance 'mid the temptations, allurements, and thousand and one inviting inlets of luxury and repose, that, like this pleasant harbor to this ocean voyager, offer themselves on every side to allure man from his duty. His way is trackless too; but he has within his breast an unerring guide, which, if obeyed, as surely as the compass on board yonder solitary barque shall guide her over the ocean waste to her destined port, will direct him, when the voyage of life is done, to that haven of rest, where the life-worn voyager shall anchor for ever.

Our steamer held her onward course through the midst of this panorama, with just enough speed for objects to retire and fade from the eye and be succeeded by others before it could be wearied. Thus a constant succession of novelty was presented, and the observer was continually challenged to new scenes and to fresh admiration. As we entered the narrow channel that separates Staten Island from the Jersey shore, the quarantine ground, with its fleet of masts and hospital, were visible over the point to the east of the island, while on its western slope, within rifle-shot of our boat, was New-Brighton, a terrace of snowy colonaded hotels and country-houses, elaborately decorated with the fanciful wooden ornaments of architecture, which, of late years, has so singularly characterized the 'out-of-town houses' of citizens, to the utter perversion of taste and subversion of common sense. What is more absurd than a *wooden* Grecian temple! Yet, preserve us! genius of Strickland and Haviland! there are more than one thousand on as many *treeless* hills of our city's

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suburbs. Some of the villas I thought in tolerable taste, but all of them were too *showy;* yet they agreeably relieved the eye as we passed, which otherwise would have rested only on the inhospitable aspect of the northern shoulder of the Island; while the gay groups, promenading or lounging in avenue, portico and observatory, bore testimony to the consideration in which New-Brighton was held as a place of summer sojourn. As we continued our way through the winding channel, the 'Sailor's Snug Harbor,' a handsome edifice of white marble, facing the water, and now and then a gingerbread villa, and here and there a substantial farm-house were all that attracted the eye for many miles on the island shore; while on the west side, save where the spires of Newark and Elizabethtown, visible inland, over a league of marsh and a league more of woodland beyond it, were all that gave any interest to the traveller; and finding nothing immediately in the narrow frith through which we were moving at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, save at intervals an oyster-boat with a single occupant engaged in his laborious toil, or a country sloop, laden with hay half-way to the mast-head, I began to look for entertainment on board.

An awning had been stretched above the promenade-deck and most of the passengers had by this time exchanged the confined air below, for the fresh breezes of the sea, which I had hitherto enjoyed alone. The mass of fellow passengers consisted of farmers and dairy women returning from the city with empty baskets, tubs, and pails, which they had carried thither in the morning, from farms forty miles distant, laden with rich butter, cheese, milk, fruits, vegetables, and other market esculents. The remainder consisted of two or three New-Brunswick merchants, who had been to the city to lay in a week's supply of muslins or groceries; a professor of Rutger's College and two or three students of the theological school; an Episcopal clergyman, a Jersey lawyer, a Philadelphia physician, and a few New-Yorkers who had country houses on our route, and were returning to them after a day's sojourn in the city. There were also the usual number of wives, daughters, maiden-aunts and grandmas, among which were two very beautiful girls, accompanied by a spectacled papa, who left the boat at Perth Amboy. Having cast my eyes over the various groups about me, and exchanged courtesies with several with whom I was acquainted, (having been a frequent traveller on this route,) I was not a little gratified on discovering, at the farther extremity of the boat, a group of familiar faces. I was simultaneously recognized, and a smile and a nod from the lovely mother of the lovely girls that surrounded her, brought me to their side. The party consisted of Mrs. E——, a lady of wealth and finished manners, and with revolutionary blood in her veins, but with very strong prejudices against nobodies—of her two daughters, nineteeen and twenty-one years of age—of her fashionable nephew, Renssalear Morris, who had a bachelor's lodge some where on the Hudson, and had an eye to his elder cousin, Clara, as its future mistress. I soon learned they were on their way to Schooley's Mountains, and thence to the Virginia Springs, being sated with Saratoga.

"Ah! poor Saratoga!" sighed Mrs. E——, "It's exclusiveness has departed. Time was, when nobody thought of going there who was not of good birth and family, or at least rich. But now, since rail-roads level all social barriers as level as themselves, and new *castes* have taken the places of the old families that instituted the *ancien regime*, all is changed. Any person that can command a dollar can reach Saratoga, and shopmen now close their shops of a Saturday night, and are off to the Springs for a Sabbath day's recreation. Ah, me! poor, dear, delightful Saratoga!" Mrs. E—— sighed, and fanned herself with an Indian fan.

"What protection has the White Sulphur?" I asked, smiling at the animated words of the fashionable mother.

"Its distance from the Metropolis. It is full three days journey by stage from Washington City."

"Stages are got to be very aristocratic since the introduction of rail-roads," said Morris, with a slight smiling glance at his aunt.

"Very, Renssalear," said she, without observing her gay nephew's manner.

Renssalear Morris did not regard his aunt's reply, for his attention and eye-glass were at the moment drawn to a small party that at that moment made their appearance on deck, and quietly took seats opposite. There was to one accustomed to the plain travelling costume of English people, nothing in their appearance to indicate their station in society. Americans dress most in travelling, the English least—and the former, accustomed to form a judgment of strangers' station and circumstances from their *costume du voyage*, often err in applying the same rule to foreigners. There was nothing peculiar in this party to distinguish it, save a remarkable plainness, which to Renssalear's eye was plainly studied. The party consisted of a lady apparently thirty-eight years of age, with a remarkably pleasing expression, and an air of ease and self-possession that showed her to be a lady. But she wore a *very* coarse straw bonnet, without any ornament, and a long green veil. Her travelling dress was a loose morning robe of checked gingham, but nicely fitting a fine bust, the outline of which, a plain green shawl with a red border, did not hide. She wore stout laced boots of calf-skin, (what American lady can forgive this?) and gloves, intended rather for service than to show the shape of the symmetrical hand it covered.

Mrs. E—— scanned her outward appearance and set her down as *nobody*. Renssalear also run his glass over her dress, and then settling it an instant on her face and figure, put her down in his mind as a lady—for he had travelled in England and on the Continent, and seen worse looking "nobodies" turn out to be very distinguished somebodies!

Besides this lady, was another younger and very beautiful female, evidently her daughter from the striking resemblance between them. She was dressed in a green silk spencer, of the fashion of last season, and a black skirt, with a little chip hat tied over her ears with a narrow ribbon. It became her decidedly, and what with her sylph-like figure, (relieved by a scarf,) her bright complexion and heavenly blue eyes, Renssalear Morris

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thought she was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. She was not more than eighteen. But she too wore laced boots and thick gloves, and her whole wardrobe, chip hat and all, was not worth twenty francs—so Mrs. E—— set her down with her mother, while Renssalear was puzzled what to do. In the elder, beneath the plainness of her outward appearance, he felt confident he discerned the evidence of high breeding. The other was too young to show any decided character, though the balance was most favorable to the side on which he had placed the former—yet, he confessed she might be nothing more than a very beautiful milliner's apprentice. Clara and her sister set them down at once as "stage-people," not of the "aristocratic" but of the dramatic stage.

"It may be Augusta," said Clara, eyeing her with interest, after this idea had entered her mind.

"Augusta has eyes dark as midnight, and hers are celestial blue," answered Morris.

"What right have you to know, coz, of the hue of Augusta's eyes or even of this young woman's," said Clara, with a look brightened by a smile.

"Because, sweet Clara," he replied, whispering low, "in your own are united the gazelle-like softness of the one and the rich hues of the other."

"I think the mother the handsomest," said Clara, evasively, as if wishing to appear indifferent to his impassioned language.

"She has more manner and style, but less intrinsic beauty."

"*Manner* and *ton*, Renssalear!" repeated Mrs. E——.

"Certainly, aunt."

"They are very common people, I assure you, Morris, see how they dress!"

"I will bet my Newfoundland against Clara's lap-dog they are ladies," he answered, with animation.

"Are you not ashamed, nephew! I trust they are not going to Schooley's Mountains. If they are, you will soon try to have them attached to our party. See, they have no gentleman with them. Yes, there's a plain man just speaking to them. He is a gentleman, if you will, Morris," said Mrs. E——, with a slight sarcastic tone.

"His presence proves what I asserted, that they are ladies. He is their footman."

"He is not, Morris."

"He is, I assure you. See what a magnificent dog has followed him to the deck, and is now rubbing his nose affectionately in the young lady's hand. Hear, she calls him Nero! A noble dog can love none less noble. She is not only a lady, but on my honor! high-born, aunt. Look at that hand which she has ungloved to toy with Nero's shaggy mane! How perfect!"

"Renssalear, have done!" said Clara, half in playfulness, half in pique, tapping his arm with her own snowy hand. "You will fall in love with her next. Besides we have drawn their attention. Let us promenade."

Renssalear took her hand within his arm, and save that he did not fail to peep beneath the chip hat at every turn in his walk, devoted himself as assidiously to his fair cousin as an accepted lover well need to do. Mrs. E—— and her younger daughter, Isabel, sat together; the former in reserved silence, wondering within herself what so many odd-looking people as she beheld around could be doing away from home—the latter, watching with interest the sportive scene between the young stranger and the Newfoundland, who acknowledged her notice by a glance of wonderful intelligence and devoted affection. Her attention, however, was soon drawn to a fourth individual who joined the group. His strikingly elegant appearance drew also the attention of her friends. This personage was a singularly handsome young man, about twenty-two years of age. His person was tall and finely shaped, and dark brown hair of the softest texture fell long over the cape of a linen hunting-frock, which he wore over a plain coat, as a protection from the wear and tear and dust of travel. His features were of a noble cast, and though his boots were square at the toes, instead of pointed, and his hat was a very cheap brown straw, and though he wore no straps to his pantaloons, Isabel felt sure that he was a gentleman, and therefore the others were genteel—while Renssalear, who with Clara, stopped to interchange opinions with his aunt on this addition to the strange party, conceived that he was not—and began to have misgivings of the *caste* of the rest. Mrs. E—— and Clara, in the meanwhile, were more confirmed by it that the ladies belonged to the stage, and that the young gentleman was a fifth-rate tragedian, and the dog, the noble Newfoundland, a partner in the profession. Renssalear, at length, after observing them very closely, declared it to be his belief, that they were very respectable.

"They are either play-actors, or belong to the best families of the English nobility," he said, and dropping his glass from his eyes, he turned on his heel to pursue his walk with Clara.

Isabel stole her eyes frequently towards the young man, and her heart began to feel an interest in him which decided her as to his title to the highest rank her own wishes could confer upon him. At all events, he turned, as people involuntary will do, after being the unconscious object of steady gaze, and met her glance ere she could shield it by her long lashes. Isabel E—— was a very delicate and interesting girl—a fragile American beauty, such as one often sees on the younger side of twenty-one at watering-places, and who are missed the next season, and for ever! She was consumptive—but not less lovely. The expanded rose upon her cheek, had closed together its transparent leaves, (like some eastern flowers when fading,) 'till a single red spot, like a bright bud, alone remained. She was very lovely. Her mother hung over her with the tenderest affection, and anticipated every wish. She was now taking her to the White Sulphur Springs, believing, against hope, that the far famed virtues of those salubrious waters, would heal the disease which had no healing. The form of the fair girl was not wasted; but the fleshly tabernacle of her spirit seemed refined and etherialized by the invisible presence of the sister of sleep—as Death has been so truly and so poetically called. There was nothing to produce compassion in her touching

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appearance, but every thing to excite interest. The young man met her drooping eyes and hectic cheek, and his fine face assumed a most tender expression, while tears came at once into his eyes. He bent down over his dog, and burying his face for a moment in his silky coat, rose, and without glancing again towards her, left the deck. Isabel saw his emotion, and divined the cause. Her heart responded to his sympathy. He understood her danger and she felt happy that she had the sympathy of one who had awakened such interest in her. She knew she was slowly and sweetly dying, and the thought of *his* sympathy in her last hour, filled her soul with peaceful rapture. That Isabel knew that she was dying, has just been said. All victims of the consumption, know this, though the contrary is believed. Death comes to them as it does to the fatal sleeper in the snow, on whom sleep steals insensibly, and who, though conscious of its approach and its danger, welcome its gentle and insidiuous advances, with a smile and pleasant thoughts.

Shortly afterwards the boat touched at Perth Amboy, to land passengers, and then entering the mouth of the Raritan, proceeded up that serpentine stream to New-Brunswick. At the landing the English party took a hackney-coach. The young man, (who was, no doubt, the brother of the maiden in the chip hat,) was about to enter it after he had handed in the ladies, when a shriek, mingled with the shouts of men restraining horses, made him look round. A pair of frightened coach-horses in backing, had struck the edge of the boat-plank on which Clara was heedlessly crossing, in front of Renssalear, on whose arm leaned his aunt, the fair consumptive being on mine, and pushing it from its support on the wharf, Clara was instantly launched into the river, between the boat and wharf. Isabel uttered a piercing cry, and but for my restraining arm, would have sprung overboard after her sister. Mrs. E—— fainted on Renssalear's arm. The young stranger was instantly at the pier-head, and the next instant, the young lady rose to the surface, supported on one side by him and the other by the *Newfoundland dog*, who held her up by a firm hold upon the sleeve of her travelling habit.

PART II.

"Good morning, dear Clara," said Renssalear Morris, entering the breakfast-room of the Mansion House, at New-Brunswick, and approaching his cousin. "I hope you took no cold from your immersion last evening."

"No, Renssalear. But for the gallant stranger, I should have been cold in death, this morning," she said, with mingled reproof and feeling.

"You do not censure me, surely, cousin? he said, with surprize, taking her hand, which she neither gave him nor took away. "Your mother was fainting—"

"And *I* was drowning," and she drew her hand from his and looked displeased.

"Clara!"

"Have you found him, as I requested you to do, and thanked him?"

"He no sooner placed you in my arms than dripping as he was, he got into his carriage, dog and all, and drove off. They stopped at no hotel in the city, and must have gone on."

"You did not *desire* to find him, Renssalear. You heard my warm expressions of gratitude to him, and the terms in which I spoke of him, and you are ashamed to meet him in my presence!"

"Cousin Clara."

"Yes, it is *cousin* Clara, and, Renssalear, let it ever be cousin Clara!

"Are you angry, Clara?"

"No, I am not angry."

"Then why this language?"

"I have changed my mind."

"Or *lost* it! What in heaven's the matter with you?" answered the young man, getting angry in his turn.

"That a young gentleman who can stand by and see a young lady to whom he is betrothed, drowning, and leave her safety to the gallantry of another, deserves to loose her confidence."

"And the gallant to have it. Be it so. Love that is so lightly transferred, is valueless to Renssalear Morris."

"I have not transferred it to any one. But I wish to be hereafter considered only as a cousin to you, Renssalear. A wife I can never be. You may possibly find one under some chip hat."

"Marry come up! Does the shoe pinch there, too? I thought you were angry yesterday."

"Leave me, Renssalear."

"Be it so. I assure you I shall not break my heart, and piously thank my good stars that you showed this sweet fickleness before you became my wife. It were better for my honor I lost you before, than after marriage. I shall make it a point to tell your husband, when you get him, to be careful never to let you fall overboard."

With these words, Renssalear Morris quited his fair cousin. She was a high-spirited girl, and loving her cousin very much, she was very jealous of him. She particularly disliked his ardent admiration for the stranger, and it was from a slight passage of words with him that led her to go on shore without his assistence, by which means she fell into the water. She was piqued and angry, and only intended to vent her feelings upon him, and after a lover's quarrel, make up again. But the cool manner in which he met her, really provoked her and now ended in a down-right quarrel, which had little prospect of being made up again.

"Well, he's gone and treats it all coolly. He'll be back within an hour to ask my pardon—but then he ought to have rescued me! I wish I knew who the young stranger was. I am sure he is not a low or an unworthy person. But I wont think of him—Renssalear will soon return. I was too harsh with him and would be willing if I was not afraid of his ridicule after, to go half way to make up!" At this moment the door opened. Renssalear himself entered.

"Cousin Clara—this is foolish, will you make up?"

How instantaneously her resolution changed.

"No, sir!" she replied, pride and love struggling for mastery, and the former getting it—for she feared to concede too much and thereby now lost all.

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"I will kneel to you!"

"I will not. Kneel to your English beauty!"

"I will!" answered Renssalear, sternly and decidedly, rising to his feet. "You love me, Clara, I know you do. Every look tells it! I *did* love you! It will be punishment for you to see me at another's feet, I well know, even were you at the same time, another's. I will avenge myself and punish you as you deserve. That English girl *shall be my wife*, if man can win her! Good bye, *cousin!*"

He left the room and she burst into tears. Ere his footstep ceased to sound without, she had crossed the room with a hasty step—her hand was on the door-knob, and her lips parted to recal him. Suddenly her whole manner changed, and dashing her tears from her cheeks, she returned to her seat, saying haughtily—"Let him go! My heart shall break first!"

PART III.

Three weeks after the scene related in the last part of our sketch, the groups of gossippers and quidnuncs lounging on the galleries of the White Sulphur Springs, had their attention drawn to the arrival of a travelling barouche, containing three ladies and a gentleman. As they alighted, the inquiries ran round among the observers—"Who are they?"—"Where are they from?"

It was Mrs. E——, her three daughters, and Renssalear Morris. They had sojourned a few days at Schooley's Mountains, and then travelled leisurely towards Virginia. In the meanwhile they had not seen the English party, nor even (though Renssalear had been diligently seeking them) had they heard of them. During the interval of their touring he was civil and very *cousin*-like in his attentions to Clara, and she was silent and reserved. He thought much of the little chip hat, and she of her handsome deliverer; and each, in imagination, began to love the object so constantly in their thoughts. What began out of prejudice and spite, seemed really likely to end in serious passion, provided either were again thrown into the presence of the strangers. Isabel, the delicate, and sweet invalid, also dwelt tenderly upon the compassionate look she had received from the young man, and sighed as she remembered him. All then hoped to meet the strangers at the Springs, (for they had rumor of a party answering their description, that passed along a few days before them.) Mrs. E——, however, felt assured they were not sufficiently *genteel* to be there, and she earnestly hoped that she should not fall in with them, lest the young man should presume upon the service he had done Clara, to attach himself to her party.

The same evening, Renssalear was walking in one of the romantic paths that environ the Springs, with Isabel on his arm and Clara and her mother a short ways before them. At the extremity of a lane into which they had just turned, a large Newfoundland dog suddenly bounded from a copse, and approaching Clara, crouched at her feet. It was Nero! Before they could utter the exclamations of surprize that rose to their lips, the English party were before them. Their *outré* travelling costume was exchanged for the richest and most fashionable apparel—the chip hat had given place for a no less becoming pink hat, while for the laced boots were subsituted French slippers, displaying in both mother and daughter, as pretty feet as one would wish to see. The young gentleman's appearance, was, even in the fastidious Mrs. E——'s eyes, most fashionable and *distingué*.

"We knew you were not far off when Nero bounded into the path," said Renssalear, walking towards the young man, and offering his hand. "I have sought you to thank you, as I now do, in the name of my fair cousin, for the preservation of her life. Pray let me introduce you, that she may more gratefully thank you in person."

"Lord Henry Eldon," said the stranger, bowing, "this is my mother, Lady Eldon, and my sister, Lady Kate Eldon."

A brief sentence will close our hasty sketch. In six months afterwards, Isabel became *Lady Isabel Eldon*, (for love had worked a miracle upon her,) and Lady Kate Eldon became Mrs. Renssalear Morris. Clara—poor Clara, bids fair to be an old maid. Mrs. E——, with praiseworthy resolution, has determined henceforward, never to judge strangers by their travelling costumes—particularly English people. J. H. I.

Original.

THE WATER-LILY.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THERE is a universal faith with men,
That flowers which come the harbingers of Spring,
The pride of Summer, or the jewelry
That Autumn hangs upon her faded charms,
Are but an alphabet which angels use,
To bear a mystic language to our souls.
Imagination therefore has been tasked,
(Since that is hidden from our outward sense)
With arbitrary symbols to work out
Flora's vocabulary. This is wrong,
There *is* a language, but its voice was lost
With the most ancient people—now, believe me,
First since the golden age, revealed to man.

The water-lily with its roots in earth,
Breaks through its crystal bed, and leaning down
Bends on the wave. The spiritual angels
See in it, then "*Humility in Truth*,"
For water corresponds to natural truth.
The lily, as it were, looks down and sees
The heavens reflected from the bright, smooth water;
And the celestial angels then see "*Faith*"
By correspondence. The whole Floral world
Is eloquent with voices such as these,
And they are truly uttered. Should I live,
I will unfold this language, that the young,
The beautiful, the innocent may trace
Their sweet affections in the blooming flowers,
And learn the reason why their heart's delight
Is moved and cherished by them.

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Original.

VISIT OF THE CITY COUSINS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The house of the widow Mehitable Haynes was in the most retired part of a retired country town; it being situated at the extremity of a winding road which communicated with the main road at the distance of half a mile, and which, at some indefinite period, was intended to be carried through various fields and pastures, so as to meet another road at about the same distance. Pages would be insufficient for a minute description of the thrifty orchards, the rich pastures, the luxuriant meadows, the fruitful fields, and the fine woodlands composing the widow's farm, all of which were properly appreciated by her and the family; or of the quiet and beautiful scenery which met the eye on every hand, and which it never entered their heads either to praise or admire, if we except Olive Mervyn, an orphan and a grand daughter of Mrs. Haynes, who was now sixteen. Simon Haynes, the widow's son, who performed a great part of the labor done on the farm, himself, although he knew very well how to distinguish a good yoke of oxen, a first rate cow, or a fine flock of sheep, thought nothing of the two fine old elms that gracefully nodded their heads in the morning breeze, as they looked down upon the farm-house, or of the beauty of the cascade that gleamed in the sun like silver, as it fell down the side of a craggy rock, much less did he think of regarding the flowers, snowy as his own flock after the spring ablution, which grew in clusters on the margin of the brook, fed by the falling waters, and which supplied a pure and never-failing draught to oxen, cows and sheep. But Olive Mervyn thought of all these, and at the risk of being called a romp by her maiden aunt, Miss Patty Haynes, would often steal away to the fields to gather wild-flowers, or to the woods, where, seated on the gnarled roots of a giant oak, whence her eye could catch the gleam of the waterfall, she would dream away hours, listening to its music as it blended with the rustling of the green leaves, which, to her imagination, formed an almost spiritual accompaniment to the wild and varied strains of the mocking-bird, and the occasional gushes of song, which, rising from almost every tree, formed a rich and full chorus.

The widow Haynes, although more than sixty, was still in the enjoyment of unbroken health, which enabled her to perform the domestic duties of the household, with the assistance rendered by Olive, with the same order and neatness for which she was remarkable in her youthful days. It would probably be different now, but in those days of simplicity, the homespun copperas color and white gown, and the apron with warp of white and woof of blue, which she wore during the performance of her domestic labors, were considered as suitable and becoming; while, for an afternoon dress, a gown of the same material, only more recently from the loom, and a linen apron of blue and white check, were looked upon as sufficiently genteel. Mrs. Haynes, in every respect a pattern of order and neatness, was frank and cordial in her manners; Miss Patty, the daughter, verging hard upon forty, was preciseness personified—the neighbors called her very set—and Olive, the grand daughter, a most lovely creature, had a graceful negligence about her, excessively annoying to her aunt. As for Simon, he knew how to manage the farm admirably, could write and cipher equal to the schoolmaster, and liked to appear as smart as his companions, when he attended meeting on the Sabbath. He quietly submitted to wear his wide cotton collars starched sufficiently stiff to suit the taste of his sister, although he had, on more than one occasion, been made sensible that they were rather dangerous neighbors to his ears; this, however, she told him, was because he did not hold his head high enough, and he subsequently realized the most happy results from bearing in mind what she said. Yet, had it not been for Betsey Redstreake's black eyes, which had, of late, proved highly fascinating to him, it is probable that by the time the minister arrived at the tenth or twelfth division of his sermon, his head would have involuntarily sunk down in the attitude in which he had often, in spite of the stiff collars, experienced a kind of dreamy solace. Simon submitted with less docility to the infliction of the roll of pomatum, than the wide, stiff collars. His dark hair clustering in short curls round his brow, was, he knew, in Betsey Redstreake's eye one of his chief attractions, and when he saw Patty approaching with the pomatum, which she used so liberally as to take out the curl, making his hair resemble the quills of the "fretful porcupine," he generally made his escape, turning a deaf ear to her calls for him to stop, as she followed him with extended arms, ready to commence operating upon the noxious curls, should he choose to obey her call. Her lessons on gentility, too, were as good as thrown away upon him, for which reason, she had, for some time past, abandoned them, much to Simon's satisfaction. One day, however, when he had been toiling in the field from sunrise to noon, and had obeyed the sound of the tin trumpet, which summoned him to dinner with unusual alacrity, he perceived, after they had all seated themselves at table, by the prim expression of Patty's features, and the even more than customary stiffness of her attitude, that the spirit of gentility was strong within her. Simon said nothing, but speedily commenced doing justice to the nicely-prepared repast, especially to some fine green peas. Miss Patty, in the mean time, with much solemnity, conveyed a single pea to her mouth at a time, and the other food in proportionate quantities.

"Simon," said she, at length, with considerable sharpness, finding that her example was unheeded, "what do you suppose our cousins from Boston would say, to see you eat so?"

"I am unable to tell," replied Simon.

"Well, I know what they would say—they would say that you are no gentleman."

"Likely enough they would, and I never think of trying to be one, only on a Sunday or so."

"The more shame for you. Now you know, Simon, that William and Harriet are over to uncle Jacob's, and are coming over this afternoon, and I do wish that you

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and Olive, too, would behave as if you had some bringing up."

"I mean to, Patty, and the way I shall do it, will be to treat them cordially, and make them welcome to the best there is in the house, and I know marm will do the same."

"To be sure I shall," said Mrs. Haynes, "for I shall be right down glad to see them. I always set as much by brother Jo, their father, as any brother I had, and though he went through college, he was just as free and sociable as if he had been brought up to farming, and I have no doubt but William and Harriet will be so too."

"I don't know as to that," said Miss Patty. "I expect they will be struck dumb with astonishment, when they find what ungenteel folks they have got amongst."

"Poh," said her mother," they have been over to Jacob's these two days, and they are no more genteel than Simon and Olive, or I, either, and they will, of course, expect us to appear pretty much as they do."

"They do as well as they know how," replied Patty, "but we have had a chance to learn better. I remember, though none of the rest appear to, how Miss Stiles behaved when she was here, five years ago. I have made her my pattern ever since, for she had been to Boston and staid a week, which gave her a good opportunity to learn city manners. Simon, you have no ambition, or you would try as hard as I do to appear well, and then you might aspire to the hand of cousin Harriet Parkman."

"It will do well enough for me to aspire to Bets Redstreake's hand."

"Why, Simon, she knows no more about gentility than a wild Indian."

"May be so, but she knows how to make butter and cheese, and can cook as good a meal as I wish to sit down to—she is equal to marm for that."

"Come," said Mrs. Haynes, rising from the table, "you have talked enough about gentility this time, and we had better be up and stirring, for, Patty, you know if they should come before we get our calico gowns on, you would feel awful ashamed. We have every thing nice for tea, except some drop-cakes, and I omitted making them on purpose, so as to have them hot from the oven."

All were duly arrayed in their calico gowns, and Olive, who had, with some difficulty, by the interference of her grandmother, escaped the pomatum, for her hair, like Simon's, had a propensity to curl, had, according to her aunt's directions, put on her silver thimble, one of baser metal answering the purpose on ordinary occasions, and seated herself with a piece of muslin in her hand, when two chaises were seen approaching.

"You may know that they are genteel," said Miss Patty, "for they have got a bellows-top chaise."

"Some of brother Jacob's folks are in the other chaise, I suppose," said Mrs. Haynes. "Olly, your eyes are young and sharp; can you see whether it is brother and his wife, or some of the young folks?"

"I believe," replied Olive, "it is Abner and Sally."

In a few minutes, the forward chaise, a clumsy, square-top vehicle, that nodded like the image of a Chinese mandarin at every step taken by the horse, stopped before the door, showing the occupants to be the same as Olive had conjectured.

"Now if Abner hasn't got on his best wine-colored coat, and Sally, her plumb-colored silk, and her best morocco shoes," said Miss Patty. "I almost wish I had put on my red and green striped Italian, and you, Simon, had better by half run and pull off that thin jacket, and put on your best full-cloth coat."

"I should look pretty much like a fool, dressed up in a woollen coat, thick as a board, this warm day, and I shall do no such thing," replied Simon, as he hastened out to assist William and Abner to unharness the horses.

In the mean time Mrs. Haynes received Harriet and Sally with much cordiality, and Miss Patty with equal formality. Harriet Parkman, a very agreeable looking girl, was soon on the most sociable terms with her aunt, and Olive, and as far as she was able, with her cousin Patty. William, who was two years older than his sister, had a countenance full of vivacity and expression, and a high white forehead shaded with the dark, curling hair which distinguished Simon and Olive. He conversed very affably with Simon and Abner, about the oxen, cows and sheep, the prospects for and against a good crop, and informed them respecting the Boston prices for the various articles of country produce, inwardly admiring all the while, the beautiful eyes of Olive, her clear, snowy brow, and her cheeks, which were like the sunny side of a peach.

"What a perfect little Hebe that girl is," said he to Simon, as he went with him and Abner to look at the fields of corn and potatoes.

"He—bee," murmured Simon to himself, struggling between a smile and an outright laugh—but instantly checking himself, he replied, "yes, Olive is as you say, a perfect bee, for she is generally as busy as one from morning to night. The only idle time that I knew her to spend, is on some uncommon pleasant day, when she will stroll away into the fields and woods to gather a parcel of flowers not worth the snap of your finger, and to hear the birds sing, as she says. But upon the whole, she is a right down smart girl—can spin and weave, and knows how to make complete drop-cakes."

Before they returned to the house, Miss Patty had ascertained from Harriet that steeple-crowned bonnets and picked-toed shoes were no longer fashionable in Boston, and had time to exhibit a fan that had been her grandmother's, on which were represented beaux in powdered wigs, and belles with hoops and marvellously high-heeled shoes, together with various hat-pins, with green and blue and white heads, of glass and porcelain, that her mother had worn in the days of her youth. She moreover informed Harriet, that she had succeeded, with great difficulty, in keeping Olive from running about in the fields and woods,

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after she had done assisting her grand mother, long enough to learn her lace-stitch, stair-stitch, cross-stitch and pocket-book stitch, and that she knew a dozen more that she intended to learn her as opportunity presented. Olive unconsciously drew a long sigh at this announcement, but expressed no repugnance to complying with her aunt's determination. Soon afterwards she left the room to assist her grand mother to prepare for tea. In less than an hour they all sat down to a table, which might have been spread by Lady Bountiful herself, but the dough-nuts, sweet-cake, and the various kinds of pastry, which the good housewives of the town thought indispensable on occasions like the present, if they would escape the imputation of meanness, were scarcely tasted by Harriet and William, while Mrs. Haynes began secretly to regret that she had not provided a still more liberal supply of drop-cakes. This was indeed an article which she and Olive had always better luck at making than any body else, probably because they did not spare the eggs and cream, more than on account of the secret skill which was conceded to them by universal consent. Miss Patty, who expected to see them sit and cheat their appetites as she did her own —a kind of penance in which she imagined consisted the very quintessence of gentility, was, as she had expected them to be on a different account, struck dumb with astonishment to see them eat with a relish, which had, undoubtedly, been partly acquired by exercise and the pure country air. Simon did not fail to find an opportunity, when unobserved by the others, to hint to William that the drop-cakes had been made by Olive. As William and Harriet were going to remain all night, immediately after Abner and Sally took leave, Miss Patty took her mother aside, and held a long and solemn consultation upon the propriety of their all appearing in their calico gowns in the morning, a point upon which she had fully made up her mind before her cousins came, but upon which, now, since they had, in her opinion, shown themselves so little genteel, she wavered, exceedingly, between needlessly impairing the gloss of the garments, and her still lingering desire to appear becomingly attired.

"Well, now, Patty, you may do as you have a mind to," said her mother, "but as we don't have company very often, and especially from such a distance, I shall put on my calico gown in the morning, and so shall Olly. I am as fond of saving as anybody, on proper occasions, but I have no idea of trying to save the gloss on my gown, and lose the gloss of civility by the means."

Patty, who had a secret leaning to this decision, acquiesced more readily than she was accustomed to, upon a subject that was debatable. On returning to the "best room," and finding it vacant, she looked out of the window and beheld William and Harriet, Simon and Olive, in an adjoining orchard. William was bending down an apple-tree limb to give his sister and Olive a peep at the eggs contained in a robin's nest, which was half screened by a canopy of blossoms and green leaves. Simon, in the meantime, was waiting at a little distance with some impatience, to point out to them the beauties of a favorite cow, quietly grazing in an adjacent pasture.

"I guess Bets Redstreake wouldn't stand looking so long at a parcel of robin's eggs," said Simon, half audibly, "when she could, by taking half the pains, have a chance of seeing a cow like White-face, that, in the height of feed, will run a ten quart milk-pail over."

By the time Simon had finished his soliloquy, they were ready to attend to his praises, not only of White-face, but of Rose and Bug-horn, and the great red heifer. When Harriet and Olive returned, Miss Patty bridled her indignation with some difficulty, being strongly tempted to call them both romps. She concluded within herself, that although Harriet had always lived in Boston, which she had, heretofore, considered was enough of itself to make a lady of anybody, she could never have associated with people as genteel as Miss Stiles did while there; nor did she doubt the justness of her conclusion, 'till in answer to some very minute inquiries, Harriet described the mansion where they resided, the furniture contained in some of the apartments, and mentioned several persons of distinction, who were in the habit of visiting them.

The next day, soon after dinner, William and his sister took leave, delighted with the frankness and cordiality of their aunt, amused with the formality and preciseness of Patty, and pleased with the habits of thrift, good sense, good nature and rusticity of Simon. With Olive they were charmed. "She is a queen of graces," said Harriet, "a—"

"A Hebe," said William, interrupting her, and he then related Simon's laughable mistake.

The Boston belles, however charming and attractive they might have been, never had the power of blotting the sweet image of Olive Mervyn from his mind, and she, when she stole to the woods and seated herself at the foot of her favorite tree, often forgot to listen to the music of the birds from thinking of William Parkman

The ensuing winter, one day about sunset, a horse and sleigh drove up to the door, and a young man springing lightly from the vehicle, threw a blanket over his horse.

"That is William Parkman's horse, I know," said Simon, and Olive was as quicksighted as he, in perceiving that the driver of the high-spirited animal was William Parkman himself.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Miss Patty, for she had none of the power attributed to Love, of penetrating disguises, and William's thick overcoat and fur cap were, to her, a most effectual one. The entrance of William put an end to her conjectures, though why he should have made them another visit so soon, awakened her surprize. The conversation which passed between him and Olive during his short sojourn, was never precisely ascertained, but she was certainly known, afterwards, to refuse an offer from the squire's son, and one

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from the minister's son, and one from the doctor himself, who was a bachelor of about five and forty.

About two years after this, Mrs. Haynes took Simon aside the Monday before Thanksgiving, and told him, that, as there would be a great deal more cooking to do than common, he had better take the horse and sleigh, and go and get Betsey Redstreake to assist a little. Simon, with a knowing nod, proceeded to obey his mother's request, and she and Olive soon had a most active ally. Long rows of Thanksgiving pies were soon seen in every place convenient for their reception, but these, except on account of their numbers, excited little admiration, compared with a large plum-cake, frosted according to a recipe sent by Harriet Parkman. Miss Patty, who had a genius for dress-making, while the other females were thus engaged, was busily employed in altering her best silk gown according to a recent fashion.

"Simon, do run to the door," said Mrs. Haynes, the evening before Thanksgiving. "I certainly heard a sleigh stop."

Olive blushed deeply, stole a look at the glass to see if her curls were becomingly arranged, and Betsey Redstreake's black eyes gave a knowing sparkle.

"Go right in, William," Simon was heard to say without, "and don't stop to help take care of the horse, for I know, by this time, you would like to have the sight of a good fire," and the next moment William Parkman and his sister Harriet were added to the smiling and happy group within. Thanksgiving-day, the clergyman, instead of returning home after the close of the customary religious services, proceeded to the residence of the widow Haynes, and performed the ceremony which united William Parkman and Olive Mervyn for life.

Miss Patty, who never heartily forgave Olive for refusing the minister's son, to show that she did not countenance the present proceedings, never, for a moment, during the performance of the marriage ceremony, withdrew her eyes from an old tree that extended its leafless branches towards the window; but the present of a dove-colored silk shawl from William, and a pair of gloves of a corresponding color from Harriet, operated as an emollient upon her mind, and when the young married pair and their sister were about to take leave, she united with her mother and brother in inviting them to make them an early visit. The invitation was accepted a few months afterwards, on the occasion of Simon's marriage with Betsey Redstreake, who proved to be a good wife, and an exemplary daughter-in-law.

Wolfsboro', N. H.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore we should cherish ardor in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.—*Johnson.*

Original.

TO A RAINBOW SEEN FROM A TOWN.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

Welcome thou beauteous messenger
Of peace and promise too!
Amidst the city's busy stir,
What wonders canst thou do!
A gush of heaven, where sordid earth
Seemed only to have sway,
Of purer light a sudden birth,
Upon a common day!

Welcome! my heart was sore with care,
My soul with earth was soiled;
In crowded mart and thoroughfare,
Long have I sorely toiled.
Thou comest! blessings in thy smile,
All fleeting though it be—
Thou brightly com'st to reconcile
My weary lot to me.

What blessed memories dost thou bring
Of hopes and days gone by,
When all my life was flowery spring,
And rainbow-like my sky.
When in thy blended hues I saw
A vision of delight,
And nought but happy dreams could draw
From thee, the pure and bright!

How glad thou mad'st my childish heart,
Traced on the rainy sky,
How watched I then the clouds depart,
And knew the sunshine nigh.
How, over hill and heathery plain,
I chased thy colors fair,
And felt a vague delicious pain,
To see thee melt in air!

What images thou wakenest now
Of early scenes and days—
How gleam'st thou o'er the mountain's brow,
Fringing its crowning haze;
How dost thou bathe the wild green wood,
In liquid gem-like light;
How dost the river's stately flood
Give back thy radiance bright!

The spirits of a thousand flowers,
The soul of every gem,
Essence of birds from eastern bowers,
Say, art thou formed from them?
Or in such regal pomp outspread,
With hues so splendid given;
Art thou the bridge that angels tread,
Between the earth and Heaven?

Oh, blessed art thou; graceful bow,
Who canst such pictures bring—
Oh, blessed thou, who makest flow
Each wild imagining—
But blessed most, that thou art yet
To smile o'er earth allowed,
To teach us God's own hand hath set
"This bow within the cloud."

Liverpool, England, 1841.

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Original.

JOACHIM MURAT; OR, THE MUTINEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

At Florence, at the Griffoni Palace, after the piano had ceased playing the delightful strains of Bellini, the intimate friends of the Countess Lipona would form themselves into little coteries, and with tale and anecdote beguile the hours, 'till the dawn of morning. There was an inexpressible charm about these midnight parties; the saloon was exactly as it had been during the concert and ball, but the dancers and singers had departed. The music lay scattered around upon the desks, the lights were waning in their sockets, and the orchestra was vacated. At such a time these little groups assembled, and so fascinating were they that no one ever thought of retiring 'till the rays of the sun were often struggling through the casements. The Countess, herself, was ever present at these assemblies, and among the last to retire. "Three hours sleep," she would say, "is for me sufficient, it is a habit I learned from my brother, the Emperor, and an excellent one it is." The company, it is almost needless to say, were too happy to follow any example which came from Napoleon, and in going from the palace, it frequently happened that the sun was illumining the colonade and burnishing the dome of San Spirito.

Sometimes the Countess would relate some charming anecdote, with that half Italian manner, which she never totally abandoned. The illustrious heroine had assisted in many of them herself, and she was, therefore, never destitute of material when she condescended to contribute her share to the circle of amusement. One night when we had drawn ourselves closer than usual around the chair of the Countess, the noble lady announced to us, that she had a tale of some interest to impart, and it was evident, from the working of her countenance and the calm and solemn tone of her voice, that it was one of sorrowful recollection. She respectfully solicited our silence, which having been obtained, she spoke as follows:

"At the time that Italy was under the dominion of France, a seditious spirit was manifested in one of the regiments then quartered in Leghorn. It was not an affair of a common nature, but marked with the most frightful and daring acts. The Emperor, when apprised of it, was wroth in the extreme, and determined to make a most summary and severe example to the deterring of future offenders. The execution of it he committed to my beloved husband, Joachim, and the orders which he received from Napoleon, were peremptory and terrible—no council of war was to be summoned, but immediate execution to take place.

Joachim, having arrived at Leghorn, summoned the regiment to appear before him in the square of the garrison, and announced the orders he had received from the Emperor, with his own determination that he should see them fully executed. His angry speech, his imperious gestures, his menaces, and above all, the terror of his name, soon quelled the rebellious spirit of the troops. They threw themselves upon their knees and in the most humble accents, supplicated for mercy. Joachim was moved, for he was himself kind and generous, but his orders were decisive, and disguising his emotion, he cried in a voice of anger—"Of every tenth man I shall make an example!"

As it may be conceived, the consternation was awful. The regiment was ordered back as prisoners to their barracks, to await the decimation, each soldier regarding himself already as one of the doomed. Many were the deputations sent to solicit pardon. Officers and men swore to sacrifice themselves in the very first battle under the eyes of the Emperor, if Murat would spare them the death of degradation. For a long time he was inflexible, at least in his appearance—but at last his commiseration was excited, and he sought to find an excuse for evading the orders of the Emperor—but in vain. The crime was one of the most dangerous, and to forgive it, even if he had been inclined, would have been setting a most injurious precedent to the whole army. After a severe struggle between his feelings and duty, he decided that three of the greatest mutineers should atone with their lives for the offence of the regiment. Three victims were accordingly selected, and conducted to prison, with the order, that their execution should take place early the following morning.

In the middle of the night, the jailor, in whose discretion and confidence Joachim could confide, was directed to bring the three soldiers to his presence. When they approached him they were bathed in tears, thinking, no doubt, that their hour was come. Murat regarded them with pity, while he said—

'It is fit that you prepare yourselves for death, and by your meeting that death in a heroic manner you will, in the world's eye, wipe away the stigma of treason which now rests upon your regiment. If you have aught you wish to leave to your wives, children, or parents, I promise it shall be faithfully conveyed to them.'

The poor fellows could not reply—their grief stifled their utterance, and they fell in each others arms and wept aloud.

'Alas!' continued Murat, 'how proud and happy would they have been had you fallen in battle before the enemy—but thus, to die the death of the felon.—Unhappy men, farewell. I shall send you a priest to administer to you the comforts of religion. Let your last prayer be for France and to your God for pardon. You have nothing further to do with life—Farewell!'

The soldiers fell at the feet of Joachim, not to sue for mercy, but to implore his forgiveness before dying. The heart of Joachim was touched, it was granted—and the prisoners were on the eve of being conducted back to prison—when he ordered them again to approach him.

'Hearken!' said he to them. 'If I grant you life, will you promise to be brave and virtuous men for the future?'

The soldiers regarded him with astonishment for a few moments, then their faces met each other—but not a symptom of thankfulness or joy seemed to irradiate them. At length one of them replied—

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'No, General, we are ready and willing to die. We have deserved death, and we bow to the justice of our sentence.'

'How!' cried Murat, 'if *I* am willing that you should live, wherefore should *you* wish to die? I have never yet given the order to fire against the enemy, and certainly I am not willing to give it against you who were my brethren in arms, my countrymen, even although you be guilty!' And Joachim wept like a very woman, and what brave man would not have done the same?

A deep silence ensued, while not an eye of the company was dry at the mention of her heroic spouse by the widowed Countess. After a pause, she continued—

'Hearken to me,' said Joachim. 'You are guilty, and deserving death, but you are willing to die for your crime, and that in my eyes is punishment enough.—We have been fellow-soldiers on the field of battle. I have seen and know your bravery. I respect it, and by your living you may yet serve me much. But to effect this with safety to yourselves and me, it is necessary that you be thought dead by the world—and especially by your own regiment. Listen. To-morrow, as night closes in, you will be conducted to the gate of Pise close to the glacis. The platoon who will execute judgment upon you, will be placed at twenty paces from your person. Unknown to them they shall receive a charge of blank cartridge, and as they discharge their muskets, you will fall as if dead. At that moment, your regiment will pass on the heights to behold the supposed fulfilment of your sentence, which the darkness of the night will the more easily enable us to accomplish. A man to whom I have given instructions, will then place you in a cart and convey you to the cemetery, where you will receive disguises as sailors, and a thousand francs each. From thence you will be conducted to a hotel, where you will remain in safety for some days, until an American vessel now in port for New Orleans, is ready for departure. Once in another land, you will be at liberty, and the world before you to live in, and I trust as honest men. For your families, fear nothing, I shall take care that they are provided for. Farewell! Be prudent and docile, and Heaven will prosper you.' The poor fellows could not reply, but falling at the feet of Joachim, bathed them with their tears.

All came to pass as Joachim had contrived—the severe example was thus given to the rebellious regiment, and the Emperor was pleased, and thanked my husband that he had acted so prudently in only sacrificing *three* human beings in place of the whole regiment. This generous *ruse* was always concealed from the Emperor, and saving myself and a few faithful friends, to whom Murat had entrusted the secret, it was never made known. Circumstances now render concealment no longer necessary, but believe me, this is a truth and not a fiction that I have told you."

After this narration, the noble lady, overcome by her feelings, retired to her apartment. The recital had imparted to the guests a mingled feeling of melancholy and love—melancholy for the remembrance of the gallant soldier, and love for his generosity of soul. Neither of us could speak, but as it were, instinctively cast our eyes upon a magnificent portrait, by Gros, representing Murat as King of Naples, on horseback, on the brink of the Neopolitan gulf. The sky and water were tinged with the light of Vesuvius, which was in the distance, sending forth his volcanic fires. It was a happy thought of the artist—Murat and Vesuvius, face to face—two volcanoes!

Months had vanished, and still the recollection of this little history clung to my memory with a vividness that was almost painful, when happening to be at Rome, chance threw me in the way of a friend, who had at one period lived in terms of the closest intimacy with the imperial family. To him I related the anecdote, when he furnished me with its sequel, and but that I know it to be based upon truth, I should be inclied to regard it little better than the dénouement of a romance or a drama. It is as follows:

On the precincts of a forest in the neighborhood of New Orleans, in the Autumn of 1830, a young hunter, knocked at the door of a beautiful farm cottage, to request shelter from a violent storm then raging. The door was opened by an aged female, who politely requesting him to enter, conducted him into a little parlor simply yet neatly furnished. Around the walls were displayed engravings and lithographic prints, principally representing the most famous victories of Napoleon. The young man beheld them with delight and emotion, as he exclaimed in the language of France—

"It would appear that my good star has conducted me to the dwelling of a countryman."

"Indeed!" said the female, "I rejoice to hear it—a real Frenchman?"

"Yes, madame, and a good Frenchman too, and if I guess rightly, I have also a parent here—in this very parlor."

The old woman looked surprized, while she replied, "My son sir, is in the garden. I will call him, I am certain he will be very glad to see a countryman."

"Is your son also French?" inquired the stranger.

"Ye—ye—yes, sir." This answer was given with a little hesitation, but recovering her composure, she added with more confidence—"He is a Frenchman by birth, but for many years has resided in this country, where, under the blessing of God, he has no cause to repent it. This dwelling, and the land around it, are his own. I am his mother—our industry has won for us independence and comfort, and we are content and happy." At this moment the master of the farm entered the apartment. "My son," said the mother, "here is a gentleman who requests our hospitality 'till the storm ceases—he is your countryman, a son of beloved France!"

The master of the farm saluted the stranger with a military air, and stammered forth a few words of civility. The figure of the young man seemed to recall some strong remembrance, for he was so much moved that he could only gaze with the most intense scrutiny

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upon him. At length, after a pause, with painful diffidence, he said—

"Sir, you may think my behavior strange and the question I am about to ask as rude and suspicious—but your figure is like to one of whom I bear a grateful remembrance, and your face, that—pray excuse me—may I know your name?"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "that is the only question to which I cannot reply. It would be easy to deceive you by giving a false name—but I prefer rather to conceal mine than utter an untruth. He whose name I bear was never known to utter a lie, and never shall it be tarnished in my being. I am sincere in my answer—perhaps uncourteous. If you will grant me your hospitality, I shall feel grateful—if not, I am ready to quit your roof—"

"No, no!" exclaimed the master, "were the whole world mine, something tells me that it would be my duty to give it you," and his breast heaved heavily and the tears started into his eyes.

"This is singular," said the hunter. "Though I have refused to favor you with my name, doubtless you have no cause to conceal yours?" The master of the farm replied not. "It appears that *you* are *also* unwilling to reveal your name," added the hunter.

"You are right, sir," replied the master. "That which I bear in this country is not my real name, and to reveal it to you could be of no importance. Suffice it that I am known here by that of Claude Gerard."

"At least, sir, be assured that my son has no cause to blush for his name," said the mother. "There are reasons that—"

"It is all one to me," said the stranger. "I tell my name to none but whom I consider worthy of my confidence—and, as at this moment I believe you to be so. Know that I am Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples!"

Claude and his mother, as if stricken by a thunderbolt, fell prostrate before him. While the Prince, (who was then a citizen of the United States,) beholding them weep, could not comprehend the cause of their grief and singular behavior. For a long time neither Claude nor his mother could speak, but pointed to a portrait of Murat hanging against the wall, richly framed and encircled with a wreath of bays.

"Behold your glorious father—my General, my friend, my benefactor," said Claude. "It is to him I owe all—this home, these fields, happiness, *life!*"

"Your life?" responded the Prince. "What mean you?"

"I mean," cried Claude, "that your royal father was my preserver. It chanced that I was doomed to die, and the noble Murat saved me."

"On the field of honor?" asked Achille.

"No! on the field of dishonor! Two comrades and myself were, for the crime of mutiny, condemned to death. It was a rightful sentence, and its execution was confided to your noble father—but his heart was touched with mercy, and at the sacrifice of his duty, he preserved our lives,—furnished us with gold and the means of escape to America. My two comrades have since died, but under the blessing of God, I still live and prosper. To your generous father I owe all. I have toiled and my labor has been rewarded with affluence. My mother, who now stands before you, and who believed me dead, shortly after my arrival in America received from me a letter, which called her to the home and bosom of her son. You now behold us happy—rich. But, if the son of my benefactor requires it, my wealth, my life, all are at his service."

"I believe it, my honest friends. The generous Joachim!" cried Achille, his eyes suffused with tears at the sight of the friends of his father's mercy.

"He was ever generous!" said Claude, "no one ever appealed in vain to his mercy."

"True, true, but *he* appealed in vain to the mercy of others!" said Achille. "Father! thy son will yet revenge your death!" And he knelt in reverence before the picture of his parent.

"Amen!" ejaculated Claude and his mother, as they bent beside the son of their benefactor, and breathed in silence their prayer of gratitude to the God of Heaven!

Original.

THE CONQUEROR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

It was a battle field;
  The work of death was done,
And, like a crimson shield,
  Down sank the rayless sun.
The trumpet's blare, the shout,
  The dread artillery's roar,
The carnage and the rout
  Shook the red plain no more.

Surrounded by the dead,
  Wherever strayed his eyes,
His gory steed his bed,
  Young Harold strove to rise.
Vain was the effort—vain!
  The death-wound in his side,
The ebbing blood—the pain,
  Life's rallying power defied.

"And must I, then," he said,
  "With all my dreams of fame,
Of hosts to conquest led,
  Perish without a name!
Oh, for my mother's voice!
  My home, my native sky!
And her, my fond heart's choice,
  For whom in death I sigh!"

He ceased. A page, whose hair
  Stream'd loosely on the breeze,
Sank wounded by him there;
  It is herself he sees!
Death! thou can'st not appal!
  Ambition! quit the field!
Love is the Conqueror—all
  To woman's love must yield!

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Original.

ZEKE DYER, AND ONE OF HIS YARNS.

A SHORT, BUT VERITABLE HISTORY.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

EZEKIEL Dyer, or, as he was always familiarly called, Old Zeke, was a genuine sailor of the old school, delighting in long yarns, big quids of tobacco, and a glass of grog; not that Zeke was ever known to be "the worse for liquor;" no, no, he was a staunch advocate for temperance, in his own way, namely—that every man should take "jeest as much, and no more, than he can well bare; for you see," he would say, giving his duck, pantaloons an expressive hitch, and rolling his huge quid to a lodgement between his gums and cheek, that it might be no impediment to his tongue, "you see, some kind o' craft is built shoal, and carries little or nothing in the shape of cargo or ballast, while another 'll be deeper made, and carries a nation sight more: now, 'twould be redickilous to put as much cargo into the shoal concarn, as into the deeper—jeest so it is with a man's head: you'll see one that's clear'n upshot by one glass, and another that 'll keep stiff and above board with well nigh on to a quart." Here he gave his mug a complacent sip, and a wink to the by-standers, as much as to say, "you can make the application to suit yourselves."

I remember Old Zeke, when I was a child, as always being seated on a rude bench near to the "Ferry House," in a little village that bore the euphonious name of Perpooduck. Always in passing back and forth, I as much expected to see Old Zeke on the bench under the sign-post, as to see the sign. It would have been no less strange if Zeke had failed to regard us school children with a most comical cast of the mouth, intended for a smile, in which the under lip did service in the shape of a dam to hold back the supply of tobacco, and a most peculiar twinkle of his small red eye, intended as approval. I know I am describing a somewhat unattractive sort of personage, and yet Old Zeke was a universal favorite. Apparently the idlest man, in an idle and decoying village, he was, in fact, the busiest man there. Never were such long yarns as Old Zeke told! Lucky for him, that his lot fell where the people had little to do but listen. Then, not a mischievous boy in the full tide of successful experiment in his mad pranks, but would drop his head and desist, did the eye of Old Zeke fall upon him. The disobedient were subdued, and reformed, by the admonitions of the old man. A group of boys were always collected about him to listen to his stories; but, did a neighboring door open, and the shrill, prolonged scream of a matron, summon one of them home, Zeke would stop his narration, fix his eye upon the boy, and wait 'till he moved to go; often adding—"That's right, Bill," or Jack, as the case might be, "always mind your mother; a mother's curse, or a mother's sigh, is heavy lading, and always sure to carry down the ship;" then, perhaps, he would leave the tale unfinished to relate one more to the point.

Perpooduck stands directly opposite the flourishing little city of P., with its white houses, and many churches, its bustling quays and quiet streets, its hospitality and exclusiveness, its handsome women and talented men, and many more things, as the advertisements say, too numerous to mention. Well, Perpooduck, that is, eight or ten houses, the Ferry House, a fish-house, a decayed wharf, one shop, and a meeting-house, most forlornly perched upon the top of a bleak wasted hill, about a mile from the worshippers, and a a school house, which almost indecorously turns its back upon the opposite city, as if in contempt of its churches, school-houses, and indeed every thing appertaining thereto. Well, to start again, all this at one time was the great place, "the town;" it was first settled, the shipping was built there, sailed from there, and the fashionables lived there. But all this was years and years ago, for even the people of Perpooduck, unpromising as they might seem to be to make such an immense discovery, actually did perceive, after the rising and falling of the tide twice in every twenty-four hours, for about seventy years, that the water upon the opposite side was really more bold, and better adapted to the purposes of commerce, than that upon which they lived, where the flats, for something like a half a mile, are full of "honey-pots" and little breathing-holes for clams. Well, no sooner were these great discoveries made, than the fate of Perpooduck was sealed. From being "the town," she became only a miserable appendage to her more flourishing neighbor. Every thing went to decay. People looked askance at those who crossed the ferry, to know if they really were "Pooduckers," for thus was the term corrupted, or whether they were attached to the Fort, a military station at the entrance of the harbor. It was a sad time for the Pooducker's, for thus we may as well designate them.

This was the state of affairs at the time of our history, for history it is. Old Zeke had belonged to the place in its palmier days, when he had been mate to "as neat a ship as ever carried sail;" but times were changed, and Zeke changed with them. The shipping declined; one after another decaying from age, or perishing at sea, and Zeke, who never thought of sailing in a ship belonging to the obnoxious side of the harbor, was finally thrown out of employment, and became a village idler; tolerated by the matrons, a crony with the men, and the favorite of all the little lovers of sea-stories, and eaters of ginger-bread and candy.

Often might the old man be seen about the old fish-house, helping to turn the fish upon the flakes where they dried in the sun, or standing about the neglected ship-yard, where he had seen many a good ship upon the stocks, in days gone by. At such times, his rugged and good-natured face assumed a comical expression of sentiment as he looked round where the grass was springing amid chips of timber, and the rust lay heavily upon corroding bolts and chains. The sight was sure to lead him into a numeration of all the vessels he had there seen launched, their names, owners, and whole history, down to the final catastrophe of storm and

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wreck. Happy the child who caught him in these moods, for Old Zeke would be sure to relate tales of peril and "hair-breadth escapes," well worth the hearing.

At one time there was an impulse given to business even in Pooduck, and a brig was actually reared upon the stocks. Great was the excitement every where in the village, but greatest of all, in the person of Old Zeke. It would seem as if the fire of his youth were renewed. He blew the smoke from his pipe with a brisker air, jerked his pantaloons twice as often, and even set his old tarpawling jauntingly upon his head. He would sit for hours upon a stick of timber, listening to the click-a-click of the workmen, as if the sound were the best of music, and so in fact it was to the old man, reviving the days of youth, and relieving the monotony of age.

It was a great day when the "Brig Lydia" was launched—great was the throng of people, and great the exultation of the Pooducker's. Old Zeke shook his head when she stuck in her course to the sea; but when she reached it, his hurrah, thrice repeated, was loud and long. Then came the rigging. Zeke was as much on the alert, as if the property had been his own, splicing ropes, uncoiling cables, and always joining the workmen in every song, whether in tune or out, for it would be a severe day when a sailor could'nt make his own tune. Well, the brig was rigged and went to sea, and Old Zeke again renewed his rounds, from the ferry-house to the fish-house, and thence to the ship-yard, where he would stand looking off upon the water with a sad and half vacant look. Then was the time for a story, and though Old Zeke would call us all sorts of land-lubber names when we gathered about him, yet there was always a twinkle of the eye, that showed it pleased him.

I must tell one of Old Zeke's last stories, because it was the one that made the deepest impression upon my mind; first premising, that Zeke was a firm believer in omens and presentiments, in mermaids and ghosts. As to that, so were most of his hearers, very few indeed of us having become so unfortunately wise as to lose the zest of a wild story by any unreasonable doubts as to its verity. So, then, we were all able to listen with staring eyes, "goose flesh," and hair crawling upon our heads.

OLD ZEKE'S YARN.

I was mate in the trim ship Morgianna, Richard Lee, commander. The Morgianna, was as nice a craft as ever dipped the water, but a doomed ship from the very first. She was owned by old ——, as big a rascal as ever escaped the halter. He cheated the workmen out of nigh about half their wages by his parlavering blarney, and that too, after keeping them on half allowance of grog. No good would come of it, and so in truth she stuck when going off the stocks, which was saying as plain as dumb thing could say, that she had'nt a long cruise to run. I was right loth to go in her, any way, but Richard Lee was to be Captain, and no sailor could refuse to sail under him. He was as true as steel, nobody ever knew him to flinch, let the case be what it might; and then, he carried an eye, that took the soul out of the toughest seaman, that ever opened a pair of clam-shells.

"Do sailors always have to open clams?" said Tommy D., who was on a visit from the country. We all laughed, and Zeke chucked him under the chin, and said—"Yes, when he opens his lips. But, as I was saying, Cap'n Lee had a terrible eye, full and black as a squall; but then he had a true sailor heart, did'nt climb into the ship through the cabin winders, but come regully up from the forecastle.

Well, we'd been cruising about the West Ingy Islands, exchanging freight and-so-forth, and on our return vyge, somewhere in latitude—"Oh, never mind the latitude, nor longitude neither," cried a dozen little shrill, sharp, eager voices, all in one breath. Well, well, we was somewhere in the Gulf-Stream. It was my watch on deck, and a pale young man, that went out for his health, because he writ poetry, and sot up nights makin faces at the moon, came and stuck himself down astern of me. I didn't like it jeest right, for I was thinkin of Sukey Bacon, and a nice gal she was. Howsomever, I tried to look civil, and said nothing. He had sat there about a half an hour, when I, tipping an eye all around the horizon, to keep a look-out for squalls, that are always keepin the deuce to pay in them seas, I see a brisk light off to the nor-east.

"What's the kick up off there," says I, sposin it to be some craft a-fire. With that the young man run down, and up comes Cap'n Lee, his great eyes lookin as if they was'nt never made to shut, no how."

"What have we here?" says he, seizing the speakin-trumpet and puttin it to his mouth, as if he feared nobody; for the thing was bearing down upon us, before a light wind, and we could see her spars, and sails, and her light rigging in the midst of the flame. Soon as she came in speakin distance, Cap'n Lee hailed her.

"Ship-a-hoy, Mr. Beelzebub; where are you from, where bound, and what's your cargo?"

My hair stood right on eend, and the strange sail came down upon us, and almost touched our stern. 'Twas an awful sight. I must say she'd a ben a nice model for a ship, barrin the pattern was made by old Nick himself; but every thing was so trim and easy, and she lay down to the water so handsome, that I was sure he must some time or other have been a sailor himself, to do the thing so handsomely. To be sure, where her hull touched the water, there was a terrible sizzlin. Well, down she came along side, and, sure enough, we could see Old Nick himself standing to the helm, like any Cap'n; and there, chained fast, with a red-hot chain, stood old ——, the owner of the Morgianna. He gin us a terrible look as he went by, and lifted up both hands in a way that was piteous to behold. But I really believe his mouth was sewed up, or he would have spoke.

Cap'n Lee laid his hand, solem-like, upon my shoulder. "Zeke," says he, "I believe Satan has got his due," and he took out the log-book, and sat down the circumstance, and the latitude and longitude, day of the month,

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week, and hour of the night. Well, we had a rough time of it after this, squalls and gales; was blown off two or three times. After a time, we got in, and the first news we hearn was, that old —— was dead. Cap'n Lee looked at me, and I looked at him. We found out jeest the time the old sinner died, and sure enough, 'twas jeest the same hour and minnit that we saw him off there, aboard that blazin craft, smokin with brimstone.

So much for the story of Old Zeke. The old man got up and walked away, for the recital had wrought powerfully upon his own imagination, and we children stood huddled together with pale faces; and little Tommy D., had grasped my arm so tightly, as to leave black and blue spots for a long time afterwards. The rest of the stories connected with the Morgianna, must be deferred to another time.

Original.

VOICES OF HOME.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Voices of home! ye are on the breeze,
Ye are sighing soft through the budding trees;
Spring has come with a gentle reign,
And ye are sounding o'er hill and plain.
From a far green valley, ye come, ye come!
Speak to the wanderer, voices of home!
Tell me of those I shall see no more,
Of all I loved in the days of yore.
List! from the bank where the violet lies,
Where the honey-bee for his treasure flies—
A voice of home!
"The bowers thou hast twined are green and fair,
Thickly the blossoms are clustering there,
Wilt thou not come?
Sweet is the air with the breath of Spring,
Birds are abroad on a glancing wing;
Each wild strain from their joyous throats,
Like a bursting chorus of welcome notes,
Recalls thee home!"

Voices of home! would ye bear me back
To the scenes of my childhood's sunny track?
Would ye win me away from my chosen lot,
To pleasures the gay world knoweth not?
Tell me, oh! tell me, of that loved hearth,
Where cluster the joys and hopes of earth.
Speak of the home I shall see no more,
And of all I loved in the days of yore.
Hark! from the stream as it murmurs by,
In the sunlight making glad melody—
A voice of old!
"Green is the bank where thy young feet strayed,
Cool is the air in the willow shade,
And waves of gold
Are flashing bright in the noontide ray,
And music sounds where the fountains play;
Come! for the flowers and young birds are there,
The clear stream flows and thy home is fair,
As in days of old."

Voices of home! do ye mock my prayer?
Do the feet of my kindred still linger there?
And she whose love like a holy star,
Hath shone on my path in the world afar—
Are the eyes still bright that upon me smiled,
And prayeth she still for her absent child?
Brothers and sisters! oh! where are they,
Have they pass'd like me from that home away?
Again! as the wind the green leaves stirr'd,
The wail of a mournful voice was heard—
A household tone!
"I swept alone through the empty halls,
And waved the grass on the mouldering walls,
And the dark hearth-stone:
I moved the billow to mighty wrath,
As a tall ship sped on its ocean path;
And scattered the leaves from a pale white rose,
As I passed o'er the graves where the dead repose,
Alone! alone!

Voices of home! ye are gone! ye are gone!
Ye pass'd away in that last sad tone;
Call me no more for the home is dark,
Where I turn'd like a dove to its shelt'ring ark;
The flowers I nursed may in splendor vie,
With the rainbow hues of the Summer sky—
The joyful burst of the wild bird's song,
And the music of waters that glide along—
Though all that is glorious, all that is fair,
In the face of nature still dwelleth there,
It is home no more!
For the golden links of affection's chain,
By death's dark angel are broke in twain,
And the dream is o'er;
Voices of home! farewell, farewell!
Pass on in the midst of the loved to dwell;
A sweeter voice to my lonely heart,
Speaks of a home where kindred part,
No more, no more.

Original.

MAN.

FROM THE POLISH OF KROPINSKI.

BY W. G. HOWARD.

They reared him a monument gorgeous, sublime,
Which seemed to defy the convulsions of time;
And man thought that the terrible might of his hand,
The invasions of change and decay could withstand;
Then inflated with pride, he breathed the vain cry,
Oh! how noble, how *mighty*, how CHAINLESS am I!

At this moment, the clouds gathered darkly on high,
And the red lightnings gleamed from the depths of the sky;
The live thunder uttered its deep startling sound,
The proud monument tottered and fell to the ground:
Then terror's black pinions o'ershadowed the man,
(While the blood through his system more speedily ran;)
And extorted the bitter, the penitent cry,—
Oh! how little, how *little*, how LITTLE am I!

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Original.

THE ROSE OF PLORA.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Oh, why has the rose o' Plora gane,
  Frae her father's ha' at this eerie hour?
Slowly and sadly, and a' alane,
  To gaze on the Tweed from the Fairy's bower,
The stainless dew, like diamond beads,
  Is gemming her locks o' gowden sheen;
And the bonnie blue bell o' the emerant meads,
  Is like the hue o' her twa bricht e'en.
And aye she looks on the swa'ing breast,
  O' the chrystal Tweed as it rushes by;
And glints up to the starry west,
  Like a babe that seeks its mother's eye.

And sweet as the summer wind that sips
  The honey frae the clover rose;
Is the breath that comes frae her cherry lips,
  Through pearls as pure as mountain snows,

A tinkling far on the air is heard,
  Like a thousand bells o' silver sound;
And every flower on the mossy sward,
  Is bowing and waving its head around,
While a rainbow spans the arch o' nicht,
In the mellow hues o' the soft moonlight,
Striped wi' bars o' changing dies,
Like morn and eve commingling skies.

Oh, weel kens young Phemie her lover is near,
When sic sweet strains salute her ear;
A lover that bears nae stain o' earth,
That never yet sprang frae mortal birth,
But was got in the realms o' the sun and sea,
Of the far far hame o' the fay countrie.
Now the owlet has left the auld grey oak;
An' the raven his neuk in the mossy rock,
And the lintie has left his whinny bush,
To sing wi' the lark and freckled thrush;
And the gled wi' the dove is wheeling aboon
The river's breast in the beams o' the moon,
And the bee wi his horn o' drowsy sound,
Is calling ilk fay to the greenwood's ground;
To meet their king in the Fairy bower,
Where he comes to greet his earthly flower.

The spray on the river's breast is belling
  Like molten drops o' silver sheen;
And the strains o' a thousand harps are swelling,
  From the viewless depths o' a land unseen.
Like wreaths of snow in the moonlight beaming,
  The waves are parting on every side;
As a youth arrayed in glory's gleaming,
  Forth on a milkwhite steed doth ride.
On his brow is placed a coral crown,
  And a robe of leme around him glows;
And his skin is white as the thistle's down,
  And his cheek is red as the rowan rose.
And the licht o' luve is in his e'e,
  And the sound o' luve is on his tongue;
As fondly he clasps in fervency,
  The rose o' Plora sweet and young.

Oh! bright and beauteous glowed each gem,
In heaven's cerulean diadem;
While the sickle moon it waxed amain,
'Till the night looked like the day again,
And the owl and the bat shrunk back dismayed,
To the hoary oak and the gloomy shade,
And the lark careered on his dappled wing,
And high in the heaven's arch did sing,
Deeming it day, as the sprite and bride
Sank for aye in the chrystal tide.

Note.—The authenticity of the above poem, our readers may rely upon. "In the summer of 1830," says our correspondent, "along with the late John Mackay Wilson, author of 'Tales of the Border,' I had the pleasure of enjoying the society of the Ettrick Shepherd at his residence of Altrive Lake, for nearly two days. In the course of our conversation, I expressed a desire that he would favor me with a small testimony of my personal acquaintance with him, and hinting that it would be most agreeable in the form of a few poetical lines. To this he seemed averse, alleging as an excuse, '*that it was not at a' times that his muse would jingle.*' A young lady who was present, perceiving my disappointment, as a kind of pallistive, told me that I was welcome to a copy of an *original poem* which the shepherd had contributed to her album. As a curiosity, I transcribed it, and which the poet kindly authenticated with his autograph."

Original.

THE PORTRAIT OF TWO SISTERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Sweet sisters—blest the art that keeps
  The form of grace, the brow of snow,
From Time's dark wing, that coldly sweeps
  To blight those beauties while they glow;

But that which gives each charm its power,
  The heart sincere—the thought refin'd—
The love that soothes affliction's hour—
  The calm and holy light of mind—

These ask no limner's magic skill,
  Nor shrink at adverse fortune's moan;
Through fading years they flourish still—
  Sweet sisters, guard them as your own.

The above lines were suggested on seeing the portrait of two beautiful sisters, the daughters of Robert Walsh, Esq. of Philadelphia, at the studio of Mr. Healy, in Paris.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1840.

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Original.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I.

HANNAH, to Shiloh, brought her child,
The beautiful, the pure;
The weary way he had beguil'd
With many an artless lure,
Yet now she nerv'd herself to part—
Ah! *woman's strength is in her heart.*

II.

Once and again she fondly press'd
Her own, her cherish'd one;
With tearful eye, the babe she bless'd,
And then she felt 'twas done!
He was the Lord's! an off'ring fair,
The mother joy'd to leave him there.

Original.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

LOVE hath its seasons like the year,
As well defined as they;—
Its *Spring* is when, 'mid hope and fear,
The heart first owns its potent sway;
And from the ice of apathy,
Freed by the genial beam,
Feels its warm fancies bright and free,
Form into Love's young glowing dream.

Betrothal is Love's *summer tide*,
When all is green and gay,
When not a cloud of doubt may hide
The splendor or the warmth of day;
Then Love's strong sun is high in Heaven,
Intensely clear and bright,
And in his glance new grace is given
To Hope's rich flow'rets bathed in light.

Love's *Autumn* comes with holy prayer,
And mystic marriage ring,
When hopes fulfilled may richly bear
The fruits unknown to early spring;
And still while youth or health remain,
Love's harvest hour will last,
Filled with calm joy or pleasing pain,
And gratitude for blessings past.

Love's *Winter* comes, then snowy hairs
Their crown of glory form,
And at home's shrine the heart prepares
A refuge from life's outer storm;
And Love's pure atmosphere is bright
Albeit its heat be less,
And old affection in its light,
Is happy in past happiness.

Original.

TO THE EARTH.

BY F. S. JEWETT.

GREAT handiwork of the Eternal God!
Where dost thou swing—or where is thine abode?
Away through realms unknown, 'mong sister spheres,
On trackless void thy tireless being veers;
Yet as thou trav'lest o'er the fields of space,
Marked is thy course, and measured is thy race.
Borne swift and far, and plumed with wealth and fame,
One source was thine—thine is a single aim;
And on rough rocks, low peering from thy breast,
Thy age is notch'd—thy Maker's might expressed.

The same in ages past—the same to-day—
No thrall can gird thee, and no change can sway;
Save when in one great hour thou shalt expire,
And worlds shall shrivel o'er thy funeral pyre.
Smiling and frowning with the season's change,
One garb is thine through thy revolving range;
The dust now wrought to strength, is wrought in vain;
It falls to-morrow, and is dust again.
No change—no change, save that in man we see—
Thrones rise and totter—'tis the same to thee.

Vast as thou seem'st, and mighty as thou art,
Of great Creation thou art but a part—
A *little* part; yet, when we view thy seas,
Lifted by storms, or trembling in the breeze.
Or rest the eye where cloud-girt mountains frown,
Or, from their peaks, on bustling realms look down,
We shrink within as silently we feel
We there have view'd Creation's broadest seal:
But though with conscious weakness shrinks the soul,
That soul shall live and feel when seasons cease to roll.

Hartford, Con.

Original.

STANZAS.

How soon they are faded,
Those bright-tinted flowers!
Though with fondest care shaded,
In beauty's gay bowers.

Like the hopes we oft cherish,
In youth's sunny day,
They spring up—to perish,
They bloom—to decay.

The wild-bird sings sweetly,
While borne through the sky,
Its Music, how fleetly
'Tis whisper'd—to die.

So the joys which rise gladly,
To nourish the heart,
Like echoes—fall sadly—
Like echoes—depart.

C. B.

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Original.

HAIR.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

HAIR is an eloquent emblem. It is the mother's pride to dress her child's rich locks; the lover's joy to gaze on the hair-locket of his mistress; the mourner's despair to see the ringlet stir as if in mockery of death, by the marble cheek of the departed. How the hue of hair is hallowed to the fancy! From the "glossy raven" to the "silver sable," from the "brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun," to blonde and silken thread, there is a vocabulary of hues appealing to each memory.

The beautiful economy of nature is signally displayed in the human hair. The most simple expedient in the animal frame, the meanest adjunct, as it were, to the figure, yet how effective!

> "Hyacinthine locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
> She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
> Her unadorned tresses wore,
> Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
> As the vine curls her tendrils, which implies
> Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
> And by her yielded, by him best received,
> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

In this passage, the blind bard of Paradise has interpreted the natural language of woman's hair before the artifices of fashion had curtailed its natural grace. Whoever has attentively perused one of the pictures of the old masters, where a female figure is therein represented, must have perceived, perhaps unconsciously, that the long, flexible ringlets conveyed an impression to the mind of dependence. The short, tight curls of a gladiatorial statue, on the contrary, give the idea of self-command and unyielding will. There is a poetical charm in the unshorn tresses of a beautiful woman, which Milton has not exaggerated. I have seldom received a more sad conviction of the bitterness of poverty, than was conveyed by the story of a lovely girl in one of the continental towns, who was obliged to sell her hair for bread. She was of humble parentage, but nature had adorned her head with the rarest perfection. Her luxuriant and glowing ringlets, constituted the pride of her heart. She rejoiced in this distinction as the redeeming point of her destiny. Often would a blush of pleasure suffuse her cheek as she caught a stranger's eye regarding them admiringly, when at her lowly toil. The homeliness of her gait, the poverty of her condition, were relieved by this native adornment. It is wonderful to what slight tokens the self-respect of poor mortals will cling, and how the very maintenance of virtue often depends upon some frail association. A strain of music, glimpses of a remembered countenance, a dream, a word, will often annihilate a vile intention, or unseal the fountain of the heart. A palm-tree in England drew tears from an Eastern wanderer, and the native wisdom of Jeanie Deans led her to make her first visit to the Duke of Argyle, arrayed in a plaid, knowing his honor's heart "would warm to the tartan." And thus to the simple-hearted maiden her rich and flowing hair was a crown of glory—the only circumstance that elevated her in her own estimation. And when the iron necessity of want came upon her, and she was a homeless orphan—when every thing had been parted with, and all appeals to compassion had failed, the spirit of the poor creature yielded to hunger, and she sold her hair. Before this sacrifice, she had resisted, with the heroism of innocence, the temptation to purchase food at the expense of honor. But when the wants of nature were appeased, and she went forth shorn of her cherished ornament, the consciousness of her loss induced despair, and she resigned herself hopelessly to a career of infamy.

Abundant hair is said to be indicative of strength, and fine hair, of susceptibility. In the hair are written the stern lessons of life. It falls away from the head of sickness, and the brows of the thoughtful. The bright lot of childhood is traced in its golden threads, the free buoyancy of youth is waked by its wild luxuriance; the throe of anguish, the touch of age, entwine it with a silver tissue; and intensity of spirit will there anticipate the snows of time. The hair of Columbus was white at thirty; and before that period, Shelley's dark waving curls were dashed with snow. In the account of the execution of the unfortunate Mary, the last touch of pathos is given to the scene when it is stated that as the executioner held up the severed head, it was perceived that the auburn locks were thickly strewed with grey.

Associations of sentiment attach strongly to the hair. Around it is wreathed the laurel garland of fame. Amid it tremble the flowers of a bridal. The Andalusian women always wear roses in their glossy black hair. The barbarous practice of scalping doubtless originated in a savage idea of desecrating the temple of the soul, as well as of gathering trophies of victory. The head is shaven by the monks in token of humility, and the stationary civilization of the Chinese is indicated by no custom more strikingly than that of wearing only a single forelock, the very acme of the unpicturesque. There were few more characteristic indications of a highly artificial state of society than the absurd style of dressing the head once so fashionable. Even at the present day, no part of female costume betrays individual taste more clearly than the style in which the hair is worn. To tear the hair is a true expression of despair, and the patriarchal ceremony of scattering ashes on the head, was the deepest sign of sorrow. How much the desolate grandeur of the scene on the heath, in Lear, is augmented by his "white flakes" that "challenge pity," and what a picture we have of Bassanio's love, when he says—

> "Her sunny locks
> Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
> Which makes her seat at Belmont, Colchos strand,
> And many Jasons come in quest of her."

The women at the siege of Messina, wrought their hair into bow-strings for the archers, and on a similar occasion in the Spanish wars, the females of a small garrison bound their hair under the chin, to appear like

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beard, and arranging themselves on the ramparts, induced the enemy to surrender.

Sampson's hair was singularly associated with his misfortunes, and the abundant locks of Absalom wrought the downfall of his pride. It is often a net to entrap the affections. The hair speaks the heart. Laura's flying tresses haunted Petrarch's fancy:

> "Qual Ninfa in fonti, in selve, mai qual Dea
> Chiome d' oro si fino a l'aura sciolse?"

It is the surviving memorial of our physical existence:

> "There seems a love in hair, though it be dead—
> It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
> Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree,
> Surviving the proud trunk; as if it said,
> Patience and gentleness is power. In me
> Behold affectionate eternity."

D'Israeli paints Contarini Fleming, the creature of passion, after his wife's death, as clipping off her long tresses, twining them about his neck, and springing from a precipice. Miss Porter makes Helen Mar embroider into the banner of Wallace, the ensanguined hair of his murdered Marion. Goldsmith's coffin was opened to obtain some of his hair for a fair admirer, and there is a striking anecdote of a man who was prevented from declaring love to his friend's betrothed, by recognizing on the hand he had clasped, a ring, containing the hair of his rival. With what a pathetic expressiveness does the "Cenci" conclude:

> *Beatrice.* "Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
> My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
> My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
> In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
> And yours, I see, is coming down. *How often*
> *Have we done this for one another! and now*
> *We shall not do it any more.* My hood!
> We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well."

The dialogue between King John and Constance, is very significant:—

> *King Philip.* "Bind up those tresses. Oh, what love I note
> In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
> Where, but by chance, a silver dross hath fallen,
> Even to that dross ten thousand wiry friends
> Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
> Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
> Sticking together in calamity."
>
> *Constance.* "To England, if you will."
>
> *King Philip.* "Bind up your hairs."
>
> *Constance.* "Yes, that I will, and wherefore will I do it?
> I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
> Oh, that these hands could so redeem my son,
> As they have given these hairs their liberty!
> But now I envy at their liberty,
> And will again commit them to their bonds,
> Because my poor child is a prisoner."

HABIT hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarcely any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph, picked his own pocket of a guinea, to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain, at last, a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have, for years, perhaps, endeavored to betray their neighbors.

Original.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

LOVE, in the heart of woman, is a paradox, a strange compound of contrarieties—a bright and beautiful hope, overshadowed by anxiety and fear—a sweet and thrilling delight, troubled by the keenest sorrow. It is a plant that springs up and attains perfection instantaneously, yet are its roots so deeply imbedded in the soil which nurtures it, that no blast of adversity can disfigure its foliage; no storms of passion mar its enduring beauty. It is a flower of the brightest hues and sweetest fragrance, which bursts into full and perfect loveliness at the very instant of budding! Its brilliant coloring never fades—its grateful perfume never passes away, and while the life blood is warm within the heart that cherishes it, that flower is never known to change. Its early companions, Hope and Happiness, may pass away for ever—life may grow dark with despair—Poverty, Pain, and Sorrow, may come and shed their blighting influence around it, still it remains unchanged. The cold breath of indifference and neglect may be the only airs that fan it, still it does not wither. The rude foot of insult and oppression may seek to destroy it, by trampling it to the earth, but it will rise again in its purity, and the wrongs it suffers be forgotten, in the remembrance of earlier years, and the soft and serene loveliness of its spring time will again return in its freshness, and bloom. It is a beautiful mystery. Who can comprehend it?

Original.

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY JOHN M'CABE.

'Tis sweet to hear the Sabbath bell,
  Whose soft and silvery chime
Breaks on the ear with fall and swell,
  Wafting our thoughts from time.
I love to hear its mellow strain,
  Come floating up the dell;
While wending to that sacred fane,
  Where chimes the Sabbath bell.

How memory mingles with that peal!
  How hours of other years!
How sad the thoughts, that, pensive, steal
  Along my trickling tears!
Thoughts, mournful to my bosom lone,
  Yet those I would not quell;
For, soothing to my grief, that tone
  Of thine, sweet Sabbath bell.

A few years more—the winds, so bland,
  Will bid the young flowers wave;
Which, oh! perhaps some soft sweet hand,
  Will plant around my grave!
I'll miss thy dear, familiar voice,
  Which, ah! so oft could tell
My heart, though tempest-tost, "rejoice,"—
  Thou dear, dear Sabbath bell!

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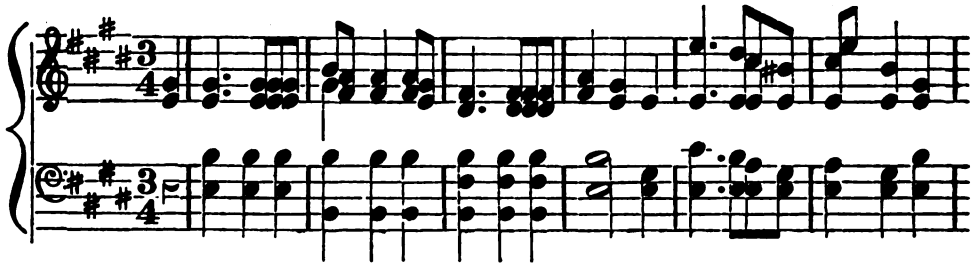
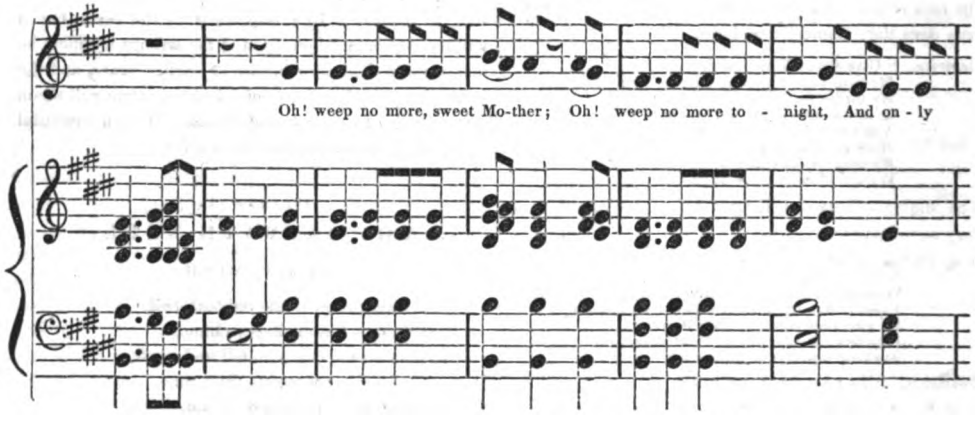
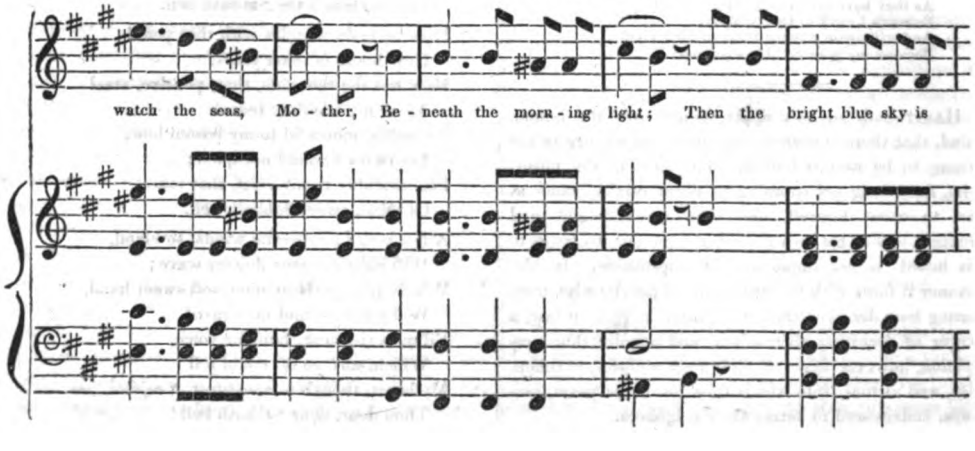
OH! WEEP NO MORE, SWEET MOTHER.

A BALLAD.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY L. E. L.—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY ASAHEL ABBOT.







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joy - ful, And the bright blue sky is clear, And I can see, dear Mo - ther, To

kiss a - way thy tear.

SECOND VERSE.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep,
And I know your grief, sweet Mother,
Though I only hear you weep.
My Father's ship will come, Mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dy'd with purple
He will be back again.

THIRD VERSE.

The buds were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow,
And now the large leaves, Mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.
He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing;
But what are these, dear Mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

FOURTH VERSE.

Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The pray'rs of early morning,
The vigils you have kept:
She will guide the stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear;
Another week of sunshine,
And Father will be here.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

LIFE AND LAND OF BURNS, *by Allan Cunningham: J. & H. G. Langley.*—Various biographies of Burns have been given to the public, but we have ever considered them principally compilations, written more with a view to the trade of book-making, than from a love and sound knowledge of their subject. To be sure, Currie's biography is an elaborate work, and was undertaken from the laudable motive of benefitting the wife and children of the neglected bard, but however generous and praiseworthy his intentions, however elegant and correct his composition, still, a congeniality of poetical temperament is wanting in all its pages. Lockhart has proved himself, in many respects, competent to the task, but frequently displays a carelessness in research, and an ignorance of the domestic character of the poet. But, Allan Cunningham, "honest Allan," has sprung from the peasantry of Scotland. Like Burns, he has partaken of their loves, hopes, joys, and sorrows. He has looked upon the subject of his memoir, has lived in terms of intimacy with his family, and it may be truly said, that the "mantle of Burns has fallen upon him;" thus naturally qualified, he has produced the best biography of the poet which has yet appeared. In his labor he has been assisted by the accomplished bard of the "Pleasures of Hope," who has contributed several original communications, while the powerful writer, Carlyle, has given an admirable essay on the writings and genius of the poet. Such names are a strong proof of the excellence of the work, and warrant us in calling it the most authentic record and elucidation of the private and poetical character of Burns, that we have ever perused.

THE QUADROONE: *Harper & Brothers.*—An exciting and well told tale, the best which has yet come from the pen of this author. There is one female character in it, that of Azélie, unsurpassed in its execution by any living author, if we may, perhaps, except the dramatic heroines of Knowles, a being of beauty and love, almost too fine for this every-day existence. To be sure, she is the creature of fancy, invested with the poetry of romance, and occasionally bordering upon incongruity, yet so beautifully has the author drawn her, so deeply has he interested us in her fate, that we forget this fault and regard her only with admiration. The other female characters bear the coloring of a skilful artist, especially that of Ozma, although it is but in many respects a counterpart of a former one in our author's writings. The male actors of the scene, are all too wild and extravagant in their natures and operation, and placed in circumstances so unnatural, that we are compelled to condemn the author for descending to such exaggeration, when he is so capable to the execution of better things. This, with an occasional inattention to the principles of composition, are the only faults to be found, and we point them out thus candidly, because we admire the genius and honor the ability of Professor Ingraham. He is yet a young writer, a wide field is before him, and if we opine not too greatly, he is destined to become one of the most popular novelists of America.

CORSE DE LEON: *Harper & Brothers.*—This will prove a most acceptable book to the lovers of James' writings, and where is the romance reader that is not. To say that it is equal to the generality of his former productions, would be untrue, as it so evidently bears the marks of book-making, displaying a hastiness of style and a deficiency of originality in the characters, that did we not know that the author was capable of the highest efforts of excellence, we would be inclined to pronounce it as the production of only a middling writer. From what the fault arises, is too apparent—his popularity is a guarantee for the success of whatever he may produce, and consequently he finds his interest in the fertility of his pen, without considering his reputation. Nevertheless, he always writes as no other living novelist can, a vigor, freshness, and reality appearing in all he touches, and ever combining some particular epoch in history with his plots, thereby rendering his writings as usefully instructive as they are delightfully amusing. We can truly say, that Corse de Leon will amply repay perusal.

STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, *by Miss Sedgwick: Harper & Brothers.*—This is another delightful little volume of moral stories, intended for the instruction and improvement of the young generation. Austere doctrines or prejudiced opinions are never to be found in the writings of this lady, as in those of Hannah Moore and some other authoresses. The inculcation of pure precepts, and the advancement of truth, morality, and religion, through the medium of a fascinating story, without regard to creed or sect, are what Miss Sedgwick invariably aims at, and that she is successful, the best proof is to be found in the extensive circulation of her works.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BRUCE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER: *Harper & Brothers.*—The name of Bruce is one of high standing in the annals of Scotland, both for heroic and adventurous achievements—first, in the hero of Bannockburn, and second, in the intrepid explorer of Abyssinia and the sources of the Nile. All the essence of the large work is judiciously condensed in the present volume, which will be found fraught with interest and information.

COMBE'S TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES: *Carey & Hart.*—If we may except De Tocqueville's Democracy, this is the most sound and able exposition of America and her institutions, which has ever proceeded from the pen of any foreign traveller. Mr. Combe writes from his own impressions of men and manners, biased by no national or political feelings, the spirit of philanthrophy pervades his pages, while truth, by him, is never forgotten. One, and indeed the most prominent feature in the work is his strenuous advocacy in the cause of phrenology, amounting to a feeling bordering almost upon enthusiasm, a science which he wishes to be inculcated and applied practically in regulating the elements of society. Though we do not agree with him in this philosophy, we however honor the talent and assiduity which he so sincerely exerts in its cause, and recommend these volumes as deserving of a place in every library.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS, *by Dow, Jr.: Laurence Labree.*—In a former number, we expressed our favorable opinion of these productions, which have lately appeared in the Sunday Mercury—and a continuation of them has since increased, if that were possible, our high esteem for the talent which is displayed in every passage of them by their author. Persons who are unacquainted with the nature of these sermons, from their singular title, might be induced to believe that they had for their aim, the ridicule of religion, but we can assure them that there is not a line but which savors of the purest doctrine and the soundest maxims, fit to be perused by the most fastidious of any sect or creed, without causing a feeling of repugnance in the heart, or a blush of shame on the cheek, of the most delicate—while the quaint, racy, and original phraseology which the author employs, is unsurpassed by any past or present writer. They are now publishing in successive numbers, so that they will make a couple of handsome volumes when completed. Sincerely do we advise every lover of chaste humor to become a possessor of them.

PATAPSCO, AND OTHER POEMS, *by Charles Soran: L. W. Ransom.*—The author of these poems possesses a natural and easy taste in composition, writing apparently from no studied rules, but guided solely from the impulse of feeling. We can safely recommend them as infinitely superior to the general mass of such productions, which daily inundate the market.

CARLETON: *Lea & Blanchard.*—The main incidents of this novel are founded upon the Revolutionary war, and are certainly handled in a masterly manner. If this is the author's first attempt, we have a right to expect much from his future efforts.

VOICE TO THE MARRIED, *by John Walter Austin: J. & H. G. Langley.*—The author deserves the gratitude of his country for his excellent publication. It is a work which should find a place in every household. Many of its precepts are worthy of being "graven in letters of gold."

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THEATRICALS.

The Drama is still below par—almost at any discount. The opera of Zampa, by Herold, has been brought forward at the Park by the principal singers lately attached to the National. As a musical composition, it is very unequal—at times startling you with its grandeur, at others relapsing into common-place strains. The character of the Brigand, by Mr. Manvers, was ill adapted to his musical talents, to say nothing of his acting. He appeared to be striving to do something which he was conscious he was incapable of, imparting to the spectator a feeling of painful anxiety for the result. Mr. Seguin was bold enough in the Lieutenant, and that is *all* we can say of his performance. Mrs. Seguin, who sustained the heroine, like Mr. Manvers, aimed at what she was not equal to. What is a great fault in this lady, and one too much the case in all singers, we can hardly comprehend a word of what she utters, from her indistinct enunciation, a fault which cannot, (if it can,) be too speedily amended. Miss Poole did the little she had to do, charmingly; in our estimation, her performance was the gem of the opera, and the applause she received was deservedly merited. The choruses, by far the most efficient part of the music, were ably executed. At the Bowery, Mr. Hamblin has commenced his summer campaign, with an excellent dramatic and equestrian company, and tokens of his success have been given in highly respectable and numerous audiences. Wat Tyler, and the romantic spectacle of Ivanhoe, most splendidly produced, have been the leading features—the former introducing the manager in a new melo-dramatic character. The part of Effie by Mrs. Anderson, from the Boston theatres, was well performed; it is one of no great excellence, and consequently a fitting opportunity was not afforded for a developement of her powers; but, in the part of Rebecca, she at once established herself a mistress of her profession, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the theatre. Mr. Barry played with force and feeling, effecting more for the character than it deserved. But the most attractive of the entertainments, was the performance of the Swiss Brothers, a more delightful exhibition has never yet been presented in America, nor one better calculated to refine and improve the mind, displaying the most eminent models of ancient statuary, with a classical fidelity that leaves an impression almost equal to the beholding of the originals. No artist should neglect viewing them, and every parent would find his benefit in permitting his offspring to look upon these beautiful tableaux. They will excite a curiosity in the youthful mind, which will lead it to an inquiry calculated to lay open some of the most valuable stores of knowledge. At the Olympic, burlesque reigns supreme, and attracts full houses. The Chatham declines in neither popularity nor profit. Mr. Burton, of Philadelphia, has opened the National Opera House with the Naiad Queen, a drama combining all that is magnificent in spectacle—while the Franklin, now styled Little Drury, has fallen into the hands of Messieurs Hield and Gann, who have brought together a useful and talented company.

Native Actors abroad.—Mr. Oxley, the young American Tragedian, we are happy to learn from the Jamaica journals, has created quite a sensation by his admirable performance of Hamlet. From a long and elaborate article in the Kingston Daily Journal we extract the following—"As a performance we consider it the best ever presented to a Kingston audience. His walk, his entire self-possession, his commanding and truly characteristic appearance, his graceful and classic attitudes, commanded the admiration and elicited the unbounded applause of the assembled multitude. Mr. Oxley's conception and reading of the part were faultless. He certainly differs from Macready, Kemble, Vandenhoff, or Charles Kean, preserving the happy medium between the methodical, and somewhat prosing style of the three first, and extreme fervor and impetuosity of the latter, and the 'applauding that did applaud again' when the curtain fell, must have convinced Mr. Oxley that his standing is already appreciated, and that he will ever find our countrymen ready to greet him most warmly, both as an actor and a man."

EDITORS' TABLE.

The Death of the late President.—General Harrison, the patriot, the soldier, and the statesman, has paid the debt of nature. Called from his home by the universal acclamation of a people, (whither he had retired after fighting the battles of his country, like Cincinnatus of the Roman world,) to wield the helm in the council, as he did the sword in the field. A grateful nation had placed him on the highest pinnacle of honor and entwined the wreath of affection around his aged brows, when the angel of death came upon him, and he was gathered, in the fulness of years and virtue, to another and a better world. The words of a modern author in describing the character of a good and wise man, are truly applicable to our departed father. "No human being ever wore his faculties so meek, or performed great works with less consciousness of their greatness—his was a mighty spirit, unheedful of his might, and guided only by a patriotic love of his country's welfare. In another age, he will stand forth in the formost rank among the master spirits of his century; and be admitted to a place among the chosen of all centuries. His deeds, the memory of what he did and was, will rise afar off, like a towering land-mark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility the lesser people that encompassed him and hid him from the near beholder." Peace to his ashes—honor to his name!

New Volume.—In an improved garb, fashioned expressly for the "Ladies' Companion," appears the present number, commencing the fifteenth volume; the work having now been in existence for seven successive years, the greatest part of which has embraced a period, unprecedented in the annals of our Constitution, for a prostration of business, and consequently most unpropitious to the cause of letters. To say that we have not been materially affected by such a fortuity, would be a vain boast, and an unfounded assertion; yet, nevertheless, we have found warm and willing hearts who have enabled us steadily to progress in our duties, and ultimately to achieve the proudest wish of our being, the establishing a journal of the highest literary character. At the commencement of the "Companion," the periodical press of America was entirely composed of publications which laid little or no claim to originality, being principally selections from foreign journals, while a fastidious censorship was carefully exerted against the efforts of our native writers, as if literary genius were incompatible with the American character. To be sure, a few bold and original spirits had won for themselves a high reputation, but singular to say, they had first to secure for their writings the stamp of foreign favor, before they were accepted by their countrymen. To reward literary labor, was an act comparatively unknown or seldom thought of in America, and the author who gave his time and talent to such a profession, was obliged to publish at his own risk, and find his reward in the jealous and niggardly praises of a few. Under this state of affairs, it was not, therefore, to be expected that men of genius would employ their faculties in a cause so hopeless, and especially in periodical composition, where they were only tolerated, and ever considered secondary to their foreign brethren—hence, to a great extent, the weak and unhealthy state of our Magazine literature. With this conviction, and a desire to cherish the latent genius of our country, we were first prompted to the publication of the "Companion," and how far our efforts have been crowned with success, the support of the public is the best criterion, while with honest pride we may aver that the establishing of our Magazine has created a total revolution in our periodical press, and advanced it to a standard of excellence, commensurate with that of any country. But for the pages of the "Companion," many of our most popular writers would have been left to wither in obscurity "and waste their sweetness on the desert air." But, by cheerfully receiving their contributions, kindly advising, and liberally remunerating their efforts, we have succeeded in bringing forward a host of writers that now can challenge competition with the most distinguished of the European press. For a proof of this, we need only refer our readers to our early numbers, where they will find that most of the American authors

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who now enjoy a high renown, there made their first essays and acquired the first basis of their reputation. Our example was speedily followed by many contemporaries, and although we rather rejoice at, than deprecate their doing so, since it has proved so beneficial to the character of our country, yet we boldly claim the honor of having been the first who extended the hand of encouragement to *native genius*. Nor have our exertions been wanting in securing the services of many of the most popular English writers, at an expense which nothing but a desire to sustain the exalted character of the "Companion" at home and abroad, and a love for the fosterage of genius could have induced us to encounter. An enumeration of a few of the names of those who have adorned our pages, will best evince this fact—Longfellow, Ingraham, Simms, Thomas, Neal, Herbert, Mellen, Sargent, Benjamin, Daniels, Woodworth, Morris, Tuckerman, Street, Dawes, Pike, Hamilton, Mackenzie, of England, with Mesdames Sigourney, Embury, Ellet, Seba Smith, S. C. Hall, of England, Hofland, of England, Browne, of England, Stephens, Osgood, etc., etc., etc., a list that no other Magazine can present, and which stamps the "Companion" with the impress of excellence. Whilst it has ever been our study to render the literary portion of the work its prominent feature, we beg to call the attention of the community to the engravings which monthly adorn our pages, unsurpassed in execution by any similar periodical, and at the same time to claim respect for having been the first who introduced *original engravings* in a monthly publication. "In olden times," worn out plates of Annuals and other works, were deemed sufficient for the pages of a Magazine, and vaunted of as superior embellishments. To retrieve this stain upon the general character of Magazine illustrations, we resolved to hazard the experiment in furnishing *original engravings*, executed expressly for the "Companion." The result proved successful, laudation and reward from every quarter were bestowed upon us, 'till now we can challenge comparison with, if not superiority over the majority of the most expensive pictorial Annuals. Of the musical department of the work, it is conceded on all hands to be the most judicious and tasteful of that science which appears in any publication, while no other art, science, or adornment, congenial with the character of the work, will by us, be neglected in consequence of the expense attendant upon its procurement. These explanatory remarks we consider as appropriate, at the commencement of a new volume, inasmuch as many individuals who are anxious to encourage the genius of their native country, may be impressed with the claims the "Ladies' Companion," has upon their consideration and support.

Death of Richard Haughton, Esq.—It is with the most painful feelings that we record the demise of Richard Haughton, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Boston Atlas, one of the most unflinching advocates in the cause of our present political administration. For many months past he had been laboring under a broken constitution, greatly augmented by his assiduous devotion to the interests of his party, and at length, by the advice of his friends, was on the eve of departing in the Acadia for Europe, on Saturday, the 17th. ultimo, in the hope that a change of climate would restore him to his former state of health, when he was struck with apoplexy, and in a few hours breathed his last. "His age was but forty-two, and few men have devoted themselves with more zeal and judgment to our political revolution, than he—few men could have attracted to him the same number of zealous friends—few will be more lamented in their death. It is a most impressive admonition of the uncertainty of human hopes, and of the wisdom that would teach us to be always ready."

To Delinquent Subscribers.—As we find courtesy is altogether disregarded by certain individuals in arrears to the "Companion," we beg to assure them that unless our demands are speedily liquidated, we shall resort to the *severe but just method of giving their names to the world, on the cover of the magazine*. Our terms are so very liberal, that no one who is anxious to be honest, would seek to deprive us of our hard-earned dues.

The Apollo Association.—The exhibition of this year contains many works of excellence, and is, in every respect, equal to its predecessors; nevertheless, there is much room for improvement, many of the pictures being altogether unworthy of gracing the walls of an association which has for its object "the cultivation and diffusion of correct taste in the Fine Arts." We are aware that perfection is not to be found in any thing, and least of all perhaps, in the art of painting. Like the true poet, the painter must have originality of invention, working from inspiration and not guided or trammelled by rule or custom. There is no praise to be bestowed upon him who aims at nothing but being a copyist, and this is too much the case with our American painters. They do not *think* for themselves, they work under the feeling that nothing can be correct unless it is marked by a style of some foreign master, and as long as this feeling prevails, the artists of our country will never win for themselves that station among the Fine Arts which they are so anxious to attain. When we hear individuals talk of Italian subjects, skies, etc., as being the only proper objects for the pencil of the artist, we ever regard them as speaking about what they do not know, and consider their language only that of cant and ignorance. What country can boast of richer material than our own for the student? Where are there sunnier skies, or lovelier lakes, loftier mountains, grander forests, or nobler rivers? Why, they seem formed for the very nurture of the poet and the painter, and he is no son of genius who seeks for perfection in his art in other lands. We do not deny that much information and many useful hints may be acquired in perusing the works of the great masters, but let our artists depend first upon their own exertions for a name at home, before they seek for instruction in continental study. America has given to the modern world, some of the finest painters—witness West, Copley, Stuart, Allston, and others, all of whom evinced their talent first in their native land before they sought a reputation in a foreign one. We make these remarks in a general sense for the benefit of the art—as a false taste arising from a mistaken love for foreign painters, seems predominant among the works now exhibiting in the Apollo Association. Many of the artists are capable of the highest achievements, but altogether obscure their beauties by a servile imitation of the foreign school.

To Postmasters.—We regret at all times to express our censure at a dereliction of duty in our Post Office department. Of late, however, we have received innumerable complaints from various quarters respecting an inattention in the delivery of the 'Companion,' and even when delivered, that the numbers had been previously opened and perused, and in many cases, disgracefully mutilated, such as by extracting the plates and portions of the Magazine. We have refrained in noticing these injurious innovations upon our interests, until a recent act of this character has been so palpably forced upon our attention, that we are obliged to wave all leniency and mention the circumstance. An esteemed contributor in one of the Southern States, after an unusual delay, received the March number, torn and completely unfit for use, the engraving extracted, and every evidence of its having been perused. He accordingly informed us of the abuse of his property, and requested that we should forward a fresh number; his wish was complied with, but on its receipt to his astonishment and chagrin, he found the same disgraceful outrage had again been perpetrated. A repetition of this conduct has even extended to a third number, so that there appears to be no protection from the petty peculator. This is only *one* of the many outrages which daily come under our notice, and how to remedy the evil we know not; we hope, however, this notice will induce the postmasters to exert a stricter surveillance over their establishments, as with them alone must rest the evil.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the beautiful poem in the present number from the pen of the late James Hogg, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd, and now for the first time published. It is characterized by all that wildness of imagination and felicitous expression for which his muse was so peculiar.

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W. H. Bartlett. A. B. Dick.

THE INDIAN FALLS NEAR COLD SPRING.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1841.

INDIAN FALLS.

In beholding the Hudson and its magnificent shores, the mind is apt to be so lost in admiration of them, that all other objects of nature are totally disregarded, and none more so than the many beautiful streams which pour their limpid treasures into this, one of the noblest of our rivers. It is only the pilgrim "with staff and shoon" who penetrates into the bosky dell and gloomy forest and tracing the course of these pellucid streamlets, can tell of the thousand delicious spots which lie secluded in beauty on their verdant banks; spots which have never met the eye of mortal, where the brightest offerings of summer are scattered profusely around, and where the genius of solitude whispers to the contemplative mind, here is the home of "innocence and peace." As you thread the mazes of the tinkling streamlet, now lost to view in some leafy thicket, where not a sunbeam can pierce the gloom, and not a sound is heard save your own footsteps crushing and crackling among the moss clad and withered branches, a strange and mysterious feeling takes possession of your being, and you unconsciously pause and wonder at the solitude of the scene. Proceeding a few paces farther, you behold the clear waters sparkling in the sunshine like flakes of silver, the banks are soft and verdurous, the wild flowers are springing and blushing in the light of heaven. The gold-bosomed bee with "drowsy hum" is flitting from petal to petal, the red bird is chattering from his "pendant bed" in the drooping willow, and the roguish squirrel is bounding from branch to branch and spray to spray. The dragon-fly in his mail of purple and gold, is darting among the osier, the reed and the water-lily, while the speckled trout springs from the streamlet at the gaudy insect of an hour's existence. But soon the fervid sunbeams warn you to seek a cooler retreat, and entering again some leafy covert, a low and sullen murmur falls upon the ear, like the hurtling of distant thunder. The waters sweep along at a swifter pace, crested with foam-bells, as if the overhanging trees had scattered their pearly blossoms on their glassy surface. Louder and louder grows the sound, 'till suddenly emerging from the thicket, you stand before the silver current, leaping and dashing over a rocky precipice into a basin of pure and delicious depth. Beautiful hues are now glancing in the sunbeams. The trees and shrubs which fringe its borders, are laden with gems, as if a myriad of diamonds had been crushed above them and the sparks had settled on the verdant spray. The deer is drinking at the lucid waters, and the heron wheeling above and mingling its scream with the roar of the torrent. The hawk and the eagle, scared from their eyries, soar aloft into the heavens, and wing their way to another and more secluded home. Such are a few of the beauties which will amply repay the pedestrian for a visit to Indian Falls, the subject of our engraving, one of the most delightful gems of sylvan solitude that the imagination can possibly picture, and, considering its proximity to New-York, we are astonished that it is not often made the object of the summer excursions of our citizens, affording as it does, the opportunity of blending the greater scenery of the Hudson with the smaller but not less lovely of this romantic and secluded stream.

R. H.

Original.

ON READING THE MEMOIR OF AN INTERESTING YOUNG MAN.*

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

So early wise!—So early rais'd above
The versatile and vain!—
Bent o'er thy books,
In studious thought, methinks I see thee still,
Fir'd with that high ambition, which incites
The noble mind. Amid the charms of home,
I seem to hear thy voice, intent to swell
The tide of joy, cheering the loving heart
Of parent, or of friend, and pleas'd to make
Even the old house-dog happier.
Fields and streams
Spoke to thy soul, and every bounding pulse
Responded to their latent harmonies.
And thou didst shake thy superflux of bliss
With smile and liberal hand to all around—
Blessing the poor with bounty, and the sad
With words of comfort, and the little child
Filling with gladness.
But thou art not here—
Thou com'st not back.
And Faith, who looks beyond
The mists that canopy this vestibule,
Saith it is gain to those, who early 'scape
Error and woe, and every dire disease
Which earth's prosperity doth generate,
Too oft, in the pure soul.
Yet thou, whose flight
Was on so swift a wing, hast thou not rais'd
The hearts that lov'd thee, to a firmer hold
On Heaven? And when in radiant dreams thou com'st
So softly whispering of an angel's bliss
Which they may rise to share, seems not the world
And all its pleasures light, weigh'd with the hope
Of thine embrace, in that unclouded clime
Where there are no more tears?

*The only son of Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, whose early death was a source of agonizing grief to his affectionate friends—and whose accomplishments and virtues had awakened the most cheering hopes of future excellence.

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Original.

THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Romeo & Juliet.*

THE level beams of the sun were sleeping on the bosom of the Rhine, which was blue and unruffled as the summer sky it mirrored, save that here and there, a long, scintillating line of light was merged in one of those sparkling expanses, where it seems as if thousands of winged diamonds were fluttering with a rapid, and ever changeful motion. Carlos Gonsalvo, a young Spanish gentleman, who had been refreshing himself at an inn, discernible in the distance, stood on the margin of the river, which in that place spread into an area of some magnitude, smooth and level, with his eyes fixed on a castellated tower, which rose from the verge of a bold precipice, and which, although on the same shore, was by an abrupt bend of the river brought nearly opposite to him. The tower, which had been built at a remote period, appeared singularly picturesque as it shot up against the ruddy western sky, and the young traveller felt an unaccountable, yet irrepressible desire to view it more nearly. A skiff, moored at a little distance, afforded him the means of gratifying his inclination, and in a few minutes, he was gliding lightly over the water. On arriving at the foot of the rock, he found that it was so high and steep as to be inaccessible. He spent considerable time in trying, if possible, to find some point where he might scale the precipice, but without success. The last vestige of day had now departed, and he was thinking of returning, when a light from the tower cast a bright gleam along the waters. On turning to see from what part of the building it proceeded, he found it came from an open lattice window, at which stood a young girl so beautiful, as to, at once, put to flight all thoughts of returning to the inn. She had the dark, lustrous eyes of the daughters of his own sunny land, but the "cheek of cream," glowing with a slight rose-tint, which gleamed through the rich mass of golden curls, that, secluded as she was in her lonely tower, she suffered to fall as graceful nature willed, must, so imagined the young Spaniard, have ripened beneath some sky less fervent. It was only for a moment that he had an opportunity to gaze at her, for, probably on account of observing his boat, she withdrew from the lattice. He lingered in the vain hope that he should obtain another glimpse of her, for more than half an hour, and then, slowly and reluctantly commenced propelling his boat towards the point whence he had started. Often did he look back to her window, from which, much to his chagrin, the light soon vanished. Once he thought that he saw the gleam of a snowy hand and arm, or of a white handkerchief waving at the lattice—but this must have been the illusion of an excited fancy, as no object could have been discernible through the gloom that rested so heavily upon that side of the tower.

All the intelligence that Gonsalvo was able to gather from the host of the inn concerning the tower, was, that it belonged to a Spanish nobleman, whose name he had forgotten, who inherited it in right of his wife, a German lady.

"But who are the living inhabitants?" said Gonsalvo, impatiently inturrupting him, as he commenced relating a ghost story connected with the old tower—"that is, what ladies—what females inhabit it?"

"Why, there is old Maggy, the—"

"I care nothing about old Maggy—the lovely creature I saw there to-night, who is she?"

"Oh! you must mean Maggy's daughter, I think, but I never thought her anything more than common, and since she has got on the wrong side of forty—"

"The wrong side of forty? Why the lady I mean, must be on the right side of twenty."

The host shook his head as he replied—"Your eyes must have deceived you, sir, or it must have been the apparition of the young lady who was murdered more than a hundred years ago, by a cruel uncle, for the sake of obtaining her fortune."

Finding that he was unable to obtain the information he desired, his next care was to secure an apartment which commanded a view of the tower, and to his great delight, the lady's lattice was again brilliantly illuminated. The night was calm and beautiful, and so still, that the "floating whisper," heard only when all sounds of animated nature, and the lightest breeze even is hushed, and which fancy might deem the mingled breathings of the sleeping flowers, filled the air with its mysterious and dreamy melody. A light slumber stole over him, and the lady of the tower seemed hovering near, when a strain of delightful music

"Rose like a stream of rich, distilled perfume,
And stole upon the air."

Fortunately his apartment was on the first story, otherwise his limbs might have been endangered, for, feeling convinced that such entrancing music could proceed from no other place than the chamber of the lovely unknown, he sprang from the window, and with all the speed of which he was capable ran to the shore of the river. Here, owing to the sudden bend of the stream, and the projecture of the precipice on which the tower was situated, he was within a comparatively short distance of it, and could not only distinctly hear a female voice, which was accompanied by a guitar, but could without difficulty distinguish the words. A few strains closed the song that she was then singing, but after a short prelude on the instrument, her voice again came over the waters, singing the subjoined stanzas—

"The star of Love looks down,
And sees its own bright beam,
Deeply and softly mirrored
In the bosom of the stream;
And the stream though bright before
With a fuller radiance glows,
And sends forth glad, sweet music
As onward still it flows.

The star of Love has now,
Withdrawn its brilliant light,
And its cheering smile no longer
Makes the mournful river bright;

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And its voice has now a tone
  Of sadness in its flow:
Oh, star so softly radiant,
  Why did'st thou cease to glow?

And there was one most fair,
  Who lived in days gone by,
Hov'ring 'tween youth and childhood,
  When Love's deceiving eye
Met hers—and flowers sprung up
  And in her young heart bloomed—
Love turned away—the blossoms
  To an early death were doomed."

It was well that the fair minstrel grew weary, as otherwise Gonsalvo might have spent the night by the river's brink, at the risk of endangering his health. After remaining a long time uncheered by a single additional note, he slowly returned to the inn.

The next morning before sunrise, he was in the boat, directing its course towards the tower—"For certainly," thought he, "she must be an early riser, as nothing but the balmy morning air could have produced that soft, rich bloom upon her cheek." He was not wrong in his conjecture, and the lady, who could not have anticipated seeing any person at so early an hour, soon after he had steered his boat under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, threw open the lattice and seated herself near it. Gonsalvo, who had now an opportunity to obtain a distinct view of her features, found her even more lovely than he had thought her the night preceeding. Though so well screened by the deep shadow of the cliff, an inadvertent plash of an oar betrayed his proximity, and she would have instantly withdrawn, had not an earnest and imploring gesture induced her to remain, as she imagined that he must have something of great importance to communicate. He rowed his boat under her window, where without raising his voice above its natural tone, she could distinguish what he said. He then, urged on by the impetuosity of the passion, which had already taken such deep root in his heart, after informing her of his name and rank, avowed his love, and entreated hers in return. Her varying complexion evinced considerable agitation as she listened to him, which he interpreted as a favorable omen.

"I have already heard of you many times," said she, when he had ceased speaking, "and I have likewise heard of what you appear to have forgotten, that you are betrothed to Theresa, daughter of the Marquis de Nevada."

The face of Gonsalvo became crimson, as he listened to these words, and it was some time before he replied. "I confess," he at length said, "that what you have heard is true, but when I consented to become thus entangled, in compliance with the earnest wishes of my father and hers, I knew nothing of love except its name."

"Have you ever seen the lady?"

"Never. Her mother having died in her infancy, she has always resided at a distance with an aunt, which has given my friends an opportunity to deceive me with respect to her person. Fortunately, about a week since, I fell in with a friend, who told me that which made me determine never to fulfil the engagement, even before I beheld you."

"Is what he told you a secret?" said the lady.

"By no means. As good fortune would have it, he happened to obtain a sight of my betrothed, whom he declares to be absolutely frightful. She is not only hunchbacked, but her features are hideous, and her skin yellow and shrivelled, which I suppose must have been occasioned by disease, as my father has often told me that she is not twenty."

The lady could not help laughing at this description, but almost instantly assuming a serious air, she solemnly assured him that she would never consent to be in any way instrumental to his breaking his engagement. It would be useless to repeat his many passionate appeals to her generosity, for although she would not deny that had they met under happier auspices, she might have listened to his suit, she told him that now it would be in vain to attempt seeing her again. She bade him adieu with emotion she could not disguise, and this was the only solace of poor Gonsalvo the subsequent week, during which, he became perfectly satisfied by his repeatedly baffled attempts to obtain another interview, that the resolution of the lady was not to be shaken.

"I might, at least," thought he, "have ascertained her name, and then should I be so fortunate as to get released from this hated engagement, I could write to her."

At length his impatience became insufferable, and he resolved one morning, even at the hazard of incurring the displeasure of the unknown lady, to ride to the old tower and make some inquiry of the inhabitants respecting her. He was informed that she had taken her departure that very morning by break of day, in company with a gentleman, handsome and richly dressed, but not a word more could he learn, and he found to his vexation, that old Maggy, as well as her husband, could keep a secret. When he returned to the inn, a letter was handed him, which he found to be from his father. It requested him to hasten home, as the Marquis de Nevada had gone for his daughter, and it was thought best by his friends as well as hers, that the marriage should be immediately solemnized. As there was nothing now to attract him to the spot where he was, he commenced his journey without delay, though he felt determined never to fulfil his engagement. His father received him with the greatest joy. "You have," said he, the moment they were alone, "saved yourself from ruin, for the uncle of Theresa, who is a member of the Inquisition, having received a hint that you intended to elude the engagement with her, has already marked you for a victim."

"I am ready to meet his anger," replied the son. "I had rather suffer torture, and even death, than to do such violence to my affection as to marry his niece."

The following letter from Theresa caused him to alter his mind—

"I am aware, Gonsalvo, of the repugnance you feel relative to fulfilling the marriage contract existing between us, entered into several years ago by our parents, from pecuniary motives, and to which, at that time, we both consented. I moreover

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know the cause of your unwillingness to fulfil it, being intimately acquainted with the lady of the tower, who wishes you to be informed that the sentiments she expressed to you during your interview with her, have undergone a change. By breaking the engagement with me, you cannot secure her. I understand that you have received an account of my personal defects which I hope, should we meet, you will find was exaggerated. If you can prevail on yourself to comply with the earnest wishes of our friends, that your feelings may not receive too great a shock at the moment of our meeting, I beg that you will consent for me to hide those features beneath a mask, which appeared so hideous to your friend, 'till after the performance of the marriage ceremony. Immediately after its conclusion, I give you my word, should it be your wish, to retire to a convent, to remain for life. Weigh well what I have written, and resolve not to brave the vengeance of my vindictive uncle.

THERESA."

Gonsalvo read and re-read this epistle, which was written in a very delicate, lady-like hand. He felt flattered by its tone of submission, which he contrasted with the unbending resolution of the lady of the tower, and he caught himself wondering whether she might not possibly prove a termagant. The threats of the uncle, likewise, had their proper weight in the turning scale. Before he slept, he despatched a note to Theresa, informing her of his readiness to fulfil the engagement upon the conditions she had named, and that his father had suggested, that as the marriage had already been considerably delayed, the ensuing day, if it met the approbation of her and her friends, would, in his opinion, be a proper time for it to take place. By the messenger who conveyed his note, an answer was returned that the lady and her friends would be in readiness to receive him and his retinue at the proposed time.

Early the following morning, Gonsalvo, attended by a numerous cavalcade, set out for the residence of the Marquis de Nevada, which displayed a style of magnificence suitable to his great wealth. They proceeded immediately to the family chapel. Gonsalvo recognized the bride by her mask, who was attired in a travelling dress, ready to step into the carriage in waiting, which was to convey her from the chapel to the convent, should it be the wish of the bridegroom. He was agreeably disappointed by perceiving, contrary to the description given by his friend, that far from being hunchbacked, her form was uncommonly fine. As his eyes wandered over the assemblage, they were arrested by a little hunchbacked woman, apparently upwards of forty, with a crooked nose, small black eyes, and a yellow shrivelled skin. So completely did she correspond with the description he had received of his intended bride, that he was resolved to inquire her name, but was prevented by being required to take his station before the altar. He was much agitated himself, but Theresa trembled so excessively, as to awaken his compassion, and he mentally determined that unless on removing her mask she disclosed a countenance still more repulsive than the little crook-nosed, yellow skinned female, who had kept her small black eyes fixed upon him, ever since he had been in the chapel, that he would not mention a word about her going to the convent.

The ceremony was concluded, the mask was removed, and the lovely lady of the tower stood before him. Gonsalvo, who had been fortifying his mind, so as to behold without recoiling, a countenance similar to that of the hunchbacked lady, with difficulty suppressed a cry of mingled surprize and joy. When he had recovered himself, he pointed to the little personage, who had for the last half hour attracted so much of his attention, and inquired who she was.

"Oh, that," said the bride, with an arch smile, "is Theresa de Nevada, my aunt!"

Original.

VISIONS OF THE HEART.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

THE deep blue sky hath turn'd to gray,
And chilling is the wintry air;
The earth seems sad and drear to-day,
We look within—*'tis summer there!*

For in the heart, Love's altar flame
Is burning with a constant light,
And many a flower of heav'nly name,
Is putting forth its petals bright.

There Hope delights to plume her wing,
While Thought is whisp'ring—"Not too fast!
That flight will only serve, to bring
Another tribute to the Past."

Its records lie on Mem'ry's shrine,
Let's turn their pages back!
Ah! smiles and tears, are here the sign
To mark Time's fleeting track.

Fair groups are seen, and glances bright,
And now amid the throng,
Two youthful forms attract my sight,
And still my gaze prolong.

Their smile is lit by joyous youth,
And Peace is on each brow,
They clasp the golden chain of Truth—
What change is passing now?"

One droops—for Health has turn'd away—
Oh! may she soon return!
And give new vigor day by day,
'Till on that cheek, shall burn
The brightest tint of op'ning rose,
That fairest flower the spring-time knows.

One droops—the other comes to cheer
Each weary hour of pain,
To while away the thought of fear,
And wake Hope's magic strain.

Their hearts are true to early love,
Their Hope, their aim is one,
Their common Father dwells above,
And when this life is done,
With joy they'll "enter into rest,"
To dwell with God—for ever blest.

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Original.

MEMOIRS OF MR. SAMUEL HILL.

"There's not a streamlet, not a rill
That echoes not to SAMUEL HILL!
His name is current every where;
And not a grog-shop, fast or fair
Has ever ope'd, but he was there!
He's with the deacon, in advance,
And leads the rustics in the dance;
Of first authority with dolts,
And always quartered with the colts,
And super-fatted native calves
That act as constant safety-valves
To patriot valor—always wont
For superiority to hunt;
And if it cannot find in fight
The summum bonum of its might,
It seeks its glory in the size
Of biggest pigs and cleanest sties—
In hugest pumpkins, greatest fools
Or new facilities in tools—
New essences obtained from sweat
Or vast improvements in poudrette!
And conscious of immortal glory
In these materials for story,
It rests contented in the fill
Which fame has furnished SAMMY HILL.
He is our standard, fugleman and star,
In plenty, famine, peace and war.
If poor—we are as poor as he—
If rich, we reach to rivalry
With Sam himself, who rich or poor
By turns, is always bright or murkey,
To-day as lean as old Job's turkey,
To-morrow fattened to a boor!
The little, big, the weak and strong,
The feeble old and vigorous young,
Are all referred to Samuel Hill
For measure or for good or ill.
And very good or very bad,
Or very merry, very sad—
'Tis all the same, without a sham,
Each mother's son is just like Sam!"
Cape Cod Annual.

YOUR great men are God-sends to their biographers. It is no small matter for a small man to tack himself to the literary coat-tail of a great one, and it has not unfrequently happened that the mere writer of another man's life has made himself very nearly or quite as important a personage as his principal, and sometimes rather more so, for that matter. Was not this the case in a peculiar and very striking manner when Johnson undertook to write the lives of some of the minor British poets? Which came largest out of the enterprize, my friend, Colonel Stone or Matthias, when the latter undertook to live and make a knave and a numscull of himself, and the former undertook the task of writing his life and adventures? Why, the biographer came best out of the affair, to be sure; for though he *did* biographize a scamp, he made money by the operation, at least I hope he did, and not only immortalized a dirty and disgusting fanatic, but remained himself the same amiable and intelligent gentleman that he was before—even though he had meddled with obscene matters and handled unseemly instruments. These are instances in which the fabricators of other men's lives, have made themselves greater—or if you please, *rendered* greater than the *biographee;* and that too, notwithstanding the risk of growing less, by having to do with such matters.

Who ever would have heard or thought of Jemmy Boswell, if that educated dunce and nearly natural fool had not *attempted the life* of Old Ursa Major? It must be acknowledged that the memory of so solemn an ass as Boswell would hardly have survived the burial of his own body, if heaven for some inscrutible purpose of its own had not put it into his empty noddle to "take notes" and finally write out the life of SAMUEL JOHNSON.

It is this consciousness which has encouraged me in undertaking the task before me. It is this aspiration after immortality and this almost certain prospect of attaining it, that urges me to attempt the "empyrean height" of this great argument. Humble as my own name may be, if I can manage to identify it with the one which will grace these pages, there is no difficulty, I take it, in "travelling down to posterity," toll free. Of course I am nothing of myself, and my initials—(I don't intend to venture beyond my initials in your magazine, for fear of accidents,) will be as unintelligible to people a thousand or two years hence, as the first letters of a man's name upon a country tombstone or the *I. H. S.* on the wooden tablets in Potter's Field, to the varlet who knows nothing about Latin. I know very well that unless I can manage to write somebody's biography or murder the memory of some great man's name, I shall be as blank in society a half century hence as a dumb member of Congress.

It is my present purpose to provide a remedy against so remorseless a destiny by coupling my own virtues with the name of one of the immortals. I intend to live as long as he who has furnished me with a theme. If I *out*live him, so much the worse for himself, that is all. I don't know that I am called upon on the very threshold of my literary labors to stop and apologize for any possible advantage that I may obtain on the way. If I really do appear better with posterity than even the man I immortalize, it will doubtless be partly owing to my good luck, but principally to the superior genius I intend to display in my project! If this is not deemed sufficient, it will be my business to put the whole matter right in two or three posthumous pamphlets, which I will have published after I and my *subject* have "slept with our fathers." As one of our recent Presidents is said to have declared of a certain message to Congress—the deuce may take the present rantipole generation—I write, and propose hereafter to write, for posterity.

I look upon the foregoing as a tolerable specimen of modern introduction, and if my readers think so too, I shall proceed pretty soon to the matter in hand. Not, however, until I have placed myself *rectus in curia* in two or three other particulars, and a little further exemplified the frothy nonsense necessary to the concoction of a "pleasing biography" in modern times. A book would be no book, now-a-days, if it went directly to its object, and said no more than was called for by the occasion. Of course I have no idea of making myself singular.

In the first place, I beg leave to assure the reader that I am perfectly disinterested in this, my labor of love; that I have no private feelings or private objects to subserve—other than those I have alluded to—I am entirely pure in the premises; under the guidance of no prejudices and subjected to no sinister impulses! Upon my honor I am not. I am in no way related to the great man whose history I am about to commit to paper, nor have his friends offered any bribes

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for my partiality. I ought to add that the French government has nothing to do with the publication, as was shrewdly suspected by Mr. Fennimore Cooper, when the critics like a set of icy-hearted vagabonds undertook to attack the immaculacy of his opinions. No, I am a free-born American, and disdain all such dirty interferences. My purpose I say is free, and my object perfectly etherial—that is, if I ever reach it; and that I hope to do in the course of a few paragraphs more.

* * * * * *

The reader will be kind enough to consider the foregoing stars as representing certain very sensible and pathetic paragraphs, which I doubt not would, with the help of an onion or two, have produced a whole *freshet* of tears from the reader, but which I have cut out, not only from benevolent motives towards the sensibilities of tender hearted people, but in order to come more speedily to my main subject. Here, reader we *are* with it!

Mr. Samuel Hill, whose good-natured, good-for nothingness soon brought him into such familiarity with his "constituents" that they never pretended to call him any thing but "Sam Hill," was a native of New-England. I never could learn certainly that he was born any where in particular, and of course, it cannot be expected of me to give his precise birth-place with the accuracy of some other biographers. There have been as many claimants to that honor as there were in the case of old Homer; but, as it seems rather unlikely that he was born in all the places designated, a great majority of the said claimants are very much in the predicament of about nineteen out of every twenty applicants for the same office under the new administration. It is quite clear, if Sam was really born at all, that he was born some where, and I deem it my duty, as that is a somewhat important item in the undertaking—the substratum, as it were, of the history I have in hand—to notice with some particularity, the various claims that have been set up in this behalf and to weigh their several merits and demerits with the impartiality that becomes a man of my gravity of pretension.

I have said that Mr. Hill was a native of New-England, and so he was; but as to the mooted pretensions of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, to that honor, I intend to be tolerably noncommittal, for the present, at least. Maine and Vermont are out of the question, for he was born before either of them.

I have canvassed the claims of the four States just mentioned as competitors, very carefully, and after many a weary night and day of sleepless investigation, I say boldly, with a proper sense of the responsibility assumed, and with full consciousness of the local wrath which awaits me, that I believe my hero first drew breath in Connecticut. Here I approach a point of great peril, and one which less resolute historians would avoid—I am obliged to encounter the very quicksands on which so many of my predecessors have gone to—Mr. David Jones' pantry; but I am equal to the emergency. What is a historian good for if he is afraid of the popular popgun? I intended when I commenced these memoirs not to care four-pence half-penny for my "contemporaries," and to set an example of indifference to the opinion of the "democracy," to all impartial historians in future. I *will* do it, and be hanged to 'em.

The perilous point to which I allude is obvious, I dare say, to every reader. Having determined that the hero should be born in Old Connecticut *Willy Nilly*, (the pure latinity for Nolens Volens,) every man, woman, and child, with half an eye can see that my great difficulty will be to reconcile the conflicting claims of the different towns and villages. Here *is* trouble and enough of it, I acknowledge; but dear reader, just place your right foot a little in advance of the left, cock your hat slightly towards the sinister side, put the dexter digit to your nose, and see how I will get out of it! It takes your experienced historiographer to come cleverly to the scratch. Most people would quail beneath the mighty influences that will be brought to bear upon me. Let them come on and see what *I* care for them.

I have got Mr. Hill into Connecticut at any rate, and before I get through with him—nay, before the varlet is fairly in breeches, it is more than probable that I shall identify his nativity with a particular county, and nobody need be surprized if I should make it pretty clearly appear that he made his first appearance within the limits of a township. I even have my eye upon a neighborhood!

Let us look a little into details. Barkhemsted folks believe Mr. Hill to have been born there, merely because wooden-dishes were first fabricated within the precincts. I put this down for nought, for Sam's noddle indicated no such origin. Wethersfield seems to be quite certain that a man of Sam's sensibilities must necessarily first have learned to weep among the onion patches of Piquaug. Hebron puts in her claim upon the principle of the pump; merely resting it upon the traditionary testimony as to his having frequently been subjected to involuntary ablution under the spout of that losel engine. Both these claims are inadmissible. First, because if Sam ever did shed a tear—of which there is not the slightest evidence—he always did it, I am bound to suppose, on his own hook, as the yankee sergeant fought the British at Yorktown. Secondly, Mr. Hill never was in Hebron or Hugh Peters would have mentioned him, as a much more promising prodigy than the crow-bar which floated like a mackerel cork at Niagara Falls. There are other evidences—nothing could ever be got out of Sam by *pumping*. These cases, therefore, are disposed of I take it.

Windham next bothers me with *her* pretensions. I shall make short work with this claim. "Col. Dyer and Elderkin too" may croak 'till they grow hoarse, without the least chance of making any impression upon me. Sam Hill would never have been born there if the other had been made him. He was a man of too much sagacity to identify his destiny either with that frog-ridden town or with Old Colchester, another claimant

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in the canvass. He was always an eschewer of New-England rum, and had especial abhorrence for molasses. How then, could he possibly have consented to be born in either of those places?

Lyme having brought forward proofs, as she thinks them, that our hero probably first appeared in the "North Quarter," or on "Pygan's Hill," I have only to say, that it is "no such thing."

Neither is there any thing more sound in the supposition that he was a native of Hardscrabble; and quite as little plausibility is there in the plea put in by the good people of Puckhungonock. I have the same remark for the denizens of Togwonk, and must be equally summary in deciding against the pretensions of Pettipaqug. He was neither born on Wigwam Rock or "The Great Flats." Swagotchy has urged claims that have staggered me for a moment, I confess; but a little research into the early annals of that interesting region has been sufficent to convince me that there are no good grounds for believing that he was either born there or "brought up" in Sunkepague.

There is, however, a little village not very far from several of these places, which adduces so many plausible proofs, and advances such a variety of very good reasons why he *ought* to have been born within its borders, that, without positively committing myself, I am bound to say, that I am very much inclined in its favor. I shall not give the name of this village, nor is it best, perhaps, to designate its "location" too clearly. It has had occasion to boast of several great men, and of course, is in no need of making itself more illustrious through the agency of *my* hero, and my pen. —— is immortal enough in having produced Elnathan Oxbow—in being the birth-place of the first plucker and planter of buttonwood staddles, of the age, and the most adroit snarer of partridges and pedlar of whortleberries "of this or any other country!"

Samuel, was undoubtedly either born here or some where else—always supposing as I have already hinted, he was born any where.

His parentage, or whether he had any, is a point almost as problematical as his birth-place. I have been unable to find the slightest clue to the name of his father, and even that of his mother, generally less difficult to trace in such cases as his, has not been without its difficulties.

Noah Beebe, a poet and philosopher of some repute in that country, supposes my hero's maternal parent to have been the celebrated *Hannah Hill*, who left so many descendants of the same name along the coast of Connecticut, that remain to this day famous for their good qualities, and who are only equalled in their savoury standing with the public by a family very nearly related to them—the Paugies, of Two-Tree Island.*

These matters, however, are not after all, of very especial importance, and having done my duty in hinting at them, I shall pursue the matter no farther. Whereever so distinguished a man was born, or whoever may have been his father and mother—nay, whether the latter ever "knew he was out," I do not consider at all necessary to know with exact certainty.

Sam Hill was a smart boy and very tractable in his learning, so far as the limited means of those early days afforded him any opportunity to "develope his genius." There was very little attention paid to the classics in those days in Sam's native village, nor indeed, were the rudimental branches very carefully looked after in his case. Even reading in Mr. Dilworth's valuable compend of elemental knowledge was entirely neglected, and our hero had arrived at the period whimsically called "years of discretion," before he reached that point in his education.

Genius, however, will break out, despite the disadvantages that attend a total ignorance of the alphabet, an original idea that I first caught in looking into the early history of young Hill. He didn't know B from a basket of turnips 'till he was past twenty, but he discovered a decided talent for chuck-farthing before he was five.

He had never learned even one of Dr. Watt's night prayers, 'till he was "of age," or made at that time so much progress in other earthly literature as to be able to understand that most sensible of lyric lullabys, "goosy, goosy gander;" and yet, the fellow had scarcely got out of his bib before he rifled his uncle's water-melon patch. He found it utterly impossible to count ten long after he had become an adept in some of the more abstruse rogueries of the neighborhood.

Some people are born with theories in their heads, and others are merely blessed with practical faculties. Our hero's cranium was innocent, from birth to death, of any thing in the shape of theory. His virtues were eminently practical in every particular. Disdaining all human learning, as great men will sometimes take it into their heads to do, all his earlier energies were directed to the natural promptings of nature, or, to speak more accurately, to instinct. There was an innate love of filth—a sort of intuitive aptitude for mischief, that soon settled the point in most men's minds, that Sam was born to be a man of *action*—that he was not one of Malvolio's men of might—not one of your distinguished citizens who was likely to have greatness forced upon him, but one who was *born* great!

I have already remarked that the sciences (that of reading among others) were entirely overlooked in his education. He made up, however, for that seeming deficiency by the strength of his own instincts and escaped from their consequences by the hardihood of his own head. Nature had provided him with a thickness of skull, that for a long time counteracted all the perils that seemed to await his utter want of brains—that is, the lack of the right *kind* of material in the upper story—and it is recorded as an evidence of the great sagacity of his mother, that she humorously remarked of him when he first ran away and nobody could tell where he had gone, that "Nought was never in danger." From the philosophy of this singularly felicitous observation, it will at once be perceived that my hero's genius

* A small sandy islet, so called from the fact that there is no such thing as a tree upon the premises. It is in Long-Island sound, and saving that there is nothing on it but plumb-bushes and rock-weed, it is a very picturesque spot.

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was hereditary, at least on the maternal side. Few women of her station in society, could have hit upon so wise and so original a reflection. However, his biographer will be the last person on earth to set up any ancestral claims for him. If he cannot be made a great man without calling upon his mother, or even his grandmother, he may remain less than the least, to all eternity, for aught I care. There is no danger of him, however.

Perhaps it would be impossible to produce proof of precocious genius more striking than one exhibited by the subject of these memoirs in the very juvenescence, as it were, of his career of manhood. I have it from a manuscript diary of an old *maid*, who was familiar with the family, and an acute observer as well as a very careful chronicler of events in the history of this very eventful family. She says, in a letter addressed to a distinguished lady, residing at the time near Quaker Hill—

"I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am very well, and hope you are injoyin the same blessin. My little ones are al harty and helthy as pigs, so is our nabor's. Nothin purticklar has happened, but I ort to write a word or two perhaps about that wunderfull child of *Miss Hill*.* Did you ever heer any thing like it? He is now seven yeers old, and his mother has never left of nursin him til last weak, and 'tis the oppinyan of al her frinds that he never would a left of any more than Deacon Jones' 10 year old caff, if Sam had n't learned to swear and chew tobacco."

There seems to be a general tradition that it was actually chewing tobacco which first weaned our hero from the maternal bosom! There is nothing, I take it, in ancient or modern history to compete with *this* portion of our hero's career. If there is, let it be produced!

* * * * * *

Asterisks again, and I feel warranted in using them; for there are certain passages a little too *luxuriant* for sober history, and they are omitted from prudential motives, as your cabinet ministers, omit the production of diplomatic documents. They may to be sure, be the only papers of the least earthly use, but are withheld because their seeing daylight would be "prejudicial to the public interests."

The stripling grew up and became a stout boy, rather "longer between joints" than most of his country compeers, to be sure, but equally lithe and awkward in the use of his rather elongated limbs.

Of course it was not in the nature of things for a young man of Sam's "capabilities" to live long in —— and not fall in love. He did so at any early period of his eventful life; and it grieves me to record some of the mishaps and misadventures which it brought upon him. "The course of true love never did run smooth"—at any rate it didn't in his case.

Sam was first smitten with the fair face and pug nose of Miss Barbara Waugs, a nice young lady living near him, and then smitten on the cheek by a blow from the clenched fist of that virtuous and accomplished virgin, which effectually knocked all his amatory partialities in the head.

He next courted a cousin of his, Miss Jerusha Juniper, who first favored his suit or pretended to do so, and then cut him most inhumanly for the village fifer. Mr. Hill took his mother's counsel on this occasion, and instead of demolishing the musician, as he at first swore in his wrath he would do, paid his addresses to a comely damsel who had previously met with a misfortune in business—having been jilted by a *merchant* in the city; or to make the matter more familiar, Polly Johnson's beau having become bankrupt in the business of selling grog upon credit, at his *store* on the "Beach," had broken off his engagement with her, and married the daughter of a wealthy smackman at Green's Harbor. Sam's suit in this case seemed likely to prosper, but all sublunary calculations, are uncertain. The truth is —luck is very little better than a Carolina negro's opinion of a white man—it is "mighty uncertain." Polly paddled out of her promises to Samuel, and married a pedlar from the "Green Woods."

He consoled himself in this affliction by offering his hand to the servant maid of a family in New-London, which he had been in the habit of supplying with peabrush, and but for one untoward circumstance this matter would have turned out happily for our hero. This circumstance consisted simply in being beaten out of the kitchen with a broom-stick the very first time that he "laid his love" before that amiable and estimable young lady. Of course, Sam being a young man of spirit, and withal, exceedingly apt at taking a hint, perceived at once that he was not so partially thought of in that quarter as he might be, and forebore to press matters any further.

Brighter times, however, were awaiting him, and it was not long after this uncomfortable era in his life, that he so distinguished himself, that it was out of the question for any mere mortal fair one to deny him any thing.

The reader will be pleased to consider the present point of my history as the 29th day of February, 17, and —I have forgotten what—and of course that it is a good time for a leap. Let us take it together. Mr. Samuel Hill is now twenty-one years of age, and notwithstanding the loss of some of those charms which belong exclusively to early youth, is very nearly or quite as interesting as he was when he went home from a baptist meeting at six years of age, and drowned his mother's cat in imitation of certain ceremonies he had seen on the occasion. He is now an "altered man" and fourth corporal of a militia company. He has added too, to his previous accomplishments, for he has learned to read "easy authors," and even gone far enough into erudition to be able with a very little difficulty to write his own name. Having a natural taste in the fine arts, he very soon after mastering the mysteries of "reading in three syllables," put himself under the tuition of an ancient professor of psalmody, and very rapidly rose to distinction in that sublime profession. So brilliant, indeed, was his progress, that in less than thirty lessons from his great *maestro*, Mr. Solomon Solafasol, Sam was sent for to take charge of the singing school at Little Crotchettown,

* The good people of Connecticut were never very particular in matters matrimonial. They generally spoke of married matrons as *Miss* so and so; and I am sorry to say they don't always make the proper distinction even now.

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a village some miles from his residence, on the road to Stumpington.

Here our hero rose to the very summit of his earthly renown, and here he formed those associations and opened his eyes to those magnificent prospects of the future, which made him pretty much all that he ever was, and at the same time laid the foundation of those habits, which it grieves us to say, brought down upon him all the calamities which fate, or an irrepressible passion for eating and drinking, had ordained for his final discomfiture.

Caressed as he naturally was, and looked upon as he could not fail to be in so intelligent a community as that of Crotchettown, his celebrity extended itself amazingly, and it was but a very little while before he became as famous for his vocal, (or rather his nasal excellence, for Sam's melody was always most conspicuous through the nose,) in the neighboring parishes as he was in the very field of his first achievements, in psalm singing. Upper Schreechington, East Gruntingburgh, and the two "societies" in the Reverend Mr. Snuffleville's "circuit" were equally smitten with the unction of our hero's powers; even Mr. Straintext's congregation expressed a decided wish that "the distinguished Mr. Hill" might be invited to "extend his usefulness among the admiring people of *Brahamsville*; Deacon Guttural was particularly anxious, and old Swallowfrog, the time honored chorister of that vocal village, urged, with a voice that could hardly be excelled by catgut itself, the solemn duty of giving "the celebrated Mr. Hill" a call. Mumphegan was scarcely less clamorous, and the two rival neighborhoods of Wheezingham and Whistleville were equally vociferous for the honor of a visit from so supereminent a *nasalist*.

Sam remained perfectly noncommittal for a long time, and fearful of offending the factions that had undertaken to make themselves busy with his "great powers," he declared himself satisfied with his *location* at Little Crotchettown, and made known his determination to live and die in that immortal town. Public men, however, can no more maintain their own resolutions, than a public oyster. The one may make up his mind to be opened at no less popular place than at Downing's, in Broad street, and the other may resolve that he will speechify only at Tammany Hall, but it *may* become necessary to be broiled in the Bowery, and possibly the politician will find it most to his interest to hold forth at the Battery. The subject of these memoirs found himself under the necessity of yielding to circumstances. He was fairly obliged to be famous in more places than one, and was finally prevailed upon to give a "Concert of Sacred Music," in the "meeting house of the Rev. Mr. Snuffle at Porkington, in the adjoining village of Ragsausage. His success was complete, but like some other great men, he was unequal to his good fortune. In adding to the exhiliration of popular applause by a comfortable stimulus or two from the bar-room of the village inn, he took the cup of flip that does the mischief on all such occasions—that is to say the *last* one—and consequently was unable to preserve his perpendicularity. In a word, he was carted home excited. This may be considered the commencement of his downward destiny. His popularity still continued, to be sure, and he was equally the favorite of the musical and the military portions of the community, but, his greatness was evidently drawing to a close.

Having been chosen captain of the "Soul of Soldiery," a company of martialists who had adopted that title out of the mere modesty of their own souls, he had of course to undergo the fatigues, distresses, and dangers incident to "active service" in a draggle-tailed regiment of militia; and that bold body of the "national defence," having been suddenly summoned to supply a vacancy occasioned by the demise of Lieutenant Sweat, who had overheated himself in attempting to draw on his boots of a foggy forenoon in May, Captain Hill laid down his life precisely as a certain soldier would wish to die.

The muster of the company being a special one, it became the duty of the officers to "stand the shot"—that is, they were bound to "treat all around," and Sam, whose soul was nearly the size of a hogshead of "hard cider," planked his four-and-sixpence with the most praiseworthy nonchalance, that being his share in the extraordinary expenditures of the occasion. Sam was pluck to the back-bone, and disdained, as became him, the amount that was expected from him, but, discreet and prudent, as is the duty of all public men, it struck him as it has stricken a great many of his countrymen, that it was a matter of policy as well as patriotism, to "get his money's worth." Having the dinner to pay for, it would be foolish not to take at least his own share. He *did* take it, and as some of his contemporaries contend, rather more. At any rate, the boiled pig and pumpkin puddings killed him. He either over or under ate himself, and died as a military man should do—in the discharge of his duty!

* * * * * *

Thus departed this life, Mr. Samuel Hill—and thus went into oblivion one of the great men of the day. Oblivion did I say? Let us take that back, if you please, Mr. Reader. These pages, I apprehend, have taken care of this business. Sam *might* have gone to oblivion, sure enough, if I hadn't stood by him in the emergency. As it is, it would be pleasant enough to hear "one of the vulgar" venture to say any thing about the oblivion aforesaid. I wonder whether I wouldn't demolish him before he thought of such a thing!

CONCLUSION.

There is a moral in biography as well as in Esop's fables, and there is not only a moral, but there is, as it were, something more. In the present case, I shall let the moral pretty much alone. If the reader cant reach it by his own gumption, it is not exactly any of my business, that I know of. If there is not raw material enough for something moral or immoral in reflection on this history, I don't consider it any fault of mine. It is before you, ladies and gentlemen: help yourselves to such as you like best.

There is something to be added, however, and it is as well perhaps, for antiquarians to attend to it. Sam Hill

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is as familiar to my fellow citizens of New-England, as Thanksgiving, and they are as well acquainted with that worthy, "by reputation," as they are with pumpkin pie or Parson Byles' sermons. His name is a household word from Rye to Passamaquaddy; but, they never knew 'till I told them, where he came from and what became of him; and to confess the truth, I don't know that they are much wiser now. It is very much to be lamented if they are not!

That the hero of these memoirs was a man "that take him all in all" possessed more attributes than "any body else in creation," is quite clear from all contemporaneous history; for no other individual was ever celebrated and sworn by for so great a diversity of opposite qualities. No true-blooded yankee ever had the toothache without ascribing to his ailment an intensity compared with my hero. His tooth aches "like Sam Hill." If a fellow is swift of foot, the New-Englanders are unanimous in the opinion that he "runs like Sam Hill," and if a cripple gets along leisurely in the world it is said of him at once that he limps like the same personage, and poor old Broom's cattle on the Colchester turnpike always had the name of being "slow as Sam Hill." "What the Sam Hill is the matter with you?" is a common expression, whenever any thing extraordinary is discernible in a man's deportment, and you "lie like Sam Hill," if a neighbor's word is distrusted. "True as Sam Hill" is equally in the mouths of those who would swear to the veracity of a favorite statement. A man is said to be as smart, and he is said to be as dull as "Sam Hill"—and if he is very bold or very timorous, "Sam Hill" is still the standard by which his good or bad qualities are measured. Of course, as I have already remarked, my hero must have been possessed of all sorts of qualities, and have been gifted with more versatility of powers than even the admirable Crichton himself. A word more, and I leave him and his historian to their fates. This biography will be looked upon in various lights by the reader. One class will call it "stupid as Sam Hill," and another will pronounce it "smart as Sam Hill." This latter body of citizens are very sensible people, and my heart warms to them like—SAM HILL. C. F. D.

Original.

THE IDEAL.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

When our young spirits were sent forth to brave
The untried sweep of Time's resistless wave,
Parental love creative wisdom swayed
And bade the shadow from our pathway fade;
One rose of Paradise in pity wreathed
Into our earthly coronal, and breathed
One deathless perfume o'er the spirit's birth
Ere it was ushered 'mid the sons of earth;
Bequeathed one talisman that there might be
A living germ of our high destiny,
Deeply enshrined in amaranthine bloom,
Each element to hallow and relume
Each pristine glory when the world-clouds dim
Should dull the echo of Creation's hymn;
A wing unwearied plumed in Heaven to bear
Life's stricken child above the realm of care,
Whose quivering beam invitingly should play
Through Time's cold vista kindled there to stay
The Present's whirling tide, and brave the sight
From Earth's poor exile to a home of light.

Mark its etherial essence floating by
Like the soft zephyrs of a southern sky,
To sanctify existence, silent trace
Its golden threads whose meshes interlace
The web of fate, and gracefully entwine
Its mystic folds with tracery divine!

Ah! who the heart's rich alchemy hath tried
In the world's shattered crucible, and sighed
One pure lament that feelings so profound,
So meek for angels, should be circled round
By hackneyed Custom—Slander's scorpion sting,
Time's wasting blight and Envy's vulture wing,
Presumption's brazen front, Gain's sordid mien,
Folly's weak glare and Falsehood's flimsy screen,—
And not uprisen from that thought of pain
Resolved such sorcery firmly to disdain,
The beautiful and true devoutly seek
With ever freshlier love and worship meek?
Though self-allied, how wilt thou keep the goal
If no ideal visions warm thy soul,
Transcending actual life's imposing sphere
Where leaves of freshest promise first grow sere,
And like the lamps of Heaven that burn unspent
While day's effulgence fills the firmament,
Glow all unseen until death's solemn night
Reveals at once their everlasting light?
'Tis Nature's vindication to decree
Her best gifts only unto those who flee
To her maternal breast with child-like trust,
And nobleness to spurn the gilded dust
Of human idols—Fashion's paltry strife,
Pride's tinsel trophies, all that takes from life
Its hues of morning, when all things real
Smiled to the undimmed eye in bright ideal.

Oh, what self-mockery is it to turn
From our own consciousness—life's mystic urn,
And wed ourselves to images of clay,
In their frail essence destined to decay,
When elements eternal inly live
Inspired though uninvoked, to give
The scope and line to being and to pour
Their inborn tints all outward prospects o'er,—
To be the pristine source and constant home
Of all true weal and sorrow, like the foam
Cresting the wave, in Ocean's ceaseless flow
To the broad surface mantling from below.

Perverse recipients of angelic powers,
We do not feel that all perennial flowers
Spring from a spirit-soil. Thoughts' subtle sway
And Feeling's inspiration and the play
Of Fancy's magic wand—'tis these give birth
To all the bliss and sadness of the earth;
And that high attribute that can array
Nature and mind with glory, and allay
The soul's deep thirst from that celestial spring
Which gushes where empyrean carols ring,—
The gift ideal—what were being shorn
Of its bright beams?—a day without a morn,
A rayless star, a harp to dirges strung,
A flowerless track—a destiny unsung!

Boston, 1841.

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Original.

WILFULNESS; OR, THE WIFE'S TALE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me, and I bleed."—*Byron.*

Letter from Mrs. Ormeston to her friend, enclosing the manuscript.

"You, alone, my dear friend, have judged me correctly: you, alone, have been willing to believe that I might be influenced by proper motives, in pursuing a course of conduct which, to the world, has seemed eccentric and censurable: you, alone, have defended me from the heavy charges of parsimony, unkindness to my family, and a want of affection towards those nearest and dearest to me. When I retired to this humble village, people wondered that I should quit the gay world; when I commenced a system of rigid economy, they called it meanness, because I was supposed to be in possession of a large estate; when my husband sought his amusements elsewhere than in his own home, I was accused of having made that home an unhappy one; and, to crown the whole, when I devoted all the energies of my nature to the education of my children—when I strove to keep them from the contact of falsehood and vice by an anxious and severe watchfulness over their young hearts, the good natured world censured my rigid code of morals, and hinted at my cold-heartedness. You, alone, were my champion, although even you could not account for all my conduct; and therefore it is, that I now set myself to the task of combining the lights and shadows of my past life into one complete picture. I would have you to reserve it for the eye of affection only. I care little for the opinion of those who have so long misjudged me, but I would fain be fully understood, and, shall I add, appreciated by those whom I love. My sorrows have been many, but they were no unmerited punishment. Wilfulness has met its reward.

"Few persons ever entered upon the gay scenes of life under happier auspices than myself. The only daughter of a rich and respected merchant, highly educated, refined in my tastes, taught to believe that my person was far from being unattractive, and surrounded with every luxury that affection could devise, or wealth procure, I certainly possessed every advantage that could promise a brilliant career. Among the earliest of my acquaintances, was the handsome and fashionable Henry Ormeston. His fine person and prepossessing manners, his noble talents and cultivated mind, made him the object of admiration to all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He soon distinguished me by the most marked attentions, and I was not insensible to the triumph of conquering such a heart; while the delicate homage which he paid to me, was the most subtle of all flattery to a refined and sensitive nature. I soon learned to consider him as first among his compeers, and my vivid imagination exalted him into a hero of goodness and genius. His tact in discovering character, enabled him to read mine with perfect ease, and he was not slow in availing himself of such knowledge, for, ere I was aware of the nature of my own feelings, I learned to love him with the most passionate devotion. Ignorant and inexperienced in the customs of the world, I saw no obstacles in the way of my happiness, and when he preferred his suit, I referred him to my father, with a full belief that our wishes needed but to be known, in order to receive parental sanction. I was soon undeceived. My father refused his consent to our union, and forbade me to hold any further intercourse with Mr. Ormeston.

"My whole soul rebelled against this harsh decree. I knew my lover was not rich, and I could imagine no other cause for my father's rejection of his suit. I therefore looked upon it as an act of gross injustice, and for this first instance of opposition to my will, I dared to accuse my good, kind father of *tyranny*. I shall never forget his grave and sad reproof.

"'It is not Mr. Ormeston's poverty, my daughter, said he, 'to which I object, for you will have wealth enough to enrich any one whom your heart may prefer, but I think him deficient in stability of character. He has no strength of principle, and in the day of temptation he will be found weak. This was the prominent trait in his father, and the son resembles him too much in person and manners, to allow a hope that he differs in other respects.'

"What did you know of his father?" I asked.

"'He was a man whom everybody *liked*, and nobody *esteemed*,' answered my father, 'an excellent boon-companion, one of those persons who are always *invited to dinner-parties*, but never chosen to *fulfil a trust*. It is for your own sake, my child, that I disapprove of young Ormeston, and remember that I have given you warning in time.'

"Perhaps this prohibition tended to increase my interest in the subject of it. I had been so much indulged, that I could not brook the least restraint, and I determined to judge for myself of the character of my suitor. But when a woman loves, and is beloved, there is little opportunity for the calm study of character. The very affection which actuates both, gives a degree of amiability to the temper and manners which often serves to disguise the real nature. Even if we see a few defects, we behold them in a softened light; and the contemplation of human nature in such circumstances, is like beholding a landscape in a Claude Lorraine glass, a *couleur de rose*, is diffused over every thing.

"Ormeston was tenderly attached to me, but he was not one to sacrifice his inclinations to the real welfare of another. He continued to visit me until my father, aroused to anger by his pertinacity, forbade him to enter the house. We then met in secret, and corresponded clandestinely, until, at length, carried away by the romance of my feelings, I made him a solemn promise never to give my hand to another. I mean not to dwell upon all the painful details of my life at that time. It is but too common a tale. Infatuated by my blind passion, I forgot my duty to the father who

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had made me his idol, and while I cherished the affection which his prohibition had made criminal, I took no pains to conceal the ravages which disappointment was making with my cheerfulness and my health. In one thing only I refused to follow my lover's suggestions; I could not be persuaded to desert my parent in his old age, and by a clandestine marriage, to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But all his entreaties that I would resolutely conquer my foolish fancy, were unheeded. The more I was opposed, the more obstinately did I indulge my wayward humor; I tried to believe myself a martyr to domestic persecution, and imagined I was acting the part of a heroine, when, to others, I only seemed a disobedient child.

"At length, wearied out by my perseverance, and fearing for my health, which had suffered greatly during this strife of feeling, my father yielded a reluctant consent to my marriage with Ormeston.

"'Marry him, my child,' said he; 'since you will have it so, I forbid you no longer to become his wife, but ask me not to be present at the sacrifice. My house shall be open to receive you, but I will not, by my presence, sanction the ceremony which makes you a victim.'

"Will you believe, my friend, that these words, wrung from out my father's anguished heart, by fears for his daughter's life, were received by me as a sufficient warrant for my marriage? My romantic passion blinded me to every thing, and Ormeston, eager to avail himself of this advantage, urged a speedy union, lest my father should retract his unwilling promise. I was married—but never shall I forget the anguish of that day. My mother had long since slept in the silent tomb, but I had kind and dear relatives, and a father whom I tenderly loved, yet none of these friends of my childhood were around me when I stood at the altar to pledge my solemn vows. I listened to the awful question which demands that all impediments shall be made known, and my own heart rose up in testimony against me, for I was even then acting in disobedience to the command which bids a child to honor its parent. I received the congratulations of gay friends and acquaintances, but the well known voices which could alone awake the echoes of my heart—the voices of tenderness and affection mingled not with the mirthful tones of the giddy crowd, and then, when it was too late, I felt that perhaps I had purchased at too dear a rate the gratification of my own wayward will.

"Immediately after the ceremony, we left town, and during our absence, I received a letter from my father, stating, that the one half of his large double house had been refitted and newly furnished for my reception, and, that he expected that I should take up my abode there immediately upon my return. But he mentioned not the name of my husband, and in the first impulse of pride and anger, I exclaimed, 'Never will I live under his roof as a daughter, unless he receives my husband as a son.' To my great surprize, however, Henry did not seem to share my emotion on this subject. He soothed my irritated feelings—reasoned with me concerning my father's very natural dislike to the man who had robbed him of his daughter's affection—predicted a total change in my father's notions when he should know him better, and counselled me to accept the old gentleman's liberal offer, as he styled it. I cannot describe to you the pain which this *moderation* inflicted upon me. Had he indignantly rejected a proposition which seemed to make him a mere dependant upon his wife—had he refused to enter my father's door, unless received upon a proper footing, I should have loved him better than ever. But to my high-toned feelings, there was something of degradation in accepting bounties so grudgingly bestowed; and a suspicion, bitter as death—a doubt of my husband's nobleness of sentiment for a moment awoke within my bosom. I answered my father's letter affectionately, and begged him to receive my husband even as a child to his old age. His reply now lies before me.

"'My child,' he wrote, 'I cannot do what you ask; Henry Ormeston, in marrying you, has taken from me a daughter, but he cannot give me a son. No man of delicate honor would have wedded a rich heiress under the circumstances which attended his union with you. Had he been engaged in any business which could promise a future maintenance, or had he any profession, and my sole objection had been his poverty, some excuse might be found for him in the ardor of youthful feeling. But he well knew, that, if your father did not continue to provide for you, subsequent to your marriage, he had neither the means nor the industry to do it. He knew that I disapproved of his character and his condition, and he became your husband with a perfect understanding that he was either reducing you to poverty, or placing himself in a state of dependance. I do not choose to see my daughter want, and therefore the latter alternative must be adopted. My opinion of him is unchanged, and therefore I cannot welcome him with cordiality; he has entered my family against my will—he has taken advantage of a rich old man's love for his child, to secure himself a home; and he enters that home only because your happiness requires it. I mean not to quarrel with him; I believe he loves you, and I trust he will continue to cherish you as I have done. Time will show whether I have been right or wrong in my estimate of his character. If I have been wrong, I shall be happier in expiating my error than I can be in indulging it, but, at present, I must be allowed to follow the bent of my own will.'

"What did I not suffer while reading this cruel letter, so full of tenderness to me, so cutting in its scorn of my husband! But the pang was far greater with which I watched Henry while he read it. Flinging it down on the table with a careless laugh, he exclaimed, 'I see the old gentleman is a lineal descendant of "*hard-kopping Pete*"—a real copper-headed Dutchman.'

"What shall we do, Henry," was my first question.

"'Do, Marian? why, accept his offer, to be sure; we must return to his house, and wait for the time he talks about, to conquer his prejudices.'

"But how can I bear to see you treated with neglect, Henry?"

"'Oh, we'll arrange all that; you may be sure that

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we shall not come to an open quarrel, and, as I am prepared for his coldness, it will not wound me.'

"How wretched did I feel that night! how soon had the illusion vanished from my eyes! how soon had I learned that my father was wise in his estimation of Henry's character! A feeling almost like contempt arose in my proud heart against him whom I had just sworn to honor, and I prayed most fervently to be preserved from the anguish of *ceasing to respect my husband.*

"With the shame if not the penitence of a prodigal, I returned to my father's house, and found that every thing had been arranged for my accommodation. The apartments designed for me, occupied half of the large mansion, and were furnished in a style of elegance better suited to my father's means than to my merit. I could not but hope that his prejudices against my husband would be softened, for I fancied that the fascinations against which I was not proof, could not but be powerful enough to avert a parent's displeasure. But my father had no intention of placing me in a position to suffer from conflicting duties. He informed me that his housekeeper had orders to obey me as mistress of the establishment, but that he had reserved to himself the exclusive right to his own apartments; that his meals would be served to him there at his usual hours, and that whenever I chose to preside at his table, I should be welcome, provided I *came alone.* He also placed at my disposal a handsome carriage and several horses, requesting me only to remember that *his own equipage* and servants were never to be used by any but himself, unless, indeed, *I* should be inclined to accompany him in his daily rides. In short, I found a line drawn between us, across which neither was hereafter to pass. Every thing was so arranged, that, while I could command all the comforts of a luxurious household, for my husband, as well as myself, yet the privileges of a child—the right of free access to a parent's presence, was only accorded to me, on condition that *he* was excluded. You will think my father wrong in this strange whim. It may be that he was—his conduct was certainly injudicious, since it offered a strong temptation to meanness in the object of his prejudice, without affording him any opportunity of overcoming the original feeling of dislike.

"The affection of my husband, his brilliancy in society, and the pride I felt in the admiration which he excited, reconciled me, in some measure, to the peculiarities of my situation. Determining to neglect no duty towards my father, I devised a plan by which I could divide my time between both those beloved relatives. By rising early, I could preside at my father's breakfast-table, and still be in time to take my seat with my husband at his later meal. Dinner was generally served to my father while I was engaged in receiving or paying visits, but I made it a point never to be absent from his tea-table. Always kind and affectionate, he seemed to appreciate my attentions, but on no account would he bestow any notice upon Mr. Ormeston. When they passed each other in the spacious hall, a silent bow was exchanged between them, for my father's old fashioned politeness would not allow him to omit an act of mere civility, yet not a word was ever uttered by either. And thus they lived in entire disunion but for the connecting link of my affection.

"It is impossible to describe what I suffered during all this time. Loving my father with sincerity, and regarding my husband with the deepest tenderness even after I had learned to doubt the purity of his morals, and the nobleness of his character, I was kept in a state of continual agitation, lest some open rupture should be the result of this coldness. Had Henry proved to be all my fancy had painted him, I should have been less disquieted; because I should then have had undoubting faith in the effects of time upon my father's stern temper. But, alas! I had learned that there were spots upon the sun of my existence—I had discovered the worm at the root of the stately tree which overshadowed me, and I no longer trusted that a better knowledge of Mr. Ormeston's character would disarm my parent's resentment. I will not tell you the petty incidents which taught me how entirely I had been blinded to the defects of my husband's disposition. It was not that I sought them out—God knows how willingly I would have deceived myself into the belief that they did not exist, but they forced themselves upon me through the medium of trifles which I could not thrust aside. I had naturally a proud and uncompromising sense of the dignity of human nature—integrity was a part of my being—a high-toned sense of honor had been my characteristic in childhood, and had I lived in the days of the old-world Paladins, I could not have been more fastidious in my notions of delicacy and firmness of principle. This refined sentiment of honor, this innate consciousness, which is to honesty what its perfume is to the rose—the very soul of its existence—my husband did not possess. He was honest and honorable according to the easy definition of the world, but he lacked that proud integrity which could resist the temptation of its own interests. I discovered this early in my married life, and his constant drains upon the purse which my father always kept well supplied, tended to confirm my doubts of his refined sense of honor. Had such bounties been bestowed upon *me* by one who scorned me, I would have begged my bread from door to door, ere I would have deigned to accept them. But Mr. Ormeston was content to pass through life in the least troublesome manner; and he accordingly occupied the stately mansion, drove the pampered horses, ordered the well paid servants, and drank the fine old wine of a man who despised him too much to exchange a word with him.

"Five years passed away in this manner, during which time I became the mother of three children. The eldest of these was a boy, named after my father, and to him he seemed to transfer the fulness of that affection which, since my marriage, I had never been able, entirely, to regain. I rejoiced at this growing fondness for my son, and hoped that the sweet boy might be a bond of union between us all, especially as my father did not hesitate to avow his intention of making him his

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heir. This determination, however, was not very satisfactory to Mr. Ormeston, who had hoped that I should finally come into possession of the estate; but, with his usual careless good humor, he began to calculate the chances of benefit from this arrangement. Will you believe me when I tell you that, among other chances, he actually took into consideration the possibility of the *death of his child*—his first born son—which would, of course, under such a will, ensure him the property. Until that moment I had trusted much to his good feeling and affectionate temper, but when I heard him hint at the remote possibility of deriving benefit from such a calamity, I almost hated him. Yet I tried—oh, how anxiously I tried to forget it. I wanted, if possible, to retain my love and esteem for him to whom I was bound by indissoluble ties, and I sought to shut my eyes to his faults. The world looked on us as possessing every requisite for happiness. They blamed my father's severe temper, and considered his implacable resentment as the only cloud in our sunny sky; but they little knew that I had a far more serious cause of sorrow in the unstable principles of my husband. Fond of gaiety and dissipation of all kinds, he indulged his love for pleasure without restraint. The wine-cup, the turf and the gambling-table, all demanded a share of his time and money, and both were liberally bestowed. Yet was he ever kind and gentle to me; not a harsh word ever escaped his lips, and to all my remonstrances against the pernicious habits in which he indulged, he always replied with perfect good humor. Was I wrong in suspecting, (as I sometimes did,) that he would have been less tender, had the purse been in *his* hand, as well filled as it was in *mine?* Heaven only knows whether I wronged him, but when distrust creeps into the bower of wedded love, it leaves its poisonous taint over every flower in life.

"My father was taken ill, and, after lingering several weeks, he died. On his death-bed he admitted Henry to his presence, and as he bade him farewell, he added, 'I have summoned you, Mr. Ormeston, in order that you might not accuse me of carrying my resentment beyond the grave. Had you been less content with your condition as a dependant, I might have liked you better; had you refused to live under my roof upon the conditions which I prescribed, I should have known that I had wronged you in my first estimate of your character; but your conduct has shown me that you were quite satisfied with my terms, and, of course, I do not regret my past conduct.' I listened to these words with bitter tears, for I felt that if Henry had but obeyed the impulses of my indignant spirit, at the outset of our married life, he would never have been compelled to occupy so equivocal a station.

"When my father's will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed to me an annuity of four thousand dollars during my life—to my two youngest children, two thousand dollars, per annum, while the bulk of the fortune, after deducting a few legacies to some old friends, was bestowed upon my eldest son, upon condition that as soon as he attained his seventh year, he should be sent to a boarding-school *in England*, and there allowed to remain until he had finished a collegiate course of education. In case of his death before he attained his majority, the estate was to remain in trust until my youngest child should be of age, when it was to be equally divided between them. I well understood the meaning of this will. It was designed to separate the heir of this fine estate from the evil example of his father, and, in the plenitude of his contempt for Mr. Ormeston, my father had thought that a disruption of the dearest ties of nature was preferable to exposing the boy to such influence. Thus I was called to make a *second* sacrifice—the result of the *first*, and, as I had given up my father for the sake of my lover, so I was now to resign my child to the care of strangers, in order to ensure his future welfare.

"Of course an immediate change in our mode of life was necessary. We had been in the habit of spending, at least, ten thousand a year, and my annuity, which was all we now had, certainly would not support such extravagance. This gave me little pain, for I had ceased to value the appliances of wealth, since I had learned they could not bring me happiness, but it galled the pride of my husband to the very quick. He could not endure the thought of living in a less ostentatious manner; he was not willing to resign the luxury of a carriage, and the pomp of a retinue of servants. But he was spared the mortification for the present. Our child had almost attained the age specified in the will for his removal to England, and as I was desirous of placing him in safe hands, we determined to accompany him, and to pass a few years in Europe. We accordingly left America about six months after my father's death, and of the detail of the next two years of my life, my dearest friends are ignorant.

"Our first care on our arrival in England, was to find a proper school for Charles. My heart bled at the thought of leaving him, but I knew that I should not obey the *spirit* of my father's will unless I separated him entirely from us. Having been unusually fortunate in our choice, we departed for Paris, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Ormeston, who seemed exceedingly desirous of enjoying the winter season in that gayest of cities. For my own part, I was perfectly indifferent as to my place of abode, so long as I could hear weekly from Charles, and as my other children were with me, I anticipated comfort if not happiness. But I soon found that I committed a sad mistake when I trusted one of his unstable character amid the labyrinths of Parisian vice. The freedom of French manners, the sceptical tone of philosophy then in vogue, and the prevalence of the fatal habit of gaming, to which Mr. Ormeston was already addicted, were too well suited to his temper and habits. He needed little persuasion to induce him to launch forth upon the treacherous sea of vicious pleasure, and all my suspicions of his laxity of morals were more than confirmed. But ill suited as we were, we never had those disputes and bickerings which often render the married state one of perpetual torment. Always kind and polite, Mr. Ormeston was considered a model of conjugal tenderness, and, as far as affectionate words and manners could make him so, he deserved

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all praise; but he lacked that disinterested love which makes the happiness of its object its first care. He was warmly attached to me; indeed his natural disposition led him to look with kindness upon every one who did not absolutely offend him, but still, selfishness was the foundation of all his actions. Had I ceased to be his daily companion, and to minister to his daily comfort, all love for me would soon have faded from his mind, like a dream, for his temper was too indolent to feel any emotion very vividly. Yet his winning manners, his unruffled good humor, his kind-heartedness, made me love him tenderly, in despite of his unsteadiness of character. I would have given worlds to have been able to look up to him with respect as well as affection, but alas! I could not be blind to his want of sincerity, his *truckling* spirit, and his habitual vices; I could not deceive myself into the belief that he was a fit model for the imitation of our children.

"But I was destined to drink, to the very dregs, the cup which my own wilfulness had drugged. After a residence of nearly two years, we left Paris, but the precipitancy with which we quitted it, led me to suspect that something was wrong. I afterwards learned that some disgraceful transaction which occurred in one of those dens of vice, a gambling-house, had compelled Mr. Ormestom to seek safety in a rapid departure for his native land. We returned to New-York, and took lodgings at one of the fashionable hotels, while my husband was immediately surrounded by the companions of his former follies. His ostentatious style of living, together with his habits of play, soon involved him in debt, and I was now subject to the mortification of seeing him *dunned* again and again, by every tradesman whom he employed. My father had early instilled into my mind, a great horror of incurring *debt;* he looked upon it in its true light, as a species of *dishonesty;* 'it was supporting one's self,' he said, 'by levying contributions on others; it was making a show with the price of other people's industry.' Feeling thus sensitive on the subject, you may judge how I suffered from Mr. Ormeston's careless habit in this respect. He denied himself no luxury however costly, no pleasure however expensive, and, when importuned for payment by those who had trusted him, he put them off with fair promises, kind words, or some pleasing little attention, which converted his refusal to satisfy their demands, into a compliment.

"The last blow to my happiness at last came. I have lengthened out my story, even as a criminal prolongs the time afforded him to prepare for death, to defer as long as possible the narration of that final disgrace, the remembrance of which is fraught with mingled bitterness. I cannot enter into a minute detail of the affair; let it suffice to tell you, that a *note* of twenty thousand dollars, drawn by Mr. Ormeston, and bearing, as *endorser*, the name of one of the executors of my father's will, a man of known wealth and respectability, was discounted at a certain bank in New-York, and appropriated by my husband to the payment of a gambling debt. At the expiration of three months, when the note became due, a small sum was paid on account, and a *new note* for the balance was left in the bank; but before the time of payment came round a *second time*, the whole affair was discovered. *The name of the endorser was a forgery!* Do you ask who was the forger? It was he, who had ever been found too weak to resist temptation—even my unhappy husband!

"Let me do him the justice, however, to state that he certainly did not intend to rob either Mr. ——— or the bank. Driven to extremity by immense losses at play, he was induced to this method of raising the money, which he designed to pay *by instalments*, as the note came due; trusting that the gentleman whose name he had used, would know nothing of the transaction, and that, in the course of a year, the whole debt would be gradually cleared off. But some investigations which took place in the bank, led to the unravelment of the whole scheme, and he now stood in the light of a criminal, for, in the judgment of all who heard the disgraceful tale, he was guilty of that which ought to condemn him to a prison. Respect to the memory of my father, however, and a regard to my feelings, saved him from open shame. Mr. ——— agreed to assume the responsibility of the note, and take it out of the bank, upon condition of perfect secrecy being observed respecting the whole affair, while I repaid his kindness, as far as I could, by mortgaging my annuity to him, as a security for his future indemnification. This was the only mode that could be devised for the settlement of the debt, since the terms of the will rendered it impossible to alienate any part of my father's vast fortune from my eldest son. Mr. Ormeston, glad to escape disgrace on any terms, consented to retire into the country, and Mr. ——— agreed to pay us, out of my annuity, a thousand dollars per annum, the remainder being retained as a payment on account, of the large sum due him from my husband.

"Such were the conditions upon which we purchased the privilege of hiding our disgrace from the eyes of the world, and gladly did I quit a scene of so much disappointment and sorrow. But life had now lost its brightness for me. From the hour that I learned his guilt, there was no longer the charm of affection to blind me to the unstable principles of the man whom I had chosen to be the companion of my whole existence. There was something so unutterably degrading to me, in the thought of *fraud*—it was so mean and despicable a crime—that my proud heart revolted at the very thought. It was not only the want of morality—it was the *grovelling* nature of the act, which excited my contempt, and I could no longer love him whom I had learned to despise. I pitied him from my very soul, I sought to minister to his comfort in every way possible, but I no longer regarded him with the yearning tenderness of a loving heart. He avoided my presence—he seemed to shrink from my look—not because he feared reproach, for, God is my witness that no word of bitterness ever passed my lips on the subject; but because he could not brook the eye of one whose unspotted integrity was a daily reproof unto him. I strove to make him content with his altered condition, by sharing it unmurmuringly,

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though I had been nursed in the lap of indulgence from infancy; but he could not overcome the painful sense of inferiority, which made him quail before me, and we gradually became more and more estranged. Strange position for two persons so closely connected! Without an unkind word having been exchanged between us—without an angry tone, or a reproachful look to extinguish love, it slowly faded from the hearts of both, like the vague image of a dream. He felt my very life to be a reproach to him. The precepts which I imparted to my children—the maxims of virtue and honor which, as a mother, I was bound to teach and to practice, were like so many stings and arrows to his wounded conscience. My presence was painful to him, for he could not forget that I had looked into the depths of his degraded nature. His habits of '*good fellowship*,' his pleasant manners, his graphic skill in story-telling, his comic songs, made him a great favorite in the little community where we now resided, while the calm tone of subdued sorrow, the reserve, born of betrayed affection, gave to my demeanor a gravity which was mistaken for coldness of heart. Some keen-sighted gossips had observed, that, when in my presence, Mr. Ormeston's careless and cheerful manner was exchanged for a restlessness, and apparent restraint. He told no merry tales, he entered into no boyish frolics when the sad eye of his wife was upon him, and this was attributed to my unkindness, my severity of temper, which clouded his sunny character. Alas! it was his own consciousness that hushed the song upon his lips, and checked the tide of mirth, when I was by his side. *I*, alone, knew of his disgrace.

"With regard to my children, I will not deny that I may have committed some errors of judgment, but how little can strangers know of the springs which govern our actions. I was severe in my ideas of discipline—rigid in my sense of duty, and it was with the inflexibility of a judge that I watched over the gradual development of passion and error in the hearts of my children. Why did I do this? Because they were of *his blood*—because I feared that *his* children, while they inherited his beauty and his talents, might also be the heirs of his unstable character. Let the tender affection of those dear, and, God be thanked! those *virtuous* children, prove to you, that, whatever the world might call it, my severity was not unkindness.

"Thus have I explained to you the cause of my apparent parsimony, and the groundlessness of the other charges which have been brought against me, by those who cannot look beneath the surface of life. A few years sufficed to pay the debt due to the kind Mr. ———; but others, many others, still remained to be satisfied, and I determined to continue the same course of life, until every farthing was punctually settled. I endeavored to surround my husband with such objects as might excite the fine powers of his mind, and induce him to substitute intellectual pleasures for the grosser enjoyment of the senses. Books in which he once delighted, painting in which he was not unskilled, music in which he was a proficient, were all brought around him in our humble and quiet home. But the poison of a vitiated taste had pervaded his noble intellect, and all mental pursuits had lost their charm. To ponder on the dangerous pages of Rousseau, or the vain sophisms of Voltaire, was the greatest task he could bring himself to undertake, while his skill as an artist and musician was wasted in political caricatures and political songs. Gradually he sunk lower and lower in the scale of being. He had begun life by *placing his happiness lower than himself*—he had commenced by degrading instead of elevating the dignity of his nature, and he now learned how much easier it is to descend than to regain the upward ascent. You know his subsequent fate: you know that the handsome and intellectual Henry Ormeston—the gifted, the amiable, the good-hearted—he who was once the object of admiration to women, and of imitation to men—sunk into the mere haunter of a village tavern.

"Have I told you enough of my trials? Would you hear how he gradually lost all sense of shame and self-respect? how he found in the depths of vice a *deeper still?* and how he finally died, with that most awful of all the weapons of death—*the drunkard's curse?*

"Time has shed its healing balm over many sorrows since then, but the lapse of years cannot bring to me forgetfulness. My children are now grown to adolescence—wealth and honor and goodness are theirs, and in their love I find my only earthly consolation. But I cannot forget the cruel yet merited sufferings of my youth. I say *merited* because they would never have fallen upon me had I not '*despised the counsel of my father*.' I followed the blind impulses of *my own will;* and, like all who *sow the wind, I reaped the whirlwind*."

Original.

LOVE.

RUFUS DAWES.

True love is never passionate—it comes
Winged from too pure a source to work us woe.
Yet love, like all things beautiful and true,
Has found its counterfeit. There was a time
When in celestial garments it descended
A constant guest with man. Then man and wife
Were one indeed; for Heavenly love so wrought,
That, as the light and heat of the sun's rays
Make one for action, wisdom joined to it
In Heavenly marriage. In the golden age
Sung by the poets, love was all like that,
Such as the Prophet Milton told in verse,
When Paradise, in vision, threw its gates
Wide open to his sight, and mother Eve
Smiled on the first of bards. The time will come
When all that Milton sang will be fulfilled,
And Paradise regained; true love, once more,
Shall, with the Virgin, bend her flight to earth.
Virgil has sung of them in Pollio.
The Sibyls in their wondrous verse, have told
Their coming with the great Restorer's throne.
Strange! that from out the darkness of old Time,
Such light should break—and stranger still that men
Should not have pondered on these wondrous things.
Our age is, even now, would we behold,
Full of the promise, for celestial Love,
Hovering over, beckons to mankind,
And begs to be admitted.

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Original.

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN;

OR, THE HAUNTED VILLA.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'THE QUADROONE,' ETC.

"Is it a true and honest tale, fair master?"
"Nay—I vouch not. I give it thee as I had it."

In the upper *faubourg* of New-Orleans and conspicuous from the river on which it fronts, stands a vast, square mansion, gray and ruinous through neglect rather than time. A few old moss-stained oaks of a century's growth, rear their majestic heads above its rank lawn, and the hedges and walls that once enclosed it are broken down or utterly destroyed. Every where are the marks of its having been, in a better day, the abode of affluence and aristocratic pride. Lonely, in dilapidated grandeur, stately and imposing even in its ruin, it has for years attracted the eye of the curious stranger as he sailed past it. But vainly does the traveller seek to learn from those about him, the history of the spot. All that he can ascertain is, that it is called "The Haunted Villa."

Less than half a mile above this dilapidated edifice on the estate adjacent also stands a mansion, which is no less striking for its beauty, adorned as it is with verandahs, porticos and latticed conservatories, and half-hid in the most luxuriant foliage, with well-appointed hedges of the rose-thorn interspersed with lemon, acacia and pomegranate trees enclosing a lawn of the softest green. It seemes the abode of taste, refinement and graceful affluence—the home of domestic bliss and social happiness. Never two mansions or grounds presented stranger or more remarkable contrasts, made still more striking by their juxtaposition.

At the latter villa on the evening of our story, there was held a Christmas festival, of a gayer and more brilliant description than usual, for it was a bridal night also—and the bride and bridegroom with the joyous train mingled merrily in the holiday festivities. The bride! How shall her matchless beauty be given to the eye of the reader! She was of stately stature, and graceful as the swan in her movements. Her eyes were dark, and burning with the light of love. There was an unfathomable well of feeling in their dangerous depths, and though they could occasionally flash fire and sparkle, their usual aspect was soft and timid as the gazelle's. She was called Ephèse, and men's eyes have seldom looked on a more beautiful woman, or a bridegroom's worshipping glance adored a fairer bride. She was wedded the night of our story, in the gorgeous rooms of the mansion just described. The owner of this mansion was a French gentleman, and had been a widower for many years. He called Ephèse his child. Some said she was his daughter, others that she was not. There was evidently a mystery about her. She was just eighteen the night of her bridal, which was as well both her birthday and wedding-day, a Christmas eve. The bridegroom was a rich young creole of Orleans, handsome, chivalrous and well-born, and every way worthy to wear so bright a jewel as Ephèse in his bosom.

It was a happy and merry night. All the youthful cavaliers for many leagues around were gathered there to grace the nuptials, and three score maidens, with the dark eye and raven hair of that sunny clime, presented their rival charms in the presence of the incomparable bride. In the wanton waltz and stately dance, amid never ceasing strains of ravishing music, and with the numerous scenes and changes of a bridal festival conjoined with a Christmas merry-making, the silvery hours flew swiftly on. Midnight at length approached, and the blushing bride, half-reluctant, half-consenting, was borne from the hall by a group of laughing virgins, to the nuptial chamber. At the instant the door closed behind her, the festive halls were strangely illuminated by a sudden light of a pale-green cast that out-shone the brilliant candelabra in the rooms and threw over every face the ghastly palor of death. At the same instant a loud, heavy, rumbling noise, like underground thunder, appalled every ear.

"Look! the Haunted Villa!" shouted several voices on the verandah.

In an instant the halls were deserted, and the verandah and lawn looking in the direction of the ruined mansion, were crowded with terrified gazers. Terrific spectacle! The whole interior of the ruin, towards which their eyes were turned, seemed to be on fire. Through every aperture of door and window and gaping crevice, the fire shone out as if from a furnace, with an intense glowing heat. Yet there ascended no smoke from it, nor could there be heard any sound of crackling flame. But what was most fearful was a tongue of green flame, which rising from the midst of the molten mass, flung itself, lapping and curling high into the air, like a serpent, and then contracted and coiled down upon the surface of the bed of fire, again to unfold and dart upward, and shed its baleful glare a wide league around. The most death-like silence pervaded the groups of banqueters as they looked upon this spectacle. To all the name of the Haunted Villa was familiar, and to every mind supernatural terror was associated with it. No one breathed. Expectation and alarm sat on every face. Gradually the intensity of the glowing interior lessened, and in a few minutes all became dark as before, save the tongue of flame which continued to curl and writhe above the central tower with fiercer strength. All at once it disappeared, like a lamp blown out, and in its place a small globe of green fire, that shone with a steady light, was alone visible upon the summit of the tower.

Awed and full of conjectures and trembling apprehensions, the company instantly broke up. In a few minutes, nearly all were on their way to their homes, anxious to place the widest distance between themselves and this spot of supernatural sounds and spectacles. Five or six young men alone remained in the deserted verandah. They were intimate friends of the bridegroom, who himself stood among them as they discoursed together on the event.

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"Did you notice that it was just as the door closed behind the bride?" remarked Don Antonio Baradas, one of the group upon the colonnade.

"I did, signor," replied Eugene Brissot, with animation, "for my eye was following her departure, surrounded by her bridesmaids, and methought I had never seen woman so lovely, and I mourned so bright a star should set to every eye but Henride's."

"You all noticed it was just as she left the room, signors?" repeated young Don Antonio, looking round with a marked manner and speaking in a solemn tone.

"We did," all answered, "but has Ephèse any thing to do with—"

"Speak, Don Antonio! what evil threatens or is connected with my beloved bride?" demanded the young husband, earnestly grasping his friend's hand.

"Listen, signor," answered Don Antonio Baradas.

The young cavaliers, joined by one or two ladies, now grouped closer about the young Spaniard as he leaned gracefully against a column, his arms folded within his silk mantle across his breast. His attitude was striking and commanding. His age appeared not less than thirty, but care or deep and active thought had worn in his face strong lines, which, while they added to its intellect, took from his youth. He had been very handsome and was still striking for his manly appearance. His figure was tall and slender and finely shaped. His complexion was so dark as to approach a swarthy hue. His features were finely acquiline, and his large dark eyes beamed with the fire of intelligence. Sometimes there was in them a strangeness of expression terrible to look upon, while ere it could be commented on by those who observed it, passed away, instantly followed by the sweetest smile human lips ever wore. With the early history of Don Antonio, none were acquainted. He had come to New-Orleans on a Christmas eve, eight years before, a traveller and as the heir of a noble Cuban family. After a sojourn of a few weeks, he gave out that he had become so much pleased with the city as to determine to abide there permanently. His lodgings were magnificently furnished, and in his horses and equipage, he rivalled the wealthiest Creoles. He soon found friends, and the halls of the oldest and best families of the land were thrown open to him. He was admired for his wit, accomplishments, and manly graces, and every where courted for his wealth. Thus for seven years had Don Antonio lived among the hospitable and refined Orleanois. During all this while it was remarked that he never had drank wine nor spoken to a woman—though the loveliest in the world were alluring him with their smiles. Between him and Henride Claviere, the bridegroom, there had existed a long and close intimacy. He had now been invited to wait on him as a groomsman, but had singularly and strangely to his friend, declined, saying he could be present only as a guest.

"Listen, signor," he said, in an impressive manner, as his friends gathered around him, their curiosity aroused by the tone and emphasis of his words. "It is twenty-one minutes yet to midnight! There will be full time 'till twelve for me to speak. Patience, Henride! thy bride hath not been gone ten minutes and thou must wait for the cathedral bell to toll midnight ere thou leave us."

"The Cathedral bell! It was never heard this distance," exclaimed several.

"It will be heard here to-night, as if swinging within the dome of this hall," he answered, in a deep voice that with his words made each heart weigh heavier in the bosom against which it audibly throbbed. "Yonder mansion, my friends, was built by a Castilian noble, in whose veins flowed the best blood of Spain. His wealth was inexhaustible. He possessed also boundless ambition, and never did human life stand between him and his object. His passions were evil and indulged at any sacrifice. He lived solitary in a lonely castle amid the most fertile and lovely region of Castile. There he associated only with his gold, which he kept in coffers in his vaults, and with his horse and black hounds, with which he used to hunt every Christmas eve, from sunset to sunrise, in company, it is said, with the free spirits of the air, with whom, riding like the wind, they traversed the kingdom in its breadth and length ere the dawn. And what think you he hunted, my friends? A Castilian maid who should be both *perfectly beautiful and perfectly blind!*—for there is a tradition in Spain, that such a maiden shall become the mother of an Emperor who shall unite all the kingdoms of Europe into one Empire. But it was not for this he would possess this blind beauty. He was in person the ugliest and most hideous man in all Spain. Men looked upon him with disgust and women with fear. He wanted a wife and forsooth, one that was beautiful too, for next to his money and hounds he admired women. But no female could be found to marry him, so hideous was his visage, for all the gold in his coffers. He had heard of this tradition, and the idea of having a bride who should be perfectly beautiful and yet be blind, was highly gratifying to his vanity, for he could feast upon her charms while she would be ignorant of his ugliness."

"And why should he seek her by night?" demanded Don Antonio's listeners.

"It is said he had a talisman purchased by a mint of golden zecchino of Pius VI., by which he would be guided to the abode of such a maiden, who could be borne off, says the tradition, only at the midnight hour and while buried in deep sleep.

"At length, one Christmas eve, when this Castilian noble was thirty years of age, he sallied forth with hound and horse and horn to seek the blind and beautiful maiden for his bride. It was a few mintues before midnight, that the priests who were chaunting prayers in a monastery in the Pyrenees valley, heard the unusual sound of huntsmen and the hoarse bay of hounds approaching in full cry. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and grew louder and yet louder, and all at once the wide doors of the chapel were burst open, and this young Castilian noble rode in at top speed, followed by his pack, and galloped straight towards the altar. The horror-stricken priests seized the golden crucifix that stood upon it and held it up between the sacred place and the intruders, whom they believed to be the spirit

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of the "Wicked Huntsman" of the Pyrenees, and no mortal man.

"Without heeding the priests or their crucifix, Don Rolando Osormo—for that was his name—leaped from his coal-black steed and passed through a small wicket that led into the cloisters of the nunnery. With a rapid step he traversed the corridor and stopped before a cell, the door of which was closed. It flew open at his touch. On a low couch, her features faintly visible by a lamp burning beside it, slept a nun of the most perfect symmetry of limbs and features. Don Rolando knelt beside her and lifted the lamp so as to obtain a more perfect view of her face. It was transcendantly lovely. He smiled with satisfaction, and lifting her in his arms, bore her forth into the corridor."

"How knew he that a maiden slept there?" asked one of the group.

"By the talisman on his whip, it is said."

"What was that, Don Antonio?"

"A lock of the Virgin Mary's hair braided in the snapper, says the legend. The pliant lash would straighten and point forward as he held it in his hand in the direction he should proceed. Its touch opened all barriers, and gave him ingress to the inmost closet of castle or cot. But the impious noble was soon to learn that he could not enter, even with such a talisman, a consecrated temple and bear off with impunity a bride of the church. His punishment, though long deferred, came. He returned into the chapel with his prize ere the terrified monks had recovered from their astonishment. Leaping upon his steed and followed by his hounds, he spurred down the echoing aisles again, and left the convent as the bell tolled midnight, the noise of his riding and the bay of his hounds breaking far and wide upon the stillness of the night, as he coursed homeward down the valley.

"Don Rolando soon reached his castle and laid his intended bride upon a gorgeous couch. Then sending for musicians, he placed them in a concealed alcove and bade them play the softest strains 'till she awoke."

"How was he certain that she was blind as well as beautiful, Don Antonio?" asked one of the group.

"He believed in the faithfulness of his talisman."

"And how could she be beautiful if she were blind, Don Antonio?" asked Eugene Brissot. "Methinks a lady's beauty lieth mostly in her eye."

"The tradition saith that the maiden in question is to be *perfectly beautiful* still *perfectly blind*. She must have, therefore, perfect eyes to the observer though useless to herself as instruments of vision."

"Poor lady," sighed the young cavalier.

"I prythee proceed with thy story, Signor Antonio," said the impatient bridegroom.

"It indeed becomes me to hasten, for the midnight hour is near at hand. Don Rolando having arrayed himself magnificently and perfumed himself with the costliest essences of Persia, stood concealed behind the curtains of her couch to witness her awaking. At length the music stole into her senses, and slowly she began to open her eyes and throw off the deep sleep that had weighed upon the fringed lids. Don Rolando watched her with the most intense interest. He trembled lest he should have been deceived—for, already he passionately loved her. She rose in her couch and gazed around. Her eyes were blue as heaven, large, liquid and full of love and feeling. But whether they had vision he was unable to determine. He was about to show himself to make the trial, but restrained the impulse and remained still concealed, feeling assured that a few moments would decide it. She looked around her upon the damask hangings that on all sides enveloped her couch, but there was no individual object about her to arrest and fix the eye. She now threw back her golden hair from her forehead, as if perfectly awake, and gazed around with intelligent surprize, too visibly depicted on her features and in the enlargement of her dilating eye to be mistaken. Don Rolando's heart began to sink within him. She looked each moment more bewildered and alarmed.

"'Holy Virgin, where am I?' she cried at length, in a voice which alarm had made most sweetly touching. 'These silken hangings—this heavenly music—this gorgeous chamber—' for she had now put aside the curtains. 'Whither have I been borne in my sleep? It were heaven did not yonder lattice with a view of the distant stars through, tell me I am yet on earth.'

"'She *sees*, and the talisman has played me false! Accursed be it and the head it grew upon!' muttered Don Rolando through his clenched teeth.

"He was about to rush forward and bury his dagger in her heart, for his vanity and pride would not allow him to permit her to see his features, inasmuch as he already loved her, and the thought of seeing her shudder at their ugliness was madness to him. He had rather slay her with his own hand. This he was about to do, when suddenly his arm was arrested by a light touch. He turned and beheld a low black figure, with a body no higher than his knees, with a prodigious head, in the brow of which was set a single eye of green flame like a shining emerald, and with hands and arms of supernatural length.

"'Avaunt, fiend!' he cried, starting back with horror and affright.

"'Fear me not, Don Rolando,' said the dwarf in a hoarse low tone. 'I know thy disappointment, ha, ha, ha! She has eyes brighter than stars.'

"'By heaven she hath! How know you my thoughts and purposes?' demanded he with surprize.

"'It matters not. I can aid thy purpose!'

"'How?'

"'Destroy her vision!'

"'*Thou*, hell-hound! would'st thou mar such glorious beauty? She shall die first by my own hand.'

"'I will not mar it. I will take away her sight nor lay hand upon her.'

"'Give me proof of it and thou shalt attempt it. I would give half my wealth could it be so. Give me proof.'

"The demon-dwarf fixed upon him his single eye for an instant with such a steady gaze, that Don Rolando's eyes were irresistibly riveted upon it as if fascinated. In vain he tried to take them off. They were no longer

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subservient to his will. The demon's eye grew larger and larger, brighter and brighter each moment, 'till the light of it became painfully intense, and seemed to Don Rolando's eyes to fill the whole space before him and to pervade the whole room. By degrees it then faded away, lessening and growing dimmer and dimmer until it left the place to his vision dark as midnight.

"'Where art thou, fiend, that thou hast charmed me thus and left me in darkness?'

"'Ha, ha, ha! Don Rolando, dost thou find thyself in darkness?' said the dwarf, speaking from the self same spot where Don Rolando had last seen him.

"'Art thou here, demon? Who hath extinguished the lights?'

"'No lights are extinguished, Don Rolando. The darkness is in thine own vision. Thou art stone blind.'

"'Thou liest. Ho, lights, lights, knaves! bring lights!'

"'Thou mayest call for lights 'till they rival in brightness the sun, and thou shalt not see their brilliancy.'

"'Fiend, hast thou done this?'

"'With a single glance of my eye. I have given thee but the proof thou didst seek. Look upon me once more.'

"'I see thee not.'

"'Be patient and I will restore thy vision.' The demon then placed a finger upon each eyelid of Don Rolando, and pressing upon them asked him if he saw two golden rings.

"'I do,' answered Don Rolando.

"'Fix thy inward gaze upon them as steadily as but now you fixed your external gaze upon my eye.'

"Don Rolando with an effort did so and by degrees the golden rings enlarged until he seemed to be in a universe of roseate light. The dwarf then removed his fingers and he opened his eyes. All around him then seemed an atmosphere of pale light but no object was visible. Gradually the light assumed a delicate blue shade, and then a green color, and seemed to gather itself into a circle opposite to him. This circle gradually lessened in size and increased in brilliancy. He kept his eyes steadily upon it as if by a supernatural energy, until it diminished to a small orb. That orb was the *dwarf's eye*, whom he now beheld standing in his presence as before.

"'It is enough! Thou shalt make use of thy power,' said Don Rolando. 'She is on yonder couch.'

"'The terms are the souls of the children she may bring thee,' said the dwarf, without moving.

"Don Rolando started. He saw that his visitor was resolute. 'It is but a contingency at the best,' thought he. 'I consent,' he said hesitatingly.

"'Lay thy thumb and forefinger upon my eyelid and it shall be thy oath,' said the demon.

"Don Rolando did so. The dwarf then placed himself at the foot of the couch in shadow, so that his bright green eye alone was visible from it. It instantly arrested the maiden's eyes and her glance was fascinated. In a few moments her vision was for ever darkened.

"The demon departed as suddenly as he had appeared, and Don Rolando stood by the couch of the blind maiden. He watched her motions. Her gaze was vacant and her hands moved like one who is in the dark.

"'Alas, alas! whither am I borne? To what fate am I doomed? A moment since all was bright and gorgeous, and now all is dark as midnight. *Ay de mi!* Hapless vestal!'

"'Nay, sweet lady,' said Don Rolando, in a gentle tone, for though his visage was hideous his voice was soft and harmonious; 'you are brought from the damp cells of a cloister to the halls of luxury and affluence—to a noble castle that waits to hail you as its mistress, and to a true knight's home, who is ready to lay his heart and honor at your feet.'

"Thus and in like manner spoke Don Rolando. His soothing voice and tender speech at length won her ear, and she listened to him with pleasure. But the story of his wooing and nuptials, and of her submission to her blindness, for which she could not account, and which, be it mentioned here, did nothing mar her beauty, must be passed over. Years rolled by and Don Rolando had become the father of seven beautiful daughters, every one of whom had been born on a Christmas eve. He loved his lovely and sightless wife each succeeding year more and more. Blessings seemed to flow in upon him on every side. The only desire he now had, to complete his happiness, was for a son, that he might have him heir to his name and vast estates. But this wish he was never destined to see fulfilled.

"At length his eldest daughter reached her eighteenth year, and a neighboring young noble who had won her heart was to lead her to the altar on her birth-day eve. The bridal party were assembled, the rites were performed, and the hours of festivity flew on with joy and hope. The bride, who was scarcely less lovely than Henride's, was in the midst of a waltz, when the castle clock tolled twelve. Ere the last stroke had ceased vibrating upon the ears of the banqueters, there entered the hall a tall dark stranger, in a green velvet dress richly studded with emeralds. In his bonnet was a sable plume fastened by an emerald that glowed like fire, and at his belt was a hunting horn. His aspect was noble and his face intellectual. His entrance drew nearly all eyes upon him. But there was something about him that made Don Rolando's heart shrink with ominous foreboding. He strode across the hall to the spot where Don Rolando was seated, and said in a low tone—

"'Don Rolando, I have come for thy daughter.'

"Don Rolando started back and looked him in the face for an instant, and then with a shriek fell backward in the arms of his attendants.

"Leaving him, the stranger then approached the bride as she yet circled in the waltz, for while in its giddy mazes she had not yet noticed his entrance. He stood near her and sought to catch her eye. He succeeded! Instantly she stopped as if paralyzed, and then, without turning her glance aside from his steady gaze, approached him. He receded from her as she did so, still keeping upon her his riveted gaze, which seemed to fascinate her like a serpent's, for as he moved across the hall she followed him as if irresistibly drawn along solely by the

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power of his eye. He now took his way through the hall in the direction of the outer gate of the castle, steadily looking back towards her over his shoulder, while like a hound she continued to follow, step for step. All arrayed in her bridal robes and sparkling with jewels, with a face like death's and eyes supernaturally dilated, she went on after him, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Poor maiden—without once removing his glance from her terrified eyes, the stranger passed out of the hall, descended the marble steps to the court below and crossed the court to the outer gate; and through hall, corridor, and court-yard, the charmed bride followed him, keeping the same distance behind until she disappeared after him through the portal. Of the guests all were at first paralyzed, and followed them at a distance, the boldest, nor even the bridegroom himself, having power to attempt her rescue. Slowly behind her they followed, with silent amazement and horror, 'till the ill-fated bride had disappeared through the gate when the spell that seemed to have bound all present was broken.

"'Ho! cavaliers and gentlemen! To the rescue!' was the universal cry.

"Ere they reached the gate they heard the receding footsteps of a horseman and the full cry of hounds as if a huntsman was scouring the country at the head of his pack. The sounds soon died away in a distant glen, and from that night forward nothing was ever heard of the bride that had been so strangely charmed away.

"The next day Don Rolando, who alone could unravel this mystery, sent ten thousand golden pistoles to the convent from whence he had abducted his wife nineteen years before, praying that masses might be nightly offered for his daughter's soul.

"Two years elapsed, and time, which heals all things, had in some degree thrown over this event its oblivious veil, when the second daughter, not less lovely than the eldest, attained her eighteenth year, and on her birthnight was led to the altar by a noble Arragonese cavalier. As before it was a night of mirth and festivity. Alas, for it! When the clock struck twelve, the bride was just entering her bridal chamber. On the threshold she looked back to receive Don Rolando's blessing when her eye encountered the fixed glance of the swart stranger. With a shudder she turned back from the very threshold of the bridal chamber and followed him at a short distance behind, through hall, court and corridor, to the outer gate of the castle. Again were heard, a moment afterwards, the huntsman and his hounds coursing up the glen, again the cavaliers present, 'till now spell bound, rushed forth to the rescue. But never from that time forward was there intelligence of the fate of the second daughter of Don Rolando Osormo.

"By a strange fatality the bridal night was always on the birthday night, which happened ever on Christmas eve, the anniversary of the night on which Don Rolando committed the sacrilege of abducting the novice."

"Doubtless Holy Church had something to do with his terrible punishment in the loss of his daughters," said Eugene Brissot.

Don Antonio Baradas smiled coldly and significantly and without replying continued—

"That these nupitals should be suffered to take place a second and a third time, after such a horrible consummation of them, is no less strange, than that the parties should be so little affected by circumstances that ought to have made a lasting impression on every mind. It would seem that Don Rolando and his friends and his daughters' wooers, were, one and all afflicted with a judicial blindness. A third, a fourth, and a fifth bridal took place, with two years interval between each, with precisely the same results—the nightly appearance, at the stroke of twelve, of the dark stranger—the fascination of the bride—her submissive following, and disappearance, with the retiring sound of horse and hounds winding up the glen. What is most remarkable connected with this affair, was, that at each visit of the dark stranger, the sightless mother recovered her vision during the time he was present, but immediately lost it on his departure. At the loss of her fifth daughter she died of a broken heart for her bereavements.

"At length Don Rolando roused himself at this series of judgments, and resolved to avert the fate of his two remaining daughters, one of whom was sixteen and the other and youngest of all but six years of age. For this purpose he secretly left his castle and his native land, and came hither, as if the wide sea were a wall between justice and the adjudged. He built yonder solitary and gloomy mansion, and defended its portals with iron gates. He consecrated every stone with holy water, and in every threshold sunk a silver cross. The two years elapsed as before, and strange infatuation, he suffered his daughter to be led to the altar on her eighteenth birthday. A wealthy and high-born young Creole had wooed and won her. Don Rolando gave his consent, believing the power he dreaded would not reach him here. He wished too, with a resistless curiosity, to relieve his mind by the trial. He incurred the risk, and *sacrificed his daughter!*"

"Did the green stranger appear?" asked every voice.

"True to the hour and stroke of midnight. The bride followed him from the drawing rooms and across the lawn, and a moment afterwards the sound of horse and horn resounded along the winding shore 'till lost in the dark cypress forests to the south. The guests fled from the fatal halls in terror. But none could afterwards tell the tale or describe the scene. A spell seemed to have been laid upon their memories. All was confused and indistinct when they would recall it, but the impression of a supernatural presence there on that night remained uneffaced. From that time the 'Haunted Villa' became the scene of mysteries no man could unravel. The morning after this supernatural event, M. Vergniaud, at present our noble host, was surprized at the entrance of Don Rolando leading in his youthful daughter, a beautiful child in her eighth year. To him Don Rolando consigned her, after telling him the strange story you have heard me relate. With him he left keys to coffers of gold in the vaults of his mansion, and then blessing his daughter, took his leave of her for ever! He is now, as a rigid and holy monk, doing penance day and night in the monastery

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which he had so sacriligiously violated. Where is M Vergniaud? Methinks I have not seen him present among you."

A low groan now arrested every ear. A figure lay upon the ground in a kneeling posture—it was M. Vergniaud. He had fainted there at the first sight of the spectacle the Haunted Villa had presented. Ephèse had been to him as an own child. He felt that the curse had not departed from her race, and had fallen forward insensible, with a cry for mercy, mercy! for her on his lips. They lifted him up and laid him upon an ottoman. Those who assisted him were scarce more alive than himself. Don Antonio's tale had filled the soul of every one that listened to it with horror. Henride Claviere, the bridegroom, stood before Don Antonio like a statue of stone, and all eyes were fixed upon the young Spaniard in silence. They expected something they knew not what—but something that would harrow their senses and chill their blood. The connection of the fearful tale with the bride, was too plain to be mistaken.

"Let us save her or die with her, good Don Antonio," cried Eugene Brissot.

"Hark! it is twelve o'clock!" they cried, in the deep voice of fearful expectation.

"It is the Cathedral bell! The saints preserve us!" fell from every pallid lip.

At the last stroke Don Antonio cast aside his silken cloak from his tall figure and stood before them the Green Huntsman—the Swart Stranger of his tale. Without a word he left them, and entering the drawing room from the verandah, crossed it to the door through which Ephèse had gone with her bridesmaids. It opened ere he touched it. Passing on he traversed a suite of lighted rooms until he came to the door of the nuptial chamber. Disrobed of her rich bridal attire, Ephèse was standing among her bridesmaids in a *robe de chambre* and cap of snowy white, that made her look, if possible, still more lovely than ever. The door swung open and Don Antonio instantly fixed his eye upon hers and turned to leave the chamber. She clasped her hands together in agony, as if instinctively she knew her fate, and followed him. He did not keep his eyes upon her constantly, but strode forward without looking behind, as if satisfied she followed. Twice she stopped and stood still, wringing her hands supplicatingly. He had only to glance back over his shoulder, at such times, and she came crouching along close to his feet. Thus he led the ill-fated bride into the hall and forth upon the verandah. Here stood Henride—here stood Eugene Brissot and their friends. They beheld him advancing and saw him pass by close to the spot where they stood. They saw—oh, horror! oh, Heavenly pity! they saw too, the poor Ephèse following him—now stopping and wringing her snowy hands as he took his eyes from her, now as he turned and fixed them upon hers crouching and moving on mournfully in his fatal footsteps. Yet they could move neither hand nor foot to save her. Henride's eyes followed his bride with a glassy stare, and the brave Eugene Brissot seemed divested of every vital function and sense save the single sense of horror. Thrice she tried to turn and look upon her husband, but each time his eye arrested the movement of her head and drew her still on after him. From the verandah they traversed the lawn, reached the gate and passed through it. The next moment was heard the galloping of horse, the sound of hounds, and those on the verandah distinctly beheld the Green Huntsman riding like the wind in the direction of the Haunted Villa, bearing before him in his saddle the hapless victim bride. As he rode they saw his form change, (for he seemed to emit a horrid shining light that exhibited him as plainly as noon day to their vision) and assume the form of a hideous dwarf. On rode the demon and his victim, and on followed the pack of black hounds, baying in full cry. All at once the Haunted Villa became illuminated as before, with a red glare through window, portal and crevice, while again the writhing tongue of green flame lapped the air and shed a baleful light a league around.

The demon with his victim borne before him and followed by his whole sable pack, now turned into the lawn and rode towards the infernal mansion, at the wildest speed. Without pausing they all, rider, victim, horse and hound, dashed through the yawning portal and leaped into the midst of the glowing furnace. Shrieks and yells most piercing and appalling rent the air; the flames were suddenly extinguished, and in an instant darkness and terrible gloom shrouded the spot where a moment before seemed to yawn the sulphurous mouth of hell.

Such is the legend of the "Haunted Villa;" and such is the penalty of a parent's crime, which sooner or later Heaven will punish, even to making wicked spirits the instruments of its just vengeance. This will be more apparent when the end of the wicked Don Rolando is seen, which will be narrated in a subsequent legend.

J. H. I.

Original.

WHAT MAKES A FREEMAN?

WHAT makes a freeman? is't the eye
Which flashes forth indignant fire
When stern oppression sweepeth by
And kindleth all the soul to ire?

What makes a freeman? clamoring loud
'Midst motley hosts of simple men,
To please the humor of the crowd,
And sink in low debauches then?

What makes a freeman? party strife,
With party hacks and party knaves,
To tread the lowest paths of life
With sycophants and hireling slaves?

No—God made man as man should be,
Not to hold empire o'er his kind,
But stamped a broad equality
On the whole universe of mind.

For him, it is enough that he,
Should rule his own wild nature well:
Fitter for him than hold the key
Of highest heaven or lowest hell.

G. L. R.

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Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"Of higher birth he seemed, and better days—
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays;
So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when matched with that smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
More high and wild than woman's eye, betrays
A latent fierceness, that far more became
His fiery climate, than his tender frame."

ALICE COPLEY received her father's blessing and her lover's whispered farewell on the terrace, and hastened with cautious footsteps to her chamber. Her mind had been overtasked during the day, and she began to disrobe herself wearily, and most anxious for a few hours of quiet rest. She had already drawn the slippers from her small feet, and loosened her robe, when a noise at the door startled her. She looked up, gathered the dress again hastily over her person, and, with difficulty, prevented a shriek of affright bursting from her lips. The door had been cautiously opened and closed again, and there, within her sleeping-chamber, late at night, stood the stripling page of King Philip, gazing earnestly on her as she prepared for rest.

That boy page had long been a subject of wonder and surmise in the court—a certain air of mystery for ever hung about him. He had been brought from Spain in the King's suite, a strange, reserved, and very beautiful creature, whose light duties were confined to the person of his master. His bearing was always reserved, and sometimes shrinking and modest as a very girl's, but occasionally he would meet the jeering speeches and curious eyes of the court gossips with freezing reserve, or, at rare intervals, with a curling lip, and an air of almost imperious scorn. He spoke no English, and therefore was allowed to linger about the person of his master in his hours of council, and to share his most private moments, a cherished favorite, whose gentle presence was always pleasant and safe. The most important secrets were discussed in his presence, and seldom did King Philip visit his Queen without first being announced, and afterwards attended by his handsome page. The conversation, both in his council and in these interviews with his wife, was always conducted in the language supposed to be unknown to the page, but, at times, when some act of cruelty or oppression were under discussion, the boy's round, smooth cheek, would blanch, and his lips become tremulous with unaccountable emotion, and more than once, when Queen Mary's doting fondness of her young husband had been over warmly expressed in his presence, Alice Copley had observed the red blood burn over his cheek, and fire flash to his large black eyes with a brilliancy painful to gaze upon. Yet all this was very strange, for the singular being seemed not only ignorant of her native language, but was averse even to an attempt at learning it.

Alice shrunk from the boy's glance, and drew behind the bed-drapery more in maiden bashfulness than from terror at his appearance; whatever his object might prove, she felt that little of harm could be apprehended from a creature so frail and delicate, that he appeared scarcely more than a mere child. There was neither saucy boldness nor confusion in his manner, but as the light fell on his small and exquisitely moulded features, she observed a subdued and gentle expression there very different to anything she had seen before. He had evidently been undergoing some unwonted physical emotion; his cheek was pale, the fire of his fine eyes was quenched, and the full red lips were slightly parted, not in a smile, but as if to allow free passage to the quick breath that came up from his panting bosom.

After her first confusion, Alice could but conjecture that late as it was, the Queen desired her attendance, and had sent that strange messenger to demand it. Drawing farther back, she hurriedly arranged her robe, and thrust her feet again into the slippers she had just taken off. With these imperfect preparations to obey the supposed summons, she stepped forward, and by a sign, informed the page that she was ready to follow him. Greatly to her astonishment, he went to the door cautiously, tried the bolt, and came back to where she was standing, pale and terrified at the action.

"Do not fear me, lady," said the boy, in sweet broken English, which fell upon her ear like some soft magic, "nay, do not pale thus; I would do thee good rather than harm," and grasping the resistless hand of the maiden in his slender fingers, he pressed it reverently to his lips.

Alice was perfectly bewildered. Who was the strange beautiful creature? why was he there intruding on her privacy at that time of night? why had he so long concealed a knowledge of her native tongue? She had heard him speak in his own language often, but his voice seemed singularly musical and flute-like, as he uttered these imperfect words of English; there was something feminine and helpless in it, that went to her heart.

"This is very strange, boy; why should you break upon my privacy thus. Leave me, I pray," faltered out the bewildered girl, withdrawing her hand, but gently, and as one reluctant to give pain.

"I cannot go," replied the page, respectfully. "I have much to say."

"Let it be to-morrow, by daylight, then; it befits not a maiden's honor that one of the other sex should be fastened in her chamber at this hour of the night."

An arch smile flashed over the boy's face, but he drew a little back, and folding his arms, seemed determining some subject in his mind. By degrees, the whole expression of his face changed; the finely-pencilled brows fell, and gradually knitted to a frown over his dark eyes, a sterner expression came about the mouth, and the small white fingers of his right hand beat nervously against the folded arm.

"I have been in thy company before, to-night, maiden," he said, at last, raising his eyes to her face.

* Continued from page 11.

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"To-night," repeated Alice, faintly, for she remembered the footsteps that had startled her in the park.

"I see by that start, the little promontory down yonder—the bible, and thy two companions, are not yet passed from thy mind."

Alice did indeed start, and the color forsook her face. Quick as thought she saw her danger. The secret of her religion was made known. Her happiness, her life, nay, lives dearer than her own, were placed at the mercy of King Philip's favorite. For a moment, she was utterly overwhelmed by the magnitude of the threatened evil, but firmer thoughts came at length, and clasping her hands, she bowed her face, and murmured, "The will of God be done."

"I will do thee no harm," said the boy, earnestly.

Alice lifted her head, and looked eagerly in his face; there was sincerity and commiseration there—a look of honest sympathy that touchod her heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a grateful impulse she extended her hand.

"Not for my sake—oh, not all for mine, but for those loved better than myself, am I beholden to you, kind boy."

"Fear me not," was the reply. "I am no evesdropper, to pry into the hearts of my fellow men, and crucify them because they claim a right to worship God after their own fashion. I did not keep guard upon thy actions for this."

"Then wherefore were my footsteps followed so perseveringly?" said Alice, lifting her tearful eyes again to the boy's face, "I am but a humble maiden, exalted to a station beyond my wishes, yet save in the secret worship of a heart which must be free in its prayers, my actions are open as day."

"I heard the tale of King Philip's forward love, from thy own lips, as it was told to thy father, and yet have I listened to a different tale, one that said thou wast not altogether so chary of thy smiles to a royal lover, else had I not traced thy footsteps."

"And who has dared thus to slander an innocent maiden," said Alice, while the indignant crimson rushed over her face, and her soft eyes kindled with a proud light, "who has so belied me?"

"If there be falsehood, it comes from Queen Mary," replied the page.

"From the Queen?" exclaimed the indignant girl. "Nay, nay, she could not be so base; I will not believe it."

"A jealous woman is not likely to be over scrupulous in her sayings, nor easily deceived," muttered the page. Yet she knew not that other ears than the King's understood her words." The page uttered this sentence rather to himself than to the anxious creature that stood before him. It was evident that, young as he was, the Queen's unjust suspicions were mingling with the more generous impulses of his nature. After a moment, he again turned to the damsel.

"Something that concerns thy honor if not thy welfare, passed in the royal chamber, after thy departure this afternoon," he said. "King Philip desired the Queen to command thy return, and she being beside herself with jealous fury, and deeming me little better than a mute, violently upbraided him with infidelity to her love—challenged him with meeting thee stealthily in the park, and asserted that she, with her own eyes, had seen ye steal to the palace like thieves, through a private entrance, each coming from the same direction, and each with muffled face and cautious look."

Alice felt the searching eyes of that strange boy riveted keenly on her face, as he uttered this charge, for even *his* lips seemed to frame it as an accusation, but a sense of his suspicious scrutiny was lost in a feeling of outraged purity, which amounted to a degree of indignation, such as her young heart had never known before.

"And the King," she exclaimed—"what said he to this base slander?"

"*He did not deny it*," replied the page impressively, still maintaining his keen glance on her face.

Alice was scarcely aware of his scrutiny, but stood upright, her form dilating, and her cheek becoming pale with intense scorn, while her small white teeth glistened beneath the curling lips as she uttered the single word,

"Dastard!"

The page started at the sound of that word, uttered as it was with all the concentrated indignation of a heart so basely outraged; his eyes fairly showered fire, and thrusting a hand into his bosom, he half drew a poniard from its rest. A moment his small, white fingers clutched the jewelled haft, and then he thrust it slowly back with a smile of bitter meaning, and dashing his hand against his forehead, turned away muttering—

"Is it not true—holy virgin—is it not true? Why should my blood fire, and my limbs quiver at the word? Have I not *felt* all this, and buried the feeling deep, deep in the very core of my heart? oh"—the boy suddenly checked himself, burst into tears, and finished by a few passionate sentences uttered in Spanish. For the space of some three minutes he paced the room to and fro, making a strong effort to subdue himself. At length he again paused before the damsel, more composed, but he trembled much, and a bright tear glittered on each burning cheek. "Heed me not," he said, dashing the drops away, "there are times when the hidden fire will break forth, when I am sinfully violent and wayward."

Alice had scarcely heeded his passionate outbreak; her own gentle heart had been too cruelly aroused for thought of him, and he had uttered several rapid sentences before she was sufficiently composed to listen. The first words which she comprehended were, "Queen Mary believed me ignorant as I seemed, of her tongue; but I understood it all too well, and"—

"Then went forth to spy out the actions of a daughter who sought her only parent in the still night, that she might worship the high God unshackled. To track my footsteps, listen to my words, and then report them to your mistress, the Queen. Shame, boy! shame! it was an unworthy act."

"For the Queen—I—*I* an emissary of the Queen? By all the saints in Paradise, this is *too* much!" exclaimed the stripling, drawing his slight form proudly

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up, and stamping his tiny foot with angry vehemence to the floor, "I could find in my heart to strike thee to the earth for the thought. I followed thee from my own free will, not doubting the truth of what I had heard. Not as a jackall spying prey for the lion, but to avenge my own wrong. Hadst thou gone forth as I then most truly believed, to meet King Philip, the blood which throbs so proudly in that heart, had long ere this, deluged the greensward where ye prayed!"

The boy thrust his hand again into his bosom, and Alice could see by the motion of his wrist, that his fingers were working about the dagger-haft, perhaps unconsciously, as he spoke. For a moment, thoughts of her own wrong were lost in wonder at his strange excitement.

"I will not believe so badly of you as these words impart," she said, with gentle dignity. "Even had I been the guilty thing they would believe me, why should it anger you, boy? To this murderous intent, a being so fair and soft spoken could never come; it was but an evil dream—put it away, lest harm come of it. Faithless to his Queen or not, why should you, a mere boy, take such terrible interest in the Spanish Prince, a man whom his best friends acknowledge to be devoid of all generous properties." The boy shook his head, and a strange sad smile came over his face.

"I cannot tell," he said; "it is all a deep mystery even to my own heart, which, at times, rebels against its unworthy homage. Yet he is my—my master," he added, in tones of deep tenderness. "He was kind to me once, very, very kind, and"—the stripling stopped short, for his voice seemed choked with some regretful memory; when he spoke again, his eyes were full of tears, and the sweet broken English in which his words were uttered, made them seem peculiarly touching.

"Maiden," he said, "can'st thou tell me why the mother who has many fair children, will cling so fondly to the weakest, or why her heart ever centres with most intense affection on the repulsive and wayward among her offspring. Account for this, and thou art answered."

"But this is woman's love, not that more staid duty which an attached servitor might feel for his master," said Alice at a loss to comprehend the reply.

"Woman's love—true, very true; but it is idle talking of these things; we have wandered from the subject—the Queen's accusation against thyself. I did believe her, and followed thee down the avenue to the brink of the water. There was a moment when my heart seemed on fire. When that dark youth sprang from the trees, I thought it was *him*, and—and I need not say what this hand was tempted to do. The dagger was uplifted, the moonbeams glittered on its blade; I heard his voice, and then crouched to the earth, terrified by my own wild thoughts. I listened to thy tale, and was almost convinced by it—drank in every word of that mysterious prayer, 'till my very spirit seemed going from me in tears. I scarce know what impulse brought me hither, but I was terrified lest these evil suspicions should again return to my bosom. They must never come back—never, never, or I may do fearful deeds. I would have no shadow of doubt. Swear to me that the story given thy father beneath the oak trees this night, was truth. That King Phillip's offer of love was rejected, and will ever be!"

The page spoke eagerly, and held up a small golden cross, that Alice might take the oath.

"It needs not," said the maiden, gently putting aside the cross with her hand, "I have spoken nothing but truth, yet will I not swear by that symbol."

Again the boy seemed ready to burst forth in a storm of passion, but there was something in the young girl's steadiness that checked him, and with quick transition of feeling, he entreated her almost with humility, to take the oath.

"Thou art trusting and open minded," he said, "and hast not learned to suspect as I have. Couldst thou know the torment of jealous doubt—the agony of a heart that has often been deceived, this small boon would not be denied to me."

Alice reflected for a moment, and stepping to her bed, drew from underneath the pillow a small ritual of the English church.

"I have no book more holy than this, which, next to the bible, is held sacred by our church," she said. "If this will content you, boy, I most solemnly swear that every word that I have uttered to you or others, regarding King Philip, this day, is true," and pressing her lips reverently on the crimson velvet binding of the ritual, Alice placed it again beneath her pillow.

"I thank thee, maiden, and am content," replied the page, following her movements with his eyes. "This regard for my scruples shall not go unrewarded; and now let me counsel where I would serve. Eyes as keen, and far more cruel than mine, are upon thee; go not speedily again to the lake, be not eager for the society of thy father, or of Master Huntly, the secretary."

"Alas!" interrupted Alice, "wherefore must a simple creature be thus beset? Why must the heart's pure worship be visited on me as a sin?"

"It is friendly counsel," replied the page. "Queen Mary but wishes an excuse for thy destruction; be wary of her, for she is a wicked woman!"

"I am sorely beset; which way shall I turn?" murmured the poor girl, and extending her hand to the page, she added mildly, "believe me, kind boy, I am much beholden for this service; now leave me alone, that I may seek strength of my Heavenly father."

"Farewell'" said the boy, respectfully pressing his lips again to her hand. "When we meet again, give no token of this interview. Thou art the first being that has ever heard me speak, save in my native tongue; the courtiers deem me indifferent to their meaning. They little know how apt an aching heart may become."

A sad smile played over the boy's face as he spoke, and drawing his plumed cap over his brows, he left the chamber courteously as he had entered it.

The moment Alice found herself alone, she sunk to her knees, covered her face with her hands, and wept like a child. As a Christian, she was grieved that for a moment resentful feelings had found place in her

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heart; she was shocked to find so much of her naturally strong passions unsubdued, and to this feeling of penitence were added fears which her later conversation was calculated to excite. With all her acquired fortitude, she was but human—a fragile, delicate girl, and thoughts of what she might be called upon to endure, should her faith become known, almost overwhelmed her with dismay. Long and ardently did the weary girl pray for protection from evil, and power to act uprightly, should the worst befall her; and when, at last, her beautiful and innocent head rested on its pillow, she slept tranquilly, and as a child, reposing on its mother's bosom.

The great beauty of prayer is, that it gives an abiding strength to the heart, and while all earthly reliances fade away before adversity, like perfume from the flower, or dew from a tree branch, affords serenity and perpetual strength to the soul, equal to its utmost need.

When Alice awoke in the morning, it was with fearful and serene feelings. She knew that evil threatened her; that ere nightfall she might be numbered among the persecuted beings who were even then suffering imprisonment and death, rather than deny their Lord. But her young heart beat freely beneath the thought, and she went forth to her duties, when the usual hour of attendance on the Queen arrived, with a serene brow, and a step of tranquil dignity.

When Alice entered the apartment where Queen Mary usually spent her mornings, she hesitated at the door, and a slight color broke over her cheek, for King Philip was seated in the recess of an open window, while Charles, his favorite page, knelt on a cushion at his feet, and trifled with the strings of a lute. Never had Alice seen the stripling to such advantage. There was a lovely expression beaming over his youthful face, his large liquid eyes were uplifted to the gaze of his master—a rich color revelled in his cheeks and the low, soft notes of a Spanish air broke from his red lips like perfume from the heart of a cleft pomegranate. The morning was glorious with sunshine, and a light wind came up from its revels among the flowery nooks of the park, and sweeping through the open sashes, filled the antique and wainscotted apartment with its sweetness, 'till it was fragrant as a flower-garden in the prime of summer. It was beautiful to see the scented air trifling with the long black curls, and bathing the uplifted forehead of that kneeling page, while the master sat gazing idly upon his spirited loveliness. Queen Mary reclined in a chair, nearly watching them both, as if she could find it in her heart to be jealous of the soft music which drew the notice of that swarthy, Spanish bigot one moment from herself. Notwithstanding Philip's repeated insolence of the previous day, it was evident that he had effected a reconciliation with his narrow-minded consort, for her repulsive features wore as much good nature as they were capable of assuming, and that she had taken more than usual care in the adornment of her person, was apparent in the glittering and cumbrous richness of a dress by which she strove to conceal both the defects of nature, and the ravages of time. There was a gorgeous display of jewels in its arrangement, singularly out of keeping with the pure hour of morning, and when Alice Copley advanced with noiseless footsteps, and took her station behind the chair, her fresh, youthful face, profuse tresses, bound by a single riband, and her simple black silk dress, contrasted forcibly with the withered face and magnificent raiment of her mistress. Indeed, a more striking picture than the whole group afforded, could not well be imagined.

Mary did not observe the entrance of her attendant, and the King seemed equally unconscious, for the late quarrel with his royal consort had taught him to be more cautious in his admiration. The boy turned his eyes toward the door, and all at once there was a discord in his music. Suddenly he seemed to lose the beautiful air he had been singing, but after a moment of strong confusion, his rich voice gushed out in a light cheering ditty, and bending his face over the lute, he seemed absorbed in the sweet sounds it was giving forth. To the royal listeners, this rapid change seemed but a vagary of his wild genius, but to Alice, it had a deeper meaning. She watched the graceful bend of his head, saw the small and femininely white hand flying like a winged bird over the lute, 'till her pure heart grew heavy, and her eyes became eloquent with deep commiseration. The boy finished his air, swept back the curls that had fallen over his face, and that moment encountered and read Alice Copley's glance. A burning crimson rushed over his face, and with an air of displeasure and annoyance at being thus closely observed, he arose, and casting his lute down upon the cushion, drew back against the window casement, where he stood with folded arms, and eyes bent to the floor.

"Thou hast a dainty hand at the lute, fair master, and in sooth a sweet voice, too," said the Queen, moving graciously forward and extending a broad piece of gold to the page.

A slight but very scornful frown shot over the boy's face, and he seemed about to reject the proffered guerdon, but a glance from King Philip reproved the impulse, and he received the coin, though with scarcely concealed reluctance.

"We should chide your grace that this boy's rare skill in music has been so seldom used for our pastime," said Mary, leaning with sickly fondness over the King. In sooth, we have it in our heart to beg this gentle favorite, at your hands, for our private divertisement."

The spirited page started as if an adder had stung him; his brow contracted, one little foot beat nervously against the floor, and it was well for him that Queen Mary regarded not the burning glance which he lifted to her face.

"What say you, boy, to the Queen's gracious request?" said Philip, turning to the page, with a smile more arch, than usually visited his saturnine features.

"I am no spaniel to be transferred at will," he replied, indignantly, for the question had been put in his native tongue.

Philip seemed to apprehend a more violent outbreak of feeling, an occurrence he was so anxious to prevent,

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that, for the first time, almost, in his life, he condescended to use flattery toward his exacting consort.

"Nay, sweetheart," he said, in English, "will not the faith and fond love of the master content you? In fair truth, I shall need the boy to soothe, with his music, those many hours of loneliness in which the cares of state take you from my company. Ask any thing but this, and it shall be granted."

"Nay, I will not press the matter, if this be your reason for refusing me," replied Mary, drawing nearer to the Prince, and with difficulty refraining from a caress, so completely was her credulity wrought upon.

Disgusted with this display of shallow hypocrisy and puerile fondness, Alice turned her eyes on the page, curious to observe what effect it had upon him. He stood by regarding the royal pair, not with haughty anger, as she had expected, but with quiet scorn, as if he deemed the scene altogether too contemptible for any show of deeper feeling.

Elated by the flattering language of her consort, Mary would fain have prolonged the pleasurable moments; but Philip had gained his object, and seemed little inclined to indulge her.

"Your grace forgets the presence of our attendants," he muttered coldly, drawing back his head to avoid the withered and jewelled hand which she had been twining fondly among his sable hair.

That moment Mary's eyes fell upon her waiter-woman. Instantly her whole demeanor changed: with a lowering brow she left the King, and swept across the room to her oratory. Scarcely had she disappeared, when the page darted to the window, and with a quick motion of his hand, the piece of gold was sent flashing to the terrace underneath.

"Would it were the Queen's self thus cast to the earth!" he muttered, in Spanish.

Philip both observed the action and heard the speech, but instead of chiding the froward stripling, he patted his burning cheek, and answered in the same language,

"With all my heart, child, so you but keep the crown and sceptre from going with her."

The boy turned petulently away, and for the moment Philip seemed to lose patience with him.

"Tush, tush," he said; "no more of this peevish folly. Methinks those cheeks are never without an angry flush upon them now; be wise; forbearance will not last for ever."

The boy made no answer, but tears gushed into his eyes, and he turned sorrowfully away. Philip looked on him earnestly for a moment, then approaching Alice, he greeted her with a careless compliment in English, and declared that the hopes of feasting his eyes on her beauty, had alone induced him to seek the Queen's apartment. The page stood within hearing of this heartless speech. He evidently strove to appear unconscious, but the color died tint by tint from his face, and though his eyes were still wet with tears, the drooping lids and long shadowy lashes could scarcely conceal the kindling fire underneath. The maiden observed this, and was pained by it. Drawing gently back, she bent her head in acknowledgement of the King's notice, and without answering him, moved forward, and took her station by the door of the oratory, trusting that the near vicinity of the Queen might prove a protection against farther annoyance. Philip did not venture to follow her, but as if to recompense himself for this forced self-denial, seated himself again in the window, and ordering the page to give him some music, remained leaning against the oaken wainscot, surveying the distant maiden at his leisure. This unknightly rudeness was lost on its object, for her attention was drawn towards the oratory, from whence came the low eager voice of the Queen, mingled now and then with the deep tone of a male speaker. The conversation was carried on in a foreign language, but more than once Alice distinctly heard her own name pronounced, both by Mary and her companion. Suddenly a strong apprehension fell upon the poor damsel's heart, she strove to conjecture why her humble name should be made the subject of conversation between Mary and her confessor, for no other person was ever admitted to the privacy of that little room. She remembered what the page had said to her on the previous night, and felt how true his prophecy of the Queen's vengeance was likely to prove; but with all these wild conjectures, she did not, for a moment, lose her fortitude. Philip at length became weary with his unrecompensed devotion to a being that so coldly received his homage, and fearing the return of his despised consort, arose and left the room. The page took up his lute, but lingered a little behind. As he passed the oratory, the Queen was speaking louder and more earnestly than she had done before. Alice could only understand that the tone of her voice was vindictive, but the boy comprehended better, and drawing close to the maiden, whispered—

"Be on thy guard; they are plotting thy destruction even now; hasten to thy chamber if books or papers that can do harm are left within it, for they are about to order a search for evidences of heresy."

Alice turned pale, but still retained a degree of composure, which surprized her strange friend. "Alas!" she said, "I cannot go, the Queen may return any moment, and mark my absence."

The generous boy snatched her hand, wrung it warmly, and without speaking a word, hurried from the room. Scarcely had the door closed after him, when Queen Mary re-entered from the oratory, and by many trifling devices, contrived to keep Alice by her side 'till a full hour had passed away. At last the harrassed young creature received permission to withdraw. As she was hurrying toward her chamber with a beating heart, and limbs trembling from protracted anxiety, she was met by one of the court servitors, who had orders to conduct her before Friar Joseph, the Queen's father confessor.

While the scene which we have described was going forward in Queen Mary's apartment Friar Huntly sat in friar Joseph's closet, engaged in copying a missal of rare beauty, which had been sent to the Sovereign of England from the Pope. It was a curious old book, richly bound in white vellum, embossed with gold, and clasped with a single jewel of immense price, but its chief value lay in the exquisite gems of art which it

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contained. Each page bore on its snowy surface a legend or saintly history, wrought with consummate skill by some of the first masters of Rome. Every leaf burned with the poetry of an invention, as yet, scarcely known in England. Francis Huntly had studied the arts at Rome, when, in his early youth, he had accompanied his uncle and patron, the Cardinal Pole, to the Pontiff's court, and it was to gratify that good old prelate, that he plied his skill in copying the missal which Friar Joseph, the Queen's confessor, had solicited from his royal mistress for that purpose. A few months earlier, and Francis Huntly would have felt his blood thrill at the thoughts of such indulgence to his intense love for the beautiful, as the task afforded, but higher and holier feelings than even his restless genius could enkindle, had awoke in his heart during that interval, and his was "a divided duty." His new faith made the subject of the book hateful to him, and yet there were times when his whole being seemed absorbed in the beautiful creations it displayed—times when his hand would tremble with eager delight on the parchment—when hours and hours would pass by, and he remain all unconscious of their progress. It was during one of these periods of intense mental exitement, that Friar Joseph, who had been writing at a table in his closet on the morning in question, arose, and with his usual noiseless step, passed through a door which led to the Queen's oratory, leaving the artist altogether unconscious of his absence. When the priest returned, Huntly had finished his task, and was gathering up his implements to depart. He had worked very diligently for months, that he might surprize his kind old patron with a copy of the book so much coveted, and now that it was complete, he was most eager to start for London, where the cardinal remained at his own house, striving, by his benevolent interposition, to mitigate the cruelties every day practised by the detested Bishop Bonner. When Friar Joseph saw that the youth was about to depart, he interposed, and requested a few moment's delay; he was about to interrogate a person suspected of a disaffection to the mother church, and required the presence of a witness who might take down the examination. Huntly would have excused himself, for he had little relish for the proposed task, but an unaccountable feeling that the investigation related to some one dear to himself, took possession of his mind, and he consented to remain. His heart was full of anxiety, but he sat down with apparent calmness, and began to sharpen a pen. After the space of some ten minutes, which appeared an age to the young secretary, the closet door opened, and Alice Copley entered. She was very pale, but her cheek flushed a little as she saw who was the Priest's companion.

"I was told that your reverence wished to speak with me," she said, mildly approaching the friar.

"Thou wast rightly informed, daughter," replied the priest in the low, cold, and yet strangely musical tones which he ever used both in seasons of joy and sorrow; and lifting his searching eyes to her face, he sat regarding her in silence for the space of a minute.

"It is whispered in the court—we hope with no shade of truth, daughter, that for some weeks back, thou hast neglected to attend mass, according to the Queen's gracious requirement, that thou hast absented thyself from the confessional, and otherwise neglected the spiritual duties of a good Catholic. In these disaffected times, it is meet that her gracious majesty should look well to the spiritual health of her household; therefore, in her loving kindness, she has commanded that thou who art so near her person, shalt be questioned touching those points in which we of the true church differ from those heretic subjects who style themselves reformers."

Here the priest paused, drew an ebony crucifix from his gown, and holding it toward her, continued—

"Kneel before the image, emblem of our blessed Saviour, which all of the true faith hold sacred, and while thine eyes are fixed on the emblem of His sufferings, answer with humility such questions as are needful to the establishment of thy faith."

Alice turned a shade paler, but mildly put away the cross, and answered with a degree of firmness that gave a simple dignity to her words.

"Morning and night will I kneel before *Him*, thy Creator and mine," she said, lifting her hand toward Heaven, "but I cannot bow myself down to a graven image."

The priest seemed in no way surprized by her answer, but quietly replaced the crucifix in the loose bosom of his gown, and spoke again coldly as before.

"By this contumacy, thou dost but give new strength to thine accusers," he said. "If thou wilt not bow down before the blessed emblem of our Saviour's death, answer the questions which I, as a true servant of the church, must propound even after thy own sinful fancy. Listen! dost thou believe in the supremacy of the Pope—that he is God's vicegerent under Heaven, and second to no earthly potentate?"

For the space of some three minutes, Alice clasped her hands and bowed her pale face upon her bosom; she seemed earnestly and with intense energy, struggling for power to meet that subtle man as befitted a mild follower of the new creed. The secretary leaned breathlessly forward, his face was pale, and he seemed scarcely less agitated than the maiden. After these few moments of painful silence, Alice lifted her head, unclasped her hands, and folding them meekly over her bosom, looked on the priest, and answered—

"It is useless to go farther in these questions," she said. "I acknowledge myself a humble believer in—"

"Alice, Alice, think what you are doing," exclaimed the secretary, starting forward. Alice started, and for a moment seemed as if she would have thrown herself on his bosom, and have clung there for protection, but this feminine weakness soon passed away, and turning again mildly to the priest, she said—

"I am a Protestant; do with me as you will."

"And I," said Francis Huntly, in a slow, determined voice, almost in solemn contrast with his late vehement exclamation, "I too am—"

"Peace, boy, peace," said the Friar, lifting his hand reprovingly. "Cardinal Pole is a good Catholic. I

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have no memory for wild words such as his nephew was about to speak."

"And yet with thy subtle priestcraft thou wouldst entrap the life of a harmless maiden like this," said Huntly, taking the cold hand of the noble girl within his own, and turning sternly upon the priest, "shame on such cruel policy. I confess myself all that she is, and ye will not hear me, because I am the nephew of Queen Mary's favorite.

The priest seemed utterly regardless of the young man's rash speech, but turning to Alice, he said, "Daughter, get thee to thy chamber while I learn the Queen's pleasure, touching the best means of curing thy obstinate heresy, but attempt not again to approach the person of her grace."

Father Joseph was interrupted by the entrance of two persons who had been commissioned to search Alice's chamber; they came empty handed, and when the friar questioned them, reported that neither book nor paper was to be found, a reply that surprized the maiden not a little, for she had left the ritual beneath her pillow, and was well aware that many scraps of paper, on which she had transcribed passages of holy writ, were in the drawers of an oaken table which stood in the room.

Alice would have obeyed the priest's permission to leave the closet, but as she turned to go, her overwrought strength suddenly gave way, and she would have fallen but for the timely support of master Huntly, who bore her to the chair he had occupied, and strove, by every means in his power, to soothe her agitation. The priest dismissed the two persons who had interrupted him, looked earnestly on the youth as he bent over the feeble young creature whom his own cruelty had rendered so helpless, and cautiously opening the door again which led to the Queen's oratory, disappeared. Alice opened her eyes, and saw that she was alone with her betrothed husband—secretly betrothed, but not the less firmly. When called upon to act, she had done so fearlessly, yet she was but woman—a pure-hearted, gentle girl, with nothing but her own high principles to sustain her. Her bodily strength had already given way; then came a harrowing sense of the danger that threatened her—a yearning love of that life which she had held as nothing in the holy excitement of her heart, a few minutes before. She was alone with him she loved, perhaps, for the last time on earth. A keen sense of this truth came to her heart. She raised herself to his bosom, and clung there weeping in utter prostration of spirit.

Huntly strove to comfort her—said that she was so young, so beautiful, that even the sanguinary bishops who sat in judgment on the innocent could not find it in their hard hearts to condemn *her*. "Father Joseph might be merciful, nor reveal her confession to his mistress, or, if he did, she was a woman—a cruel, cold-hearted one, it was true, yet still a woman, and would not bring her to trial. But if the worst came, his uncle was a good man, and loved him dearly; he was all powerful with the Queen, and would intercede for her—there was nothing to fear—a week's imprisonment, perhaps, but that was little. So he ran on, earnestly striving to delude her and himself, with hopes that both felt to be unreal. They were still together, it might be an hour after the priest's departure, or a few minutes—the wretched take little heed of time—when there was a slight noise at the door. They started, for both supposed their persecutor was retiring to his closet. Huntly strained the maiden once more to his heart, kissed her—looked sorrowfully down into her sweet troubled face, and they parted. Yet they did not part then, for Alice went back once after she had passed the door, laid her trembling hand on Huntly's shoulder, and besought his forgiveness if she had ever, in her whole life, pained or angered him. She knew that such things had never been, and it was but a gentle, sorrowing device, by which she might look upon his face, and hear his voice once more, but when she saw tears in those eyes, and the strong grief that shook that frame, her heart smote her, and she went away.

Alice would fain have sought her father, but her limbs trembled, and she was strangely faint. She met a page on the way to her room, and entreated him to seek out her parent, and tell him that his child was ill, very ill, and wished to speak with him. The boy promised to go, but said he did not know where to seek for Master Copley, as he had not been in the castle since early in the morning, when he went through the Park with two strange looking men from London. Apprehension for the safety of her only parent was now added to other causes of fear. Yet the poor girl found strength to reach her chamber. Every thing was in confusion there. The curtains were knotted together, and flung over the high-posted bedstead; her ornaments lay scattered about the floor; drawers were open, and all the furniture was out of place. She sat down in a huge oaken chair by the window; the crimson cushions were displaced, and lay heaped at her feet, and before her stood the table where she had left a small manuscript book, and some loose papers. They were nowhere to be seen, but in their place lay a bunch of flowers, simple wild blossoms gathered, probably, from some green knoll in the Park, for dew yet glittered upon the violets, and the primroses were full of fragrance. Alice took the flowers, and a faint gleam came over her face, for they looked bright and cheering. It seemed as if an old friend had appeared in her desolate apartment. She sat a long time with the flowers in her hand, waiting the appearance of her father. At last she heard footsteps in the passage, and starting to her feet, stood breathlessly awaiting his approach. The door was flung rudely open, and two men, armed with strange weapons, such as she had never seen in the castle before, pushed into the room. The foremost laid his hand heavily on the shrinking girl's shoulder, while his companion held up a parchment, bearing the broad seal of England, and began to repeat its contents after the drawling fashion of one who had learned such fearful documents by heart.

Alice was by no means deficient in moral courage, but hers was a clinging feminine heart, and when its deep affections were stirred, as they had been on

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parting with master Huntly, her physical strength would sometimes give way, though her Christian resolution remained firm as ever. While the constable was reading the warrant for her apprehension, all the gentle dignity of her nature returned. She mildly withdrew her arm from the rough hand which had grasped it, and inquired whither thy were about to conduct her.

"We did not come here to answer questions," said one of the men, roughly.

"Surely not, without being well paid for the trouble," rejoined the other, winking shrewdly at his companion, as he stooped down and transferred a small golden broach from the floor to his pocket.

Alice marked the theft, and her heart swelled, but she did not speak, though the jewel had been her mother's, and until that day—when those who searched the room flung it wantonly from its casket—a thing so sacred in her eyes, that it had been almost hoarded from the light.

"Come, mistress, bestir thyself, and not stand whimpering there like a traitor heretic, as thou art."

"I am ready," replied the poor maiden, gathering the silken mantle once more over her person, and concealing the flowers beneath its folds, as if she feared they would be taken from her. "I am ready."

Alice followed the men in silence from the castle, and walked on foot 'till they reached the outskirts of the town. One of the square heavy carriages of that age stood beside the high way, guarded by a posse of men, armed like her two conductors. Into this carriage the unresisting prisoner was hurried; her captors took their places by her side, and the whole party proceeded at a brisk pace, she knew not whither. So overpowered was she, from the suddenness of her arrest, that her senses forsook her, and they returned not 'till the carriage stopped on the banks of the Thames. Alice was conducted to a wherry, and at last awoke as from a dark dream on the steps of the Tower. There was a wrangling of many tongues amid the keepers and constables as they conducted the maiden forward. She felt that the men about her were coarse and insolent; that their bold eyes were bent rudely on her features, and that they spoke jeeringly of her person. She drew the mantle over her face, and followed them through the gloomy passages of the Tower, with a sensation of relief. At length they paused by a door of massive wood, studded heavily with iron. There were many bolts to be withdrawn after the ponderous key turned in its lock, but at last the door opened, and Alice sprang forward with a cry of tumultuous joy, for there, in the dim room beyond, stood her father. His arms were about her—she clung to his bosom, and for one blessed moment forgot every thing in a timid sense of protection his presence afforded; but at last she remembered that he, too, was a prisoner—that they were both in the Tower. Every thing became indistinct; her eyes closed, and she fainted, but dropped away gently as a grieved child falls asleep.

To be continued.

Original.

THE SAILOR BOY'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Alas! why did I leave
My pleasant home
A wanderer o'er the waves,
Afar to roam?
Ah! why was I the first
To rend apart
Those household ties that long
Bound heart to heart,
'Tis night: the waves are round,
The sky above,
Whence the bright stars look down
On those I love;
On those whose fondest thoughts
Will still be given
To me, whene'er they lift
Their hearts to Heaven.
For this yon beaming stars
Seem friends to me,
But soon on distant seas
My course will be—
Seas where a stranger host
Will meet my gaze,
That ne'er on those I love,
Poured their soft rays.
Then will there nought be left
Save mem'ry's chain,
To link my thoughts with those
Beyond the main;
But many a lovely flower,
Unheeded when
I mingled joys with them,
Will bloom again.
The sunny places where
The violet
Nestled amid the grass,
With dew still wet—
The fount, the mossy rock,
The old oak tree,
Will, in my night-watch, oft
Come back to me.
Oh, for one hour with those
I left behind,
Whose voices in the night,
Borne on the wind,
Like the low wind-harp's notes
Oft seem to come,
Wafted from flowery fields,
Near by my home.
Why did I leave the fount,
The rock, the tree—
The glades where wild-flowers bloomed,
And roved the bee?
Why did I leave my home,
And those I love,
O'er the wild, pathless sea,
Afar to rove?

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Original.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

THE Easter week of eighteen hundred and thirty-four will be ever by me remembered as one of the most memorable in my existence. It was then that I first arrived in Rome, in company with two companions, where, to our astonishment and chagrin we found that we could not obtain a lodging or even the luxury of a bed for love or money; nay, not even a seat at a *table d' hote*, could we procure, so full was the city with strangers who had come to attend the festival. It may be easily imagined that our feelings were not the most delightful—the night was fast approaching, and where to lay our unfortunate heads we knew not. In this dilemma we resolved to part company, and each to pilot himself as best he could into a haven of shelter. Thus circumstanced, I made sundry appeals to the generosity and feelings of some dozen landlords, but all were of no avail, nay I even offered to accept of the shelter of a stable, but even that was deemed a luxury, every crib and manger having been converted into a temporary couch and occupied by the grooms and servants of the different guests. Finding my attempts thus unsuccessful, I had recourse to my old companion, philosophy, who has never forsaken me in my journey through life, and together we resolved to spend the night under the canopy of heaven. Wandering from the living throng I soon found myself among the ruins of the imperial city, where placing myself upon a block of granite under the shade of a ruined wall, I enveloped myself in my mantle like Cæsar, and laying me down to sleep, (happier than he,) I was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

When I awoke I found myself chilled and powerless. A heavy dew had fallen, and but for my cloak, I must have been completely saturated. I sprang to my feet, and wending my way among the dilapidated statues and temples, at a pace that would have done honor to the most celebrated pedestrian, I found myself again in the city in the Venitian square, at the foot of the Capitol, where I suddenly halted.

On the corner of the square I beheld the words, "*The road to San Romaldi*," which street I knew led to the residence of the French Ambassador, and before me rose an immense edifice, which I conjectured, from its situation and from the descriptions I had read of it, to be the Venitian palace, built from the ruins of the Colosseum. At another corner of the square I beheld a magnificent dwelling which I now knew must be that of the mother of Napoleon—my heart beat quickly—a throng of indescribable feelings took possession of me, and I paused and looked upon the building as if I had been fascinated by some mysterious power.

Yes! There slept the illustrious mother—the woman whom death appeared to have forgotten—the living ruin of majesty in the city of ruins! The square was deserted—the moon rode in unclouded brilliancy in a sea of ether gemmed with millions of stars. The Venitian Palace was half hidden in shadow, but where the moonbeams fell directly upon it, the heavy walls and curiously carved cornices showed like a monarch towering above the lighter edifices. But my heart was in the palace of the aged mother, and I stood and wept at the remembrance of departed greatness. The clock of the Capitol tolled the hour of midnight—the brazen tones rung through the walls of the palace, and then again followed the most sublime silence, broken only by the occasional and distant murmurings of the Tiber. I had often longed for this moment, and I gave myself up to the intensity of soul. I thought of the woman who had given birth to Napoleon, and I felt proud to know that on this night I was the only man who pronounced the name of the matron before the house in which she slumbered—yes—perhaps dreaming of her departed son, whom the same bell that had just sounded the march of time, but thirty years before had proclaimed King of Italy, as well as the artillery of the Invalides. The rays of the queen of night now shone more fully on the palace, and my curiosity led me to approach nearer. To my surprize I saw the doors open, and entering, I suddenly found myself in a brilliant saloon, the walls of which were adorned with the most magnificent pictures. A winding staircase conducted to an immense gallery above, which with an almost childish curiosity I ascended, where looking from a window I beheld the inner court of the palace, rich in fountains and flowers. I now began for the first time to think to what danger my curiosity might probably bring me—a stranger entering a strange palace without an introduction or motive. I thought too of the Sbirri of whom I had heard so much and certainly my situation in such a place and at such an hour, was by no means calculated to produce the most favorable impression—I therefore speedily retraced my steps, and wandering among the remnants of Roman greatness, awaited with patience the dawn of morning. I waited not long, and entering the city according to agreement, I met my companions at the *Hotel Dieu*. They had, like myself, been equally unfortunate in obtaining refuge through the night, but had received a promise from the landlord that we should hereafter be accomodated with *one* attic during the Festival.

The day that I left Florence, the Prince de Montfort had given me a letter to the Chevalier Bohle, at Rome, which I valued most highly, hoping that it would procure me a sight of the Emperor's mother. Having therefore paid my devotions to the toilet, I hastened to the Chevalier. I found him most frank and courteous, offering me the hospitality of his dwelling, and promising by every means, to favor my wishes and advance my views. I thanked him sincerely, while I said—"To-day, my friends, the companions of my voyage, have discovered something like a dwelling, of which we have taken a temporary lease, at the rate of twenty francs a day. I thank you for your hospitality, but not wishing to be separated from them, I beg to decline your generosity, and in its place request of you another favor. The Prince de Montfort, so affable and attentive to all Frenchmen who visit Florence, has given me to hope that you will introduce me to the mother of Napoleon."

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"How!" said he, regarding me with astonishment. "That is an affair that requires some arrangement. To-day the lady mother will not be able to be seen—but to-morrow I think I can oblige you. Give me your address and I shall wait upon you."

I did so, and on the following morning the Chevalier was punctual to his promise.

As we were proceeding to the palace, he said to me—"Rome, sir, at this time is full of all the aristocratic voyagers of Prussia, England and Germany. Each day some man of high birth solicits the favor to be admitted for a moment into the presence of the Emperor's mother, but in her feeble state of health, she is not able to grant it, and you must be convinced that such visits arise principally from idle curiosity, and are very annoying, therefore she has taken the prudent resolution to receive *no one;* but when I pronounced your name and informed her you were a Frenchman, she desired me to say that she would receive you with the greatest pleasure."

We soon arrived at the palace. As we entered, I was struck by the profound silence which reigned throughout the spacious mansion. The stairs were deserted and I was left to wander alone through the rooms and galleries. At length the Chevalier returned, and desiring me to follow him, opened a door which led into a magnificent saloon, and pronounced my name aloud. I looked around me thinking to behold some symptoms of regal etiquette, but I saw none. In a recess close to the fire, I discovered a lady in an easy chair. It was the *mother of Napoleon!* A smile played upon her countenance. She repeated my name, and ordering a chair to be placed beside her, desired me to be seated.

"You have come from Florence, have you not?" she said to me. "You have seen my children—I know you have. Louis was unwell—how is he continuing?"

"The Count Saint Leu appears to be recovered, madam," I replied, "I had only the honor of seeing him once during my sojourn in Florence."

"And Julie?"

"Madam, the Countess of Survilliers is still indisposed—her house is still in mourning for the recent calamity."

"Ah! poor Charlotte—she is a young widow," she said, sighing deeply. "And Jerome and Caroline?"

"The Prince de Montfort, his Countess and family, were enjoying perfect health. There is not a mansion in Florence where true hospitality and kindness are so much extended to my countrymen—"

"I know it, I know it! How long do you intend to remain in Rome?"

"Not long," I answered, "two or three days at the utmost. I am obliged to return to Naples."

"The situation of Rome I hope pleases you. I have lived here a long time—twenty years," and her head dropped upon her bosom.

"Twenty years!" I exclaimed, in a voice of surprize, as if I had been ignorant of the downfall of the empire—"twenty years, madam?"

"Yes, sir! twenty years," she replied to my question, in a voice of grief, and shook her head as at the melancholy remembrance.

A long silence now ensued—she appeared to have fallen into a state of oblivion and I presumed not to interrupt her. I cast my eyes upon the objects which surrounded me. One other person only was in the apartment, an elderly lady, who was busied upon some embroidery. The walls were decorated with the members of the Buonaparte family, painted by the most celebrated artists, and which had once decked the galleries of the imperial residences. But nothing was to me so affecting as the illustrious mother bereft of her children and surrounded by their portraits. There she sat immoveable in her chair, the victim of physical infirmity—of age and its evils—yet most heroically resigned. Her robe, which was closely wrapped around her, displayed a form of almost skeleton thinness. Her hands were shrivelled; her face retained only its covering of skin, wrinkled and yellow. Her eyes were open but their lustre was gone—the orbs moved about with a vacant wildness, but no symptom of soul was in them. From the position which I occupied, I beheld at once the mother of Napoleon and the tower of the Capitol—two objects which had commanded the greatest share in the annals of creation. The one the mother of him who had marched over kingdoms and crowns, making and unmaking monarchs. The other the temple from which the mandates of the mightiest had gone forth to sway and revolutionize the world. Recovering from her revery, with difficulty she pronounced the names of France and Napoleon. Up to this moment she appeared only an ordinary female, a mother laden with years who had inquired with the most touching simplicity of the details of my voyage and of her absent family. But now her frame appeared to be of a sudden electrified, her words, and gestures, were bold and majestic, and I beheld in reality the woman who was truly formed to have given birth to the mighty Napoleon. Age, grief, and exile, seemed to have done but little on her, and for some moments she betrayed a vigor of nerve and an expression of speech which would have been looked for only in a heroine of twenty years. To attempt a narration of her language would be inutile and presumptuous. But I question if ever man again beheld the spirit of the royal mother blaze forth in such brightness.

Of our familiar conversation, I am more at liberty to speak. She spoke of her children and the happy days she had passed with them in the isle of Corsica, and perpetually alluded to the precise hour of their various births and deaths. Though the muscles were contracted, the nerves unstrung, the skin parched and withered, and the physical organs no longer performed their office, still it was sublimely beautiful to see how strongly the spirit yet burned under the ruins of humanity, and how age waxed young again under the influence of remembrance—to see her trembling for *him*, (now in his sea girt monument,) whom in the forgetfulness of age she deemed yet alive—against whom the bullets of Europe had been levelled during the battles of fifteen years, her *maternal* recollections still clinging to and devouring her with all the fondness of a mother, proud of him as when the roar of the imperial cannon and the *Te Deum* of Notre Dame proclaimed him Emperor, and then weeping for

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him as when the eagle of France cowered upon the plains of Waterloo, and he was doomed an exile to the barren rock of Saint Helena.

For a long period she had, I was informed, kept alive her faculties by thinking and talking of her beloved children and of her grand-son, the Count de Reichstadt, who had been comparatively a prisoner at the court of the Emperor of Austria. It had been denied that her melancholy old age should ever be cheered by his presence, and the affectionate creature every morning conveyed her maternal kisses on the wind that swept around the Capitol, fondly hoping that they might salute the lips of the boy. When his name by accident was mentioned, she would seem to be inspired with fresh strength, and attempt to rise from her seat. At other times she would sit whole days without speaking, and almost without motion. Frequently she would break forth in lamentations of sorrow, such as—"*My son! my son! where art thou? Come to thy aged mother!*" Oh! ye that pass through the valley of sorrow, say is your grief equal to hers. Rachael, Niobe, Marie, all the desolated and inconsolable mothers, none can surpass the sufferings of this aged matron. Like her son chained to the rock of Saint Helena, it may be said she was chained to the Tarpeian—yet had she not sank under her affliction—despair had not accelerated her death. For years had her brow been burdened with the crown of sorrow, yet still had she wrestled with decay. The body was dead, but the spirit still lingered in it defying as it were the scythe of time, which however was gradually yet effectually completing its destruction. Poor woman! the autumn sun can no more wither thy branches, "the Pontine marshes are dry." The mother of the last of the demigods will soon embrace her son in that world where the trump and the din of battle are changed for the timbrel and the song of praise. Thus communing with myself, I sat for some moments in the presence of the lady mother, forgetful of her and every thing around me, 'till I was roused by the rattling of the many equipages which were passing in front of the palace, when thinking my visit had exceeded the bounds of courtesy, I proposed to take my leave.

"Are you going so soon?" she said, in a voice full of kindness. "Ah! doubtless you wish to attend the duties of the holy week."

"Yes, madam, I wish to behold the Sistine chapel."

"Have you seen Fesch?" she inquired. I replied that "I had not."

"Then I will recommend you to Fesch," she said, "he will be pleased to know you—he will show you his gallery of paintings. Do you hope to find a place in the chapel?"

"I hope so, madam, at least I shall endeavor to be early there."

"If you have time to see the Cardinal before, he will find you one, although I fear he will not be able to attend the duties of the day, he is so much indisposed."

"I shall pay my devoirs to the Cardinal, madam, after the Easter Fête," I answered.

"Ah! yes, yes, it will be better, he will have more leisure—you are right," and she gently grasped my hand and shook it. I bowed and stammered forth a few unconnected words of thanks, while her secretary, a French officer of commanding figure and elegant manners, M. Robagli, accompanied me to the door.

"Well, how have you been gratified?" asked he. I could only reply by gestures of astonishment and admiration, and regaining the street of *Corso*, I walked on almost unconscious of every object, 'till I found myself at the corner of the *Della Murata*. A bill of the opera attracted my attention, announcing the production of Donizetti's "Elixir of Love" at the *Theatre De Valle*, and I moved on in the direction, through several narrow and crooked streets, 'till I found myself opposite the church of Saint Pierre, into which vast crowds of people were pouring. I paused—curiosity was busy with me. "Shall I proceed to the opera or enter the church of Saint Pierre?" I asked of myself. Something whispered me to do the latter—I entered. It was Good Friday. The day was in accordance with the scene—a heavy gloom had pallied the heavens, a thousand bells sent forth their chimes, and the deep tones of the organ mingled in melancholy harmony with the voices of the choir. I thought of the noble matron and her sorrows—tears gushed into my eyes—a deep and holy feeling took possession of my spirit. The sound of praise echoed through the aisles of the edifice then dying sweetly and soothingly away, nought was heard but the plaintive tones of the organ. A breathless silence reigned over all. Suddenly the full and sonorous music burst forth again, while one voice was distinctly heard over all others of the choir. I listened, and distinguished the melancholy words,

"*She wept and no one came to comfort her!*"

Original.

ODE TO PEACE.

All hail the long expected day
When Peace shall dwell on every shore,
When angry strife shall pass away,
And men shall wield the sword no more;

When turns our race to peaceful toil,
The hand to guide the shining plough,
And when upon the blood-stained soil
The yellow, waving harvests bow:

When silent is the widow's wail,
Nor tearful is the Orphan's cheek:
And when upon the moving gale
No more the martial thunders break.

Then shall all coming time abound
With moral virtues blest increase,
And Earth be consecrated ground,
To great and holy deeds of Peace!

And man shall rise in conscious power,
And cast the passion's thrall away:
Whilst onward hastes the happy hour
That ushers in Millennium Day.

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Original.

THE RESCUE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The incident about to be related, is one of many similar ones, which occurred during the early settlement of America. Those who sought a home in the savage wilds, which then covered the land, wedded themselves to a life of peril and hardship. The dangers which continually threatened them, called forth all the heroic qualities of their nature, and their lives were marked by many a lofty deed of daring and devotion. Such deeds should not sink into oblivion, for they belong to the history of our country, and as such, should be recorded and remembered.

We would present a picture to the imagination of the reader. There is a broad and beautiful stream, with its deep, still waters, flowing on between banks covered by luxuriant foliage; and its bright surface dotted here and there with fairy little isles, where graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers bud and blossom undisturbed in wild and lonely loveliness. Bright-plumed birds, of many varieties, are winging their way over the quiet water, and the surrounding scene echoes with their tuneful minstrelsy. On the borders of the river, at the edge of a forest that stretches far away over hill and dale, stands the rude but picturesque dwelling of a backwoodsman; with the blue smoke curling up from its lowly roof, and its humble walls glancing out from the green foliage that surrounds them. There are some indications of taste and refinement near the woodman's home, which give a cheerful appearance to that otherwise wild and lovely scene. A graceful vine curtains the lowly window, and many bright flowers, natives of a distant soil, shed their grateful perfume around. Near the door hangs a cage, containing a rare and beautiful bird, whose song of gladness breaks sweetly upon the stillness of that solitary place.

On a low seat at the entrance of the dwelling, is seen a young woman, caressing an infant. She has lost the blooming loveliness of early youth—her cheek is pale, and her brow wears that thoughtful expression which is imprinted by the touch of care; yet she is still beautiful in form and feature, and none may look upon her without admiration. As she bends over the child in her arms, her eye fills with that unutterable tenderness and love which are only seen in the eye of a mother, and which make the face of a beautiful woman almost angelic. Now and then she turns from the child, to send an anxious glance towards the forest, as if she watched for the approach of some one from that direction. She is momentarily expecting her husband. He left his home at morn; the hour appointed for his return has passed away; the shadows of the trees are lengthening in the rays of the setting sun, and yet he comes not. The fond wife begins to tremble for his safety—a fearful foreboding of evil steals over her mind, and the dark dread of some approaching calamity haunts her imagination.

She has reason to fear; for that portion of country was, at this time, the theatre of many a tragic scene. Sometimes the woodman, in penetrating too far into the pathless recesses of the forest, lost his way, and wandered for days in the dreary wilderness, suffering many miseries, and perishing at last by the pangs of hunger. Sometimes a hungry beast of prey would cross the path of the wanderer, and doom him to a dreadful death. Sometimes the wily red man, who yet lurked about those lonely wilds, entrapped the white hunter, and, from a spirit of revenge, or the thirst for blood, sacrificed his victim with the most wanton and barbarous cruelty.

As the anxious wife thought of these things, her fears and forebodings became almost insupportable. Hushing the infant to sleep, she carried it into the dwelling, and deposited it in its cradle bed. She then hastened forth again, and wandered along the path that led to the forest, anxiously looking forward the while for her husband. She walked onward for some time, fondly hoping to see the object of her search, but her hopes were vain, and sending one more searching glance around, and seeing nothing but the gloomy shadows of the trees, she turned with a heavy heart to retrace her steps. As she was proceeding homeward, a sudden fear for her child, whom she had left alone, crossed her mind, and caused her to hasten forward. Drawing nearer to the dwelling, this fear became so intense, that it amounted almost to a conviction of some terrible calamity. Flying, rather than walking, she reached the house, and sprang to the cradle—it was empty, and the child nowhere to be seen! With frantic eagerness she rushed to the back door of the dwelling, which she had left closed, and which she now found was open. She was just in time to see a party of Indians making rapidly to the woods. Her heart whispered the fearful assurance that they bore away its treasure. Here was a trying situation for a timid and helpless woman—her husband afar off—perhaps in peril—her child—her first born, and only one, torn away by the rude hand of a savage—dread night approaching, and no earthly arm to aid!

Without pausing for reflection, the mother flew along the path which the Indians had taken. Now and then she caught a glimpse of their forms as they moved rapidly through the trees, but as the twilight deepened, and surrounding objects became more indistinct, even that slight comfort was denied her, and she traced her gloomy pathway without knowing whether or not it would bring her nearer the object of her pursuit. Yet she paused not a moment in indecision, but hastened onward through the increasing darkness, unconscious of the uncertainty of her search, and the wildness of her expedition. She had but one thought—one hope; and that was to be near her child—to save it, if it could be saved, or perish with it, if perish it must. Strong in this determination, she pushed forward, thoughtless of fatigue, and fearless of peril. As the night advanced, the wind rose and sighed among the trees with a mournful and heart-chilling sound. The stars, that had hitherto shed a faint light through the branches, were now veiled in black clouds, that seemed to presage a storm;

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and ever and anon the shrill croaking of a night-bird, or the prolonged howl of some beast of prey, was borne to the ear of the unhappy wanderer, waking fearful thoughts, and warning her of the dangers by which she was surrounded.

Those who have never roamed in a forest at midnight, can scarcely realize how much that is terrifying is connected with such a journey. At one time, the howl of the hungry wolf will burst so suddenly and clearly on the ear that we can scarcely persuade ourselves the monster is not close at our side—at another, the falling of a decayed branch will produce such a loud and fearful sound, that we deem it the fatal plunge which must doom us to destruction. Now the wind will come with a fitful and moaning cadence, so like the human voice, that we, for an instant, believe it the wail of an agonized being—and again it will sweep by with a rushing sound like a troop of enraged monsters, bent on a mission of death. Sometimes an unseen, low-drooping branch will softly touch the shoulder, congealing the warm current of life with the idea that a spectral hand has suddenly arrested our progress; and again a black and blasted tree, with one or two sere branches protruding from its side, will, for an instant still the pulsation of the heart, as we behold in it a frightful phantom, stretching forth its arms to grasp our shrinking forms.

All this, and more, must one feel and fear in a lonely midnight pilgrimage through the forest; and all this the mother endured as she pursued her almost hopeless enterprize. She had travelled far, very far, for the darkness of night, and the intricacies of the wood, had scarcely lessened the speed with which she commenced her walk, and she had been many hours on her way. Weariness was beginning to overcome her—hope was departing from her heart, and despair chilling all her energies, when she discovered afar off through the trees, a light. It was but a feeble glimmer, yet oh! how it irradiated the path of the wanderer. The instant she beheld it, hope sprang back to her heart, and strength invigorated her frame. That faint and far-off ray seemed the light of returning happiness, and she watched it as eagerly as the mariner watches the star which guides him over ocean's stormy waves. She now hastened onward with redoubled energy, and though her step sometimes faltered, and her heart sunk within her, as the light disappeared behind some intervening object, she still kept her eye steadily in the direction of the beacon, and soon gained a position where it shone brightly before her, and she could approach without losing sight of it again. As she drew near, she gazed upon the scene which that light revealed, with mingled feelings of astonishment, hope and fear.

There was a large fire built of the dried branches of trees, and around it lay the dusky forms of five or six Indians, reposing upon the ground. Their appearance was savage and fearful in the extreme; each with his painted feathers lighted by the fitful glare of the fire, and his tomahawk and scalping-knife gleaming at his side. Near them were implements of hunting, and around the fire lay scattered bones and fragments of a recent rude and hasty repast. The whole scene was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the delicate being who gazed upon it.

But she scarcely saw the rude savages or their implements of death, for her whole soul was absorbed in contemplating a portion of the scene which we have not yet described, and which riveted her attention with a thrilling and magic power. Bound to a tree, was the form of her husband; and at his feet on the cold ground, lay her child. The father's face was pale, and stained with blood; the infant's was covered by its dress, and its form was motionless as if chilled by the cold hand of death. How felt the fond wife and mother when that sight of horror met her eye? Repressing by a mighty effort the shriek of agony that rose to her lips, and conquering, by the strength of a heroic soul, the almost irresistible desire she felt to rush forward, and clasp those dear ones to her aching heart, she stood gazing upon the scene with feelings which cannot be described. She saw with a throb of sudden joy, that her husband lived, but her heart grew cold again as she watched the motionless form of her child. She longed to fly to its side, and ascertain the truth, for the suspense that preyed upon her spirit was terrible, but again her resolute mind restrained her, and she began to deliberate upon the situation of her husband, and devise means for releasing him.

The vivid light cast by the fire on all things near it, enabled the wife to note the scene distinctly. She saw, with a thankful heart, that the savages all slept, and that she could reach the side of her husband without passing near enough to awake them; but she also saw that he was bound by strong cords, which she could not hope, in her wearied state, to unfasten, and she looked about for something to sever them. There was nothing, save the knives which the Indians wore at their sides. Looking more intently, she saw that one of these had slipped from its place, and lay on the ground by its owner, so near, that his hand almost touched the hilt. A pang of intense fear shot through her frame, when she thought of approaching so close to the terrific form of the savage, but another look upon the pale face of the prisoner, re-assured her, and she determined to rescue him, or perish in the attempt. She could not approach the Indians without revealing herself to the eyes of her husband, and she feared, in that case, an exclamation of surprize would follow her appearance, and arouse the foe from their slumber. After pondering a moment upon the best mode of proceeding, she determined to steal softly to the back of the tree, place her hand upon the lip of the captive, whisper a few words of explanation, and implore him, not by the slightest murmur, to frustrate her plans. With a throbbing heart, she commenced her perilous undertaking. Noiselessly she made her way to the tree, and accomplished her purpose. There was no time for delay, yet one instant the mother turned to look upon her child, yearning to clasp it to her bosom, but not daring to lift the cloth which concealed its features, and assure herself whether or not it lived. A little while before, she would have given worlds to be able to do this, but now she felt that to behold it

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wrapped in the slumber of death, would unnerve her arm, and render her unfit for the further prosecution of her trying task. With a firmness that would have done honor to a stoic, she conquered the promptings of natural love, and hastened away. With a step as noiseless as the falling dew, she glided towards the slumbering savages; as she drew near, her frame trembled so violently, she could scarcely support herself; and when she put forth her hand to take the knife, the beating of her heart was so audible, she feared it would awake the sleepers, and she pressed her hand convulsively upon it to still its tumultuous throbbings. One terrible instant she thought the eyes of the Indian opened, and glared upon her with a fierce and malignant expression; but this was mere fancy, for he still slept, and the next moment she was gliding away with the knife firmly grasped in her hand. With a few rapid strokes she liberated her husband, and then bent down and uncovered the child. To her unspeakable joy, she found it in a slumber as sweet and peaceful as though it had been hushed to rest upon its mother's bosom. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips, she lifted it from its rude resting-place, turned to her companion, and motioned the way to their home. With rapid and noiseless steps they hurried away, speeding onward with tremulous yet hopeful hearts. Not a moment did the fond mother spare to caress her infant —not a word did she utter to greet her husband. The spell of a new found, uncertain happiness had settled upon her spirit, and she feared to break its thrilling charm. For a time they travelled thus in silence and darkness; moving, as near as they could judge, in the direction of their home, and anxious to be farther, still farther away from their enemies. At length weariness compelled them to rest awhile, and, as the dawning day began to shed a trembling light abroad, they crept into a thicket and sought repose.

The beams of the rising sun lighted the wanderers on their homeward pathway; and when that sun was sinking to repose, its parting rays fell calmly over the woodman's humble home, revealing a scene of bliss such as seldom visits the abode of man. How radiant with grateful joy was the face of the fond mother, as she clasped her recovered treasure closer to her bosom; how full of admiring love was the eye of the rescued husband, as it rested upon its fair preserver; and oh! how warm and fervent was the prayer, breathed in that hour of safety, bearing up to Heaven the deep devotion of thankful and happy hearts.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

BIND on your heart this jewel rare,
Oh, ye to whom this prize is given!
Nor let rude hands your treasure tear,
But hold it as the gift of Heaven!
'Till death its shining worth improve,
And angel's crown a sister's love!

Original.

SKELETON ESSAYS;

OR, MORALS, LAW, EDUCATION, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE KINSMAN,' ETC.

Morals for the People.—"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" demands the Satirist—and the question in this country may very well be applied to the people, who are, or should be, their own guards, and in whom the wellbeing and safety of the country properly abides. How shall we make them true to themselves—to one another—to us, and to our common country? This question is more frequently asked than answered. We rely too much on King Numbers. We seem to take for granted with Ma'mselle Martineau, that the majority must be right; forgetting, as we invariably do, that, in most cases, at the beginning—and for a very obvious reason—the majority have been sadly wrong. They come right in the end, no doubt; but the doom of Jesus Christ, of Socrates, Galileo and a host besides, sufficiently shows what the popular tendencies must be in all cases of a novel character, and on the subject of truths and doctrines previously unknown or untaught. Nor is the case, in all respects, much better now, than at the periods referred to. Persecution, if not so deadly, is scarcely less active to-day than it was yesterday. The expounder of the new faith, it is true, is not put on a gridiron to test the merits of his doctrine over a slow fire; but there are a thousand other ways of despatching him by what is significantly called 'public opinion!'—as if it was not public opinion that fried and flayed even in the days of Saint Bartholomew. This public opinion is a thing to be made and compounded, and it may be made good or evil. In no case is it a proper tribunal, since there is no sufficient reason why the tendencies of a mass should be made to supersede and take the place of justice, whose laws should come with equal emphasis and efficacy from the lips of an individual. I am unwilling to leave any thing to public opinion which the resort to a less flexible court will decide; and I am disposed to think that is in consequence of so much being left to a tribunal which is as unstable as water and as variable as the winds, that we make so little headway in our progress to the certain and the true. We are daily congratulating ourselves with our conquests and discoveries, as well in morals as in philosophy; and yet, Truth and Error still keep up their ancient controversy and we do not see that the former gains much from her old enemy. If Truth does sometimes go ahead, Error comes close at her heels. If she gains in one spot it is wonderful how much she loses in another; and let her but give herself a moment's indulgence; let her venture to rest herself by the wayside for a while, and what a hard chase her more restless and always ready rival will give her for the goal!

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Big Books.—Looking at the huge libraries, the monstrous collections, the folios and the quartos and the octavos, which, at this day of abundant letters, you will

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find in every third house, and the surprize is natural, that we should be no wiser and no better than we are. Examine the gilded inscriptions which they bear, and half of them are the labors of the profound moralist who loved laborious exercise for its own sake, and had no delight except in battling for the truth. Every third volume is one of a divine reality; and all of them are abundantly stored with grave saws and dictatorial maxims, which promise the amplest triumphs and the most complete immunity, in return for implicit faith and obedience. How is it then that Error, in spite of all this, should still contrive to survive? Nay, she not only lives, but is quite as audacious, intrusive, and self-assured, as ever! She has more lives than the proverbial cat! By what seven-fold shield does she keep herself unharmed? What is the subtle tenure of that existence, so intangible as we pronounce it to be, that makes her so formidable an antagonist—so resolute in her advances—so well versed in the science of attack and defence, that, driven from one position she easily finds shelter behind another, and is provided with a new head in place of every one that we lop away? This is a strange history, to say the least of it; and one that calls seriously for consideration. But the *big books* themselves suffice to explain a part of the mystery. The secret of their ineffectiveness lies in this very particular. They are big—too big! Error is a subtle existence, and it is not necessary, for her distinction, that we should employ a force the recoil of which may charge on our defences. Who employs field pieces in shooting sparrows? Before we can charge, the sparrow is off, and even did it remain, a mustard seed would do more execution than our bullet. A big book, in the moral, is very like a big gun, in the military world. It makes a great noise, and, if it happen to hit, does a great deal of execution. But, an hundred to one, in the doctrine of chances, it never hits; and for the good that comes of it, it consumes quite too much of our time, labor and ammunition. Not so with the little books, the musketry and grape, of literature. Some of these must tell, and as their use is less fatigueing and expensive, and as they are more portable and convenient, it follows that they can be made to bear upon a thousand points while the big books can only roar away at one! In these comparisons it is not intended to disparage the venerable volumes. They are a sort of depôt—a stone house—from whence the flying artillery, and the scouts, the riflemen and the cavalry may procure their stores as they may need them. They, doubtlessly, contain immense quarries of very precious materials, and they are to be prized as something sacred and watched and examined periodically, with religious scrutiny. Good men and sage should be chosen to have them in their careful keeping, and on days of solemn state and ceremonial they may be brought forth in sight of the citizens, in order to satisfy them that the moth has not found its way to their treasure. But, for ordinary people and ordinary purposes, we need a more active military.

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Pocket Volumes.—Commend us to little volumes for daily use. In big books there is philosophy enough for all the nations, and far more than any of the nations will readily comprehend. But, for the people—for man as he is—stricken with sudden necessities, and perpetually called away by the exigencies of life—small books, short sentences, lessons in a nut shell, are the grand desiderata. The laboring man must have volumes that he can carry in his pocket, that he can take out by the way side, and chew upon, as so much mental tobacco, as he goes along the highways, to his regular tasks. The man who depends for his daily dinner upon his daily toil, cannot look into monstrous volumes. And yet, to whom are the lessons of a true philosophy and a pure morality, more important? For whom are they written if not for him? It is he who is most likely to be tempted—who has fewer resources in wealth, and, of consequence, who finds fewest attractions in society—who is most exposed to low vices—to the evils of situation and contaminating associations. These, coming with humble pursuits and sometimes degrading necessities, are well calculated, by insensible degrees, to divest him of the restraints, and deprive him of all the attractions and rewards of that better condition to which good morals and industry might enable him to aspire with the rest. It appears to us the most monstrous absurdity, on the part of sage philosophers and reverend divines, to be putting forth great books and calling upon poverty and labor, not only to read but to pay for them. We must do things differently, if we hope to do any thing. We must pack up truth into small parcels though we make many of them; she must occupy but small compass, in order that she may go by mail, by stage, the breeches pocket of the ditcher, in the bosom of the plough-boy. This mode of giving her circulation has already been tried by certain persons; but their experiments were partial, and then, perhaps, not always made in the right spirit. Such an experiment was that of Lacon. The misfortune was that Error contrived to bury herself in the same parcel; and so disguised herself, with that imitative ability which is her most effective essential, that now it is no easy matter to distinguish between them. To be a safe teacher of morals, one must not only preach but practice; for the habitual exercise of virtue is one of the first constituents in making up the qualities necessary to a teacher of the truth. In this constituent, Colton was lamentably deficient, and hence his failure—in spite of well intention, which we may safely accede to him—to be able at all times to distinguish between the false and true. To a man habitually warped from right by the indulgence of what is wrong, wrong and right become finally of one family and likeness.

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The Entireness of Truth.—In putting truth into small parcels we must be carefel to diminish none of the proportions. It is one important element of her character, that she may contract herself to any dimension and yet preserve her symmetry and entireness. She must be symmetrical, or we can not love her: and if she do not possess entireness, it will be a very difficult matter to recognize her at all. No writer of a book need set out to make a moral. If he does, he is very apt to fail. His great consideration is to make his book—be it history or be it fiction—entirely truthful; and truthfulness, even

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in the delineation of vice, always carries with it its own and a valuable moral. The most moral writers that the world has ever known, are those who have been most true to nature: to nature in her completeness—in all her essentials—and not in partial glimpses of her person. When, therefore, an author proves immoral in his results—even supposing that he sets out with no evil intentions—the inference is fair that he is not true in his details. He may give you glimpses of the truth, but they are glimpses only. The whole truth is the only testimony which the superior genius indulges, and the only testimony which can properly avail for his case before the awful testimonials of posterity. It is the lack of this entireness, this universal singleness, this individual essential, absorbing all the rest, that has surrendered to neglect, and given up to oblivion, many a noble mind, and grasping imagination. The world has known very few writers who have deliberately set out to pervert the truth, to misrepresent man, to deform nature and to debase society! The Etherege's and the Rochester's, were vicious men, it is true, but they were abandoned, rather in consequence of their folly and inferior intellectual nature, than because of any wilful desire to do wrong. Genius is a seer who frequently sees false visions as well as true. The Germans have a word signifying "one-sidedness;" and this is the aspect in which Truth is presented to many writers. She has a thousand aspects and they see but one. She lies every where on the surface, but who shall say how much there is of her below it? We must go round her, dig for her, take her depth, breadth, length, weight and general measurement—see her in detail, and see her in the whole—and then, not 'till then, can we determine what she is, and what she requires. Some writers of very great genius present her surface with most singular truth and felicity to the mind of the reader; but, as they see but her surface only, they show no more; and they are immoral writers because they are untrue. There is a general incoherence in the tone and temper of their works—an inconsistency of agents in themselves and in their doings—which the natural world never presents to us. To write morally, it is necessary that truth in the general, and truth in the detail, should both be attended to; if not we have the old monster of character, the half woman, the half fish, described by the Poet, in reference to a similar topic:

> "The beautious maid,
> Proud of each charm above the waist displayed;
> Below a loathsome fish:—
> Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams,
> Deforms all shapes and mingles all extremes."

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The Patriotism of Truth.—Moralists are not yet determined whether there may not occur instances in which falsehood may not only be permitted, but would be justifiable. Perhaps, if our survey in the moral world were bounded only by the present hour and the pressing necessity, the proposition might be answered in the affirmative. But moral events, unlike physical, endure for ages—for all time—extend through all nations, and form the most imposing interests of eternity. We cannot, therefore, reason on such a subject with a simple reference to the present case and passing moment. The truth concerns our children as well as ourselves. The truth belongs to our people as well as to our family. It is essential to man throughout—it is the great essential of the human race, and upon its immortality depends their own—their greatness, happiness and glory. A falsehood is likely to do harm ultimately, in some way or other, and with greater or less degree of hurt. It is an experiment in poisoning, and it is doubtful when our fingers, having once dealt in it, will ever become free from the taints. Falsehood by itself, might be of little danger; but it is never by itself. It runs and reproduces itself the moment it is born. But its attitude of greatest evil is as the direct antagonist of truth. It is an active principle, as subtle as light, which is its opposite. A fanciful allegory of one of the orientals, very happily describes every new truth as immediately marshalling itself among the children of light, in the ranks of God; while every falsehood, in like manner, and by a like instinct, ranges itself instantly under the sable standard of Lucifer. They become, each in its place, spirits of power; and traverse the world, in behalf of their respective commanders, engaging in frequent conflict when they meet; and making an eternal battle field of that province of civil discord, the poor, benighted, scourged and ravaged heart of man! The idea seems to me quite as felicitous as fanciful. The question is asked, "May we not, in the last hope of struggling humanity, resort to falsehood, where this is obviously the only mode left of escape from unjust torture, punishment, or death?" The example of the apostles might be relied on here. They have answered the question. Christ, in anticipation, rebuked the feebleness of Peter, who, shrinking from human penalties, denied equally the truth and his master. But the case supposed is one in which, though you yourself escape, the falsehood may do harm; and the truth, though you perish, must ultimately be productive of good. Your martyrdom, alone, would most probably overthrow the tyranny, by arousing the people, whom no less matter could inspirit into activity, to a just sense of the general danger. Such was the martyrdom of the Saviour and the Saints; and, for a like object, the safety and circulation of the truth, for the preservation of the many. I grant that martyrdom is not very desirable under any circumstance; and that it is not the ordinary mind which will be willing to encounter it in any behalf. But, there are men, fortunately for mankind, to whom the truth itself brings consolation enough, and whom glorious memories in after times, and a perpetually musing gratitude, keep holy through long ages, and thus reward for their sufferings under the scourge and upon the rack. The pang of death is only an instant in duration, but the life which follows in consequence is eternal, and as glorious as eternal.

What would have been, what would be the case, if there were not, and had not been, such men? Where would be our glory, our strength, our security, happiness and intellectual freedom, but for those daring and enduring martyrs, who, with a spirit setting at defiance every weakness of the flesh, have gone fearlessly into the gloomy dens of ancient error, denouncing the supersti-

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tion, overthrowing the idol, and setting up the true God, which is Truth? All innovation upon established customs is invariably and sturdily resisted, and men fight for their prejudices, where they would not fight for their country. The teacher of the unknown Truth has been stoned to death, in all past times, by the slaves of ancient Error. In this way perished the long array of the "just made perfect," the saint, the sage, the philosopher and the patriot; of all who have ever shown an earnest determination to seek out and to elevate the truth, in the teeth of unholy prejudice and unwise passion! Our condition would be lamentable, indeed, if there were not some few consecrated spirits in every nation, and through all periods, who, scorning the policy of the worlding, (which, for the uncertain safety of the moment would barter the glorious guaranty of permanent assurance,) can appreciate and assert the true nature and just rights of his race, without reference to the penalty or the reward! There will be truth-loving men to the last, whatever the bondage, however ruthless the pursuing enemy, who, looking beyond their own day and destiny, for the moral Pisgah, will direct their people to the distant Promise! Who, sustained and stimulated by higher and holier consideration than the love of gain or aggrandizement, or the yet meaner desire of safety and obscurity, will challenge the tyrant of Error and abuse custom openly in the highways; and, like the Peasant Tell, amidst the spears of his enemies, refuse, though standing alone, to bow down, in vindication of the Truth, before the cap of usurpation!

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Security of Innocence.—If we take the word "safety" in an extended sense, and comprise within that province which we seek to guard, the moral, as well as the physical existence, there is nothing in the world so perfectly secure as innocence! Apollodorus lamented to Socrates that he should be doomed to suffer death having been guilty of no offence. The philosopher, looking beyond human limits, inquired—"Would you have me die guilty? Melitus and Anytus may *kill*, but they cannot *hurt* me!" How common is it to hear people lamenting with Apollodorus!

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Propriety essential to Eminence.—When a man, particularly one who is self-educated, begins to rise above his fellows, he instantly becomes a mark for their missiles. The already superior dread him as a competitor, the low, as a superior, and they make common cause for his destruction. But this, if he be of the right moral stuff, will rather help than hurt him. If he be truly superior, the roughening process to which the strife subjects him, endows him with the most beneficial hardihood; and he continues to ascend until he ceases to be within the control of either. As soon as they discover that their missiles no longer reach the object, they gather them up and make of them a monument in his honor, equally emulous in worship of the genius which they failed to victimize. So far he is safe, but he is then required to be doubly circumspect, and his shield must be one of the most chrystalline propriety. While he struggled up the ascent, they would probably have preferred to see him weak and vicious. But, once upon the eminence, his adamant must be of more perfect proof than ever. His former fame is now his foe, and the exactions of his station are more dangerous than all the missiles of his ancient enemies. Let him falter in his place—let him but touch the earth for an instant, and show his stains, and the clamor and the assault are always more formidable from the superior elevation of the victim. We see spots on the sun and moon which we should never regard on a house-wall or a hillock.

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Character.—The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport, and toy, and laugh with men or women who have none; but we never confide in them. It may be added, also, that, though we frequently despise such persons, we never hate them. The case is different where character exists. The man of character will always have enemies among the crowd, in fair proportion to the number of his friends. Decision of purpose, habitual earnestness, and readiness in the formation of a leading opinion on every suggested subject, are the chief constituents of that moral quality in the man, which we call character. Without these, there is as little virtue as strength. These are positive qualities that force themselves upon the regards of others and compel consideration; that make themselves felt always, whether for good or evil, and cannot be avoided, and must be encountered or endured. They provoke hostile or favorable sentiments among mankind, according to the application, for the false or the true, of their several influences. If their proprietor be a good man, the bad will hate him—if a bad man, the good.

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God and Man.—God made the world in six days—it takes man six minutes to find fault with it.

God saw that it was good and blessed it—man finds it bad and curses it.

Alas! for man that sees nothing with the eyes of God, but every thing with his own! Both God and man judge of the earth and its things from the nature separately within them.

It is not earth and its creatures, nor the waters, nor the air, with their tribes of living things, which God sees to be good and blesses accordingly—it is the eternal, unchangeable spirit of life, of truth, and of beauty, which, from his own, he infuses into them all.

It is not the earth, nor the seas, nor the skies, nor the creatures that dwell in them, that man finds evil and curses accordingly—it is his own blind eyes, and bitter spirit, and capricious temper, through whose jaundiced medium all things become evil and out of proportion with the natural and true!

Earth, ocean, air and life! Let us learn to see and to bless ye, even as ye have been seen and blessed by the Eternal Father. W. G. S.

Do but increase a man's pride, and his fear of shame will ever be proportioned to it; for a greater value a man sets upon himself, the more pains he will take, and the greater hardships he will undergo to avoid shame.—*Mandeville's Fable of the Bees.*

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Original.

THE FALLING STAR.

It was deep midnight, and no moon shone, but the thousand stars of Heaven looked down upon the earth, and kept bright watch for her. A fair girl knelt by the bed of the dying mortal. She was his sister. She had tended him for many days with an untiring love; she would not that an alien eye should catch his latest look, or menial hand minister to his latest earthly want. For many hours she had not left his side, but kneeling there, with one hand clasped in her upraised hands, she gazed alternately from him to the vast heaven, searching its inmost depths with an untiring ken, as she would tear from out its mystic heart, the secret of a fate so interwoven with hers. But no sign came, and she turned aside and wept. Oh, the deep agony of that young heart! It was an unalloyed sorrow, which admitted of no earthly consolation. They were alone—these two young hearts, and other tie had none. All they had loved were in the grave, and they awoke one day as from a trance, and looked around, and cried out for a friend! But they found none, and from that day they were one heart. They were both beautiful, and genius had been their heritage, and grew alike in both, only that hers was much less bold than his, for that it had received its tone from her sweet gentleness, mixed with deep reverence for his more reasoning mind—as the gazer on the water sees some bright star reflected in its bosom, and sees they are alike, save that the *image* is more shadowy, which is but caused by the properties of that in which it shows. So rapt were they in each other, that the outer world had no charm for them, saving its humanities; the follies of fashion, and the frivolities of life, were unknown to them. They had drawn around them a magic circle, in which naught save what was bright and beautiful dare enter. Day after day did they gather wisdom from the pages of the mighty dead, and as the old world opened to their ardent minds, the present faded as a dream. They loved to dwell upon some tale of rare affection, of deep devotion, or self-immolation at the shrine of duty—instances of which the past have in perfection, gilded, perchance, by the romance a lapse of time never fails to bestow, but still unaffectedly human. And when they rose from their labor of love, they felt the deep effect which lessons of exalted virtue ever impress upon reflecting minds. They impart a dignity to life, which is unobserved in the every day world, and link the heart to its kind, by the noblest sentiments nature can evince. They were the philanthropists of the closet, unbounded in their sympathy, but from their sensibility and refinement, all unfit to mingle with the coarser spirits of the world. What excited their benevolence in the mass, would, most probably, cause disgust in the individual, and they would turn away heart-sick, to find the world not what they thought it; they would mourn for the suffering million, but the leperous wretch in the filthy hovel, would be a loathed and hideous object in their eyes. Such is the difference between the theoretical and practical Christian—the one refines and gives out Utopian theories to the world, which never are adopted, benefitting no one, though not the less noble in their aim—the other seeks out misery in its home, and bars out famine from the starving wretch, and though the means of assistance may be small, the never failing fount of sympathy skims over the wounds it cannot radically heal. They saw that the world was beautiful, and were content to breathe the odor of its flowers, without distilling the poison from their hearts. They were dreamers, and had they been separate, such feelings would have craved for the sympathy of some kindred heart, and they might have loved; but they were all in all to each other; their feelings were so knit, so interwoven, that the approach of any other sentiment, seemed to threaten a disruption of their tie, and they sensitively and gladly shrunk back into the gentle and unreserved commune of their own pure thoughts. They were orphans, and friendless! they were alone and loving! And now the sister knelt by the side of the dying brother! That was her grief; for him her tears flowed fast, and the visible silence was broken by deep and fervent prayers. And the fever raged with unabated violence—he muttered wild words, which conjured up visions of a thousand happy hours and innocent joys, and caused a fresh burst of grief from the spirit-broken girl. The malady was evidently approaching its crisis; every moment the stillness became more awful; she longed to call for some one to share her watch, yet could not for a moment tear herself from the couch. He had breathed hardly until now, but now she missed the sound; it had sunk into a child's breathing. Faint and frequent beat the pulses at his heart—the eye which had been glaring and restless, became fixed. She longed to scream but the voice seemed frozen to her heart. More feebly still he breathed—an expression of agony was upon his brow; his hand relaxed its grasp, and with one deep sigh, his features sunk into a quiet smile. His spirit seemed to have left its earthly home! She shrieked aloud, and raising her despairing eyes to Heaven, exclaimed, "Oh, God, have mercy!" *And a bright star fell!* But he recovered, and a week hence was seated on a couch, with that fair girl nestling at his feet.

"I have been a grievous trouble to thee, Marian! Thine eye is as bright, thy smile as sweet, but thy cheek is pale, and thy hands have shrunk to thinness. And I fear that in my madness I may have spoken harsh words to thee, or have been wilful and fretful, or wishful and exacting; but now I crave your pardon, dearest, and throw myself upon your love for your forgiveness."

"Hush, hush," said Marian, as she placed her hand upon his lips. "Dear Ernest, most wrongfully do you accuse yourself; both gentle and patient were you during all your sufferings. No murmur fell from your lips—no repining—no impatience; and every office I performed for you, was more than repaid by the look of love and thankfulness by which it was received."

"But—"

"Nay, hear me. If I have lost the ruddiness of health from off my cheek, and its fullness from my form, it was not caused by watching and waiting at your couch,

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but by the ever present fear that you might be taken from me. It tortured me through the day, and affrighted me in the night. I could not fly from the thought. I read it in the setting sun, and in the flickering taper; and as the stars came out, and faded as the night wore on, each seemed to bear upon its ray a mystic recognition of your half embodied spirit."

"I have but faint remembrance of the past. I know the days, though cheered by sight of you, seemed endless."

"'Twas strange, too, Ernest, throughout the day you would appear strangely unsettled; a feverish restlessness seemed to pervade your frame; but as the night came on, this was superseded by a calmness, trance-like, nay, almost death-like, that made my blood stagnate in every vein—as if your soul had left its mortal frame, to hold communion with the invisible spirits of the silent night! At those times, with a philosophy which failed me utterly in the day, I would speculate upon the possibility of your death, and all at once I seemed to cease to be a being of the earth; the mystic line was broken, and my mind was cognizant of the immaterial elements. Countless bright shapes peopled the circumambient air—if shapes they could be called, that were without form or substance. I was in the heart of nature, and saw how the progress of decay, was but a preface to another birth—a state of being in which soul was *all*. I was conscious of an elevation of mind, an expansion of intellect, which rendered the deep-sought, stored up knowledge of a thousand generations of man, but as a grain of sand compared to the earth's gross bulk. And I saw that those of earth who approached nearest to the reality of a state of being, which, in sooth, surpasses all that the powers of imagination can conceive of it—were those who, in the earnestness of a beneficent nature, sought out the humanities from wisdom's page, and blending both, saw nature through the heart and mind—neither with the misjudging warmth of the enthusiast, nor the fact deducing coldness of the philosopher, but bringing, as an offering, the uttermost attainable refinement of intellect, warmed by angelic love! I saw through world, man yearning unceasingly to rise; the soul warring with its encumbering clay, and striving ever to sever from it. The pale student in his midnight study, burying the recollection of the miseries of the by-gone day, forgetting the want of friends, the cold repulse, the unappreciation, the want of sympathy, the hungering morrow, in his absorbing love of the pursuit of truth. The mighty statesman retiring from the admiring crowd, and seeking consolation in seclusion for the failure of those aspiring, but baseless schemes, by which he hoped to raise the herd from its desperate, besotted condition and was repaid with revilement and scorn, by that very class he sought to benefit. Seeking in solitude deep commune with his own heart, he strove to work out from the philosophy of the past, and the sad experience of the present, a state of mind in which the *desire* of dispensing happiness should be, of itself, sufficient compensation, apart and independent of the reception of the benefit by the object of it. Thus deeply pondering, and in secret, the quiet came upon his soul, and he became of us. I cannot describe to you the nameless feeling that possessed me at those times; there was a consciousness of existence without its cares, of knowledge without the blindness of prejudice, which ever accompanies our earthly wisdom. I felt that I was apart from the world, yet of it, for that sympathy which pervades all nature, which binds heart to heart, and is the medium through which human sensations and affections are felt alike, and simultaneously conveyed throughout the universe, now and for ever, was acting upon my spirit with a mighty force; my nature was etherealized, and I was an impalpable though sentient link of that wondrous harmonizer of creation—Sympathy or Love! And you were there, my brother; our spirits met in that bright star, with which we have so oft imagined that our fates were inseparably linked, and—"

"Stay, Marian, dearest, thou dost remember me, that as I lay upon my bed of sickness, I had a dream of a most terrible and strange import. I know that for days I lay unconscious of all, save of an intolerable thirst and raging fever, that seemed to dry up all moisture in my blood and brain. I seemed to breathe hot air, which, in its passage, dried up my tongue, and parched and cracked my livid lips. Each day, as it broke, brought with it an increasing but nameless terror, which, ever and anon, like unto ice-strings made each trembling nerve, and though the fury of a thousand fires leaped through each vein, *my heart felt chilled*. On that night which caused thee so much terror, this harpy feeling was upon me, and griped me with a giant's force; nor could I fortify myself against it, for my mind had lost all power of connecting ideas of any kind. All was vagueness and dread. As the night wore on, the increasing stillness added a new terror to my mind. Methought I lay chained and immoveable in the midst of a vast sandy plain, over which the hot sun was vertical; throughout the day, from morn 'till night, he poured his fierce beams upon my seething skin, until I felt it crack and gape, like the parched earth, and when the sun had set, the moon's rays, and the beams of the golden stars seemed to dart fire that jarred my brain to madness. There was no rest for me, night nor day—my furred tongue could not give out my agony. And I was alone in my suffering, when suddenly a mighty form approached. It was a grave but beautiful aspect, and on its brow there was a calm, that chilled, at once, my burning blood; it seemed as if it had never known a youth, nor could know age; it was not the calm of thought, nor the passiveness of overwhelming grief, but I felt, at once, that it was the cold, eternal calm of death. Nearer it came, and my soul recoiled at its approach; nearer, still nearer; it had gained my feet, when, in a moment, the cells of memory gave up their treasured store. Father, mother, friends, came flocking round me; our happy home, and childish sports, each happy hour, that, in its passage, bore a pleasant thought; snatches of old wild melodies, and all the thousand things, that endeared and made a joy of life, rushed forth to keep the dreaded terror off, but in vain! It paused not in its career; it raised its hand above me; a cold sweat stood upon my brow. I strove to speak,

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but no sound came forth. I struggled to arise, but the mighty spell withheld me, and I was sinking fast. Slowly the withering hand descended towards my heart —already did I feel its grasp stilling the pulse of life; my soul paused, wavering ere it took its flight, when in the still night air, the deep and fervent prayers of thy innocent heart arose, and from the orbed heaven, rushed forth a radiant form, and stood between me and my dread foe."

"My brother! I saw that star fall!" HENRI.

Original.

TO IANTHE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOWARD PINCKNEY," ETC.

LADY, when I became a wanderer,
I laid my feelings in the cold dark urn,
Made of my heart its passion's sepulchre,
And said the dim sepulchral flame should burn,
But for the dead, who could not be estranged,
O'er Memory's treasures that could not be changed,
That Love should come but as a mourning friend,
Who sadly seeks the tomb, o'er some loved form to bend.

That form was the creation of my mind,
Which I had dreamed of, but not realized;
The bright original I could not find,
And therefore was the picture the more prized;
Sometime I thought to meet her, then, perchance,
Cold Reason told me it was but Romance—
A hope to which the love-fraught mind gives birth,
When, from its dreams of Heaven, it moulds a form of Earth.

Even as the sculptor who, of old, displayed
The various beauties that bewitched his eye,
'Till, from the whole, a glorious form he made,
And realized his passionate phantasy,
And then became a worshipper. I took
From many a dream, and many a poet's book,
And many a form that lived upon my sight,
That fairy love of mine, and made her my delight.

And should we meet, within the glittering throng,
The being that our fond hope burned to prove,
The Cynosure of beauty and of song,
Do we not feel, at first sight, years of love?
The form, which on our dreaming fancy beamed,
Comes to us waking, even as we dreamed,
As instantaneous as fair Venus came,
With lip to speak of Love, and eye to light his flame.

Oh! Lady! Lady! I have often mourned
For that bright being as for one no more;
But when I saw thee, the dear dream returned,
'Till, with my early love, my heart ran o'er;
The sculptor wooed his marble form in vain,
Until the Gods took pity on his pain—
But thou, beloved one, with the gentle breast,
Sure, in thy panting heart, young love might be a guest.

F. W. T.

Original.

ESSAY ON EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

So various and plausible are the systems of Education which have been suggested by the intellectual and moral reformers of the age, that any farther thoughts upon the subject, seem unnecessary or absurd, and may possibly be regarded, as merely the theoretical rantings of a surcharged imagination. Be this as it may, however, the theme is not yet quite exhausted, and although the writer of this essay lays no claim to originality of thought, or newness of design, still the object will be attained, if personal observation suggests correct ideas, on the present defective practical system of Education, and succeeds in disseminating those principles of reformation, which seem indicative of greatest good.

The most important female talent—and that for which woman will perhaps be especially accountable—is Influence. As a Sister, Wife, and Mother, this talent is unlimited, and its exercise happy or the reverse, must be productive of the greatest moral and political effects. It is in the domestic circle peculiarly woman is called to act—*home* is the bright centre of all her sublunary joys and anticipations—in it are concentrated the energies of her very soul, and from it must emanate those insensibly though infallibly operating principles, which will in time reform the world. How vastly important then, that a power so extensive, so universal, should be based upon the broad fabric of a sound, liberal, and polished education. Improvement in every thing must be progressive in the great rank of reform, and as in the *gradual* developement of Virtue it advances slowly but steadily 'till perfection, from the very nature of the beings influenced thereby, will be the effect of *imperceptibly* reforming causes—and as the present generation excel in intellectual culture, the great mass of females of by-gone ages, so may *we* anticipate the future increased excellence of those who are to follow us. Public sentiment, too, is undergoing a change; "the care of household good," is not, as in the Arcadian days of our plain unsophisticated grandams, thought the only robe with which a female can becomingly adorn herself. *Literature*, with her wide and graceful folds, is *now*, by the assent of even those nice critics, Taste and Fashion, the most elegant mantle she can wear—and the day is fast approaching when the laurel wreath of learning may crown *her* brow, and *her* eye kindle with the new beauty of an intellectual fire. "To inform the understanding," says the immortal Junius, "corrects and enlarges the heart;" the *female* mind, from its native ductility is peculiarly susceptible to this influence. Vice in all its forms, and with the most beautiful colorings imagination can give, is, to even *tainted* virtue, a revolting object, but when attached to woman it increases to a monster of loathsomeness and deformity. An exalted and inflexible morality should distinguish her, and whatever purifies or conduces to it, be cultivated with the most assiduous and watchful care.

At this crisis of our subject the question arises—are those who call themselves "Lords of creation" aware how much a high standard of female education depends

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upon *their* co-operation and support? Even under the present improved organization of society, there is too low an estimate put upon the mental abilities of woman. Man descends to trifle with or amuse her, and wilfully forgetting that she too has claims to the almost universal gift of *common*-sense, cringingly yields the homage of the *heart*, without in most instances, the slightest reverence of the *head*. Her participation in interesting or abtruse debates is called presumption, and remarks often highly graphic and discriminating, are deemed puerile and unimportant. Thus, it follows, that, though the intrinsic pleasure of knowledge, may with peculiarly constituted minds, be a sufficient incentive; to those of an ordinary cast, the discouragements they encounter, in their intercourse with the world, will frequently deter from intellectual labor. Rest assured, so soon as woman realizes she is, or may be, the intellectual companion, and (in a limited sense) equal of man, then, and then alone, will mental cultivation be with her a desirable object of ambition. We design not to enter the controverted ground of mental equality and admit the intellectual superiority of man, yet who will deny that woman's powers are susceptible of indefinite improvement?

In a good system of practical education, to discipline or systematize the mind, is the first and most important aim, the point around which all minor objects turn—*this* gained by a course of close and faithful study, the subsequent part of education is comparatively easy. In this connection we would observe that studies should always be selected with reference to *cast* of *mind*—an indiscriminate application of one method of instruction will not be invariably successful.

It is a trite though true remark, that female education is in general too *superficial*. Improvement of the mind is often a sacrifice at the shrine of accomplishments, or the more elegant refinements of fashionable life—more abstruse and useful studies are merely objects of *secondary* consideration—and thus a young lady enters society, the graceful and accomplished, instead of the intellectual and well informed. Aware of the refinement and delicacy of feeling that generally attend these pursuits, we wish not to depreciate their beautifying influence—but with genuine disinterestedness, would suggest, that the *foundations* of the Temple be secured, ere the chisel of the polisher is applied.

Again *velocity* seems a characteristic of the age—in education as in every thing else, we adopt the "high pressure" system! "The march of mind" is now a forced one! The whole period of a young lady's *scholastic* education, does not exceed ten years, during the first five of which she is scarce old enough to appreciate the importance of it. Let us admit the inferiority of woman's intellect, and how paradoxical that *her* studies should cease at an age, when man has scarce essayed an ascent of the hill of science! Is *her* mind more easily or more quickly matured? or are Parnassus' heights more accessible to the weak and trembling steps of woman, than to the bold Herculean tread of man?

A great defect in the existing system of education is the extreme *comprehensiveness* of the plan. Too many and diverse studies are attempted for probable excellence in either. The *fundamentals*, accomplishments, and an infinitude of little *instructions*, are all crowded into a mere speck of time. Would it not be unwise to select a few par-excellence as text studies, and make *them* the basis of all the others? as the faculties expand by regular systematic exercise the number may be increased. The mind will thus retain its healthfulness and vigor, a student's satiety be prevented, a thirst for knowledge inculcated, and in effect the great end of education answered. It is now matter for history, that a love of improvement, a desire for intellectual pleasures, rarely accompany a female after her entrance into society.

The expediency of giving females a classical education we are not prepared, nor would it be profitable to discuss. Intellectual enjoyment would no doubt be much enhanced by such a course, though the engrossing nature of those studies might perhaps detract from the pleasure of other duties, more within the peculiar sphere of woman.

In conclusion we would ask, why our country boasts not the female genius of *other* lands? Those beautiful spirits, hover above, cluster around, but deign not to dwell among us! Is Nature partial in her gifts? or can it be, the sun that shines so brightly o'er the soil of Liberty is uncongenial to the growth of talent? Alas! in the whole length and breadth of our land, where will we find a De Stael in philosophy, an Edgeworth in morality, or a Moore in religion? It is true we have occasionally a Sigourney or a Sedgwick as a lovely oasis in the vast waste of mind, but their verdure and fertility do but make the surrounding wilderness more melancholy and barren.

The experience of *future* generations will show, that Literature, though a nice and delicate plant, *may* thrive amidst the wildness and luxuriance of a free and happy country.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

WITHDRAWN in love from earthly pain,
And every evil passion's power;
Borne from the world ere sin could stain
Or sorrow blight the opening flower:
How sweet to think the cherub fair,
That so on earth absorb'd our love,
Transplanted by an angel's care,
Blooms in the Paradise above!

And shall we meet *him* in the sky,
So loved and so lamented here?
And shall we greet again on high
The face and form on earth so dear?
Then let us calmly wait the day,
The glorious day of Heavenly bliss;
Joy cannot speed nor sorrow stay
The hour that brings a boon like this!

B.

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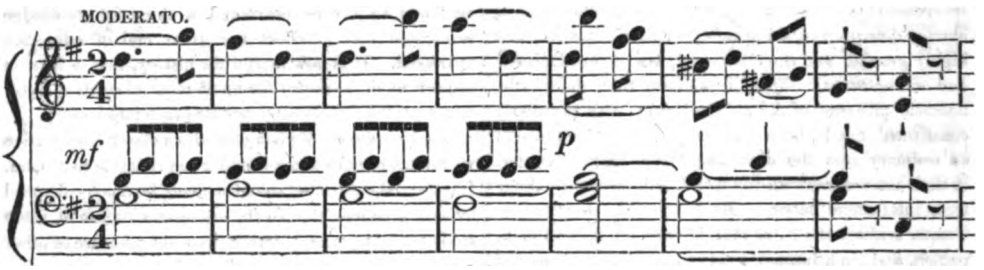
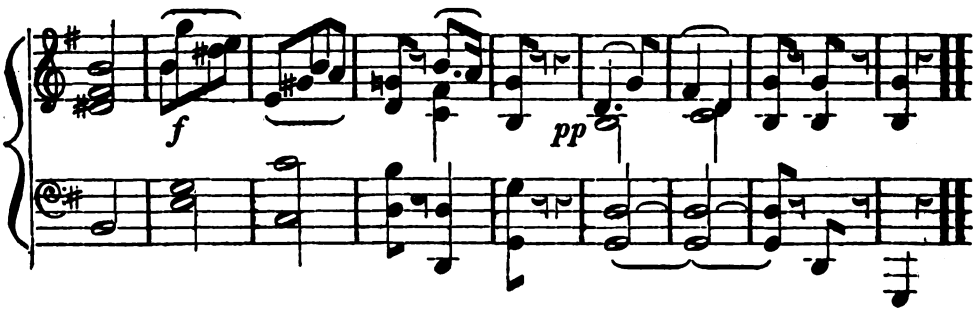
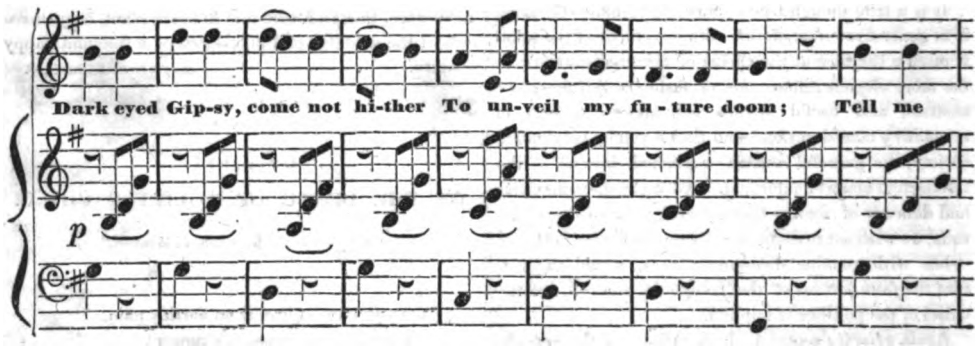
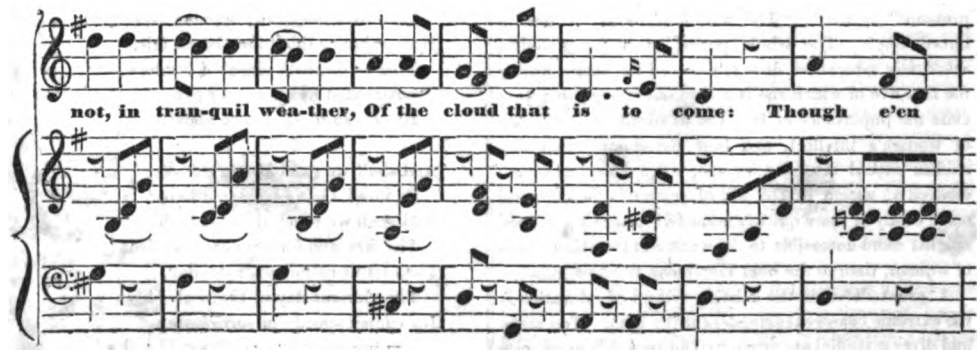
DARK EYED GIPSY.

A BALLAD.









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Ritard.

now the sun-beam leaves me, Let me dream that it will last, Till the hap-py

Ritard.

pp

fu-ture gives me some a-tone-ment for the past, Some a - tone - ment for the

past.

Dim.

p

mf

p

f

SECOND VERSE.

Tempt me not with happy fictions,
I should listen with a sneer;
Chill me not with dark predictions,
I should listen with a tear;
Wave no wand of magic o'er me,
Vaunt not of your mystic skill;
Let the veil that lies before me
Be impenetrable still.

THIRD VERSE.

When the young and gay are near you,
Then indulge your magic mood;
How intently will they hear you!
Credulous of all that's good!
Boast of all the bliss you've brought them,
Give imagination scope;
Disappointment hath not taught them
To mistrust the dreams of hope.

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Original.

ABIDE WITH US.

Luke, xxiv. 29.

"Abide with us;" the evening hour draws on;
And pleasant at the daylight's weary close
The traveller's repose!
And, as at morn's approach, the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh, blessed stranger! have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our hearts were held.
Sad were our souls, and quenched hope's latest ray;
But thou, to us, hath words of comfort given,
Of him who came from Heaven!
How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While thou, the sacred scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old!
"Abide with us!" let us not lose thee yet!
Lest, unto us, the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's Hope, his better Sun, is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless wo!
Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side,
Who on the cross had died!
But when he broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And, in the stranger, hailed their risen Lord!
"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt, and bitterness, and dread,
When as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze!
He trusts the word, yet fears, lest from his heart,
He, whose discourse is peace, too soon depart.
Open, thou trembling one! the portal wide,
And to the inmost palace of thy breast,
Take home the Heavenly guest!
He, for the famished, shall a feast provide;
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee,
Beloved! who, for us with care hast sought—
Say, shall we hear thy voice, and let Thee wait
All night before the gate,
Wet with the dews, nor greet Thee as we ought?
Oh, strike the fetters from the thrall of pride,
And that we perish not, with us, oh, Lord! abide!

E. F. E.

Without woman the two extremities of this life would be destitute of succor, and the middle would be devoid of pleasure. Without a mother's care, our lives would generally terminate in our infancy; without a female companion in middle life, this world would seem as a desert; the most endearing ties which bind us to it, would be dissolved; and when our end approaches, our pillow is smoothed, the sufferings of a bed of sickness are alleviated, and even the pangs of dissolution are mitigated by the female hand, by the kind sympathies of a friend, by the tender assiduities of a wife, or the dutiful and endearing affection of a daughter.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Anthon's Classical Dictionary: *Harper & Brothers.*—America can boast of having given to the world two of the most erudite works which grace the literature of any country. The first is Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, a work acknowledged to be, and accepted of, as the most profound and correct expositor of that tongue, extant. The second, the present work, which is now before us: one of the most invaluable learned compositions which human intellect has ever produced. Such a dictionary has from time immemorial been wanted in our seminaries of learning as well as a book of reference to the general reader, for scarcely any publication of value but more or less has some allusion to or connected with the history of the Ancients. Lempriere's useful but imperfect Dictionary has, up to this time, been the only work to which the scholar could resort for information, and in many cases it was found to contain but a mere outline of the matter, when he hoped to meet with a full elucidation. But this is altogether now remedied by the present work, combining as it does, an accurate and full account of the Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, and the Fine Arts of Greece and Rome. The publishers have spared no expense in their department, for which they deserve the thanks as well the plentiful reward of the intellectual community.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe: *Harper & Brothers.*—A work of indefatigable research and learning, comprising a synoptical view of the literary history of three centuries. It has not, as most other works of a like character which have preceded it, proved to be a mere compilation. It is a careful, astute, and philological disquisition on the multifarious subjects of which it is composed. The author has patiently and laboriously traversed the whole province of letters, from what may be termed the mediaeval age of literature, down to the close of the seventeenth century. To say that he has performed his task well, would be but feeble praise, he has done it nobly; better, we believe, than any other individual, at this day existing. May the wish which he so modestly expresses at the conclusion of the work be realized. "I cannot affect to doubt," he says, "that I have contributed something to the general literature of my country, something to the honorable estimation of my own name, and to the inheritance of those, it is for me still to cherish that hope, to whom I have to bequeath it."

The Nestorians, *by Asahel Grant, M. D.: Harper & Brothers.*—The laudable motives which induced the author of this volume to undertake a pilgrimage of danger and privation, would be sufficient to find for it a favorable reception, however mediocre were the talents displayed in its pages, but it is a work of great value to society at large, serving to throw light upon a community of people hitherto almost unknown, and who, from the investigations and observations of Dr. Grant, appear to be the true representatives and lineal descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel. We have read the work with great satisfaction, and commend it with pleasure to our readers as a production tending to throw much information upon a subject fraught with the most sacred interests of humanity. It is written in a spirit of great liberality, and although the author is evidently firmly impressed with the conviction of his subject, still not the least symptom of an inclination leaning to any particular sect or creed, appears throughout the work. His own words will better speak his feelings. "The early history of the people," he says, "their relative geographical position, their present character and eagerness for instruction, their adherence to the word of God as the rule of their faith and practice, and the portentous signs of the times in these lands, indicating some momentous crisis, in which a host of faithful soldiers of the cross should bind on their armor, and prepare for the approaching conflict. Motives the most weighty, and encouragement the most cheering, urge us onward." Such language breathes the spirit of sincerity; the cause is good which he advocates, and seriously do we hope his wishes may be realized.

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POWHATAN; A METRICAL ROMANCE, *by Seba Smith: Harper & Brothers.*—There is considerable interest in the story and some good poetry scattered thoughout the pages of this work. Mr. Smith has aimed at simplicity of style, in his composition and he has succeeded. His similes are always correct and his pictures of scenery show that he regards nature with the eye of a poet. It is truly an American poem, and one of which his country may be proud.

LETTERS AT HOME, *by Miss Martineau: Appleton & Co.*—A very mediocre book. Aiming at simplicity the authoress has fallen into a rhodomontate of twaddle and completely failed in producing a work adapted for either the people or their children. Her mind is naturally too masculine, which combined with her spinster propensities, render her incompetent for the depicting of juvenile character.

STRIVE AND THRIVE, *by Mary Howitt: Appleton & Co.*—Any work which bears the name of this charming authoress will be found worthy of perusal, and this little volume particularly so. It is a beautiful tale, conveying a sound moral, and may be perused with advantage by the old as well as the young.

THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW, *by Mrs. Sawyer: P. Price.*—A delicious little book. Of three tales and one poem which compose the volume, "The Lonely Burial" is the best. It is simply and naturally related, touching the heart most powerfully. We commend it to those who love morality under the guise of fiction.

INSUBORDINATION: *Samuel Coleman.*—The writer of this story is already favorably known as the author of the Subordinate, the Minister, etc., and has certainly added much to his reputation by the present production. The characters and incidents are naturally sketched and the moral excellent. We regret however, that the early chapters contain occasional expressions of vulgarity which militate much against its interst.

THE TYROLESE MINSTRELS: *G. W. Light.*—This little work is a compound of fact and fiction woven into an interesting and well written story.

THE HISTORY OF A FLIRT: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a reprint of a work which has acquired considerable reputation in England, and is certainly one of the best of this fashionable grade of novels, which appears to be the prevailing rage among the community of light readers. For ourselves we are no friends to this class of writing, it is too superficial, too tramontane in character and purpose to the taste of the American reader, and in no manner calculated to improve the mind. In the novels of Scott, James, and even the not over fastidious Bulwer, there is always some incident connected with history or some character from which instruction and occasionally precept may be obtained—but, in the portraying of fashionable life, its gossip and all other flimsy concomitants there is nothing to be derived, but much regret to be expressed at the sacrifice of time in their perusal.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SEAS, *by Charles Ellms: Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co.*—A perfect ollapodrida of famine, fire, shipwreck and plague, which have transpired upon the seas, lakes and rivers. We are no friends to the publication of such books, because they are calculated to create a morbid taste in the youthful mind and seduce it from the more instructive studies of life, but to those who love "to sup full of horrors" it will no doubt, prove most acceptable. The volume is well printed, adorned with innumerable nautical woodcuts, and tastefully bound.

COLIN CLINK, *by Charles Hoolen: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have received the second but not the first volume of this work. When we are in possession of the whole we may venture our opinion of its merits.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The appearance of Mr. Forrest, on the boards of this theatre, has contributed to a slight revival of its success, and afforded the lovers of good acting an opportunity to see some of our best plays performed in a very respectable manner. Among all his characters, Richelieu, to us, appears the one in which the genius of Mr. Forrest is most apparent. Perhaps this arises from its being a performance in which we beheld him previous to any other actor, and also as he depends solely on himself in delineating his own idea of the author. There is mind in every line he utters, matured by professional experience, constituting one of the most vivid and graphic performances existing. In all actors, there is generally a mannerism in every part they assume—a transferring of some remarkable style or point, most successful in their acting, into their embodyment of a new character, thereby marring the originality of the part, and the author's intention, and imparting to the audience an association of recollections fraught with their other performances. This rock Mr. Forrest seems to have carefully avoided from splitting upon in Richelieu, and so completely has he identified himself with the character, that but for occasional tones of his voice, it is difficult to recognize the representative of the Noble Roman, the Moorish Soldier, the Gladiator, and the stern Indian in the senile minister of Louis the XIV. He stands before you a weak old man, but with all that "indomitable spirit" which made him the hero in the field, as the foremost in the council, the crafty politician, the subtle churchman, in whose presence his king was but a cipher, and the destiny of France was held in his hand as a bauble. It is a performance of great and original skill, and we question much if the primitive delineator who has won "golden opinions" for his impersonation of the character, ever conceived and executed it in so artistical and masterly a manner. One great objection is generally started by the hypercritical, against this gentleman's acting—his too energetic and boisterous manner, and his powerful voice, and when employed injudiciously, are certainly deserving of censure; but they are faults of minor importance, which time and experience will rectify, and Mr. Forrest has already shown his good judgment, in many cases, in departing from his first conceptions of character, and investing them with those of study and experience, yet even were he still wedded to his exuberancy of voice and gesture, for our own part we are willing to confess that we would sooner tolerate them than what are too often the characteristics of actors now-a-days, an affectation of refinement, a pedantic style of enunciation, and an imbecility of execution. There is a freshness about every thing he attempts, an earnestness of manner, which commands the attention of his audience, and an originality of idea that no other performer ever displays. In his Othello few living actors can approach him, and in his Lear he is equal to the best delineators of the part, while his Damon, Claude Melnotte, Virginius, and a host of others, to say nothing of his Metamora and Spartacus, are stamped with the impress of excellence, and exhibit a versatility not to be met with in any other great tragedian. Mr. Murdock of the Philadelphia theatres, has been supporting Mr. Forrest during his engagement, and with considerable success. Mrs. G. Jones has attempted the sustaining of some of the principal heroines, but from want of experience, is not yet qualified for such a high standing in her profession. There is one great drawback to the performing of a play at this theatre, the want of a principal tragedy actress, and, in consequence, many of Mr. Forrest's finest scenes were marred; for a length of time this has been the case, and whether from scarcity of talent, or principles of economy, we know not, but we would seriously call the attention of the manager to this, as it is a duty he owes to the public, and the cause of the drama.

BOWERY.—The enterprizing manager of this house has once more returned to the legitimate drama. Quadrupeds having been found no longer of advantage to the treasury, or respectability of the theatre. We are sincerely glad of this, for although that species of entertainment has its class of admirers,

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and was produced at the Bowery in as perfect a manner as liberality and taste could accomplish, still we regretted that the stage should be converted into an arena of buffoonery, and the manager pander to the morbid appetite of the mass. From the commencement of the equestrian performances, it was easy to discover that a false excitement only attracted the audiences; there was no true love for such exhibitions, for no sensible individual who beheld them once, ever desired to behold them again. Not so with the legitimate drama, "a well performed play," as a celebrated writer says, "while it delights and instructs, leaves behind it an odor, as it were, which causes the beholder again to seek the flower, to gaze upon and admire its beauty," and the comparison has been successfully illustrated since the revival of the drama upon the boards of this theatre, elegant and intellectual auditories being seen nightly, admiring the productions of Shakspeare and other legitimate writers, represented in a manner that no other establishment in the city, at this time, can represent. The company is perfect in every department, and with the powerful aid of Mr. Hamblin in the leading characters, we hesitate not to say that within our remembrance, the drama was never more ably supported. We have witnessed the tragedy of Hamlet by the first actors, but never were we more gratified than in beholding Mr. Hamblin's personation of the Danish prince. It is seldom that you can find an actor who can associate his delineation with the Hamlet of Shakspeare; so purely and delicately is it drawn by the poet, a being too fine for the regions of mortality; a spirit bound by the thrall of worldly fetters. From his first appearance on the page of Shakspeare, he seems a creation of another world, doomed to a short existence on earth, and that existence prolonged only by a want of resolution to cut the thread of life; a melancholy and misanthropic youth, to whom all earth is "stale, flat, and unprofitable," mourning for a lost and beloved father, and seeking to shuffle off the mortal coil. Now in the acting of this character, all performers, (and it is almost impossible to do otherwise,) ruffle, as it were, the smoothness of its surface. To create effect, they become spirited and artificial, which at once destroys the image of hallowed and mournful beauty, but in Mr. Hamblin we beheld the nice discriminating principle of making the actor subservient to the author; there was no "out heroding herod," no pompous strut and studied gesture; he walked meditated and delineated as the poet intended, and the breathless attention mingled with the judicious applause with which he was rewarded, must have convinced him that his conception was justly appreciated. Mr. Barry sustained the Ghost, as he does every thing, correctly. Mrs. Herring, one of the most useful actresses existing, portrayed Ophelia with taste and discrimination, and Mrs. Anderson looked the Queen magnificently. Although repulsive in its nature is the character, and out of favor with the audience, she however contrived, by her bearing and acting, to win their judicious opinion. Some of the minor characters, we think, might have been better *cast*, and to which we would call the attention of the manager, yet viewing the play as a whole, it was one of the most perfect performances it ever was our lot to witness.

National Opera House.—A continuation of the Naiad Queen has occupied part of the past month at this establishment, and also a few performances by the celebrated Booth, but the principal attraction has been the production of a mythological drama, entitled Semiramis, freely rendered, according to the bills, from the German, combining all that is gorgeous in scenery and stage appointments. To the lovers of spectacle, it will well repay a visit, for seldom has this species of entertainment before been produced in such perfection in New-York. We believed the Naiad Queen to be the acme of all theatrical pageantry, but the production of Semiramis has shown that we were deceived, for it has in every way surpassed it. Attention, skill and liberality, have been bestowed upon every department of the spectacle, and which appear to be appreciated by the public, rewarding the management with a succession of well filled houses.

Chatham.—Mr. Thorne is indefatigable in his exertions to cater for the public, and certainly if a succession of novelties entitles him to praise and support, he merits them strongly, and we rejoice to know that neither are wanting. In Mrs. Thorne he has a mine of wealth; a more versatile and excellent actress, the stage, at this moment, does not possess, while in himself and his company, there is the essence of first rate dramatic material.

Olympic.—Various burlesques have been brought forward and revived with the tact, skill and taste for which Mr. Mitchell is proverbial. Success he deserves, and the public bestow it plentifully.

Little Drury.—This neat little place of amusement has once more opened under its recent management, with an augmentation to its forces. The managers profess to revive the legitimate drama, and we should be happy to perceive their acts keep pace with their professions, but, as yet, the principal entertainments have been only of the lighter order of the legitimate, such as two act dramas and vaudevilles. There is sufficient talent in the company to do better things, and we trust the managers will employ it.

EDITORS' TABLE.

To our Lady Subscribers.—The plate of the Fashions which we present this month to our fair readers, we may venture to affirm, is unequalled in correctness by any similar engraving at this time in the Union. Our arrangements are such, that the latest and most popular costumes of Paris and London are always forwarded to us, accompanied with the instructions and advice of some of the most fashionable female artistes of these cities. The great advantage arising to ladies from these engravings, who, by distance or other circumstances, are prevented from availing themselves of city assistance in the construction of their costume, is at once apparent, and proves that no department of our periodical is overlooked, to render it every way worthy of its appellation—a Ladies' Companion.

Plate of Summer Fashions.—*Full Dress.*—The hair in ringlets, ornamented with flowers, and a plume of paradise. The robe of fancy muslin, the waist cut low, and trimmed with deep blond lace, sleeves short. The skirt full draped, and decorated in front with rows and tassels of pearls.

Promenade and Carriage Dress.—Robe of brocade or rich muslin. The skirt open in front, waist low, and trimmed with frilled crape or blond lace, sleeves long, and not too full, with a half sleeve, descending from the shoulder to near the elbow. Silk, leghorn, chip, or shirred hat. Brim small, and ornamented with rows of frilled crape.

Evening Dress.—Hair plainly braided. Half turban of rich satin, silk or crape, two small feathers pendant from the left. Robe of fancy muslin, waist low, sleeves full and open, looped to the shoulders, displaying the whole arm. Skirt full, trimmed with two rows of deep blond, each being looped in front, with a wreath of silk and imitation feathers.

Brackett's Binding of Satan.—A wonderful piece of art, considering the youth of the artist. Three months, we are informed, being the whole period occupied in its conception and execution. The subject is a noble one, fit for the chisel of the greatest sculptor. We admire the daring of Mr. Brackett. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," appears to be his motto, and we trust that his enthusiasm, supported by industry, time and study, will entitle him to wear it nobly.

New Music.—*The Changeling, by James G. Maeder.*—The composer of this beautiful ballad is too well known to require any particular commendation from us, nevertheless we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion that it is one of the most successful he has produced. It is the first of a series of Irish melodies now in the course of publication, and if the succeeding ones are equal, or only nearly to this, we will venture to predict that their popularity will be great. The words are worthy of the music, and are written by John Inman, Esq.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JULY, 1841.

EFFIE DEANS.

Our engraving for this month is the portrait of one of Scott's heroines, from one of his most popular novels, the Heart of Mid Lothian. Few readers but will recollect the circumstances arising from an error in her life, on which Scott has constructed his novel, as well as her sister, the virtuous Jeanie Deans, one of the most beautiful sketches of high principle and steady affection which was ever delineated by any author. In the introduction to this work, added a few years previous to his death, we find the following communication. As it is perhaps unknown to many of our readers, we believe it will be received by them as most acceptable, and show how little the great novelist required for the formation of one of his imperishable writings.

"The true name of the sisters was Walker. The eldest of the two having been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore, it will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, the eldest, that if she could declare that her sister Isabella, had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, that such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, 'It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath to my conscience.'"

"The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty, and condemned; but, in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the execution and sentence, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London.

"Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple, (perhaps ill expressed) petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself in her Tartan plaid and country attire, to the late Duke of Argyle, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it, on foot, just in time to save her sister." Out of this sketch has Scott created one of the most delightful of his productions, and Effie Deans, the Lily of Saint Leonards, we have selected as a fit offering to the readers of the Companion. The artist has chosen the character of his subject most happily. The evening star tells that it is the twilight hour, while Effie is returning from her humble occupation, full of innocence and beauty.

"Effie was young and lovely—in her eye
The glance of beauty, in her cheek the dye—
Her shape was slender, and her features small,
But graceful, easy, unaffected all;
The liveliest tints her youthful face disclosed;
There beauty sparkled, and there health reposed:"

or, in sober prose, and in the words of the great master himself, "She was a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure and contentment. Her brown russet short gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts. The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. The lads of the neighboring suburb, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense, to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprized into a moment's delight, while gazing on a creature so exquisite—instantly checked by a sigh, reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and imperfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of Saint Leonards, a name which she deserved as much for her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as for her uncommon loveliness of face and person."

As we have already remarked the position of the figure, the back ground and the time are all admirably in keeping. We can easily imagine the Scottish maiden with her milk-pail, returning from the King's park, chanting some snatch of a familiar ballad, such as—

"The elfin knight sat on the brae,
The broom grows bonnie, the broom grows fair,
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we darena gang down to the broom nae mair,"

her youthful bosom throbbing with delight in having met with "the gentle Geordie," artless and confiding—a bright star in the firmament of innocence, ere the clouds of sin and shame have shrouded for ever its brilliance.

R. M.

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Original.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR IN WILTSHIRE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

December 15th, 1764.

To-day I received from our Rector, Dr. Snarr, ten pounds sterling, the amount of my half year's salary. After waiting an hour and a half in the hall, cold and fatigued, I was asked to walk into his study. He sat in a large easy chair before his writing table, on which was laid the money due to me. He answered my salutation with a slight bend of his head, lifting at the same time a dark silken cap, such as is worn in the house in cold weather. Truly he is very dignified; and I never approach him without a sort of awe. I do not think, were he the King himself, that he would command more respect.

He did not ask me to sit down, though he knew I had walked this morning eleven miles, through bad weather, to receive my instalment, but pointed to the money on the table.

My heart throbbed painfully, while I strove to say what I had long made up my mind to say—to utter my petition for a small increase of salary. Would that I could lay aside this silly diffidence, when what I have to say need surely cause no shame! I stood like a culprit, and twice essayed to speak in vain. The sweat stood on my forehead: at last, looking up kindly, the Rector asked—"Do you wish any thing?"

I answered hesitatingly—"Living is very dear, sir—I find it scarcely possible to subsist on my present salary in these times."

"Your present salary? you have twenty pounds, sir. Let me tell you, I can have a vicar in your place any day for fifteen pounds per annum."

"Fifteen pounds! Well—if he has no family, he may possibly get along with it."

"Your family, sir, is not larger, I trust, than it has been? You are a widower, and have only two daughters."

"Very true, but these are growing apace. My Jenny, the eldest, is eighteen years old, and Mary is near thirteen."

"So much the better—the girls can work, I suppose?"

He did not give me time to answer, but rose from his chair, walked to the window, and drummed awhile with his fingers on the glass. "I have not time," said he, "to talk further to-day of the matter. Reflect upon it, and let me know if you wish to keep the place at fifteen pounds a year. If you decide that you will not, I wish you a better situation with the new-year."

He bowed formally to me and once more touched his cap. I hastily put the money in my pocket-book, took my leave and quitted the house, too much agitated to speak. I wondered what had brought such a blow upon me. Some person has undoubtedly been slandering me to him. He did not invite me, according to his custom hitherto, to stay dinner, though I should have been glad of the invitation, having taken no breakfast before leaving Crekelad. To satisfy the cravings of appetite, I bought a roll from a baker's boy, and ate it as I walked homewards.

On the way home I behaved like a child. My tears moistened the roll I was eating. Truly I ought to be ashamed of my weakness. Suppose, instead of being only five pounds a year poorer, I had lost the place entirely! When I think of it, indeed, twenty pounds are little enough to feed and clothe three persons. What then—are not the lilies in the field clothed? Who feedeth the young ravens? We must endeavor to live even more frugally than we have done.

December 16th.—Jenny is a sweet girl. Her mind is as fair as her person. She is better than I, who am her father. I had not courage to tell my girls of my misfortune last night; when I did so this morning, Jenny at first looked grave—then smiled sweetly, and said—"Are you disturbed about it, father?"

"Have I not reason to be so?"

"No, father, you have not?"

"Dear child, we shall never have done with debts and troubles. I know not how we shall live."

"God will take care of us!" cried Jenny, and laid her arm caressingly on my neck. Mary came and seated herself on my knee, seeing me look sad, and said by way of diverting me—"Let me tell you something, father. I dreamed last night, it was new-year, and the King came to Crekelad. Oh, what a magnificent suite he had! I thought the King got off his horse just before our door, and came in. We were at dinner, and had roast meat and vegetables. The King had some gold and silver dishes brought in from his own table. Then I thought I heard trumpets and kettledrums; and, only think—they brought in on a satin cushion a new-year's present for my dear father! It was a bishop's mitre—all of gold! You looked very odd with that on your head, exactly like the bishops in my old picture book. You seemed very well pleased, but I could not help laughing to see how strangely you looked. Then Jenny came and wakened me. Now, dear father, the dream of a new-year's gift must certainly mean something! It it is now fourteen days to the new-year."

"Dreams are nought, my child," said I.

"I do not know; but I am determined to remember my dream, and see if nothing comes to pass. It will not be so *very* wonderful if you should get a new-year's present."

All this evening I spent in reckoning and calculations. Alas! it only perplexes me and makes me sadder at heart.

December 17th.—My debts, I thank Heaven, are now paid, with the exception of one. At five different places I have paid seven pounds eleven shillings; I have two pounds nine shillings remaining. On that I am to subsist six months!

I must do without the dark colored breeches I was about to order from the tailor, though I have pressing need of them. They would just suit me, and their price is reasonable—but Jenny is yet more in want of a

* From the German of Zochokke.

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new gown. I cannot bear to see the good girl wearing her thin old frock this cold weather. Mary can do without, her sister having altered some of her clothes for her.

I must also give up my share in the Times Gazette, which I have been taking with the weaver Westburn. I am sorry for that, for here without the newspapers one never knows what is going on in the world. The last number gives account of the races at New-Market, at which the Duke of Cumberland won from the Duke of Grafton, a wager to the amount of five thousand pounds sterling! How strange it seems that the words of Scripture should be so literally fulfilled—'To him that hath shall be given:' and it may be added with truth—'From him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'

Shame on thee, ungrateful murmurer! and wherefore murmur? Because I can no longer read the Times Gazette! May I be forgiven this sin! After all, I can learn the news from my neighbors almost as soon as I could have read them.

December 18th.—How little it takes to delight poor people. Jenny has purchased a gown from the shopman for a mere trifle, and is now, with Mary, engaged in ripping it up to make for herself. She understands bargaining better than I do; but perhaps her gentle, winning manners assist her. She will wear the new gown on new-year's day. Mary has a hundred cheerful comments and prophecies to make. I dare say the Dey of Algiers never pleased himself half so much over the presents of the Venitians.

Jenny thinks we can save enough from the table to pay for her gown, we are therefore to have no meat 'till new-year's day.

The weaver Westburn is a kind neighbor—I told him yesterday I should have to give up my share of the Times—and he answered, shaking me by the hand—"Well, then, I will take the paper alone, and you shall read it with me, my good sir."

It must be acknowledged, there are more kind people in the world than we are apt to think, and more among the poor than the rich.

Evening.—Though I owe the baker nothing, yet as Mary went to fetch the bread, which was half burnt, he began to quarrel with her so loudly that people stopped in the street. He protested that he would let us have nothing more on credit; that we must get our bread elsewhere. Mary came home crying. I am sorry for the poor child; we had enough to do to comfort her.

Truly, this little hamlet is a wonderful place for news. It is currently reported that Doctor Snarr is going to provide himself with another vicar in my stead. That would be my ruin!

The butcher, apprised of my coming misfortunes, has sent his wife to me, complaining of hard times, and regretting that it will be out of his power to furnish meat hereafter, except for ready money. The woman was civil enough, and abounded in expressions of kindness and esteem for us; I cannot blame her. She advised us to go to Colswood, and deal with him hereafter; he was rich, and could afford to wait for his pay. I could have told the good woman that we had found this man extortionate, some time since; he asking a penny a pound more for his meat than any body else; and that when remonstrated with, he had boldly said, the money he had to wait for ought to bring him interest, and had shown us the door.

My little wealth has dwindled down to two pounds one shilling and three-pence. How this will end, I know not. And, if the Rector deprives me of my place—but I will not anticipate evil.

December 19th, very early.—I have been awake a long time, turning over in my mind what I shall do. I thought of writing to Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge, but alas! it is the rich, not the poor, who have cousins. Were I a bishop, as Mary thought me in her dream, half England would be related to me. Finally I wrote the following letter to Dr. Snarr, to send by to-day's post:

"Rev'd. Sir—I write with an anxious heart. It is rumored here, that you are going to provide yourself with another vicar, and dismiss me. I know not if there be any ground for such a report, or if it has merely grown out of what was said at our last interview, which I mentioned to one or two persons. I trust you have no intention of dismissing me. I have endeavored to discharge the duties committed to me zealously and faithfully. I have preached the word of God in purity, and with a wish to impress the truth on the hearts of the people. I hear no complaints; nay, my inward monitor, conscience, does not accuse me. I cannot think in what I have offended, except in my humble petition the other day for an augmentation of salary, you then spoke of lessening it, though before it hardly sufficed to keep me and my family from absolute want. Your own human feelings, sir, may decide if I ought to be blamed for that. Under your honored predecessor I served sixteen years, under you I have served a year and a half. I am now fifty years old; I have no friends or patrons, no prospect of another place, and can think of no other way of earning my bread. My living and that of my children depend on your favor. Should you cast us off, we are reduced to beggary. My expenses, as I mentioned before, have been unavoidably increased of late, notwithstanding the most rigid economy. My eldest daughter fills the place of mother to the younger, and takes charge of the house. We keep no servants—my girls are maid, cook, laundress and seamstress, and the outdoor work I perfom myself. They have endeavored to earn something by taking in work, but little is to be done in this way. Crekelad is a small place, the people are not rich, and seldom hire assistance. I should not forget to enumerate mercies with hardships: we have had little sickness, and no occasion to employ a physician. This has been fortunate for us. I trouble you with this detail, to show you how much reason I had to wish for an increase of means. It was hard to live on twenty pounds a year, I anticipated more difficulty with but fifteen, but I have no other resource, and trust, sir, in your kindness and the mercy of God, to continue that to me—etc. etc."

When I had sealed and directed this letter, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed that it might be successful, while Mary took it to the letter-carrier. How wonderfully relieved I felt in mind. Ah! a word *to God* is ever a word *from God!* I went forth from my chamber as light-hearted, as I had entered it sad.

Jenny sat by the window at work, looking as serene and happy as if nothing had ever occurred to trouble her. How beautiful she looked, as the rays of the morning sun, pouring through the little window, were reflected on her face! I felt refreshed in spirit. I sat down at my desk to write my sermon.

In the church I preach to myself as well as to others, and if nobody else is benefitted, I am; if no soul receives comfort from my words, I do. It is with the minister as with the physician—he knows the power of his salutary medicines, though not always their effect on the constitution of those to whom they are administered.

Noon.—This morning I received a note, sent from the inn, from a stranger who had lodged there all night,

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begging to see me as soon as I could make it convenient. I walked down immediately and inquired for the stranger. He was a fine looking young man, of about seven and twenty. He wore an overcoat, much the worse for wear, and his boots were soiled with travelling. His hat, though originally of better quality than mine, was even more worn; yet, spite of his threadbare apparel, his bearing was that of a gentleman. I noticed also, that his shirt was of fine linen, and immaculate in whiteness. He asked me to walk into his chamber, and after many excuses for the liberty he had taken in thus troubling me, informed me that he found himself at present in the greatest embarrassment, and having no acquaintance in the village, when he arrived yesterday evening, he had applied to me, knowing that I was a clergyman. He was, he said, by profession a comedian, and on his way to Manchester, where he hoped for an engagement: but was just now unexpectedly out of money. He had not enough, in fact, to pay for his night's lodging and his fare to Manchester; he but needed the merest trifle —twelve shillings. That sum would relieve him from his difficulties—and if I would be kind enough to advance it, I might rest assured that as soon as he realized any thing from his engagement in Manchester, it should be thankfully repaid. His name was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him to say how much anxiety his embarrassment caused him, as his distressed looks showed that more plainly than words. Alas! he must have read an answering grief in mine! When he ended his story and glanced at me, he seemed ashamed, and asked eagerly—"Will you not relieve me, sir?"

Without circumlocution, I explained to him the circumstances in which I was placed, that the sum he required was no less than the fourth part of my whole property, and that I was by no means certain of retaining the insufficient support I had. With evident disappointment and chagrin, he answered—"We are companions in misfortune, I see—I can ask nothing of you. But is there no other person in this village who has, if not wealth, at least sympathy for one in my strait?"

I felt ashamed and vexed that I had been tempted to speak of my own unhappy situation, and to make that an excuse for being deaf to the call of distress. I thought over all my acquaintance in Crekelad, but found not one to whom I could recommend the young man to apply. At last, stepping up, and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said—"Mr. Fleetman, I am truly sorry for you. Have a little patience—I am very poor, but I will help you if I can. In an hour you shall have an answer from me."

I went home. On the way I could not help thinking how singular it was that the stranger should think first of applying to me—he being a comedian, and I a clergyman. There must be something in my nature which draws the poor and unfortunate to me, like magnetism. Those in need come to me, who have least to give. I will venture, were I seated at a table with twenty others, and a hungry dog in the room, he would be sure to come straight up to me, and lay his cold nose entreatingly on my lap!

On reaching home, I told the girls of my adventure, and the request of the stranger. I wanted to have Jenny's advice. She said in a sympathizing tone—"I know, father, what you are thinking—so I have no advice to give in the matter."

"And what am I thinking?"

"That you will do to this poor actor what you wish Doctor Snarr should do to you."

"That was not what I was thinking; but I wish such had been my thought." I counted out the twelve shillings and gave them to Jenny, that she might take them to the stranger. I did not take them myself for I wished to shun his thanks, which would have humbled me. Ingratitude always makes me more proud,—and now I will go on to write my sermon.

Evening.—When Jenny returned, she had much to tell me of what she had seen and heard, not only about the stranger but the landlady. The mistress of the inn had learned that her guest's purse was empty, and Jenny could not deny when questioned, that she brought him a loan from me. Then she had to listen to a lecture upon the folly of those who gave when they had so little, or who lent to vagabonds, when they had not enough to live on at home: with many prudent sayings, etc.

I was still writing my sermon, when Master Fleetman came in. He could not leave Crekelad, he said, without thanking his benefactor, who had relieved him in so pressing a difficulty. Jenny was just laying the cloth for dinner. We had turnips and an omelet, and as our fare was better than usual, I invited him to partake it with us. He accepted willingly, having made, I suppose, but a sorry breakfast at the inn, and Mary was despatched to fetch some beer as a treat.

The young stranger seemed to enjoy our social meal. His former expression of anxiety and distress was gone, but still there was about him an air of reserve and melancholy. He thought us very happy, and we assured him we were so. He took me to be better off than I had said; but in that he was mistaken. Our real poverty was not apparent to him, while every thing looked so neat and comfortable about us. The orderly appearance of our little apartment, the cleanliness of the floor and the windows, shaded by snow-white curtains, with the polish of our chairs and table, took his attention from the homeliness of the furniture. In truth, the cottages of the poor generally present such a scene of dirt and discomfort, as excites disgust as well as pity. They seem to think it costs too much to be clean. But this is a mistake. Order and neatness are the best helps to economy: so my lamented wife taught the girls. Jenny has learned this lesson admirably, and is teaching it daily to her sister. She has an eye for the smallest speck of dirt.

Before long, our guest was quite domesticated with us. But he spoke less of his own, than of our prospects. He has evidently something still upon his heart; I will not believe upon his *conscience*. I noticed that he often paused in the midst of conversation, and seemed abstracted. May he be consoled, if he have need of comfort!

When he left us in the afternoon, I gave him a good deal of well-meant advice. He must know that theatri-

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cal people are too often frivolous and unstable. He smiled, and thanked me again for my kindness, promising to repay my loan as soon as he should receive any money. He also asked, with an expression of sincere interest and sympathy, how long I supposed we could subsist on what remained to me. His parting words were—"It is impossible, sir, things in this world can go far wrong with you. You have Heaven in your own breast and two of Heaven's angels always about you." With this he glanced at my two daughters.

December 20th.—This day has passed quietly, though I can hardly say pleasantly. Lester, the shop-keeper, sent me in his year's account. The amount was greater than we had expected; not that the articles were not accurately set down, but their price was more than we anticipated. The whole, with arrears, which he begged I would settle for, came to eighteen shillings.

I went myself to Mr. Lester. He is a civil and courteous man, and I made bold to ask him to receive payment in part, and wait for the rest 'till Easter. He regretted, he said, that he was unable to oblige me; within three days he must take up a note, on the payment of which his credit depended, and credit, I must be aware, was every thing to a merchant.

My representations were in vain, and I was compelled to send him payment for the whole. My all has now dwindled down to eleven shillings. I hope Fleetman will not delay the performance of his promise, else I know not what is to become of me and my children. There is One who knows, if thou dost not—oh, thou of little faith! Why so disquieted? What have I done? Poverty, surely, is no sin!

December 24th.—We have at least something to be pleased at. Jenny has finished her gown, and looks as pretty as a bride in it. Dear girl! She tells me every evening, how frugally she has managed household matters during the day. In truth, we have not much evening, being obliged to go to bed at seven, to save fuel and oil, but the girls work more briskly while the day lasts, and talk cheerfully 'till they fall asleep. And then we have a good store of turnips and pulse. Jenny thinks we may get along for six or eight weeks, without contracting any debts. But I question that. Still we look forward to the returns from Fleetman. He is frequently the subject of our conversation; his arrival was an era in our monotonous life. The girls often talk of him, and it is amusing, when Mary says—"What a pity he is nothing but a player!" To hear Jenny tell about the rich and celebrated actors in London, who sit at the Prince's table, and give her opinion that Fleetman must be one of the best of actors. He is tall and well formed, and has so much dignity and so expressive a voice! "Ah, yes!" cries Mary, archly, "did he not call you an angel?" "And you too!" answers her sister, coloring. "Yes, it is true, I may pass for one in your company," says the younger, "but he looked at you while he was speaking."

All this and the like girlish nonsense awakens in me a father's anxiety. Mary grows apace. Jenny is now a woman. What prospects have the poor girls? Jenny is a well-informed, industrious, and very lovely girl, but our poverty is known to all the village; on that account we are neglected, and she has had no offers. An angel without money is now-a-days thought little of. The only one who has paid her the least attention is the shopkeeper Lester. When she took the money to him the other day, he presented her with a pound of almonds and raisins, and said he was very sorry to press me for payment, but that if I would continue to deal with him, he would give me credit 'till Easter. I do not think he would have said so much to me.

December 26th.—These have been two gloomy days. The Christmas festival has never seemed so gloomy before. I preached my two sermons, during two days, in four different churches. The roads were dismal, as was the weather. I feel that I am beginning to grow old. I have no longer the strength and elasticity of frame I once had.

Both days I dined at Farmer Hurst's. The country people are far more hospitable than the villagers among whom I have not been invited out to dinner in half a year. How I wished my daughters could have sat down to table with us! Such a profusion of good things, and enough left to provide a Christmas feast for a poor family. But they had a share of it, and enjoy it even while I am writing. I am glad that on taking leave I had courage to ask for a cold cut, to carry to the girls. The good people filled a basket for me, and as it was raining, sent me home in the wagon.

I am now very tired, and will write down some other time my conversation with Farmer Hurst, which was really worth remembering.

December 27th.—How good and evil are blended in this world! I heard this morning a report that Brooks had committed suicide, and went to Alderman Fieldson's to see about it. This man was a distant relation of my late wife, and ten or twelve years ago I had consented to be his security to the amount of an hundred pounds sterling, he being about to make a purchase of some property. I had never been released from my security, and remembered having heard recently that Brooks had met with losses, and become very intemperate.

I went to Fieldson in much trouble of mind, but he persuaded me not to distress myself about it. He too had heard the rumor, but thought it improbable, and advised me not to be uneasy, 'till officially notified of my liability. I went home somewhat more at ease.

Mary met me at the door, crying—"A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father! The package cost seven pence postage."

Jenny reached it to me, before I could lay aside my stick and hat, and I perceived that both the girls were half out of their wits with curiosity and delight. I opened the package—there were five pounds enclosed, and my first impression was rather of surprize than pleasure that he should have overpaid me. The letter was within and my daughters, (true descendants of Eve,) were all impatience to get at the contents.

"Now, my children," said I, "I see, and you may see also, how much harder it is to bear joy with calmness and equanimity, than even misfortune. I have

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wondered at your patience and cheerfulness in our afflictions. I am surprized to find you overcome at the first of fortune's smiles. For a lesson and a punishment I shall lay this letter aside, and not open it 'till after dinner."

Jenny tried to convince me that her joy was not so much for the money, as for this proof of the honesty and gratitude of Mr. Fleetman. She only wanted to know if he was in prosperous circumstances. But notwithstanding her disinterestedness, I adhered to my resolution.

Evening.—Our joy is turned into mourning; the letter and package came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from Doctor Snarr. It contained, in answer to my letter to him, my dismissal from the vicarage after Easter. I was allowed 'till that time to look out for other means of livelihood, and to enable me to travel, my pay 'till Easter, five pounds was enclosed, and the Rector informed me had directed the new Vicar to perform my duties 'till that time.

Thus the village talk of a new vicar was true, and I may give some credit, perhaps, to the further rumor, that the new vicar obtained his place as a consideration for his marrying a cousin of Doctor Snarr's, who was in danger of losing her reputation, through whose fault, people did not venture to say. I was to lose my means of support, to make way for a fellow who had been mean enough to sell his honor!

My girls were pale as death when they heard the contents of the letter which they had supposed to come from Fleetman. Mary threw herself on a chair, weeping and sobbing, and Jenny quietly left the room. I trembled with conflicting emotions, but putting a strong constraint on myself, I retired to my chamber, and there fervently implored of the Almighty strength to bear this blow. I rose from prayer much calmed and invigorated, and opening my bible, the first words on which my eyes fell, were the following from Isaiah, XLIII. I.:

"*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*"

I felt inexpressibly comforted by this text; my heart replied, "*I am thine.*" I returned into the dining-room, but stopped when I saw Mary kneeling, her hands clasped in prayer: and returned softly to my chamber, unwilling to disturb her

When we met again some time after, I could see from Jenny's looks, that she two had been seeking consolation where alone it may be found, though her red eyelids showed she had wept much. They both looked anxiously at me, and were doubtless gratified to see me so calm. I put the letter and the five pounds in my desk, and for the rest of the evening no allusion was made to the occurrence. They felt deeply for me, and I feared to show weakness before my children.

(To be concluded.)

LET us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken, in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.—*Landor.*

Original.

TO HELEN.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

WHEN the wild wind low with soft notes is swelling,
Bearing the busy hum of honey bee,
Rustling the woodbine leaves around our dwelling,
Then, dearest then, my day dreams are of thee.

When the sweet melody of song is gushing
In the low plaintive notes I love to hear,
When Æolus is o'er the harp-strings rushing,
Now sounding softly sweet, now ringing clear;

When delicate flowers their fairy tints revealing,
Peep from their sheltering leaves with timid e'e,
When faintest odors from their cups are stealing,
Then dearest Helen, then, I dream of thee!

When the bright sun in gorgeous splendor beaming,
Withdraws his ling'ring rays of glory bright—
When through the heavens the golden stars are gleaming
With far off beams of faint and trembling light;

When slumber's hand on childhood's eye-lid pressing,
Draws its fringed curtain o'er the weary eye;
When gentle dews the thirsty flowers are blessing—
Then, oh, beloved one! then for thee I sigh!

When midnight's lonely vigil I am keeping,
And the faint lamp lights the surrounding gloom,
Gleams o'er the face of one in silence sleeping,
Then memory wanders to that little room,

Where we so oft in converse sweet remaining,
Forgot the hours that sped their rapid flight,
And at the parting time with sweet complaining,
Chid for its haste the speedy-footed night.

Those times are past! those hours are fled for ever!
In that sweet home we ne'er again shall be;
Yet only thou, oh, dearest one! canst sever
The links that bind me best beloved! to thee.

Original.

LINES TO——.

BRIGHT spirit of joy and of happiest days
Let her walk hand-in-hand by thy side;
Through the sweet scented wild and the flowery ways,
Be thou her companion and guide.

Like the flood that o'er golden sands tremulous heaves
May the years of her life sweetly flow,
While the sun of prosperity spangles the waves
And illumes the bright bottom below.

And ne'er may the tear-drops of misery gush
From her grief-laden'd eye-lids, to stray
O'er that beautiful cheek to frighten the blush
Of its crimson suffusion away.

Or if the tears flow, may they be such as bring
Fresh transports as trembling they roll,
May they look like the dew of the morning of spring,
From the fullness of joy in the soul. C. L.

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Original.

SKELETON ESSAYS;

OR, LACONICS ON LITERATURE, LAW, MORALS, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE KINSMAN,' ETC.

Liberty.—The condition and the secret of liberty, is perpetual vigilance. But perpetual vigilance is scarcely within the capacity of man. His smaller, and seemingly more immediate interests, are always pressing out of sight those, which, involving principles, are very apt to appear shadowy and abstract. Keeping this fact in mind, it should not be a subject of regret that power should, at times, so far forget its province, as to overstep the limitations of its warrant, and deny the claims of justice. Such assaults upon the civil rights of men are only so many benefits. They make an abstract proposition, a practical question. They awaken the people to consciousness, who then strengthen the defences and designate anew the landmarks of liberty. Tyranny, when it becomes insolent and overbearing, is suicidally disposed. This should be considered no mischance. *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* The evil is about to work its own cure. There is a period of purification necessary in all society, where men, from ignorance, sloth, luxury, or an overstrained degree of confidence in their institutions or fortune, slumber over their rights and duties, leaving, without check or supervision, the conduct of their affairs to those who are weak, vicious or irresponsible. The tyrant then, is but an instrument in the hands of that all seeing Providence—which still

"Shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will;"

to awaken them from their slumbers and arouse them to the performance of obligations which have been too long neglected. If liberty is liberal, she should be jealous also; and to preserve her chastity, she must be armed with perpetual watchfulness—a far more efficient agent than the secret dagger. Those who seek her embraces must be taught to remember that she is only to be won by the virtuous, the enlightened and the brave —only to be secured in immaculate possession, by unceasing love, true courage, and a weapon always ready and sharpened for the strife.

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Genius.—What we call genius, may, perhaps, with strict propriety, be called the Spirit of Discovery. It is the very eye of intellect and the wing of thought. It is always in advance of the time—the pioneer of the age which it precedes, and for which it paves the way. For this reason it is called a Seer, and is regarded as a Prophet. Its promptness of discernment, and its energy in pursuits, are the leading traits from which it derives its character. They endow it with what may be styled the imaginative judgment—a faculty which enables it to fly to conclusions, which ordinary minds attain by slow, laborious stages, and after remote intervals. Columbus-like, it penetrates and passes oceans which other men tremble to behold, into unknown Empires and new countries of thought. It shines upon, while it exposes, the icebergs of ignorance, and advances with the splendor of the northern light, through the foggy sky and freezing atmosphere of mere present attainment. It possesses, over the rude block of unhewn thought, the same powers which the microscope exercises upon the insects—bringing out its colors, determining its outlines, adjusting its proportions, and defining its qualities and characteristics, equally unknown and unimagined before.

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Political Consistency.—This is a bugbear which has always stood grievously in the path of our politicians. They stumble over it at every step which they take. It is a "blood-boltered Banquo," which "will not down at their bidding," but continues to "shake its gory locks" at the ambitious apostate from the faith, even in the highest places of authority; never scrupulous in the presence of the "assembled guests," but producing a "most admired disorder," on occasions the most festive and entertaining. It has not the most distant deference for the regulations of good manners. It has no behaviour—it is without conscience. It comes without invitation, and does not often leave with the rest of the company. It whispers over each shoulder, and returns the strangest faces from the mirror. Like all other shadows, it is sure to attend when the sun shines, but unlike other shadows, it will not take its departure with the sunshine. It mingles its mocking visage with the shade, and lends a browner horror to its aspect. Nothing can be more absolutely ludicrous than to witness the struggles which are made by the haunted man, not merely to rid himself of the spectre, but to keep his neighbors from seeing it also. The misery of Peter Schlevihl—which was the loss of his shadow—could our Politician realize it, would be a source of the greatest blessing. How gladly would he engage with the devil, on any terms, to release him from the annoying presence. Were such proceedings very easy, as the romancers pretend, Mephistopheles—who is the political devil—would find a contract for every day in the year. But why all this dread, this reluctance, on the part of our Politicians to compare past with present impulses, feelings, habits, principles. Surely, it is not expected that a man will think and feel always as he does to-day. No man of good sense and experience can be expected to make the conduct of his future depend upon the operations and opinions of his past life. It would be better, and more agreable, perhaps, if he could; but as times go, this is scarcely practicable and nobody can insist upon it. What we have done is no rule for what we are to do. If it were, we should continue an injustice, begun at twenty-one, to an almost mortal limit of seventy. But inconsistency does not mean any change of opinion. There is no inconsistency—nothing that can be reasonably made objectionable—in the natural fluctuations of a man's mind. The change is natural in all minds with the progress of discovery, the acquisition of experience, the exercise of intense and searching analysis. The objectionable inconsistency, is where we entertain conflicting opinions at the same time; and, perhaps, this would be found to be the case with most of our statesmen, if they would test their proceedings by

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a reference to those intrinsic standards which govern every subject, and naturally grow out of the materials from which each receives its constitution.

Still, though we see nothing to object to in the change of opinion and policy by which the public life of every man will be distinguished, it is a sufficient reason, where these changes are frequent, for distrusting the judgment of such erratic persons. We must not punish or quarrel with such politicians, but we should not employ them. It is the curse of our country that we have so many of this description. The misfortune arises from the immature age at which our young men begin to meddle with public affairs. They commit themselves under the guidance of some neighborhood clique or petty lion, to certain measures of policy, certain doctrines, and their whole lives thereafter, are consumed and wasted in a useless struggle, either to free themselves from this unhappy bondage, or to reconcile things and principles which are in their nature irreconcilable. Hence their resort to all sorts of shifts and sophisms. Hence their strifes and frequent bitterness of temper; and hence, a greater evil, the diminished effect of their talent, their industry and eloquence. Even if they shake off the early trammels which have fettered them, and boldly avow a change of doctrine, it is natural that they should still be distrusted by those whom they have deceived. Very few young men, under thirty, are in possession of opinions and a character of their own. The bias may be a secret one, but they feel and obey it until then. By that period, however, they acquire more hardihood of mind—they ascertain their right level—they begin to think independently, and they then, if not already committed to false doctrines, become permanently useful in a long life of settled and respected statesmanship. It is a subject of regret, that the seats of Legislature are thrown open to the citizen before this period. What would be the effect upon the moral character and political destinies of the country—a country excessively liable to fluctuations of its public policy—if our State Constitutions prescribed thirty, and the United States Constitution thirty-five, as the eligible period for the election of the law-givers. The number of presumptious, ill-bred, and ignorant boys in our public assemblies, must inevitably produce flippant legislation, and lessen the effect of our institutions, not only upon the mind of the stranger, but of the nation.

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Life.—The object of life is not life merely. Were this the case the baker and the butcher would be always the most important persons in every community. It is not the future, for every state has its own conditions. It is not the present, for that would leave us improvident and like the brute, having no care for the morrow. Nor is it the past, for no man looks behind him as he walks forward. Life is a condition of equal preparation and performance. That it is a condition of preparation proves the immortality of the soul—that it is a condition of performance proves that the business of immortality is begun. Our exultation in success is legitimate, because our present performances are in obedience to present laws—our hope is the prescience of that yearning which looks naturally with doubt, desire and apprehension to those future laws which are yet to operate upon us. Life is an ordeal, in which our powers of endurance, and our capacities of achievement are to be tested, in order that our future rank may be determined. True religion which regards it in this light, does not task us, so to regard our possible future, as to make us heedless and indifferent to the positive present. The desire of martyrdom is mere insanity. It is the heedful, and first performance of present duties, and the humble adherence to present laws which can alone fit us certainly and beneficially for the condition which is to come. What does the present life—the absolute day on which we entered—require at our hands? Ascertain that, and do it, and all the rest is easy. The future is the unborn child of the present, whose mother was the past!

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The Affections.—The very first lesson which you should teach your child, should be the just value of your affections, since it is through their medium, chiefly, that you can hope properly to influence his obedience; and, without securing his obedience, it is idle to expect that you can train him properly in his ways of life. You are to teach him this lesson, by a careful discrimination between right and wrong, in your consideration of his conduct. You are to permit no misconduct, however trifling in itself, to pass without due notice:—it must be promptly checked to be effectually conquered. Error is like that Genius in the Arabian Tale, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from Earth to Heaven, could yet squeeze himself into the compass of a quart pot. It is surprizing from what small beginnings most monsters grow. The first lesson which the boy learns from this observant discrimination is the value which you yourself set upon your affections. He soon sees that they are valuable—only to be acquired upon certain terms, and for a certain consideration. You have nothing to do but to prescribe the terms; to declare the conditions. You may make your affections cheap or dear, at your own pleasure. If too cheap, he will not value them—if too dear, he will despair of procuring them. The true principle by which to determine the conditions for securing them, is the simple one of always doing justice. If he deserves praise, praise him; if he merits blame, do not withhold it. In neither case be immoderate, for a boy seldom deserves any great degree either of praise or blame. The terms of your favor you are to unfold to him, not by set lessons, but by your habitual conduct; and he will find it easy to comply with reasonable conditions in order to secure those affections, which, moved as they are by inflexible justice, he will soon discern are beyond all price. This principle is one of the most obvious of every-day experience. We see it in the public thoroughfare, at all hours, at every turning. Affections are moral rewards—they are to be given, like money, very sparingly, and not 'till you have carefully inquired whether they be due or not. They are to be given to justice not to partiality. The ill-advised and lavish affection of the parent, like indiscriminate charity in the highways, soon makes the receiver wasteful of the

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treasure he receives. Besides, when the parent has been giving because of his blind love, what has he left himself to bestow, when the child deserves, and when it is the parent's duty to reward? It is from this profligacy of bounty that children become capricious in moral judgment, perverse and wanton in disposition. From this, they grow up, preferring wrong to right; or rather, practising the wrong quite as commonly as the right from an absolute incapacity to perceive the difference between them.

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Training.—Children are to be taught by training, rather than by teaching. Make your children practise good habits, and you need give yourself little concern about their principles. Principles, in fact, are only the names which we assign to habits, mere words never yet influenced the innate and unobserving intellect of infancy. If you will take care that your child has becoming, cleanly, modest and respectable habits, until he is fifteen years old, you may then, in the language of one of the seven wise men, strip him naked and send him among strangers. Habits, once formed, are more inflexible than bolts of steel and bars of iron. They may be made benefactors or tyrants—all depends on the first fifteen years of the child's education.

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Punishments.—To make punishments efficacious, two things are necessary. They must never be disproportioned to the offence and they must be certain. If the penalties of crime be exaggerated beyond what the offence requires, no jury will inflict them—if not certain, no offender will fear them. There is in every bosom a natural sentiment of justice, which makes us recoil at severity and the arbitrary decisions of power. Humanity, therefore, refuses to second laws which are not grounded according to the strictest requisitions of right; and, however deserving of punishment may be the offence where the proper discrimination between crimes has not been observed by the sanguine, the moral sense is perfectly justified in permitting the escape of the offender, in preference to subjecting a fellow creature to undeserved hostilities. The penalty of death under any circumstances, and for any crime, is one of doubtful propriety and equally doubtful profit; but how odious and terrible does it appear when inflicted equally upon the cutpurse, and the murderer. In some of our states, hose-stealing, burglary, and forgery are punished with death. What worse could be inflicted on the highest offender? What is this but declaring the life of a man to be of no more value than a bank-note, a wind-broken hackney, or a silver spoon valued at three shillings? The natural sense and the social sense equally revolt at penalties so obviously hostile to humanity and the laws of sense.

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Laws.—If laws were made only by wise men, it might be taken for granted, that popular outbreaks would seldom or never occur. Unhappily, cunning and not wisdom, has too much to do with all legislation. The poor and the ignorant, who are always apt to sleep longest upon their rights, are, in consequence, the first, if not the last sufferers. There is a terrible truth, and one of no less terrible warning contained in the celebrated justificatory speech of Robespierre,—"Is it to be thought hard or unreasonable," he demanded, "if the people, driven to desperation, seek to redress themselves for the wrong of centuries, by the vengeance of a single day?"

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Moral Progress.—Patriotism declaims about our progress, but is it so sure that we are making any? Novelty of invention does not establish the fact of mental superiority. It simply confirms an old truth that the wisdom of man is meant for his actual condition. Our discoveries simply keep pace with our necessities; and these necessities are to be classed under the lowest signification of the term—they belong to the mere animal. In morals and mind, I suspect that the age is pretty much where it was a thousand years ago. The exact sciences are in their natural progression; but the inexact—those which we may not grasp in a square, or estimate by figures—those which involve the attributes of taste and appeal to the agency of the imagination—are, if not retrograde, not more advanced or more active than in the days of Homer. The years move round in a circle, and we do little more than keep pace with their movement. They seem to have no goal, in advance, to which they are approaching. Their course lies not to a point, yet unattained, though curiously attainable. They bring us back to the inevitable starting place. We retread the ground already trodden. We meet the old traces of our former progress. Old records freshen at every step, and like the traveller in the fairy tale, we strive in vain to pass beyond the impassible but invisible wall which circumscribes our footsteps. Time will not suffer us to escape him. He travels in our company, though we may remain as an outside passenger, and does not often obtrude himself upon us until he can do so with impressive effect. Our stages are his, however our respective seasons may vary. We both work upon a common centre and we continually encounter at the common starting place.

Life makes, indeed, but little progress out of the path of time. "The everlasting to be which hath been" is a destiny more inflexible than all the rest. It does not forbid improvement, but it perverts advance. In vain do we count on achievements. We share them only with the past. They are those of the buried ages. The years and the giants who have gone before us in point of time, have, at least, kept pace with us in triumphs. We have superseded with others, but is it sure that we have surpassed their inventions. If we have found sciences of our own, we have lost some of theirs, which were quite as much suited to their wants as the present are to ours. And who shall say how far these discoveries have not arisen from the fact that we have failed in finding and retracing theirs.

These allowed, how little of our own have we left to brag of! The ancients are still our tutors, our models, our masters. We copy their labors, though we clamor for their immortality. We strive for the achievement, and lo! we find old names written on our monuments. We are like the Pioneer, who, exploring what he deems an unknown wilderness, finds suddenly, to his complete

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consternation, notches upon the trees around him of the very axe he carries on his shoulder.

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Mental Voluntaries.—"The worst dreams," says the Indian philosopher, "are those which take place when the eyes are open; the noblest actions are those which are done when the eyes are shut." The best of us have waking thoughts, which, if carried out, by a quickening imagination, to performance in our dreams, would startle us with a horror which few of our actual deeds would ever inspire;—and how many of our noblest actions spring from that unpremeditated impulse—the sheer, spontaneous movement of the blood—which, can only take place during that suspended condition of the mind, which may be called its blindness. It is a human charity that we should ascribe the frequent faults and sometimes grievous errors of our neighbor, to the same blind and undirected agency.

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Apologue.—Look, wretched one, upon the stream that rolleth beside the dwelling of thy old age. See'st thou not within its waters the very stars which have shone upon thee in childhood?

The years have gone over thee and thou hast grown gray with many changes—thou hast changed thy home, thy heart, thy friends—but see'st thou any change in the bright stars which look up to thee, even through the ever-changing surface of the rippling waters?

Thou dost not—they cannot alter, for they are the eyes which God has set upon thy path to watch thee. Alas! that thou shouldst have looked for them alone in the brooklet. Why hast thou not looked up for them in the Heavens?

Had they not beauty? Gave they not a sufficient and sweet light for thy guidance in the strange and solemn hours? Why hast thou striven to fly from their glances? Why didst thou refuse their light? Their voices spoke to thee in songs—faint, sweet echoes of the living music that streams ever from beneath the eternal footsteps. Ah! did no faint whisper of that music fall upon thy heart in its solitude?

Alas! for thee. Though thou hast lived apart from thy fellows, his spirit still hath been with thine—his spirit only. Thou, like him, seekest not the object which thy own mood may not shape at will. Thou lovest not to look upon the things over which the arm of thy power may not be extended. Thou lovest the dark and the forbidden—not the shining and the vouchsafed. Thy thought is shrouded in the darkness of thy own soul—so that thou seest not the blessed spirits which are commissioned to give thee light. Thou lookest upon vain hopes of earthly substance, even at the awful moment when God is looking upon thee.

Thine eyes are in the dark—thine eyes of the dust. These still seek and turn in lowly contemplation upon the thing from which they were made. But the eyes of thy soul grew blinded in this survey. Alas! for the myriad eyes that gaze downward in sweet benignity from Heaven—how few look up in return.

The proud man builds his palace, tower upon tower, huge of bulk and high, still aspiring to the skies; but his gaze from its terrace is bent upon the city that lies below him. It is the shepherd, who, along the hills, still singing a glad song of Heavenly rejoicing, evermore turns upward a yearning eye—fond—looking for the sweet planet that shall counsel his doubtful footsteps.

W. G. S.

Original.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

I.

In Life's unwilling pilgrimage,
The desert path of woe,
Where hot Sirocco blasts are all
The freshness it can know;
When through the dewless lands we pass,
With what glad welcomings,
We hail the shadow-pinion'd Night
Bending her spangled wings!

II.

The stars! why do their trembling rays
Rain gladness on the heart,
And such a tranquil influence
So silently impart?
But, that in their assemblages,
We may a language scan,
While every star that letters it,
Speaks as an angel man!

III.

They correspond, those shapes of love,
To myriads of forms,
That live and move as we on earth
Amidst our passion-storms;
But, oh, how different their use,
From our's that selfhood sways!
Their joy consists in doing good,
But our's in false displays.

IV.

Alas! how few will comprehend
The WORD, that God's own pen
Has written in external things
So legibly for man!
Yet, not an atom, from the One
Great centre through the whole,
But is a messenger of peace
To every human soul.

V.

Within the world are streams of woe,
And springs of blessings too,
And as we teach the heart, it forms
Congenial channels through;
While every wicked wish will find
An evil spirit by,
As every virtuous one its star
Of guidance in the sky!

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Original.

THE PHŒNIX;

OR, THE BIRD OF THE SUN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

O'ER Egypt now closes the long summer day,
But the bowers of the sun gleam yet,
Like flowers when they wake in the fresh morning ray,
With dew-jewels brilliantly set.

The lone Phœnix sits on his funeral pyre,
Of myrrh and of precious perfumes,
With eyes that are now quenched of half of their fire,
And with faded and drooping plumes.

Cool and fast fall the tears of the night on his breast,
Which has caught its last gleam from the skies,
And over his proud and beauteous crest,
'Till light again comes to his eyes.

He o'er the fair scene gazes fondly and long,
He all its soft beauty must leave,
While from his full heart faint gushes the song,
The last that he ever will weave.

That song, there were in it sweet, wildering tones,
Of a strange and a thrilling power,
Prolonged 'till the stars from their radiant thrones,
Looked forth on the midnight hour.

The rose-scented breeze, through groves of palm flowing,
Now wafts a more rapturous lay,
To richer and still richer melody flowing,
'Till fleets his last life-breath away.

From that now pulseless breast, a flame pure of hue,
Bursts forth and enkindles the pyre:
The heart which long years might touch not subdue,
Consumes with its own hidden fire.

And long like a bright and a beautiful star,
Against the horizon 'twas seen,
While the incense, in clouds, unwafted afar,
Was borne on the night-air serene.

As the stars, one by one, close their soft beaming eyes,
The light of the flame dies away;
And now, as the last ling'ring night shadow flies,
Melts in air the dim, wavering ray.

From the East, where in beauty the morning beam springs,
A voice full of melody flows,
As the nightingale's when in the moonlight he sings,
Bending over his favorite rose.

And these were the words of the air-spirit's song,
As mellow and full it came floating along:—

"Let the ray,
Pure as sleeps in the diamond's heart,
When first the warm sunbeams over it dart,
That now hid,
Yon ashes amid,
When it feels the glance of the quickening gleam,
Of the day-orb's bright and living beam,
Spring forth and play,
O'er the spot that bears the fire's dark stain,
'Till the elements meet and mingle again,
And take the resplendent form once more,
Which the bird of the sun so lately bore."

The boon is evoked, and the air-spirit's lay
Like the voice of an echo dies softly away.

And just as the sun the Red Sea-billows kissed,
And smiled on the morning serene,
Hov'ring over the spot, a luminous mist,
Like a fairy-wove banner was seen.

Now gracefully waving while lightly 'tis stirred,
By the viewless wings of the air,
It assumed the dim form of the glorious bird,
Whose ashes lie slumbering there.

And still as the sun more refulgently beams,
Glows the plumage with splendor more bright,
And crimson, and gold, and jewel like gleams,
Shift and blend in the varying light.

Even so the soft cloud, on a fair summer even,
Floating calmly along in the West,
Each hue that makes lovely the bright bow of heaven,
Displays on its oft-changing breast.

The music of leaves, by the morning-breeze stirred,
The low, gentle gush of the rill,
In social mirth joined with the song of the bird,
With gladness the rosy air fill.

Lonely bird! there's no heart to answer to thine,
Or share the deep love of thy breast:
Like a gem doom'd to hide all its fires in the mine,
It in thy own bosom must rest.

Oh, no! this fair world with beauty all rife,
Is all, ay, is all thy own—
And the bright, burning orb that waked thee to life—
No, no, thou art not alone.

Lo! in the full gush of the glorious light,
That bursts from the fountain of day,
The young Phœnix soars with a buoyant flight,
In regions of sky, far away!

Original.

SONNET.

I LOVED thee, lady—need I say how dear,
My burning temples and my tearful eyes,
Have been the emblems of my faith sincere,
Yet they were shed in Misery's mansion drear.
For reft of thee my passion only flies
To feed on cold despondence—and the ties
That bound to earth have gone their swift career.
Around thy form like the refulgent rays
That gird the sun, may Virtue's light impart
An everlasting halo, and the blaze
Of Purity's loved star aye meet my gaze,
And sacred feeling warm thy youthful heart,
For thou art all that's sung in holy lays,
Love, truth, and joy—yea, every glorious part.

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Original.

SHELLEY.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

ONLY a few short years ago, there sat
A youth on one of old Rome's seven hills,
Beneath a ruined temple, and upon
A broken fragment which had tumbled there.
Around, the stern and silent ruins cast
Their massy shadows, and a tangled maze
Of trees and flowers and shrubs, was rich along
The face of the declivity. Sunset
Was upon Rome, and in and out the clouds
His glorious spirit wandered, lighting up
Those sunny drifts with all his thousand tints
Of rich, unearthly melancholy, and
The deep, deep beauty of Italian eves.
Below him lay the city—beautiful!—
Dome, palace, spire—all radiant with the pure
And perfect beauty of that hour of peace.

The time accorded with his soul, that deep
And brilliant fountain of rich poetry,
Which the cold world had crushed and shattered.
He had come from Albion's isle to feed his heart
With inspiration from Italian scenes,
And to escape the cold and heartless sneers
And hatred of the world. Truly he had erred.
His dark and dreamy creed was such as awes
The heart that worships in our sacred faith,
And his bold pen had warred with our belief.
His name was written, in the traveller's page,
Upon the king of mountains, "Atheos:"

But he was moral, generous, pure of heart,
Gentle and kind as any sainted child;
And he was persecuted and he fled.
The world, which should have pitied his mistake,
And sought to wean so kind a soul to leave
His wild unfaith, had withered up his soul
With calumny and hatred, fear and scorn.
Nor was this all, for poverty had worn
Like a cold iron to his soul. Oh, world!
Thou knowest not how many glorious sons
Of Poetry thy cold, cold heart has left
To mourn and languish even unto death.

And there he sat and fed his anguished mind
With the deep thoughts which sunset brought to him
In soothing sadness, and within a scroll
He wove his wild and fiery thoughts into
Words, strange, beautiful and vivid as
His own bright soul; for sorrow rarely touched
His poetry, although it crouched within
His bright and noble heart continually.
His songs were evermore all brilliance—full
Of deep and tender feeling and bright power.
Like his own "Skylark" up at Heaven's gate,
He left the earth, and all its meaner things,
And soared and sang higher than mortal ken.
But now and then some sudden thought would rush
Into his soul, sweeping away the fire
Of his high aspirations for a time,
And then he dropped his scroll. His wasted form,
Attenuated, thin, ethereal, shook
With the vibrations of his spirit; then
The thin, transparent, delicate, boyish face,
Became yet paler and more spiritual,
And the strange eye, which did relieve its look
Of boyishness with its diaphanous glow,
It waned and shrank as it were near the soul—
That eye so tender, vivid, keen, intense,
With its continual, placid, fiery look
Of deep sublimity and melancholy.
And then again he would the scroll upraise,
Thrust his own sorrows forth, and write again.
Strange that the heart-fire will burn up so high
Amid the wreck—that man can be so calm,
So still, so gentle, so unmoved—nay, more—
So rich and strange and beautiful a poet,
While the torn heart is wasting day by day;
Strange that the heart can watch its own decline,
And burn the brighter as it suffers more.
Perhaps, to him, his poetry, indeed,
Was its own great reward. It needs a deep
And intimate communion with the heart—
The which, like sharing all our hidden grief
With an old friend, relieves us of our wo—
This pouring out our deepest-hidden thoughts,
Which we would not have spoken, but can write.
It doth indeed relieve, and it is fit
That poetry which sharpens every pang,
And makes the heart more keenly sensible,
Should ease the burthen which it doth create.

Not many moons and he sailed forth upon
One of those lakes that shine in Italy.
Awhile he lay and mused, leaving his barque
To float upon the azure water-vast,
Aimless, and almost without motion. Then
The dreams of his past life arose again,
And hours went by him ere his dream was o'er.

The scene was changed. Clouds, wind, storm, rain and fire,
Spread their dark wings and wheeled around the lake.
Blue lightning hissed amid the water. Winds
Rushed from the bending forests on its shore,
Waking the waves. Yet still in all the storm
He had the same calm, spiritual look—
The same keen, melancholy vividness of eye
As when beneath the ruins of old Rome.
Perhaps there was a sickening of the heart—
A wish to win, before he died, more fame,
And some small portion of earth's happiness.

But who shall tell his thoughts? Perhaps just then
He did distrust his wild and stormy creed,
And shrank in horror from oblivion,
Decomposition, death and nothingness.
Who knows? The frail and feeble barque went down,
Quenching his starry heart amid the waves!
It is enough to make the poet sick
Of his bright art—to make him scorn the world
And life and fame, that guerdon poorly won
By broken hopes, sad life, and early death—
It is enough to make him scorn it all,
To watch the course of Shelley.

Fare thee well,
Young star of poesy, now set for ever!
Thy lamp of life was quenched beneath the waves,
But thou hast left thy heart's rich store behind—
Its thrills, its feelings, in thy glorious scrolls.
Mankind has done thee wrong. The day will come
When they will right thee. Even now the fires
Thou kindlest unto poetry upon
The altars of thine own most glorious mind,
Are lighting into beacons, and will soon
Flash into, and inspire a thousand hearts.
None—none of all the Muse's younger sons
Will equal thee, except that glorious one
Who burned thy corpse upon those distant shores.
But what will Fame avail thee? Payment poor
For persecution, obloquy and wrong—
For poverty and broken hopes, and life
Embittered, 'till it was no pain to die.

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Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

It was several moments after Alice left the apartment of Friar John before Huntly could arouse himself to full consciousness that they had so painfully separated. He stood half bewildered gazing upon the door through which she had passed, when the priest again entered the room. He approached to where the young man was standing with a soft cat-like movement, and aroused him by a slight touch of the arm.

"Son," he said, in the same cold tones with which he had questioned that gentle girl to her ruin—"Son, I would counsel thee, touching thy late unseemly out break, for—"

"Away, viper!" cried the youth, shaking off the hand with a gesture of abhorrence, and fixing his burning eyes on the passionless face of the priest. "If you would have another victim, I am ready, but do not touch me."

A single streak of crimson shot athwart the cold white brow of the priest, a flash of red, and all was calm again.

"Does this heretical belief lead the heart to such violent hate?" he said, with a degree of calmness which exasperated the youth beyond measure. "Son, remember that I am one to whom thy reverend uncle has confided thy spiritual welfare; sorely will he grieve to learn of thy transient apostacy from the true church, for transient I will still in charity deem it."

The priest broke off, for Huntly had turned abruptly away, and without heeding his words, was gathering up the pages of vellum which he had been illuminating. Tearing a riband from his dress, he bound them together, and again confronted the priest.

"Farewell," he said, sternly. "You have this day placed in jeopardy a life more precious than my own heart's blood. You, whom I once so revered and loved, have become pander to a base woman's jealousy. Mention not again the name of my saintly uncle; his noble heart would recoil at the bare thought of so debasing his priesthood. Farewell! I cast my life in your hands, knowing that my words this day have made you a stern enemy. Use it if you will. *I, too, am a Protestant!*"

Speaking these words in a calm, resolute voice, Huntly left the room, and in less than an hour, was mounted, and dashing through the town, on his way to London.

Father John gave no evidence that the young man's words had made the least impression on him. As the door closed, he sat down very quietly, and began to write, yet his tranquillity was but seeming. Cardinal Pole had been his patron and friend, young Huntly was nephew to the good prelate, and with all his outward calmness, strong and deep feelings were buried in the heart of the priest. He loved the young man with an affection rendered intense, though silent, from the bands which his religion placed upon all other channels to the heart; but for this feeling of concealed tenderness, young Huntly had spent that night in the Tower. As it was, though anxious to set forth for London, and chafing at the delay, he determined, if possible, to obtain one moment's conversation with Alice or her father, before his departure. His efforts were fruitless; uncertain of their fate, and goaded almost to phrensy by disappointment and uncertainty, he was mounting his horse to ride away, when a gentle touch upon his arm arrested the movement, and turning sharply round, he saw King Philip's Spanish page. The boy hurriedly placed a slip of parchment in his hand, and went away quickly, as if afraid of being observed.

"*He* was conveyed to the Tower, a prisoner, at daybreak this morning. His daughter will bear him company before midnight. Be more careful of your own safety than you were an hour since, or you may be deprived of all power to aid them."

Huntly read these lines, gave one hasty thought of the strange manner in which they had reached him, and springing to his saddle, galloped from the castle. A little out of town he overtook a carriage lumbering heavily along the highway, and surrounded by a guard of armed men. As Huntly rode by, he bent forward and looked in. With a sudden jirk of the bridle, his horse, though in full career, was thrown back upon his haunches, but almost at the same moment leaped forward with a snort of pain as he felt the sharp rowels plunged furiously into his side, and dashed on recklessly as before. His rider had caught one glimpse of a slight form crowded between the bulk of two coarse men—of a pale tearful face, bent downward to avoid their rude eyes, and that face was Alice Copley's.

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Cardinal Pole, the pious and good Catholic, sat alone in his favorite apartment. It was a large room lighted by tall narrow windows, crowded with diamond-shaped glass, richly stained, and set like pictures, in heavy frames of polished oak, carved in masses of sombre foliage, and dashed with gilding, now partly worn away. A tall book-case stood opposite each of the four windows, enriched with like massive carved work, and filled with heavy tomes, some of them clasped with brass, and knobbed like the door of a prison, others gleaming in velvet, and not a few crusted with jewels. Rare old pictures which the Cardinal had brought from Rome, hung between the book-cases, rendered more deep toned in their coloring, by the mellow light which streamed over them from the windows. The floor was of polished oak, the centre alone concealed by a carpet of richly-fashioned tapestry, a unique foot-cloth, wrought in a convent of Italy. The old Cardinal sat in a chair of ebony, one of those gothic and elaborately-carved seats which even yet form the pride of many an old English house, and which must have occupied an artisan almost his lifetime in fashioning. The old man had evidently been reading, for two or three ponderous books lay on the floor by his side, one of them open, and re-

* Continued from page 82.

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vealing the broad black letter-page, which had engaged his attention, 'till overtasked by its weight, he had cast the volume down, and leaning back in his chair, was tranquilly pondering over its contents. It was a picture of benevolent repose—that good old man in his sanctuary. A casement was open before him, and his mild eyes fell tranquilly over a fine garden which sloped to the brink of the Thames. The dash of oars, and snatches of many a boat-song came up from the water, and the soft breeze that gently curled its surface, swept blandly over the old man's forehead. Though in London his apartment was so far removed from the street, that a common sound would have failed to attract notice, but there came a sudden noise of horses' hoofs smiting the pavement so fiercely, that, when it ceased before his own dwelling, the good prelate was aroused from his pleasant musings; a smile came to his lips, and stooping down, he closed the volume, muttering in a voice full of affectionate pleasure, "There will be no more reading to-day—bless the boy! how eager he is to be once more with his old uncle. He should be chidden, nevertheless, for this hair-brained fashion of riding; nay, nay," he added, smiling faintly, and shaking his head it were a sorry welcome to check his bold spirit with fault-finding. Let him e'en ride as he will, so he come often, and stay long."

Thus muttering to himself, the kind old man turned in his chair and with the benevolent smile still upon his face, sat in quiet expectation, watching the door through which he expected his nephew to enter.

It was indeed Francis Huntly who came dashing up the street at a furious rate, and drew up his heated and foaming beast before the mansion of Cardinal Pole. The young man was unusually excited, his dress was travel soiled, and spotted with mud, the raven hair hung in damp masses over his forehead, and that was dripping with perspiration, but pale and anxious. His horse, also, was jaded, and wet as if he had been ridden through a river; little ridges of foam lay thickly over his coat, worked up by the straps of his acoutrements, and his fine limbs trembled with over exertion. Huntly sprang from his saddle, left the noble beast loose upon the pavement, and without the usual respectful ceremony of changing his dress, abruptly ascended to the room where his aged relative was sitting.

"Welcome home, again, my son!" exclaimed the good old man rising cheerfully from his seat, and extending his hand as the youth entered.

Huntly bent his head, but his breath came too thickly for speech, and when his feverish lips touched the cool, soft hand so kindly extended to welcome him, the good prelate looked anxiously up, and asked if he were ill, or what sudden evil had befallen him.

"I am not ill, uncle," said Huntly, "but have ridden hard; forgive me, he added, glancing at the books heaped on the floor, and then at his deranged dress, contrasting so forcibly with the neat robes of the old man, "forgive me that I so rudely interrupt your studies."

"Nay, nay, said the good man, kindly, "books are pleasant company, but not so pleasant as the voice of my sister's son, so get thee, without more ado, to the window where the fresh air from the Thames can blow over thy heated face, while I order a cup of cooling drink. It is a warm day; even in this shady room the river breeze has been much needed."

The old man moved toward the door as he spoke, and Huntly withdrew to the open window, glad of an opportunity thus afforded to compose his thoughts. The Cardinal soon returned, and seating himself once more in the ebony chair, sat with his quiet eyes fixed on his nephew's face, as he stood gazing abstractedly upon the garden. After a few moments a servitor entered, bearing a salver, richly worked in gold, on which was a goblet also of gold, with a wreathing vine chased heavily round the edge, and clusters of bright amethysts bursting, as it were, through the precious workmanship. The cup was full—so full, that the least irregular motion of its bearer sent the ruby wine dripping over its brim, but the youth lifted it eagerly to his lips, and in his abstraction, would have drained it to the bottom.

"Gently, gently, boy," said the old man, lifting his hand, and smiling in astonishment, as he saw the hitherto abstemious youth draining the cup as if it had been water. "The wine has a pleasant flavor, but it is over strong for such thirst."

"I did not heed what it was," replied the youth, a faint color and fainter smile coming over his face, as he replaced the goblet on its salver, "but it will do me no harm."

The old man looked hard at the youth, and seemed, for the first time, aware that something more than fatigue oppressed him.

"Come hither, boy," he said kindly, when they were alone, "and tell me what evil has befallen thee during thy sojourn at Windsor. Has our royal mistress looked coldly, or has thy skill failed in copying that precious book with which thou wouldst pleasure thy old uncle; be not disturbed at a failure; it will take no merit from thy dutiful wish to serve a fanciful old man."

"I have finished the book, dear uncle, and here it is," cried Huntly, flinging himself upon his knees before the Cardinal, and taking the parchment leaves which he had embellished from his bosom.

The old man's eyes brightened, and with a look of eager delight he examined one by one the treasure which he had so long desired.

"Thank thee, my brave son," he said, while his hands were busy with the emblazoned leaves, "I had thought the task early done had it been placed in my hands six months hence. These are dainty touches; they meet the eye like the golden threads of sunset weaving themselves in the white leaves of a rose. Nor do they lack boldness either. They shall be bravely bound, I promise thee. It shall go hard if we find not jewels enough left in the old family casket to blazon a cover even more sumptuously than that of our gracious Queen. Mary, Mother, forgive me; in my glad folly I had forgotten to inquire after the health of the Royal lady, and the good Father John.

"Oh, would to God I had never seen the cold blooded

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priest nor his tyrannical mistress!" exclaimed Huntly, with sudden impetuosity; but he checked himself with the first exclamation, almost terrified with its effect on the Cardinal.

Until the last violent outbreak of feeling, the old man had scarcely noticed the paleness and agitation of his nephew as any thing more than fatigue, and, perhaps, a sudden fit of petulance arising therefrom; the present which he had just received was so gratifying to his keen love of the arts, and the pleasure which arose from it so exquisite, that the pale and troubled face which at first excited his attention, had entirely passed from his mind; but now the old man half started from his chair. The parchment leaves dropped from his hand, and with a startled, half angry gesture, he drew back, and looked keenly in the face of the youth.

"Go to thy room, boy," he said, at length, in a tone of grave reproof. "The wine has made a rebel of thy tongue; go."

"Uncle," said the youth, standing up pale as death, and trembling all over with intense excitement, "uncle, I may appear violent, but my brain is as clear this moment as your own. I would not, for my right hand, say or do aught to pain you, but this day has Queen Mary laid her iron hand on one—a being, compared with whom, she, in all her purple trappings, is a spirit of darkness—a being as pure and good as ever breathed out of Heaven."

"Of whom speak you?" asked the Cardinal, gently, for he saw that the youth was excited almost to the verge of insanity.

"Of my betrothed bride," was the reply, but Huntly grew white as he said it, and his voice was deep and very low, for he believed that those few words would for ever sunder the chain which bound him to the heart of his uncle.

The old man also became pale, but otherwise remained perfectly calm. He arose, and laying a hand on the young man's shoulder, looked in his face, and spoke with a degree of reproach, the more affecting that it was gently expressed.

"Francis Huntly," he said, "thou hast no father, no mother, and I am next of kin to thee. I am an old man, and my heart has known much sorrow. If more is to come upon me in my old age—if thou, in whom my last earthly love was garnered up, hast returned that love with disobedience and deceit, then is there no one bright thing between me and the grave; now let me hear all." The old man sat down, and Huntly leaned against the carved back of his chair. Those last gentle words had made him heart sick, and he was almost exhausted with contending emotions.

"I have done wrong," he said, at last, in a broken voice—"wrong in concealing a thought or wish from you, the kindest friend, and most indulgent kinsman that human being was ever blessed with, but I did not intend it; I did not know, myself, how deeply I loved the poor girl, 'till within the last week I saw her persecuted, oppressed, and insulted, 'till my heart yearned toward her. I thought it was but pity; I did not dream how deep and fervent was the love which was then as now shedding its sweet influence over me. I did not tell you of this, uncle, because it seemed a delirium dream—something sacred and precious, to be hoarded in my own heart's core—hoarded almost from the light of my own thoughts; and when these feelings took to themselves a deeper and more matured nature—when I felt them beating at my heart, and throbbing through my veins with an intensity which reason alone could not resist, then it was that I learned how dreadful was the barrier that lay between us. I knew from the first, that she had no dower, save her own rich beauty and matchless virtues. I knew that her father was an impoverished gentleman of birth, scarcely equal to my own, but I trusted in your kindness, my uncle—in your disregard of wealth, and so went on wreathing my heart more and more closely with the sweet hopes which seemed to bring forth new blossoms every day of my life. At last," continued Huntly, in a voice that began to waver from the low earnest tone in which he had spoken—"at last I learned that the sweet girl, though one of Mary's household, had dared to think to—to—in short, her pure spirit revolted at the cruelties committed around her, she began to pity the virtuous, and to examine the doctrines of the new faith, and not many weeks before I first learned to know and love her, she had, heart and soul, become a Protestant."

Cardinal Pole arose in evident purturbation; he walked across the room once or twice, and then returned to his chair again. "A heretic—Mary, Mother, preserve us—a heretic," he murmured; "alas, alas, that it should come to this."

"I loved the lady," continued Huntly, "even for her belief, though against my own, for in her, religion was a sweet calm trust in God—a gentle and happy faith, without spiritual jealousy or fanatacism. Perhaps it was the melody of her voice as she read the scriptures, that first led me to examine them for myself, even as one imperceptibly learns to love the words of a pleasant song from the music which gives it voice; be it as it will, I *did* read, and in secret, amid the still trees, and beneath the pure eye of night I learned the new faith—I was taught to think that I might myself approach the footstool of Jehovah, and in prayer and adoration, plead my own cause, without the intercession of saint or—"

Huntly broke off, for the old Cardinal arose and stood before him, in the calm dignity of a good man, sorely stricken at heart; his eyes were full of a mild troubled light, his thin lips trembled, and upon his high forehead lay a cloud of grief, which told that the well spring of feeling had been agitated to the very bottom."

"Francis, my son," he said, in a very gentle but broken voice, "say not that! I have spent long years in the service of our blessed church. At any day I would have laid my life upon its altar stone, so that it remained pure from the tread of a heretic. Let not thy foot trample upon a faith made sacred by ages, lest, in the sacrilege, it crush thy own soul, and the heart of an old man who loves thee."

For a moment there was silence in the room;

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the Cardinal sat down, covered his face with his hands, and waited a reply, but Huntly could not speak; the sight of that good man's grief almost made an apostate of him; he could have answered the arguments of a thousand churchmen, and have braved the flames at a martyr's stake, better than witness that. At last the old priest removed his hands, and looked up with a faint sad smile.

"I misdoubt," he said, "I gave thy words too strong a meaning. Thou art no heretic, boy; it would make thy sainted mother weep even amid the joys of paradise, to hear it; speak, I beseech thee, for I am weary with doubt. My sister's son, thou *art* no heretic."

A dreadful struggle was at the young man's heart; for there was something so tender and beseeching in his uncle's voice, that it seemed almost inhuman to speak the truth. Many a strong feeling swept over his face, as it changed beneath the Cardinal's anxious gaze; when he spoke it was low but distinctly, and he again sunk to his knee while uttering the words—"Uncle, forgive me; I would rather die here at your feet, than give you pain, but I cannot say an untruth. I am a Protestant."

The old Cardinal shrunk back in his chair, passed his hand feebly over his eyes, and remained perfectly still, for in the first strength of his grief, he had fainted away,

Francis Huntly sprang to his feet, wild with terror, for he supposed the old man dead. When certain that it was not so, he exerted himself to recover him, flung open the casement more widely, that the fresh wind might sweep over the chair, and robbed a neighboring bench of its cushions, with which he tenderly supported the drooping head. It was long before the good Cardinal began to recover; more than once Francis Huntly ceased chafing his hands, and bent his face to that pale head, lying there so death-like on the purple cushions, its white hair mingling with their golden fringes, and the pallid cheek looking whiter from a contrast with the glowing velvet against which it rested. At length the reverend sufferer once more returned to life. "Help me to rise," he said, faintly, "I would go to my oratory for a short space."

Francis reverently assisted the old man across the room, and held back the drapery which divided it from the oratory.

"Remain here; I shall soon return," said the Cardinal, mildly, as he passed through; "meantime bethink thee of all thou wouldst say, and we will talk over this cruel matter gently, as beseemeth two erring beings, linked together by the same blood."

Huntly bent his head, the drapery swept from his hand, and he turned away sick at heart. It was a full hour before Cardinal Pole returned to his library, but when he did appear, his face was calm, and though a little sad, not less benevolent than usual in its expression. Huntly drew a deep breath, for he knew that the first bitterness of his confession had passed away.

The old man approached the casement where his nephew was standing, and, for several minutes, the two remained gazing out upon the Thames in silence. All at once Huntly started, and leaned heavily from the casement. A wherry was passing by, filled with armed men, such as he had passed on the road from Windsor. In the centre sat a female, drooping forward, and muffled in a cloak. While the youth was yet gazing upon the wherry, a stout man, who sat next the female, laid his hand heavily on her shoulder—seemed to expostulate roughly with her for a moment, and at last forcibly pulled the cloak from her head. A flood of golden hair fell over his arm as he performed the rude act; a pale frightened face was lifted piteously toward the casement, and as the wherry moved slowly down the river, close to its bank, a sound like the pleading cry of a woman in fear, or the sudden outbreak of a heart in its surprize at meeting a friend, reached the Cardinal and his nephew.

"See!" cried the youth, grasping his uncle's arm, and pointing toward the wherry, "see, that is the path through which they are leading her to the stake. The angels in Heaven are scarcely less pure of heart, yet must she die, to appease the jealous fury of a base woman. Nay, uncle, frown not on me now! I would not speak wrongfully, but my very soul aches at the sight of my poor betrothed thus cruelly beset."

Cardinal Pole drew his nephew gently from the casement, beseeching him to calm his chafed spirit, and to confide trustfully in the aid and council which he was ready to give when fully informed on the subject which had created so much disquietude. The worst part of his confession was already made, and Huntly soon became tranquil enough to inform his kind relative of all which he himself knew with regard to the persecution now going forward against Alice Copley and her father. When he had finished, with a passionate appeal to the Cardinal for aid to rescue her from the hands of her persecutors, the old man was deeply affected. Though he fully believed a passion for the beautiful heretic had caused the apostacy of his nephew, he allowed the supposition to have no influence on his purpose; by mild and gentle expostulation, he hoped to win his nephew back to the Catholic faith, before his apostacy was made public, nor did he despair of rendering the gentle and suffering girl an instrument to this end, could he persuade the Queen to more lenity than her present cruel course of conduct seemed to indicate. He readily promised to intercede with Mary in behalf of the prisoners, soothed the excited feelings of his young relative, almost with feminine gentleness besought him to trust the matter entirely to himself, and only exacted a promise that the youth should in no wise reveal to a living soul the change which had taken place in his own religious belief. Huntly promised all that the Cardinal desired, beside the almost reverential faith with which, from his youth, he had regarded his august relative, he was beginning to feel the reaction which ever attends fatigue and excitement such as had fired his frame

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since the previous day. So, gratefully kissing the old man's hand, he went to his own chamber, firmly believing that all would yet be well with her he loved, but fatigued and strengthless almost as a child.

The Cardinal remained in his library grieved deeply by the disclosure just made, but to a good heart, in him was joined a clear, sound intellect. Both reason and feeling prompted him to deal mildly with what seemed to him the error of his nephew, and long after the ruddy glow of sunset had filled his room with shadows, the good prelate sat pondering on what he had first heard, in agony of spirit, bitter almost as death.

Somewhat more remote from the suite of rooms which Queen Mary occupied in Windsor castle, than foreign etiquette seemed to require, had King Philip chosen his own private apartments. As if to show his utter contempt for everything appertaining to his Queen or her dominion, he had decorated them entirely after the luxurious fashion introduced by the Moors into Spain, but, as yet, unknown in England. In one of these rooms, scarcely larger than the boudoir of a fine lady of the present day, sat a female, strangely attired, and of singular beauty; her form, though slight, was richly proportioned, and full of spirited loveliness. A loose robe of purple silk was girded carelessly at the waist by a modern embroidered scarf, which fell to her feet as she stood up, the silken fringe of one end sweeping lightly, whenever she moved, over the small golden stars which gemmed her tiny velvet slippers. Her robe was open at the throat, slightly revealing an under garment of rose-colored silk, and beneath that, one of linen, edged with rich point lace. A purple fillet, spotted like her slippers, with tiny golden stars, looped the rich jet black curls up from her temples, and the ends with thin fringe of gold, spun almost to the fineness of a spider's web, flowed lightly among the heavier mass of ringlets that fell down her back. Her small hand fell listlessly over the strings of a lute which rested partly upon her lap, and partly upon the pile of velvet cushions which she occupied. Though her hand remained inactive, and half buried in the drapery of her loose sleeve, there was nothing of languor either in her face or position; her eyes were bright with expectation, and she lay with one foot strained hard against the gorgeous carpet, and with her beautiful head partially erect, like a gazelle preparing to leap from its thicket. Full twenty minutes she remained in this position, but at length she became restless, and flinging the lute away with a vehemence that sent the loose sleeve floating like a purple mist back upon her shoulder, she started up, and passed through an open door. From the room which she entered was a private passage, leading to the Queen's apartments, but the door was locked, and the key within the chamber. A smile in which both playfulness and mockery combined, flashed over the lady's face as she turned the bolt, murmuring, "The lock has become rusty for want of use; alas for the love-stricken Queen," and with the smile still upon her brilliant face, she threaded the passage cautiously, for she had not dared to take a lamp. The door which opened to Mary's dressing-room, was unlocked, but the entrance concealed from within by a fall of heavy tapestry. After listening for a moment, the lady softly lifted the latch, and concealed herself within the folds of this massive drapery, where she could hear any conversation which might pass in the room. All, however, was silent, and the fair listener might have deemed the room empty but for the rustle of silk, and the impatient tapping of a foot upon the floor. Thrusting her hand into her bosom, the listening female drew forth a tiny poinard, and with its keen point, cut an aperture in the tapestry, and looked eagerly through. The Queen was there, and alone. It was the rustle of her damask dressing-gown, heavily flowered with silver, that had before given evidence of her presence. She seemed as just prepared for rest; her tiring woman had been dismissed, the jewels were unbound from her head, and her harsh features looked dark and repulsive, when contrasted alone with the glittering white of her dressing-gown. The female behind the tapestry was about to retire when certain that Mary had no companion, but as she was turning for that purpose, an opposite door opened, and King Philip entered his wife's dressing-room. Mary started up, and for the moment her face became almost pleasing, so happy did she seem with the presence of her haughty lord.

"Madam," said Philip, in a stern, harsh voice, stepping repulsively away, as she moved forward to greet him, "Madam, I crave some information of a lady of your court, one Mistress Copley. It is said that she has been conveyed from the castle mysteriously, and under a guard of armed men. Before I seek my pillow I would learn from your own lips if this be so. In a word, most gentle lady, have you *dared* to thwart my wishes or brave my displeasure, by planning or conniving at her departure."

The Queen turned crimson with fear and rage, but powerful as was the former feeling, the latter overcame it.

"Your gentle light-o-love has a bed at our expense even yet," she said spitefully; "not so daintily tricked out, perchance, as the couch she has left in our castle, but a soft one, nevertheless. The Tower at London contains no parks through which a light maiden and false prince may roam at will. *There*, at least, *our* authority is still supreme."

"Woman, you have not dared!" Philip would have said more, but the Queen interrupted him with insulting calmness, though she turned pale in the intensity of her rage.

"Alice Copley is in the Tower. I will not touch pen to parchment again, 'till it is to sign her death-warrant."

"Fiend!" exclaimed Philip through his shut teeth, and with a fiery gesture, he flung open the door, and left the room. It was but for an instant; his shadow was yet on the threshold, when he returned again.

"Madam," he said, "your signet, if you please; I would visit Mistress Copley in prison, and it may be needed."

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"Never!" exclaimed Mary, closing the hand on which was the signet ring, so tightly that its rough chasing almost sunk into her palm.

With a sneer upon his lip, Philip took the clenched hand within his own, and using some degree of violence, forced the ring from her finger. Then raising the hand which glowed with his rudeness, mockingly to his lips, he dropped it, and left the room.

For a moment Mary stood transfixed with rage too vehement for expression; every bad feeling of her nature seemed aroused within her bosom, but instead of resenting the rudeness which had been practiced upon her, as a wronged wife, or an insulted Queen, her first words were levelled against the helpless victim of her jealousy.

"Minion," she hissed, and specks of foam rushed through her clenched teeth, "Minion! I have been thus outraged, and for thee! Thy dainty limbs shall writhe and scorch and shrink to nothing, in the hot flame for this, low born heretic as thou art."

The insulted Queen raved on, long and fiercely, as if the object of her hate had been present to tremble at its violence. All night she trod that little room to and fro, in her impotent wrath, now muttering sternly to herself, and again weeping and wringing her hands, in fear that her husband would make their late quarrel a pretext for returning to Spain, as he often threatened. So completely had she become his slave, that when the anger which his brutal conduct had aroused in her heart, subsided into more bitter and deadly hate of her rival, an abject wish to appease his wrath took possession of her, and notwithstanding his late unmanly outrage, she sought the private door of his chamber, ready to make any concession short of her revenge, to soften his resentment. But the door at which she tried for admission to his apartment, was locked, and though she struck it timidly with her hand again and again, her only answer was the merry tones of a lute, which seemed flooding the chamber with a sweet mockery of her summons. There several times did the restless woman seek that door, and every time her effort to be heard was drowned in a gush of cheerful music.

To be continued.

Original.

THE SEA.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

The green earth hath its beautiful, the flower and the leaf;
The vine-clad hill, the gentle slope, the rich autumnal sheaf,
The lowing herd, the piping bird that sings from every tree,
But give, oh, give me, for my boon, a home upon the sea!
There's beauty in the billow when the zephyrs skim along,
There's glory on the ocean, when the wind-sprite chaunts its song;
There's grandeur, when the foaming surge, like a tall tower uprears,
Or, like a shrouded giant, its colossal form appears.
The war-horse curves his graceful neck, and dashes wide the foam
From his strong curb, and wildly seeks the battle's densest storm;
And the chained eagle fiercely shrieks, impatient to be free,
But his, a prouder spirit is, whose home is on the sea.

Oh! but 'tis glorious, 'mid the storm, when wave on wave uprears,
And thunder spirits in their wrath, hurl down their lightning spears;
To watch the elemental strife—sublime—terrific—grand—
And *know* there's one who holds them "in the hollow of His hand!"

I've stood upon the battle-field, where foe with foe would meet,
And each bold standard-bearer bore his own proud winding-sheet:
And felt a strange deep thrill of joy, on that ensanguined plain,
When on the winds came rushing up, bold Freedom's cheering strain.
And every hill became more dear, and holier every vale,
When war-worn pilgrims showed their wounds, that told a touching tale;
And in the rapture of glad thoughts, have waved aloft my hand,
And shouted, "*this*, this is indeed 'my own, my native land!'"
My native land! whose sons are brave, whose daughters passing fair,
Whose *eagle* oft hath caused to skulk the *lion* to his lair;
Whose mountains, and whose broad deep streams, whose forests old and dim,
Send up their myriad notes to Heaven in one eternal hymn.
But, oh, that sea, that glorious sea! broad mirror of those skies,
Where "everlasting love" is writ to mortal's wondering eyes—
Say, Ocean! over whose deep waves ten thousand years have rolled,
What mysteries lie amid your depths, what wonders yet untold?
Is there no music in those halls beneath the placid sea,
When billows seem to hold above, their lofty jubilee?
Is there no sorrow in those caves hid far, far down the deep,
When sounds come up from out their depths, like moans of those who weep?
Are there no wild sweet flowers there, o'ershadowed by the waves,
Tended, perhaps, by young sea nymphs, who dwell in coral caves?
No peaceful bowers down, down, down beyond all mortal eye,
Where those who fondly love, live on in joys that never die?
I know not if beneath the sea, are halls and temples fair,
Or sea nymphs with bright diamond-drops, and rich pearls in their hair;
I know not whether joy or grief are found beneath your wave,
But *know* your bosom oft hath borne the noble and the brave.
God! I have stood upon the deck, when booming long and loud,
The fiery messengers of death came with their herald cloud;
And watched, amid the battle's rage, (an angel's wing to me)
Still proudly floating o'er our ship, the banner of the free!
Ay! and when death, with its dark wing came wildly sweeping by,
And 'shadowed with its gory plume, ah! many a burning eye,
I've thought, as 'round our vessel's side the moaning of each wave
Came up—perchance the billows chaunt the requiem of the brave.
I've seen the dying sailor gaze so wistfully around,
When on his ear came pealing up the cannon's gloomy sound;
While hovering o'er his vision dim, his country's flag was there,
And Victory's shout rose wildly up, and staid awhile his prayer.
I've seen that sailor, thrice essay to shout, in his full pride,
And as he gave the wild "huzza," look up to Heaven—*he died!*
And when the battle's strife was o'er, above the dead we prayed,
And shrouded them, and o'er each corpse the words of grace we said;
Then through the green and flashing waves, each shrouded body sped,
To sleep, until the sea is called to "render up its dead."
Farewell thou sea! long time hath passed since rocked upon thy breast,
Thy soothing billows lullaby, hath hushed my woes to rest;
Thou art my mother, sister, bride—my beautiful, my free!—
God bless and guard for ever more, each wanderer of the sea!

Petersburg, Va., 1841.

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Original.

BRIDAL CUSTOMS OF THE NORTHERN GERMANS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

THERE still exists, even at this time, when Imagination has been dethroned by cheerless Reality, and Form and Fashion, have utterly banished Romance from the circle of domestic happiness, a charm interwoven with the nuptial ceremonies of the Germans, which imparts to them a spirit of mirthful and innocent romance, and preserves the warm and social emotions of the heart in their primitive brightness and purity.

When a young girl is once betrothed, were the Hindo *tali*, (whose bond Death only can dissolve,) around her neck, she could not feel herself more irrevocably joined to the one whom her plighted faith has blessed—she is, therefore, moved by no calculating motives for concealment—she is not coquette enough to court the attentions of other men, whom her unacknowledged vows might mislead, and a faithless lover, a jilted lady, and broken engagement, are phenomena, in her land, too rarely heard of to be dreaded,—thus she does not blush to proclaim to the world, her

> "Pure, open, prosperous love,
> That pledged on earth and sealed above,
> Grows in the world's approving eyes,
> In Friendship's smile, and home's caress,
> Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
> Into one knot of happiness!"

Her acquaintances are soon made partakers of her happiness; from this hour to that of her marriage, she is called "Bride," (resigning the name the instant she becomes a wife,) and regarded as a being on whom every testimony of affection, and every kindness of friendship is to be lavished. Her friends and connections select her as the Queen of their fêtes; and, at the dinner parties daily given in her honor, the seats of the Bride and Bridegroom grace the head of the festive board, their plates are wreathed with garlands of natural flowers, and bouquets of the most exquisite buds and blossoms bloom in vases beside them. The first health proposed is the Bride's, often accompanied by a feeling and beautiful address to the happy pair. It is not unusual for the Bridegroom to express his thanks in an answer. A week before the nuptials the dearest and most intimate friend of the Bride invites her young companions to a festival called "The Binding of the Myrtle Wreath." On this occasion no married person is admitted—mirth and hilarity revel unrestrained by the frown of prudery, or the sober glances of age and experience. The myrtle wreath, which is to mingle with the tresses of the Bride at her nuptials, is woven by the hands of young maidens, and the gentlemen are excluded from their presence until this ceremony is completed; the evening is then divided between dancing and amusing games. When the bridal morning arrives, bright colored flags float gaily from the window of the bridegroom's and business acquaintances, and a profusion of cadeaux, flowers, and poetry, is showered in upon the bride. At the altar her brow is encircled by the myrtle wreath, whose binding she witnessed a few days previous, the emblem of that everlasting faith and constancy implanted in her heart. During the evening the more youthful and gay sportively attempt to pluck the leaves from her garland, over which, to prevent these depredations, the bridegroom becomes guardian; and his hand alone, when her friends withdraw, removes the wreath from her brow. A serenade beneath their windows closes the ceremonies, and though

> "When the young bride goes from her father's hall
> She goes unto love yet untried and new,
> She parts from the love which hath still been true."

she seldom, in that happy clime, parts to weep over changed affections and unrealized hopes.

Twenty-five years after the day of their union, should both parties be so fortunate as to reach together that advanced period, another festival celebrates the virtues of the *wife*, who again receives gifts, and tokens of affection, and congratulatory poems, (some I have seen printed on satin,) from her friends, who, in the evening, assemble around her; and then, seated on a chair of state, at an appointed hour, her two youngest children, if she have any, approach her bearing a basket heaped with newly gathered flowers, among the leaves of which glitters a silver crown—gracefully presenting her their beautiful burden, they recite some verses, generally composed by the elder children, and their father, who stands by her side, receiving the crown places it on the head of his wife, whose thoughts, perhaps, wander back to the eve when the myrtle wreath lay freshly there, and the years that have since fled, start up one by one before her, while she asks her heart if it has been as true and as fond, as it vowed to be, or whether there is not yet some evidence of love unshown, some sacrifice of affection unoffered, by which she can add to the felicity of her husband and the happiness of his home.

When half a century has rolled away, and the bride of fifty years ago has survived to be the beloved wife of half a hundred years tried and unchanging affection, an event so extraordinary and so unfrequently witnessed, is celebrated by the "Golden Hochzeit" or golden wedding, at which a crown of gold is presented the reverend matron, and a clergyman, addressing the aged pair, rehearses the blessings which have been granted to them in the long life they have spent together, and revives the emotions of their youth in the remembrance of its by-gone pleasures.

By some, these customs would be esteemed useless or absurd, but when we reflect that they cherish and keep fresh the kindliest feelings of the heart, constrain those who witness them to look back upon the past, to contemplate goodness and virtue, and question whether the silver and the golden crown, the rewards of constancy and affection, have been fairly won, we may rather lament that these ceremonies should be confined to romantic Germany alone.

EVERY man has his own individual organization. This may serve to explain the difference of constitution and temperament.—*Struve.*

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Original.

ALLAN MENTIETH.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"He who dares sit in Saint Swithin's chair
When the night hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three if they speak the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell."—*Waverly.*

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the kingdom of Scotland could lay little claim to the intellectual character for which it is now proverbial among all countries, although, considering its narrow limits and the internal discords with which for centuries it had been agitated, it had nevertheless produced some master spirits who will for ever live in the records of genius. But, a mental darkness prevailed generally over all classes, and especially among the peasantry. Learning existed only in Abbeys and Monasteries, and it was the interest of the priesthood to withhold it from the people, the better to enable them to exercise their domination and indulge their sensual appetites. Latter times have, however, shown us that "knowledge is indeed power," and that the gown and rosary are regarded with respect, but not terror—that religion is received with a wary yet serious consideration, but that all sectarian intolerancy is rebuked with a fearless spirit. "The church and the state," as they are coupled in England, are fast parting fellowship, tithes, stipends, pluralities and a host of other clerical impositions are in many cases now merely nominal, and "the fathers of the church" begin to bow to the supremacy of intellect, and are compelled to confine themselves solely to the dutes of their spiritual calling. At the period at which we lay our story, it is well known that the Roman church was the religion of the land, and that its priests were arrogant and designing in the extreme. The kingdom of Scotland was also divided by civil discord—and the peasantry of its highlands were the vassals or clansmen of various chiefs. These were a race entirely destitute of mental culture, and plunged in the lowest depths of superstition—even the chieftains themselves were men of little or no learning, and holding their titles from the antiquity of birth and their prowess in arms—yet all more or less tinctured with the superstitions and legends of their country. Allan Mentieth, the hero of our story, was the second son of a chieftain of that name, whose father dying in his infancy and the title descending to the eldest son, the care of Allan devolved upon a widowed aunt, who lived on the confines of the highlands, on a large and wealthy estate. The child of her sister, and the only relative for which she almost retained an affection, it is scarcely necessary to assert, that she indulged his whims and caprices to an unbounded extent, and by the time that Allan had reached the age of manhood, he was addicted to every extravagance and vice that the locality of the place afforded him. Through the interest of his aunt and some powerful relatives, a commission was obtained for him in the army of Queen Mary, where, among the younger branches of the noble families of that period, his heedless propensities were encouraged and fostered, 'till they left him so embarrassed, that his frequent calls upon his aunt for pecuniary relief, were ultimately met with a refusal. His credit gone, his desires ungratified, he felt reckless of all around him, and hesitated not at any sacrifice to procure the means to carry out his views. At one period, he had become acquainted with Murdoch McIvor, a man of dissolute habits, and who for many years had been known in the neighborhood where his aunt resided, as one of the most daring caterans or freebooters which the highlands held. This individual had been once strongly suspected of having committed a robbery on the premises of Lady Alice, Allan's aunt, and although it could not be brought directly home to him, he having contrived to effect his escape, yet, it was firmly believed he was the robber, and indeed such was actually the fact, for in connivance with Allan he had been admitted into the premises, and the most valuable pieces of family plate extracted and converted into money, which the two had shared between them. McIvor had thus the young highlander completely in his power, and whenever he found himself in difficulty, he applied for aid to Allan, which if refused, he threatened to reveal the robbery to his aunt. For above two years had McIvor thus held his victim in the thrall, and instead of abating in his demands, was only the more importunate and greedy. A sudden cessation of hostilities about this time, had given the young soldier an opportunity to pay a visit to his aunt, and he felt grateful, if for nothing else, he should for a short period thus escape from the presence and demands of the villain, McIvor. A brief rebuke from his affectionate aunt for his extravagance was all that he received, and her heart was as open to him as ever. For many months he had resided at the home of his childhood, enjoying the sports of the field, and regarded by all the tenantry of his relative, with respect and kindness—while his winning manners and bold and handsome figure were admirably calculated to make a favorable impression upon the maidens of the neighborhood—yet there was ever a thoughtful and moody expression upon his features—his eye, dark as the wing of the raven, was never steadily fixed upon any one object, but its constant wandering betrayed a mind that was ill at ease—yet withal he was a manly and gallant youth. His costume was that of the highlander of those times. The tartan kilt, which came to the knee, betrayed the proportions of a limb worthy of an Apollo; his coat, of the same material, cut so as to expose his neck, which was of exquisite symmetry, and when not browned by the sun of summer, was as white as the snows of his native mountains. His features were of just and beautiful proportion—his hair was of the hue of the yellow harvest, while the peaked Gaelic bonnet, plumed with the wing of the eagle, surmounted a brow broad and smooth. The checkered hose, which rose midway above his ankle, were fastened with garters of crimson ribands, a brogue of russet leather encased each foot, clasped by large silver buckles—while over all was thrown in graceful negligence a plaid of ample dimensions. Thus equipped, of him it might be said—

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"So stately his form and so noble his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;"

or rather, never were the heather breasts of his mountains trodden by a nobler form.

Among the youthful beauties of Glenlyon valley, was one who was esteemed the gem of maiden loveliness, Catharine Graham. On her had Allan in his days of boyhood looked kindly, and now that he was returned a man and a soldier, he deemed that the simple heart of the maiden would be easily captivated—but pure affection reigned not in his bosom, vice had sapped it to the foundation, and deep and dark designs against her innocence were by him meditated. In vain did he seek to win her ear, in vain did he vow that she was his only idol, but the maiden had already plighted her vows in the presence of heaven to Donald Kenmure, cousin of Allan, and also a dependent on the bounty of the Lady. Indignant at thus being foiled in his machinations, a deep and deadly hatred took possession of his heart, and he resolved to blight the character of his cousin in the eyes of his aunt, and thus, if possible, accomplish the easier his design upon the maiden. To effect this, he one night entered the chamber of his aunt while she was bound in slumber, and bore from it a valuable bracelet, the gift of her deceased husband, at the same time dropping behind him the bonnet of Donald, so that suspicion was naturally enough fastened upon the poor youth, who, being accused of the theft, and although no other evidence of guilt could be produced against him, save the circumstance of his bonnet having been found in the apartment, he was condemned and committed to prison.

Poor Catharine, almost heart broken, and knowing well that her lover was innocent, pleaded hard with the Lady Alice for pardon, but the apparent ingratitude of the youth made her deaf to all entreaty, and so, as a last resource, she condescended to make application to Allan to use his interest in behalf of his poor cousin.

"On one condition," replied he, "I will. Transfer your affections from Donald to me, and I will prevail upon my aunt to procure his release from prison."

The eyes of Catharine flashed with contempt, the blood mounted to her face, and her whole frame shook with indignation. "Mean, contemptible being!" she exclaimed, "none but one who is unworthy of any woman's hand would dare to proffer such terms to an affianced maiden. What! exchange virtue for vice, truth for deceit, honor for nobleness? Never! sooner would I link myself to the festering remnants of mortality and be entombed alive, than exchange my Donald's love for the cold and selfish heart that beats within thy bosom," and rushing from the apartment, left Allan confounded and speechless.

He was standing in that position, when a servant entered and placed a packet in his hand. He started when he beheld the superscription. "Ah! 'tis from Murdoch!" he exclaimed, and staggered breathless to a chair. For some minutes he sat with his eyes fixed vacantly upon it, then mechanically broke the seal, and read as follows—

"It is already three weeks past the time appointed when I was to have received the money which you promised—but you thought that by flying from the city you would avoid me—'twas a vain thought—oceans cannot part us. The deepest solitude on earth cannot hide you from my searching eye. We are bound together by the indissoluble ties of crime, and when one falls so must the other. I am now in the neighborhood. In two days I shall expect the promised stipend—you will find me at the *pine crag beyond Saint Swithin's cave*—if you fail me—infamy will claim thee for its own."

There was no signature, but too well did Allan know the hand and truth of its contents. "Horror!" he exclaimed. "I am in the coils of the serpent—'tis in vain to struggle, I must bow me to my destiny—but how to acquire the sum? I am almost penniless—and to ask my aunt would but incur her censure, knowing well that I have here no temptation to cause my waste of money—yet he *must* be satisfied at every hazard—but how? by what means?" and he glanced his eyes around the apartment as if seeking to find an unexpected treasure—at length they alighted upon a large iron chest. "Ah! the fiend is ever with the wicked," he exclaimed, "that box has stood my friend already—Murdoch and I have revelled joyously upon its contents—it must serve me again, but how to procure the key?" and he paused as if communing with himself the means how to obtain it.

At that moment a flash of lightning followed by a loud peal of thunder roused him from his revery. "Ah! the heavens are warning me against the deed," he cried, "I will seek Murdoch and brave the worst—but where, where is he to be found?" and he looked again at the letter. '*At the Pine Crag, beyond Saint Swithin's cave.*' "Saint Swithin's cave!" he murmured to himself, then started as if some sudden thought had flashed across his brain. "The time—the hour! yes, yes, my star is propitious—to-night I will seek the page of futurity. 'Tis the eve of Hallowmas, and according to the legend of the cave, the mortal who is bold enough to speak the charm shall find three answers to three questions. If I remember rightly, 'tis thus runs the legend—

'He who dares sit in Saint Swithin's chair
When the Night Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three if speaks the spell
He may ask and she must tell.'

Yes! by the fiends of darkness I will dare to know my fate. 'Tis already evening—the clouds are full of storm—no prying fool will be abroad to mark my movements, and unseen I may seek the counsel of the hag. If it be good, then shall I be happy and life will be worth living for—if evil, why then I know the worst, and better to be mouldering in my grave than to live upon the rack of dread uncertainty—to feel the harpy of crime for ever gnawing at my heart and know that I am at the mercy of a villain. Yes—this moment will I seek her counsel," and he rushed from the apartment, pale haggard and desperate. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were wrapped in the sheeted lightnings, and the artillery of heaven rolled louder and louder as if thundering their vengeance against him who sought to penetrate the secrets of futurity.

The cave of Saint Swithin stood upon the borders of a broad and deep highland lake, formed of basaltic pillars, through which the waters entered to some depth, and when chafed by a tempest, used to make the hollow arches and rifted crevices, echo with a mournful and terrific sound. That night the waters lashed and roared

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as if the demons of destruction were waging war upon their bosoms. With difficulty did Allan gain the cave by a narrow pathway, which winding around the base of the mountain, led to a small opening which conducted into its heart. Deep and impenetrable darkness reigned throughout, save when the lightning for a moment irradiated its walls and showed the waves heaving and swelling, tipped with their feathery foam. In one corner of the cave was a rude seat, formed by nature out of the solid rock, like a large gothic chair, and, according to the legend which from time immemorial had existed among the inhabitants, had been once the seat of the Saint Swithin, to whom innumerable virtues as well as evils were attributed, but none greater than the one contained in the episode quoted in our story. To this Allan directed his trembling footsteps, and seating himself in it, with beating heart and trembling lips pronounced the following—

> "By the sacred blood of Saint Swithin bold,
> When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
> I call thee fiend to appear this night,
> And to me reveal thy promised plight."

Strange and unearthly voices rose upon the blast, the wind swept through the cavern with terrific fury, a bright flame rose from the water and the form of a tall and hideous looking woman stood before him. In her hand she held the branch of a pine—her hair was grizzled and fell in thick masses over her naked shoulders and bosom, displaying only a skeleton form covered with shrivelled skin—her eyes gleamed with an unearthly brightness, and her deep and sepulchral voice fell on the ear of Allan like the knell of death, while she said—"Behold! True to the spell thou hast spoke this night, I come to reveal my promised plight."

"Ah! is it so?" exclaimed Allan, "am I then in the presence of the Night Hag?"

"Yes! bold mortal, thou hast severed the seal that bound thy future destiny. Speak thy wishes and I will answer thee."

"Then be it so," cried Allan, desperation taking the place of terror in his heart. "Tell me, shall I ever hold the means to silence my enemy, Murdoch McIvor?"

"Thou shalt!" exclaimed the hag.

"And in two days?"

"In two days!" replied she.

"And by what means?" asked Allan.

"By blood!" screamed the fiend, and a loud laugh burst from her bosom.

"Horrible! horrible! and by whom shall that blood be shed?" cried Allan.

"I cannot tell—*three* answers hast thou already had—the spell is broken!" A loud clap of thunder burst in the heavens—the cave shook to its foundation, as if crumbling into pieces—and all again was darkness.

For several minutes Allan was unconscious of what had taken place, and when he began gradually to recover his senses, and the doubtful issue of his mission flashed upon his mind, he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, not to have pryed into the book of futurity. Slowly and with trembling steps he regained his aunt's mansion—but sleep was denied to him—his villainy to his poor cousin hung upon his heart and filled him with remorse, and he resolved that in the morning he should solicit for his release. He did so, his suit was fortunate, and before the noon, Donald was at liberty.

That day, according to custom, Lady Alice was seated in the family hall to receive her numerous tenantry who came to pay their yearly rents. In a corner, apart from the others, sat Allan, apparently perusing a book with intense interest, but his mind was otherwise occupied. The mysterious answers of the fiend, the dread of exposure should he not be able to meet the demands of Murdoch, and the gnawings of a guilty conscience, all were busy within him. Tenant after tenant arrived, each producing his stipulated sum to the Lady Alice. The dark eye of Allan might be seen occasionally to glance to the piles of gold and silver which heaped the table, then quickly return to the page again. "Ah!" thought he, "but a little part of that would suffice to set my mind at rest," and device was soon at work in his guilty bosom.

Before the business of the day was closed, the evening had come, and Lady Alice, after bidding her tenantry adieu, who were now enjoying her hospitality, and once more receiving Donald to her bosom, whom in her heart, she had never fairly considered guilty, ordered the books and papers to be deposited in the iron chest, which we have before alluded to, and where was kept the family plate, then collecting the money into a leathern bag, she carried it with her to her chamber for better security 'till she was able next morning to count it correctly.

To a late hour the guests kept together, and when at last they departed, the only one who remained afoot was Allan. He had retired to his chamber, but his mind was fixed upon the accomplishment of a certain act—an act of crime—the robbery of his aunt. He determined by the deed to evade the commission of murder which the night hag had prophecied would befall him, and he thought that if he could enter his aunt's chamber, as he had already done, and secure the sum that was necessary for the defrayment of Murdoch's tax, from the money yet uncounted, he might escape dectection, lull the avarice of Murdoch, and again be happy. Foolish hope—what can cover crime? Nothing!

It was now midnight, and with a silent and stealthy pace he descended from his room, and gaining the door of his aunt's, quietly undid the latch. The low breathing of the worthy matron fell upon his ear like the accusing voice of justice—his heart beat audibly against his breast—he paused, his resolution seemed to forsake him—he was about to return, but the form of Murdoch stood before his fevered sight, the finger of dishonor seemed to point at him, the angel of repentance fled from his bosom and he was again in the toils of the tempter. He gained the table and passing his hand over it, to his confusion found that the prize was not there. Where, where could she have placed it? At that moment the moon burst brightly from behind a cloud, darting its beams into the apartment with a brilliancy almost equal to that of day. Allan beheld his aunt reclining sweetly in slumber, a smile was playing on her aged features, and he thought that in the breathings of her

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sleep she murmured a blessing upon his name. From beneath her pillow he saw the sought for treasure, but how to secure it—no matter, it must be done—and cautiously he slipped the wallet from its resting place, but slight as was the motion it was enough to awaken the Lady Alice—she sprang from her pillow and uttered a loud scream. Allan was endeavoring to escape from the room, but the light of the moon revealed his figure.

"Ah! Allan is it you?" she exclaimed, "would you rob your aunt?"

It was plain he was discovered, disgrace was for ever upon him—there was no way left to bury the secret but by her death—murder at once took possession of his heart—he seized his dirk, and the next moment buried it in the heart of Alice.

Her screams had aroused the household, who were now heard to be hurrying towards the chamber. How to conceal himself he knew not—he rushed into the hall, there stood the old iron chest—he knew the secret spring that unlocked it—he touched it, the lid flew open and springing into it drew the lid down, and thus lay secure from observation.

The first who reached the chamber of Lady Alice, was young Donald, who beheld the wallet laying on the floor which in his terror Allan had left behind him. He seized it, and the domestics entering and finding him there with it in his hand; their mistress murdered, and horror rendering him pale and speechless, at once concluded that he was the assassin. His former crime, which by many had been disbelieved, was now fully credited, and the ill starred Donald was arrested as the murderer of the Lady Alice.

The authorities of that time were most summary in the execution of the laws, and next day, in the hall, was Donald arraigned for trial. All testified to the situation in which they found him, and it was evident to every one, that he had deprived his aunt of life for the purpose of possessing himself of the money collected for the rents the day previous. But yet Allan was missing, he could be no where found. Had he too been destroyed for the better purpose of advancing the views of the cruel Donald? Poor Allan! but yesterday he had obtained the release of the murderer from jail—alas! but to destroy thy aunt and perhaps thy noble self.

In brief, Donald was doomed the following morning to suffer death, and the poor youth was on the eve of being carried to prison from the hall, when a female voice in loud tones was heard exclaiming without—"This way, villain! you shall not escape me, help! help! here is the murderer!" All eyes were directed to the quarter from whence the voice came, and Catharine Graham burst into the hall, pale and almost exhausted, dragging with her the villain Murdoch, and followed by a crowd of people.

"What means this, girl?" exclaimed the judge. "Who is that man whom you have dragged hither?"

"He is the murderer!" cried Catharine, "the assassin of Lady Alice—he that was seen lurking about this place two years ago, when the family plate was stolen from that iron chest."

Several individuals testified at once to his identity.

"Speak, fellow, what know you of the murder?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing!" replied Murdoch, sulkily.

"How came you in this quarter at the very time that murder had been committed?"

"I came to see—to see—" and Murdoch looked around, thinking that he would recognize Allan.

"To see whom? speak sirrah!"

"Why to see an old crony of mine, Allan Mentieth."

A deep cry of astonishment ran throughout the throng, while the judge continued—"And for what purpose?"

"Why, to receive payment of a small bond which was owing by him unto me," replied Murdoch.

"What was the nature of that bond?"

"That is a secret between ourselves," said the ruffian.

"Were you ever in these parts before?"

"Why, yes—I think I was—"

"And on what occasion?"

"Why, to see my friend Allan to be sure. Have you aught more to ask of me?"

"Yes, and expect that you will answer without prevarication—on your truth depends your acquittal."

"Umph!" muttered Murdoch, doggedly.

"You were in this neighborhood when the family plate was extracted from yonder chest, some two years since?"

"I was!"

"And you were the person that did so!"

"'Tis false!" shouted Murdoch in a voice of thunder. "'Tis false! it was not me—it was—" and he paused suddenly, as if afraid of revealing the secret.

"Who? speak, fellow—your life depends on your answer," replied the judge.

"Why, then, if I must tell, it was my young friend, Allan Mentieth."

A thrill of horror burst from the crowd.

"How, Allan Mentieth, 'tis impossible—you wish to exculpate yourself by casting the guilt upon an innocent man. Were Allan here you would not dare to say this, besides I suspect that you have murdered *him* as well as the Lady Alice."

"Murder—no, no, I am bad enough, but my hands are yet free from blood! Allan not to be found, 'tis singular. I could stake my neck against a halter that he is not far from here," said Murdoch.

"We shall look to that hereafter," continued the judge. "But you confess that you were accessary to the stealing of the plate, some two years since?"

"I do!"

"I remember it was said that there was a secret spring to the chest, which must have been known to the parties—if therefore what you say be true, prove it by pointing out that spring."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Murdoch. "That I can easily do—make way there, and I'll show you."

The domestics stood aside, and the ruffian approaching the chest, touched a spring—the lid flew open—and the body of Allan Mentieth was discovered, cold and lifeless from suffocation.

Terror and amazement stood on every countenance—

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and the evidence of Murdoch, with other circumstances, showed that Allan was the murderer, and Donald innocent.

More need not be said—the tale is told, gentle reader, which shows that if there are indeed supernatural agents, and mortals seek their help—they will find, that they but "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hopes."

Original.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

She sat beside him—'twas a Summer eve—
Lightly and calmly did the ocean heave
Beneath the gentle wind that stirred above,
Like her own bosom 'neath the breath of love,
His love, who drew her gently to his side,
Blest that at last he called his loved one, bride.
Out from the twilight, here and there a beam
Of brightening starlight stole, with trembling gleam,
Lighting the dew-drops on the hawthorn bough,
That bent with wreaths, like one that bound her brow
His hand had twined. They were alone, their bliss
So perfect that they only knew that this
Was *happiness*—they had no time to think
Or measure joy. They stood upon the brink
Of a sweet stream—to quench the heart's deep thirst
They waited not, nor asked if storms might burst,
Or poison springs defile its onward course—
The present thralled them with a gentle force;—
All that in hours gone by their hearts had dreamed
Of past and future as dim shadows seemed,
How could those wedded lovers fear or grieve
In such a twilight as their marriage eve?

She sat beside him—'twas an Autumn noon,
Not like the cloudless firmament of June,
(So bright to look at from a shady bower,
So scorching if ye venture 'neath its power,
Like fame that seemeth pleasant while ye lie
In the mild shadow of obscurity,)
Was the sky o'er them, yet 'twas beautiful,
So calm, and blue, and mild, that it might lull
The heart of very madness into rest,
A few white cloudlets floated o'er its breast;
The ocean had no waves, only its long
Continuous ripple, and the sailor's song
Swept thro' the stilly air. In matron pride
Sat the fair woman, erst a gentle bride—
No burning crimson glowed upon her cheek
Yet its pure rose did happiness bespeak,
And she was listening, with a gentle smile
Upon her lip, and yet the tears the while
In her dark eyes, as from the Poet's page
He read some legend of another age;
Their love had now a calmer, holier feeling,
Even like a mellow day of Autumn stealing
Over their middle life, and softening down
Their thoughts and passions, more than ever *one*!
When they first wedded they could scarce believe
Their union not a dream that must deceive—
Now, so entwined were they, so *one* in heart,
They marvelled how they ever lived apart!

Turn to a sadder scene—the Summer's day
Stole feebly thro' the curtains where he lay
Stretched on his couch, she sat beside him still,
Watching each feverish start each fearful thrill,
Watching the pulse, the fluttering of the breath,
And waiting for the turn for life or death,
'Twas life, for the red fever passed away,
And cool and tranquil as a babe he lay,
'Twas life, but ah, what life! for never came
Reason again, the fever's withering flame
Had over tasked the brain with pangs intense,
Had poisoned every spring of thought and sense
Save one, his love for her—that still remained,
Stronger and deeper now the rest were chained.

She sat beside him—followed him where'er
He wandered, merged in one her every care;
'Twas now each passionate thought and feeling high
Awaked in all its youthful energy,
He knew no other voice, no other face,
Would suffer none his devious paths to trace
Save her, and from no other hand would take
His needful food, and only for her sake;
She sat beside him, his thin hand in hers,
'Twas such a moment as the bosom stirs
With all deep feeling, for 'twas in the scene
Where all their hours of early love had been;
A tear was in her eye, there seemed to be
A moment's pause in his insanity,
He spoke not, but he pressed his lip upon
Her finger where the marriage circlet shone,
Gazed in her face with one intense long look,
Then a strange, sudden change his features shook,
His drooping head upon her shoulder press'd—
It was a corpse that leaned upon her breast.

And still she is beside him—of her heart,
Her joy, her very life he was a part,
The spring had failed from whence its vigor came,
The oil consumed that fed her spirit's flame,
For her the sunshine had a shadow now,
For her the wind had wailings faint and low,
Why should she tarry here?
Day after day
She sought the churchyard where his ashes lay,
And lingered long, nor loved to turn away;
She felt her home was there.
And her release
Was near at hand, she pass'd in perfect peace,
Those constant hearts death might not long divide,
And now she slumbers calmly by his side.

Liverpool, England.

It is only in the ignorance of the people, and in their consequent imbecility, that governments or demagogues can find the means of mischief.

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Original.

RETRIBUTION;

OR, THE LAST LORD OF DUNRAVEN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

On the coast of Glamorganshire, about nine miles south-east of Cowbridge, stands a high rocky headland, projecting a considerable distance into the sea, and forming a point, called by the natives, "*The Witch's Point.*" This cliff, which is very lofty, and broken in a most picturesque manner, is the site of a building of great antiquity, known by the name of Dunraven Castle. The date of its erection is unknown, but many parts of it appear to resemble a religious house, rather than a fortalice, and so many different styles of architecture are to be found in different portions of the mansion, that there can be little doubt of its having received additions from several succeeding proprietors. A large chapel which formerly occupied a wing of the castle, has been converted into lodging-rooms, and beneath it is still to be seen a walled arch, which is said to be the burial vault of the ancient lords of Dunraven. The elevated situation of the castle, gives it the command of many beautiful views; and on a stormy day, when the surf dashes over the high rocky cliff, the prospect from the western windows of the house is truly sublime. But notwithstanding its picturesque beauties, Dunraven Castle is a lonely and desolate abode. A part of it only is in habitable order, and a few old servants, whose duty it is to keep it from utter decay, are the only occupants of the place, except during about six weeks in the hunting season, when the present owner usually brings a party of friends to enjoy the sport which his secluded manor affords. The ancient race of the Vaughans—the former Lords of Dunraven, is extinct, and an English gentleman, a stranger to the blood of the original proprietors, now holds the tenure of the estate. But the tradition connected with the extinction of the Vaughan family, is one of strange and almost mysterious interest, while the dark tragedy of which Dunraven was the scene, may well account for its desertion and desolation.

Many years of a wild and reckless life had passed away, when Thomas Vaughan, the last Lord of Dunraven, returned to take up his abode in the home of his ancestors. In his boyhood, his name had been only another word for all that was mischievous and evil; in his early youth he was an object of fear and dislike, not only to all the tenants of his father's manor, but also to all the neighboring peasantry; and, when, in the first years of manhood, he broke from all the social restraints of life, and fled from Dunraven to plunge into the excesses of London, no one, excepting his broken-hearted parents regretted his absence from the scene of his youthful vices. From that time, little was known of his career, except from vague and uncertain rumor, but the knowledge of his early habits rendered every evil report probable. The death of his parents soon followed his desertion of them; and the only evidence which his servants received of his accession to the estate, was to be found in the orders which he gave for raising money from it, by every possible means. The fine old hall was allowed to become dilapidated—the woods were felled—the family plate was melted into coin, and every thing, in short, bore testimony to the wilful waste and prodigality of the heir of the Vaughans. But at length even these resources failed, and nothing was left but the rents of the farms which appertained to the estate. This was too sluggish a stream of wealth to the young Lord of Dunraven. He suddenly disappeared from all his accustomed haunts—his letters to the old steward ceased, and for nearly ten years he was believed to be numbered with the dead.

But, wherever he might have concealed himself, or whatever might have been his course of life during that long period, he was certainly not without the means of communication with his native land; for, no sooner did the heir-at-law commence legal measures to take possession of the Dunraven property, than Thomas Vaughan re-appeared in England. Vague rumors were afloat respecting his long absence. It was hinted that he had washed from his brow the sign of the cross, or, at least, hidden it beneath the crescented turban, while his hand had become too familiar with the scimitar of a Turkish corsair. But these were whisperings, vague and indistinct as the rustling of summer foliage. He had returned a changed and (as it seemed,) a better man. He now possessed wealth, and while this, in connection with his high birth and prepossessing manners afforded him a passport into the best society of every land, few could be found hardy enough to ask whence he had derived the golden talisman of power. Whatever vices he might now retain, they were at least concealed beneath the veil of decorum, and Vaughan of Dunraven soon became a favorite among the votaries of fashion. His extreme beauty of person, rendered the task of pleasing the gentler sex, one of little difficulty, and it was not long before he succeeded in winning the hand of a young and artless girl, many years his junior, whose wealth was to him her greatest attraction, and whose timid and *characterless* mind was no match for his crafty temper.

Immediately after his marriage, he had ordered that Dunraven castle should be prepared for his reception, and thither, with his young and lovely wife, he repaired to take up his future abode. Twenty-five years had elapsed since he had fled from his ancestral halls in secrecy and shame, yet time had dealt so lightly with him, that they who looked on him, almost doubted the evidence of their own senses. Tall and majestic in person, he possessed the fair complexion and bright luxuriant hair which had long characterized the Vaughan family. Though nearly fifty winters might be numbered since he had been borne to the baptismal fount in Dunraven Castle, yet his brow was as smooth, and his cheek as unfurrowed as in his boyhood. But there was an effeminate roundness of outline to his features, and a sinister expression in his soft blue eyes, which would scarcely have pleased a physiognomist. "Beware," says an old writer, "beware of an effeminate man, and of a masculine woman; for, in the *first*, thou wilt find

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craft and cunning—the vices of a feeble character—conjoined with the evil passions of man's rude nature; while, in the last, will be found many an unwomanly trait, and many a manly passion." Whatever truth may be contained in the warning, it is certain that the statistics of crime afford a striking proof of the correctness of *one half* of the assertion, and in a most singular statement, which I once saw respecting notorious murderers, it was proved that at least three fourths of the most atrocious murders had been committed by fair, soft-voiced, and effeminate-looking men. There was another peculiarity in the manners of the Lord of Dunraven, which may generally be considered a decisive proof of a character deficient in frank honesty. He never looked directly in the face of those whom he met; there was a downcast glance—a veiling of the eyes—as if he feared too much might be discerned in their liquid orbs. His voice was like music, so soft and honied were its tones—but it was the music of a long studied and artfully arranged harmony, not the utterance of a natural melody. There was a something too placid in his handsome face, too dulcet in the accents of his low voice. While observing his quiet gliding step, and the immobility of his serene features, or listening to the monotonous sweetness of his tones, one was unconsciously reminded of the velvety softness of the feline race, and the idea of a beautiful tiger in repose, involuntarily suggested itself to the imagination.

Whether the distrust which he generally excited might be attributed to his personal peculiarities, or whether it was the result of his early misdeeds, it would be difficult to determine, but he certainly was no favorite among the neighboring gentry. Dunraven Castle had been refitted, and partially refurnished, so that the old place possessed an air of comfort which it had not known for many years. But rarely did its walls echo to the sound of mirth and social enjoyment. Mr. Vaughan seemed absorbed in his own pursuits, whatever they might be, and his wife was one of those spiritless and feeble creatures, whom one act of tyranny is sufficient to enslave for life. She was evidently in great awe of her husband, and she went through her daily duties like one who felt the weight of some invisible chain fettering the free impulses of thought and word and deed.

About a mile west of Dunraven Castle, is an extraordinary excavation, worn by the waves in the rocky cliff. A passage some two hundred feet in length—one entrance of which faces the east, the other, and more imposing one, the south—formed into something resembling a rude colonade, supported by large masses of rock, runs through a stack of rocks, in a direction parallel to the shore. At some distance from this grand subterranean hall, is a deep cavern, which bears the name of the "Wind Hole," from the singular fact that there are narrow spiracles leading up from it to the top of the cliff, through which, when the tide is high, the wind rushes with such fury, that if a hat be placed over the aperture, it is instantly blown with great violence into the air. These singular caves in the solid stone, though well worthy the visits of the curious, had long lost all their novelty to the inhabitants, and excepting that the rocky colonade was a favorite resort of the fisher-boys, it was now rarely explored. It was not generally known, therefore, that a communication existed between the subterranean hall at the edge of the cliff, and the deeper cavern beyond. Still less was it expected that a narrow winding passage, the opening of which was concealed amid the burial vaults of Dunraven Chapel, led directly from the castle to the cavern. When or why this dark and tortuous path had been excavated, it would be impossible now to determine, but the remains of chapels and dormitories and vaults, which prove Dunraven to have once been a religious house, might allow us to conjecture that possibly the monks of the olden time had thus hollowed out, a secret entrance to the world beyond their walls.

Whatever might have been the purpose for which it was originally designed, the present Lord of Dunraven quickly found its use. Seldom did the gates of the old castle unclose to admit cheerful guests, yet often were the windows seen gleaming with lights, and often were the sounds of revelry borne on the midnight breeze to the humble cottages of the tenants. Guests came and went like shadows. Night often closed upon the solitary inmates of the castle, and morning broke upon them as solitary as the evening had found them, yet, between the midnight hour and the cock-crowing, strange forms had flitted across the lofty banquetting-hall, and wine had flowed in full streams around the plentiful board. The servants marvelled at these things, but they dared ask no questions. One domestic alone—a diminutive and swarthy boy, who knew no other language than the strange gutteral speech in which his master addressed him, and who never replied except by signs, seemed to possess the confidence of Mr. Vaughan. He was the sole attendant at these midnight orgies, and it is not strange that the ignorant peasants should have imbibed the notion that the Lord of Dunraven dealt in wizard lore, and that his guests were the ghostly habitants of another world. The boy they regarded with fear and horror, as the attendant imp of the mysterious lord, nor was the feeling diminished by the malicious looks and gestures of Malek, who, finding himself an object of dislike, delighted in terrifying them by opening his expansive jaws, and displaying a mouth garnished with long sharp glittering teeth, but destitute of the least remnant of a *tongue*.

Time passed away; nothing had occurred to give form and consistency to the vague suspicions which had been excited in the minds of all the neighborhood, towards Mr. Vaughan, and yet the dislike and distrust of him was unbounded. It was said that a strange and suspicious-looking vessel was often seen hovering around the coast of Glamorganshire; and those who rejected the supernatural from their belief, traced Mr. Vaughan's mysterious visitors rather to the ship, than to the place of departed spirits. But whether he was engaged with smugglers or pirates, was not to be discovered, and men dared not draw down his resentment by too close an inquiry, for, notwithstanding their dislike of him, there yet existed one common ground on which the

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neighbors all met, and in which they had an equal interest, Strange as it may seem, all who lived on that dangerous and rock-bound coast, whatever might be their rank or station, were literally *wreckers*.. The spoils cast up by the sea, were, by common consent, the property of him on whose manor they fell, and many a rich treasure was thus acquired by the proprietors of land on the sea shore. About five miles from Dunraven may still be seen a tall watch-tower, near to Saint Donat's Castle, where a sentinel was always stationed to give notice when a ship in distress appeared, in order that the lord of the castle might take possession of such of the wreck as should be driven ashore. Whether the beacon light which often blazed on the watch-tower, was placed there for the benevolent purpose of warning vessels from the iron coast, may well be doubted, for, certain it is, that, previous to the return of the Lord of Dunraven, almost every vessel that suffered shipwreck on those rocks, went ashore on Saint Donat's manor. What a horrid custom is that which thus offers a premium to cruelty, and makes the land more perilous to the shipwrecked mariner, than the cruel sea from whose yawning jaws he has just escaped. Who does not blush for human nature, when he remembers the scenes which have been enacted, not only on the savage coast of Cornwall, but even on the dangerous shoals of our own sea coast, in these days of enlightened humanity?

The good fortune of the Lord of Saint Donat's, changed with the coming of the crafty Dunraven, and he was doomed to see from his high tower, the remnant of many a 'rich argosy,' strewed on the rocky beach of his neighbor's manor. Mr. Vaughan held no parley with his neighbor's on the subject, but he gathered up spoils of gold and merchandize, and even the rude garments stripped from the swollen limbs of the drowned, were collected into his storehouse. The Lord of Dunraven had undergone the change which often converts the spendthrift into the miser. He had been a reckless prodigal, flinging his gold like pebbles in his path, until he had been sorely pinched by poverty and distress. He had seen himself deserted by the friends of his prosperity, as soon as his money was exhausted; and he had lived to win rank among men, and love among women, by regaining his lost wealth. All the passions of his evil nature, therefore, seemed concentrated and condensed in the comprehensive vice of avarice. It was this which had led him to traverse the tideless Mediterranean as the leader of a pirate crew—it was this that brought him back to his native land, when his estate was in jeopardy—it was this that induced him to wed the child-like heiress—it was this that drew him to the lonely hearth of his ancestral home, in order to hoard up his treasures, and the raging of the winds and waves around his cliff-built castle, had taught him a new lesson of rapine and lust of gold.

In the dark, smooth, deceitful character of the Lord of Dunraven, there was but one redeeming quality; and this was his *paternal affection*. Even while treating his wife with cold-hearted cruelty, he was passionately attached to his twin sons, the only offspring of his marriage. However his evil passions might be aroused towards others, to them he was ever kind. The mysterious bond of union which nature seems to form between twin children, he sought to strengthen by every means in his power, for he meant that brotherly love should make the inheritance of Dunraven an equal gift to both. The boys loved each other tenderly, and never were they seen asunder. Beautiful were they both, with their long, fair curling locks, their snowy complexion, and the ruddy glow of mountain health upon their round cheeks. And proud was the father—guilt-stained and evil as he might be—proud was the father of these noble scions of an ancient stock. He determined to train them up in the strict seclusion of Dunraven Castle, and when time should have developed the faculties of their minds and bodies, he designed to be their guide through the mazes of the world, trusting that his own dangerous experience would enable him to guard them from contact with the evils he had himself encountered. But above all, he resolved to make them rich; they should be the first in wealth as well as in beauty and in honor; and with this tender love and proud ambition for his boys ever awake within his heart, he pursued his dark and tortuous course of crime and cruelty.

Night after night in the season of darkness and storms, a light appeared on the Dunraven Cliffs. Sometimes it gleamed from one point of the headland, sometimes it glittered at another, but still it shone over the waters like a beacon-light, proffering hope, and alas! leading only to despair. The Lord of Saint Donat's had watched in vain to discover the source of this light which flashed along the dark waters. No tower—no lofty pinnacle arose on the Dunraven manor, and it shone not from the windows of the castle; but had he known that a noble black steed, *shod with felt*, and bearing a *lantern* suspended from his neck, had been trained to traverse the edge of the cliff, he would not have been at a loss to understand the decree of the wicked Lord of Dunraven. Many were the wrecks which strewed the shore, and it was frequently observed that while the poor sailors were frequently rescued from the waves, the passengers, whose effects might be counted of richer worth, rarely lived to reach the land. Malek could swim like a native of the element; his skill in diving was wonderful, and though he was ever ready to go to the relief of the struggling wretches, he never succeeded in bringing them safe to the shore. Many a jewelled casket—many a bag of gold did he draw from the stranded vessels, as they lay creaking and grinding upon the rocks, for he could venture where any one else would have found certain death—but the only treasure which Malek could never rescue, was the precious gift of life.

In the meantime the boys were springing up in beauty and grace, beloved by everybody, excepting the swarthy Malek, and making the old castle merry with their childish glee. Indulged by their father in every wish, there was only one passion in their young hearts which he refused to gratify. He shrunk from seeing them launched on the wild waters which surrounded Dunraven castle, and despite of their entreaties, he resolutely forbade them from entering a boat, or venturing out

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from the shore. But with all the wilfulness of petted children, they longed for the forbidden pleasure, and every moment that they could steal from their father's notice, was spent upon the rocky beach. The colonnade beneath the cliff, was a favorite resort, and they wandered over its resounding and rocky floor, with their hearts filled with vain longings to bound over the blue waves, which almost laved their feet within the cavern. Early one morning Mr. Vaughan had left home on business which would detain him until nightfall, but ere he went he had uttered some fierce rebuke to Malek. None knew what was the cause of his displeasure, but all could read the meaning of Malek's awful look, when his master, roused to intemperate passion by the sullen demeanor of the culprit, with a blow of his fist felled the boy to the ground. Malek arose slowly, and as he wiped the blood from a wound in his temple, he looked fixedly after Mr. Vaughan as he rode rapidly down the path from the castle. A livid hue overspread his swarthy features, his eyes gleamed with fierce light, and clenching his hands together, he raised them above his head, at the same time uttering a wild and terrible cry. It was but a few hours after this occurrence, which had only been witnessed by a few of the servants, that the youthful brothers came to seek the assistance of Malek. They had determined to take advantage of their master's absence, in order to enjoy a day's fishing on the Swiscar rock, and they besought Malek to aid them in procuring the boat. For a moment Malek hesitated, but suddenly a gleam of joy lighted up his dark face, and making signs of assent, he hurried away.

The Swiscar Rock, as it is called, stands directly in sight of Dunraven Castle, but so far from the shore, that though perfectly dry at low water, it is entirely submerged as soon as the tide rises. To this place Malek guided the boat, and landing the boys safely on the rock, busied himself in arranging their fishing apparatus. As soon as he found them deeply engaged in their sport, however, he loosed the boat, and rowed rapidly to the main land. When he approached it, he suddenly leaped from the boat, which he suffered to float away with the receding tide, and plunging through the waves, he reached the rocky colonade, where he concealed himself from view amid the intricate windings of the cavern. Unconscious of the danger which awaited them, the boys laughed and sung and shouted in childish glee, and delighted with their success in having attained the object for which they so long panted, they took little heed of the lapse of time. Suddenly, however—for slowly as the tide had risen, the discovery came upon them like a thunderbolt—they perceived that the rock, which, at morn, had stood high and black in the sunbeams, now presented only a stony tablet, entirely encircled by the rushing waves. They waited long for Malek's return, while the rock beneath them gradually displayed less and less of its corroded surface. They cried loudly for help, but the voice of the waters rose high above their feeble accents, and it was not until the spot to which they clung, had dwindled to a foot breadth of dry land in the midst of a waste of waters, that their peril was discovered. Alas! it was discovered only to add to the horror of those who beheld it. The boat was gone, and no other could be obtained. The selfish policy of Mr. Vaughan had forbidden his tenants to own a boat, lest they should be thus enabled to board wrecks, before he should derive the first benefit from them, and there were now no means of access to the helpless boys. Vain were all attempts to reach them. Urged by the distress of the wretched mother, several of the peasants attached themselves to ropes, and strove to wade out to the rock, but the fierce surf whose violence was now increased by a strong wind, drove them back bruised and bleeding upon the shore. The sun set in a deep bank of heavy clouds—the cry of the sea-gulls was heard at intervals between the rushing of the mighty winds and the wild dashing of the cruel waters, and every thing portended a fearful storm. Higher and higher rose the waves, yet the brothers still clung together on the rock. The waters covered their graceful forms as with a veil of diamond spray, and their beautiful faces, and long fair curls, heavy with moisture, were still seen above the boiling surge, when suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the firmament—a loud crash of thunder stunned the senses of the fearful gazers on the beach—and the next moment the waters swept in triumph over the Swiscar Rock. The beautiful and gentle boys were gone!

It was late on the dark and stormy evening when Mr. Vaughan turned his course homeward. With all his desperate courage, he lacked moral strength, and rather would he have faced an armed man, than thus encounter darkness and tempest, when alone in the presence of his Maker. He pushed rapidly forward, trusting to his sure-footed and well trained steed, whose jetty hue and singular docility had induced the superstitious peasants to class him with the swarthy Malek, as myrmidons of the wizard Lord of Dunraven. The night was intensely dark, but Vaughan knew that he might trust to the animal's sagacity, and he therefore stayed not his speed for rocky pass or rough foothold. But ere they reached Dunraven Cliff, he was led to doubt the sagacity to which he had trusted. The lights which he believed to be those of Dunraven Castle, were gleaming on the right hand, while the horse seemed resolutely bent on pursuing the left hand path. At length yielding to the impetuous temper which characterized him when not under the control of his profound dissimulation, Vaughan drove his spurs into the creature's sides until the rowels were dyed in blood, and wheeling him suddenly round, dashed furiously onward in the direction of the lights. Maddened with pain, the noble animal pushed forward at the top of his speed, until he reached the very brink of the cliff, when, perceiving his danger, he suddenly stopped, and his rider was precipitated over his head, sheer down a precipice, at least, an hundred feet in height.

Vaughan had been deceived even as he had often deceived others. The lights which had led him astray were the torches of those who were watching for the moment when the waves should fling back upon the shore the bodies of the hapless children. A bleeding and senseless, but not lifeless body, he was borne to

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the castle. Crushed out of the very semblance of humanity, he still retained a spark of the vital principle, and although all speech and motion were gone for ever, he yet awoke to consciousness. He heard the words of all around him; they spoke as if in presence of the dead, for they knew not that his ears drank in every sound. He listened to the denunciation of those who had hated him—he caught the sounds which told of bitter retribution for a life of crime, and, at length, slowly and painfully did his troubled mind gather the awful tidings of his children's fate. There he lay, like a trampled worm, unable to utter a sound, save the deep and bitter moans of agony, while coldly and carelessly men talked of the death—the fearful death of his darling boys! The thread of life, tenacious though it seemed, was too frail to bear such a fearful vibration, and ere the morning dawned, all that remained of the stately beauty of the Lord of Dunraven, was a frightful mass of disfigured humanity.

The bodies of the twins, still twined in a close embrace, were cast ashore, the next day, on Saint Donat's manor, and the clasp of paternal love which even the waters had failed to dissever, was left unbroken when they were consigned to the burial-place of their ancestors. One shroud, one coffin, and one grave, received those who had thus been united in birth and in death; while borne on the same bier were the mutilated remains of the last Lord of Dunraven.

Malek, the vindictive Arab, was never again seen in Glamorganshire, but a dumb boy, answering to his description, was found to have begged his way to London, and there, in that sink of vice and misery, all trace of him was lost for ever. Deprived of the means of expressing his wants, except by signs, and habituated, from his childhood, to crime, his career was doubtless one of vice and misery, and, in all probability, was soon at an end. Mrs. Vaughan's weak mind was completely overpowered by the terrible shock it had sustained; and she sunk into a state of mental imbecility, which, while it darkened the mirror of memory, left her the capacity for enjoying childish amusements. By the kindness of the heir-at-law, she was removed from Dunraven Castle, and spent the remainder of a very long life, surrounded by toys and playthings, such as would have charmed an infant, apparently quite happy and contented, though necessarily kept under guardianship as a confined lunatic.

Such is the tradition of the last of the Vaughans, and surely the sins of the father were visited upon the children in the fearful retribution which awaited the spoiler of the seas.

NOTE.—I refer the curious reader to Grose's Antiquities of England and Wales, 7th vol., for the tradition on which the foregoing tale is founded.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THAT man, who, to the utmost of his power, augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.

Original.

THE FOREST FREE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THEY tell us, as we wander
Through the city's sounding ways,
Of a Freedom old men struggled for,
In red and weary days—
Of a great and priceless Liberty,
When Father fell for son,
And a nation harness'd to the cry,
"Forth! for the day's begun!"

We tell them as they wander
Through the forest and the hill,
That Freedom walk'd them like a god,
Ere rang the rushing mill—
That through the lone grass and the glade,
Strong as the lifting sea,
Ere bow'd an oak to gleaming blade,
We walk'd—the Forest Free!

The Forest Free—our helmets
Were our long and shadowy hair—
The shield that nerv'd our brazen arms
The bow that dangled there—
The charter that we pointed to,
Was trac'd upon the sky,
Above the cloud where eagles flew—
The golden page on high.

'Twas not the trumpet anthem,
The cannon's tribute sound,
That told our empire's story,
'Mid the echoes of our ground!
It was the voice unbroken,
That rang from tree to tree—
Clearer than blast of bugle, then—
Voice of the Forest Free!

The Forest Free!—our thunder
Found deep-mouth'd thunder then,
From crag and valley all untrod,
Save by the forest men!
Its herald flash leapt then from cloud,
Which, charg'd with fire divine,
Sail'd where the storm went quick and loud,
Round the rejoicing pine!

That tree which told of Freedom
To every far-voic'd band
That swept, like gush of mountain wave
The green and silent land!
The tree, that like some flag of power,
Topping a giant sea,
Stood forth, a token and a tower
Over the Forest Free!

The Forest Free! Oh, never
To charters made by men,
Shall yield that nobler Liberty
That link'd and led us then!
'Twas not a thing which sire to son,
Pass'd downward like a vow—
The PAST, with *them*, had but begun—
Their FUTURE was but NOW!

But now we all are pilgrims—
We mark the steps of power
In the thunder of your cities,
The roaring ship, and tower!
But never can the monument
God built not bow our knee
Like the pine, whose shadow was a tent
Over the FOREST FREE!

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Original.

RAPIN OF THE ROCK;

OR, THE OUTLAW OF THE OHIO.

A TALE OF THE "CAVE-IN-ROCK."*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'THE QUADROON,' ETC.

One autumn night, early in the present century, there lay concealed in a dark inlet of the Ohio river, a low black barge filled with motionless and silent men. The moon had been up half an hour, and, overtopping the trees on the opposite bank, shone in a broad floor of light across the placid water; but the mouth of the inlet was so densely covered by overhanging and low-drooping branches of water-oaks and sycamores, and a net-work of tangled wild vines, that not a ray had yet penetrated the covert in which the barge was lying in wait. The inlet ran but a little way into the land, and from its glen-like depth, silence and gloom, it seemed a fit lair for the preyer to dart forth from upon his prey. The boat was broad and flat in the beam, of great length and very sharp forward, with a square stern, on which was raised a sort of deck. She had no mast, and was manned by twenty oarsmen in loose blue shirts and deer-skin caps and leggins, with broad belts garnished with pistols. In the stern sat a middle-aged man in a fox-skin cap, with the tail hanging down his back, and a leathern hunting-shirt, confined to his broad, thick waist by a cord of deer's hide. He wore crimson leggins and moccasins, and in the hollow of his left arm carelessly rested a long, heavy rifle. He was a man of large stature and vigorous form, with sinews endured to every hardship of the wilderness. His features were bold and of an elevated character, and his skin was embrowned by exposure, to the swarthy hue of the Indian. He was silent, and like the rest in the boat, in the attitude of expectation. Beside him sat a resolute looking youth, habited like the oarsmen, save that he wore in additon to their costume, a crimson sash as the badge of superiority. His hand rested on the short helm and he evidently was the steersman of the barge. There was no conversation, and scarcely was their breathing audible. Suddenly a low, prolonged whistle was heard from some point above the banks of the inlet, and the moment afterwards a tall young man in a rich hunting-dress, and wearing a bonnet ornamented with the war-eagle's crest, descended the bank and leaped on board.

"They come!" he said, in a low guarded tone. "Dip your oar-blades just beneath the surface, men, and be ready to send the barge into the deep stream at a single effort!"

Twenty oars fell lightly into the water, the men sat in the attitude to obey his order. In a few minutes afterwards, the silence that followed his words was broken by the distant fall of heavy sweeps from the river, as if a freighted barge was laboriously making its slow way up against the stream. Nearer and nearer the sounds came, and soon after there appeared in sight one of those keel-boats that in that day navigated the western rivers. Slowly it ascended against the current, keeping far out in the middle of the stream, as if purposely avoiding the shore, along which, with a line passed from tree to tree, it was usually towed. It was deeply laden with merchandize from New Orleans, and seemed also to contain passengers, for occasional notes of a guitar, accompanied by a rich manly tone, with a sweet female voice intermingling, came pleasantly across the wave to the ears of those in the concealed barge. Slowly and heavily it ascended until it had crossed the wake of the moon and got some distance higher up the stream than the inlet, when the young man who had leaped into the barge, cried in a thrilling tone—

"*Now!* Let her slip!"

Like an arrow loosened from the bow-string, the barge shot out from the dark inlet into the bright river, and still impelled forward by a score of flashing oars, cast the spray high from her prow as she swiftly approached the ascending boat. In a few seconds she was under her stern, and the young captain sprang from the little deck upon which he had been standing, on board of her.

"Make no resistance and your lives are safe," he cried coolly.

So unexpected was the appearance of the barge and so bold and daring the act, that the few men on board had neither time nor disposition for defending themselves. Without a word they submitted, and at the command of their captor began to pull in towards the inlet. On the bows of the captured barge was constructed a small cabin for the accommodation of such passengers as occasionally chose this mode of conveyance to reach the Canadas and Atlantic states from New Orleans. Towards this apartment, the young man, who had suffered none to come on board save himself and the hunter, now made his way. Before its entrance was dropped a curtain, and he heard from within the low voices of prayer. He hesitated, for he was just about to enter, and paused to listen. He could not hear the words distinctly, but the sweet tone of voice in which they were uttered and the tearful eloquence of the pleader, spoke to his heart. He gently put aside the curtain. With her back towards him, he beheld kneeling before a crucifix, a graceful girl, with light flowing hair covering her shoulders and half concealing a figure of exquisite symmetry. Beside her, with his left arm about her waist, knelt a youth scarce twenty years of age. In his right hand he grasped a richly chased pistol, with the muzzle directed to her heart, while his calm eye was set resolutely upon the entrance to the cabin, as if expecting momently to see it violently crossed. He was a strikingly handsome and manly youth, with hair like the plumage of the raven, a high, pale forehead, with a Grecian profile of the highest finish. His person was tall and strikingly elegant, and grace rather than strength, had given the last touches in filling up the outline.

The young Captain saw at a glance his sacrificial

* A romantic cave on the river's bank, twenty leagues above the mouth of the Ohio, famous as having been, in former years, the haunt of a band of river pirates, headed by a young man of a singularly bold and adventurous character.

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intention, and was for a moment uncertain what course to take to prevent it; for he felt convinced from his determined eye as well as from the waiting submission of the maiden, that he would offer her up a victim to virgin purity if he should make the first step to advance. His bold spirit, however, soon came to a decision. At a single bound he was beside the youth, and in an instant possessed himself of the weapon. In the struggle it went off, and the ball passing through the cabin door, slightly wounded one of the oarsmen in the barge. Instantly the deck of the captured boat was crowded with his companions, who rushed towards the cabin with cocked pistols and cries of vengeance.

"Ho! what is this folly?" demanded the chief, confronting them. "Back to the barge, and he who dares leave it without orders, shall be shot in earnest! To your boat!"

"We thought violence had been done you, Captain, and came to your assistance," said one of the men, apologetically.

"Not a word more—clear the deck, every man of you!" He was obeyed with the readiness of men accustomed to obey without question; and then turning to the youth, he said in a courteous tone—"Pardon my wildness, sir, in wresting your pistol from you—but I divined your fatal purpose, and was desirous of averting it. Be under no apprehension, sir, on this maiden's account." As he spoke he looked towards the young girl, who still knelt as before—but, now, with her face laid upon her arms and buried in her cloud of hair. "She is doubtless your sister?"

The youth impatiently paced the little cabin several times without replying to this interrogatory, and then abruptly stopped and looked the young Captain for a moment full in the face—"Yes, she is my *sister*," he said, with peculiar emphasis upon the last word.

The other, scrutinized in turn his features, as if doubting, and then said—"Be she thy sister, thy betrothed, or thy wedded bride, she is safe."

"I thank thee, heaven! for his words sound like truth and sincerity," said the kneeling maiden, lifting her face from her hands and looking upward. Then rising, she turned for the first time towards him her face, and fixed upon him, with eloquent yet silent gratitude, a pair of lovely blue eyes in which tears were yet glittering. The young Captain thought he had never beheld such celestial loveliness. She was scarcely seventeen, but every motion was grace and every movement but a new-born charm. Her eyes were so serenely blue one could not but think of summer skies in looking on them. Her features were beautiful, and her smile enchanted and bewildered. Her complexion was like alabaster, but with the glow of life warm beneath the surface, while her cheek was just tinted, as if light had passed through a moss rose-leaf upon it.

"Well, sir Captain," said a stern voice behind him.

He turned quickly from the contemplation of her beauty, and beheld the hunter leaning upon his rifle in the door of the cabin.

"Ah, my brave Boone! I had forgotten my courtesy to thee. The captured boat shall proceed, as I promised you, unmolested, when I have taken from it," he added smiling, "my customary river-tithe. These rogues may thank you that they get off so well. We are near the shore and I will soon send the craft on her way again. To lighten her a few tons will be a charity to the rowers."

"Come aside with me, fair sir," said the sturdy hunter, touching his arm.

The young man retired with him a little way from the cabin door, which they had no sooner left than, more like two lovers than brother and sister, the captives flew into each others embrace.

"My betrothed, my life, my own dear Adèle!"

"Henride, my beloved Henride!" were their mutual explanations as they remained folded in each others arms. At this instant an inner door of the cabin opened, and a priest of venerable appearance entered the cabin, from a state-room within. They both fell at his feet and clasped each one of his hands.

"My children, Heaven will protect you in this hour of danger and trial."

"Father, unite us in marriage as we kneel before thee, that we may die together, if need be, that our souls may be united in one in the world of spirits," said the youth.

"Nay, Don Henride, it may not be. If your love be pure it will exist beyond the grave. My brother's child hath been consigned to me as a sacred trust, and time must determine whether she shares a throne or becomes the bride of the church. Nay, ask me not again! A few short days will bring us to this patriot chief's island-abode, and his words will decide your destinies. You have my blessings, my son. Henceforth let this subject rest until her claim be decided."

"My brave young Captain," said the hunter, on taking him aside, "you have done me a kindness I shall never forget. From the day you found me lying near your hold wounded from the attack of two enraged panthers and bore me to your rendezvous, and sheltered and tended me until I recovered, up to this night my regard for you has hourly grown upon me. I love you as a son. You have many good qualities and many very dangerous ones. Your spirit is quite too hasty, and you are apt to use your power a little too unfeelingly." The young man evidently became impatient. The hunter observed it, and added—"Let this drop—only be merciful where you can be. I wished to say to you, have nothing to do with this conspiracy that is on foot. You will ere long doubtless be sought out, and its arch intriguing leader will try to entice you into it. Mexico will have rulers enough without your aid. Now if you wish to be more active, and honest at the same time, disband your men, and with your rifle at your shoulder, unite your fortunes with mine in the wilderness. It is the only life for a man who loves to breathe God's free air! I like you for shunning towns and houses—they are fit only for women and children; but it's a pity you could'nt be satisfied with killing Indians, without way-laying, robbing and murdering white men."

"Have you done?" demanded the Captain.

The hunter made no reply, but taking his hand and grasping it warmly, turned from him in silence and walked to the stern of the boat.

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The barges had now reached the shore, and were run into the inlet, which so effectually concealed their position from the river, that no passing boat could have suspected their neighborhood. The Captain was not a little surprized on re-entering the cabin to find the priest added to the party he had left there.

"A good night to thee, holy father," he said with mingled respect and freedom of manner. "I regret I should have interrupted your voyage, but our stores here have got somewhat of the lowest just now, and hearing some hours since, from my men, of the approach of a boat, I prepared to levy my usual toll upon all passers by."

"You are then the Chevalier Rapin Carra?" responded the priest.

"At your service, holy father."

"I know your character and will trust you."

"Your proffered confidence does me no more than justice, father. It will be some three hours yet before your boat will proceed, as she is freighted with weighty as well as costly merchandize. Your own private goods shall remain untouched. By the good mass! your presence is timely! One of my band is near his death and needeth ghostly comfort. I pray you follow me to my abode. It is a rude one, but none so rude that Death will not pay it a visit. Fair Signora, and you noble sir, will you accompany us?"

The priest did not hesitate to comply when a dying man needed the last offices of religion; and accompanied by the lovers stepped on shore, and by a rude path followed their conductor to the top of the glen and across a natural lawn, sloping to the river. Before them, through the trees, they saw a bright fire, towards which they directed their steps. As they approached, they discovered that it was blazing on the floor of a vast cavern which yawned in the base of a rocky cliff that towered amid the forest. Around the fire and dispersed through the cavern, were several groups of river-free-booters, habited mostly like those in the barge. The steps of the maiden faltered here.

"It is terrific! I dare not go, Henride. Uncle, stay! Go not forward among those savage men!" She shuddered as she spoke and clung to the arm of Don Henride.

"Fear not, my child! Heaven watches over the innocent and pure. Let us go forward!"

Reassured in some degree, the beautiful girl suffered herself to be led into the midst of the cavern. It was a vast arched vault in the rock, forty or fifty feet in depth, from the front to the rear, with a low entrance, where, a few feet on the inside, expanded 'till it spread into a rude dome. It looked upon the moonlit river, and boldly commanded its winding for many a mile. In the mouth of the cave was stationed a heavy iron gun, directed towards the river; and, arranged in various fanciful forms, like weapons in an armory, around the walls of the cavern were suspended guns, sabres, pistols and pikes. Strewn upon the bottom of the cave, were skins of wild beasts, forming couches for at least sixty men, many of whom were sleeping or crouching upon them. The group about the fire was engaged in the rude culinary pastime of roasting a deer in its hide. In the rear of the cavern the visitors noticed boxes, casks, kegs, barrels and bales of merchandize, piled to the roof, the fruits of the piratical adventures of these river marauders. Many of the men in the cave were Spaniards, Portugese and Frenchmen, but the majority were young men from the Atlantic states, of desperate fortunes and character, whom the fame of the river-chevalier Rapin, had drawn to him. Hanging from the vaulted roof of the cavern, they discovered a rope-ladder, which, on closer scrutiny, assisted by the fitful glare of the fire, they beheld was attached to an opening twenty feet above them.

"That is my sleeping chamber and strong-hold," said the Chevalier, with a smile, on observing the direction of their gaze. "Nature, in forming this cave, kindly constructed a second story to it, there being as you see, a cavern above this, and only accessible from below by this rope-ladder. When I retire for sleep I ascend this ladder and draw it up after me; and I need no guards to protect me from the assassin's steel. But I have also here another apartment which I will show you."

As he spoke he led them to the rear of the cavern, and lifting a curtain, ushered them into an artificial apartment constructed within it. It was hung on every side with the richest tapestry, and furnished with ottomans and luxurious sofas. The floor was overlaid with soft panther's skins, and highly finished weapons of war and of the chase were hung, as ornaments, about the entrance. From the centre was suspended by silver chains a lamp of the same material, which shed a clear and brilliant light throughout this gorgeous apartment. They looked about them with surprize. Ere they could realize what they saw, two slaves entered bearing costly wines and refreshments upon chased salvers, and with the hospitality of a princely host, yet not without characteristic irony, their entertainer desired them to partake of the wines and viands.

"This Sicilian is scarce inferior to nectar, holy father. It will suit your palate, being a favorite wine of the Church. But for the delicacy of my taste it would now have been in the vaults of the Monastery at Saint Louis, whither it was on its way when I interrupted it. You will like those figs. They were sent as a present from the Convent of Ursuline's at Orleans, to his Reverence of Montreal, but missed their way. The salvers, I see, attract your eye. They once did service in the Bishop's palace at Havanna—you perceive they still bear his armorial bearings."

"Young man, it ill becomes you to add mockery to sacrilege," said the venerable priest, sternly. "I can partake in no spoils from God's heritage. Lead me to the dying man. Thy guilt and levity have pained me."

"Pierre, how is Louis Erniste?" the Captain demanded of his slave.

"He die jus' aft' sun down, mas' Capt.'," answered the African.

"Heaven then hath shrived him, holy father," said the chief, carelessly.

"Heaven have mercy on his soul," muttered the father, crossing himself devoutly.

"Amen!" responded Don Henride and Adèle.

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The Chevalier looked upon the devout expression of the lovely girl's face as she repeated the prayer, and some emotion seemed to possess him, evidently excited by her beauty. He glanced at her again, and a third time under its impulse, until his manner attracted the lover's eye, when he turned carelessly on his heel as if to leave the apartment. At this instant, a bugle was sounded sharply in the distance.

"Ha! what means this signal from that quarter!" he cried, starting with undisguised surprize. "L' Eveque," he said, turning to an inferior officer, who then entered hastily, as if to communicate some intelligence—"Eveque, I know it! My ears are as sharp as thine. On your life answer for the safety of these prisoners on my return."

"Prisoners!" repeated Don Henride.

But the Chevalier was gone. At the outer entrance of the cavern he met his lieutenant.

"What means this, Albert? Ha! there it sounds again!"

"I have just descended from the look-out, and from its summit could discern a barge at anchor a mile up the river, from which it came. As I came down a small boat put off from it, and is now making towards our port." A third time the bugle was heard.

"That bugle rung with a military key. It may be a detachment of soldiers sent against us—yet they would hardly herald their approach. It seems a note of parley too! Get the men under arms and be ready to resist any hostile attack. I will go and see what visitors we are likely to expect."

With these words, Rapin hastily descended to the river and sprang into a small boat which lay beneath the branches of an overhanging larch, and in which reclined four oarsmen. The voice of their chief roused them from their indolent repose, and in an instant the light boat was swiftly following the line of the shore, yet keeping so close in with the black shadows of the trees, as to be scarcely visible. The oars were muffled, and so lightly were they dipped in the water, that they glided along noiselessly. In a short time, the sound of oars was heard approaching from up the river. He then bade his men cease rowing and keep still by holding to the limb of a tree, beneath which they were passing. The strange boat soon appeared in sight, descending the current a few yards from the shore. It came opposite to them, and the chief saw that it was rowed by six men, and that two gentlemen, one wrapped in a military cloak and the other in a citizen's dress, sat conversing in the stern. Above their heads a small white flag floated in the moonlight. The robber chief let them pass, saying to himself—

"This looks like the opening of the conspiracy, worthy Boone warned me against. Let them go to the cavern. I will be with them as soon as I ascertain the complexion of the craft anchored above."

The boat of the strangers kept on its way without interruption, and the Chevalier continued to pursue the winding shore of the river as before. Half a mile further above, he came in sight of a large river lugger, such as were, in that day, built to *descend* the great rivers of the West. It had two short masts, and one half of its length was covered with a roof, on which a sentinel was pacing to and fro. On the forward part of her, was plainly visible, a couple of mounted carronades, and a large number of men were on board of her.

"I must guard against treachery I see," said the young river-chief, after surveying the vessel for a few minutes. "Ha! what have we here?" he suddenly exclaimed, starting up, "By heaven! another craft, the very fellow to this!"

The object that attracted his attention, was a second barge, with sails hoisted, that slowly swept in sight around a point above, and came majestically down the stream. When within a short distance of the other, it lowered its sails, rounded to and dropped anchor. Before he recovered from his surprize, a third vessel, of a smaller size and different construction, made its appearance, and then directly after came a fourth, and a fifth, 'till eleven, barges, keel-boats, peroques and luggers, with a vast square flotilla, burdened with camp equipage, had hove in sight round the point, floated down and dropped anchor opposite to his position.

"This arrangement looks warlike, and were it not so imposing, I should fear it was an expedition against me," said the young Captain, who had silently observed their movements. "It is the scheme against Mexico come to a head, and yonder boat I passed, doubtless bears some proposition for Rapin of the Rock to join it. I will return and give these gentlemen a hearing. They little suspect what interest the outlaw, Rapin Carra, has in this matter. Bend to your oars, men! I would be at the rendezvous!"

The strangers, on arriving opposite the strong-hold, had pulled in near the shore, and hailing, asked permission to land and be conducted to the Chevalier Rapin. His lieutenant received them and led them to the cavern, in the front of which the whole band was drawn up in a hostile attitude. Here, under a guard, they were detained until the Captain's arrival. He was soon seen advancing across the mountain space between the river and the cave.

"Is this the Chevalier Rapin, I address?" asked with courteous ease, the gentleman in the military cloak, meeting him a step or two ere he reached them. On being answered in the affirmative, he added, in a lower tone of voice, as if inviting confidence—"It would give me pleasure to hold a few moments conversation with you apart from your people."

The Chevalier preceded them into the cave, and signified his readiness to listen. They stood beneath a lamp which cast its broad light upon the countenance and person of the gentleman who had addressed him, and revealed a face full of intellect, an eye piercing as the eagle's, features noble and well defined, and a forehead proud and commanding. His bearing was characterised by native ease and dignity of manner, and there was a certain military elegance in his mien that distinguised him both as a soldier and a gentleman. On the countenance of the other, who was taller and stouter than his companion, was stamped resolution, singularly blended with benevolence. He was a dark, handsome

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man, and looked like, as he was, a high-born Milesian cavalier. A moment was passed in mutual scrutiny of each other's persons, during which the young Captain was not less struck with the commanding port of one and the chivalrous bearing of the other, than they were impressed with the fine, manly person and courteous manners of one whose profession was so lawless, and with whom crime was daily pastime.

"Sir Chevalier," said the military man, at once unreservedly opening the conference, "you see before you the leaders of an expedition, which has been three years maturing, for establishing an eastern Mexican empire, the capital of which shall be—"

"Now, Colonel," said the Milesian, interrupting him, "I fear you unfold our plans too freely."

"Nay, Blennerhasset, the Chevalier must have all our confidence or none. New Orleans, Sir Chevalier, we design shall be the capital of our new empire. Once in possession of this city, and I can count upon twenty thousand Mexican troops and a large Spanish fleet, in thirty days thereafter. The possession of this key to the great valley of the West, will give us the empire of it, and from the lakes to the Mexican gulf, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, there will be established one individual Empire that shall own no rival. We are here to invite you to join us."

He paused, and fixed his penetrating glance upon the young Captain's face. For a few moments he seemed to reflect upon the startling disclosure he had listened to, then said—

"Methinks, gentlemen, this scheme were feasible could you possess yourselves of New-Orleans, and afterwards receive the promised strength from Mexico."

"New-Orleans is weakly garrisoned, and we have hopes also of getting one high in command there to favor us. Should he not do so, we have forces with us sufficient, with your aid, to ensure success, if a bold stroke is made. With regard to Mexico, you should first know its peculiar politics, and the basis of our hopes from that quarter. The Empire of Mexico is divided into two great political parties, the heads of which are two rival aspirants to the throne. One of them is he who is already in possession of it through usurpation, the other is a young girl, the daughter and heir of the late Emperor, whose sceptre is now unjustly wielded by his brother and her uncle. The Princess' faction finding it in vain to overthrow him, have determined to divide the Empire and establish a new one, and place the Princess at the head of it. A proposition has been made to this government for aid in this project, but it was declined. Miranda, their ambassador, then made private overtures to myself and others to which I have acceded. Thus far are our plans ripened. Within a mile of you lies our fleet of eleven boats with seven hundred men. Add to our forces your own, and receive in our army for yourself the rank of a Colonel."

"This were selling prudence for servitude—my liberty for a badge of slavery. No, gentlemen, I am content as I am."

"Where now you command but a handful of outlaws you will then command an army," continued the other.

"Yet I had rather be the chief of a band of outlaws than be second in an Empire."

"You will gain inexhaustible wealth."

"My resources, gentlemen, are now sufficiently ample. Not an argosy goes freighted by but does homage to my power. No, gentlemen—the hand of the Princess would scarcely tempt me from my rock."

"The hand of the Princess!" repeated the chief conspirator, with a glance of mistrust. "Can he suspect?" he said, aside to his companion.

"It may be," answered the other, with a smile, "you had best not urge him further lest he rival you. I' faith! he is a proper looking free-companion!"

The other bit his lip and slightly smiled. The quick ear of Rapin had caught every word.

"Pray, gentlemen, where is this Princess during the pending of the expedition?"

"Awaiting the issue in a convent at New-Orleans, under the protection of an uncle high in rank in the Romish church, and one of the spiritual leaders of our confederacy. He was to have been with us at our island rendezvous some weeks since, to confer with us, but impatient at his delay, we have already launched forth upon the enterprize."

"Was he a tall, venerable man, with white locks?" asked the Chevalier, with some interest.

"Yes!" answered the conspirator, with surprize.

"And is the Princess very fair, with soft blue eyes and hair like a cloud in the sunlight?"

"You have described her with equal poetry and truth," said the Milesian, smiling.

"*Gentlemen, I will join you in this expedition,*" he said, with a readiness that surprized them.

Again the chief of the conspiracy bit his lip and seemed to search with his dark piercing eyes, the inmost heart of the young man. But the quiet expression of his face baffled even his keen scrutiny.

"Do you mean what you say, Sir Chevalier?" he asked with doubt.

"I do! To-morrow I will follow your fleet, and on its arrival at New-Orleans, place myself and men at your disposal."

Again the searching glance of the conspirator scanned his face, and then, as if throwing aside an unworthy suspicion, he frankly grasped his hand.

"Be it so—we gladly accept your services. It is time we should return to our flotilla and get under weigh, for the dawn must find us many leagues below this."

"In the morning, I will follow you with my boats. Adieu, gentlemen!" he said, as he took leave of them at their boat.

The young river-chief followed with his eyes the ascending barge, until it was lost by a bend in the shore.

"There goes a dark and dangerous man," he then said. "But with all the subtlety of his active spirit, with all his towering ambition and arch diplomacy, I will defeat his hopes, if, what I begin to suspect with reference to my fair prisoner, prove true, I will snatch the prize from his very grasp, for I like not the man. There is a cunning, serpent-like look in his eyes, that

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my nature rises against. It were strange indeed, if what I believe prove true! I will at once confirm or destroy my suspicions. How the past rushes back at the thought!" He turned and walked towards the cavern as he spoke.

"Your lieutenant reports the keel-boat ready to proceed, Captain," said one near him.

He turned and beheld the huntsman.

"Then proceed on your way in peace, brave hunter. Farewell!" and the Chevalier prepared to go forward.

"But the passengers?" he ventured to inquire.

"They will remain," was the decided reply.

"Young man, surely you will do no wrong in this matter."

"Who made you my judge, sir?" cried the Chevalier, angrily. "Leave me while you can do so in safety."

The old hunter gazed after him a moment as he strode towards the rock, and then with a sigh, turned his footsteps towards the barge. Shortly afterwards he was proceeding on his way up the river.

The Chevalier was soon in the presence of his prisoners. "Holy father, I would a word of private conference with you," he said, as he entered.

The priest followed him into the large apartment of the cavern and seated himself near him in a recess.

"Reverend father, I would ask thee first who the noble youth is with thee?"

"Nay, son, it can matter little to thee?"

"It matters much. Be frank and open. I know more than you suspect my knowledge of. Is he the maiden's brother?"

"No, save as a Christian,"

"Humph! I thought as much. Is he not her lover."

"Nay—they are both but children."

"And yet, holy sir, you are ready to wed her to an arch and hoary conspirator, as the price of assisting to restore to her half of her empire."

"How know you this?"

"Answer me, father—is the maiden not the Princess Adèle, whose right to the Mexican sceptre is now contested?"

"I may not conceal it from thee," answered the priest, surprized and alarmed.

"Wherefore is she with thee? It is because impatient in thy ambition to place her upon thy brother's throne, thou wouldst hasten to sacrifice the victim. Old man, thou art hoary in guilt to do this thing even in thy mind! Dost thou not see she loves the youth as her life, and even the cloister will tell thee to make over a maiden's plighted heart to another is to break it. And to whom wert thou about to give the lovely girl? A man twice her age, familiar with all duplicity, and whose thirsty ambition would even make her a stepping stone to still higher powers than her hand could confer. A dark and corrupt man—a traitor to his country and his honor. And in such a guilty bosom you would lay this spotless dove! Think you it would rest there long uncontaminated? No, no, holy father! Who is this youth?" he demanded abruptly.

"A Mexican grandee's son, and her cousin german. They were betrothed in infancy and grew up together until three years ago, when it became politic to separate them, and to dispose of her hand to the saviour of her country."

"And do you *thus* term this arch conspirator? Ambition—not love for your country, priest—ambition such as wrecked Lucifer—alone inspires him to establish the empire you propose. No, holy father! Her empire must be won by other means and by other hands. How happens this youth then with the Princess?"

"He followed her to her convent, and lived near it three years in disguise, it seems, with frequent opportunities of communication with her. Hearing of this, I removed her, to bring about, by her presence and my influence, a more speedy issue to the long pending expedition. The third day after leaving the city one of the crew cast aside his outer dress and Don Henrido stood before me."

"A gallant youth, and worthy of her. So he has been wooing his way all along thy voyage. Truly I like that. But to be sure it would not have harmonized with thy sacred office to throw him overboard. Father, this matter must be managed differently. I have done much mischief in my life, I will now do a good act to atone for it. These two must be made one this hour."

"Never!" said the priest, firmly.

"Is thy hope in the success of this conspirator thy only objection?"

"The only one."

"Come with me."

He then led him from the cave, and ascended by a winding path to the highest summit of the rock.

"Now tell me what thou seest, father, to the East where the moon shines bright on the river."

"Surely, a fleet of many vessels sweeping past with the current," he said, with surprize.

"Thy eyes do not deceive thee. On the deck of the foremost stands the conspirator chief and his friends. They are on their way to the siege of Orleans. Is it not a brave sight, father? How stately they move past!"

"How know you this to be his fleet?" asked the priest eagerly.

"Within the hour its chief—the husband thou wouldst purchase for thy niece, was here, on land, in conference with me. He made me a proposition to join him."

"And you—"

"Consented!"

"And, if I rightly interpret that smile," said the priest, "*consented but to betray him!*"

"Thou hast rightly interpreted, holy father. Thou seest now, that without my aid you have no interest in yonder expedition. That aid you will never obtain. Give your consent to the union of Adèle with Don Henride, and she shall not only recover the half of the kingdom, but the two shall sit together on the very throne of the Montezuma."

"There is a strange power in your words. How wilt thou assure me of their fulfilment?"

"Had the late Emperor no other child than this daughter?" asked the Chevalier abruptly.

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"He had a son, who, if he had lived, would be now twice her years."

"What became of him?"

"In early manhood he became dissolute, drew his sword upon his imperial father, and then fled into the mountains, where he gathered around him a numerous band of the refuse of society, and by his depredations, filled the land with terror. Finally he was outlawed and afterwards taken and beheaded."

"It was a faithful friend who died in his stead. Don Ferdinand Calatreva stands before you, reverend father!"

The priest started back with alarm, as if he had seen a spirit, and then, with dilated vision stared upon him with horror, as he stood before him bareheaded in the moonlight. At length he gasped—

"I do recognize thee, fearful man! It is my brother's very voice and bearing. Oh, my heart would yearn to clasp thee to it. But away, away! Thou art accursed!"

"Nay, father!" he said, kneeling, "I am penitent and beg forgiveness of thee and Heaven, for my crimes against my royal sire. To prove my sincerity, unite Don Henride and my sweet sister, Adèle, and I will place them upon the throne which is mine by right, and which my uncle has usurped."

"First prove thy sincerity by doing what thou hast promised, and thy sister shall then become Don Henride's bride!" at length answered the priest.

"Nay—I have only to set foot on the soil of Mexico, and lift my standard, to become in ten days the leader of an army that shall shake the very gates of the imperial capital. This army shall be at thy bidding if thou wilt secure my sister's happiness as I wish. She was a bright cherub when I last saw her, twelve years ago—I have often thought of her with tears and affection. I had purposed never to see my native land again. But I will sacrifice myself for her, if need be, and by my duty to his child, atone in some degree for my filial disobedience and guilt towards my father."

The priest made no reply, but his manner was troubled, and there was a settled purpose of good or evil in his eye, that the young chief did not altogether like. They returned to the tapestried apartment, where they had left the lovers.

"Father, wilt thou do my bidding?" again asked the Chevalier.

"They shall be united," answered the priest, gloomily and evasively.

"Nay, holy father, I like not this reluctance. It *must be done* to defeat for ever the hopes of this conspirator."

"It shall be done," he solemnly answered. "Kneel down my children. I will grant your wish so often expressed."

They knelt, and he performed the ceremony in a deep, sepulchral and ominous tone, that chilled their hearts.

"Now, those that God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

With these solemn words, and as the bridegroom bent over to kiss his bride, he suddenly drew from his bosom a glittering knife and plunged it first into her bosom and then into his.

"Better die thus than be indebted to the hands of guilt and crime for thy throne," he cried, lifting the reeking blade into the air as they fell dead into each other's arms at his feet. The next instant the weapon was sheathed in his own bosom, and he fell a corpse beside their dead bodies.

The issue of the conspiracy and the fate of the chief actors in it, are known to the world. Its signal defeat and the arrest of the leader, were effected it is said, by the treachery of a Captain of a band of river rovers, who had pretended to link his fortunes with him The subsequent career of Rapin of the Rock—the bold and terrible Chevalier Carra—it can only be conjectured from the fact, that not long afterwards, a young man suddenly appeared in Mexico at the head of a powerful army and demanded the throne as his right, declaring himself to be the legal heir; and, that in a pitched battle, he was afterwards defeated and slain by the Emperor's own hand. Whether this was Don Ferdinand Calatreva or not, neither history nor story make mention. J. H. I.

Original.

A THOUGHT ON IMMORTALITY.

When in reflecting upon pleasures that add a zest and a charm to existence, on absent friends whom we trust to meet, on amusements which we hope to enjoy, on anticipations of which we expect the reality—when in the eagerness of sanguine aspirations, and the plenitude of desire we paint the loved object with unreal beauty, and feed our minds upon baseless visions that naturally flow from our innate desire for worldly happiness, how often does the thought invade the solitude of our meditations, that these pleasures must all end, that we meet with the absent but to part again, that all amusements which Earth affords are empty and transitory—that anticipations which we nourish, no matter how warmly, bring to us in their realization not half the pleasure with which our ardent minds had at first clothed them, and that finally, no matter how fondly we may cherish the Delusions of Life, Death must one day mark us for its own, and consign to its "starless and eternal slumbers," the hopes, the wishes, and the anticipations of existence.

How unwelcome such a thought to him who can feel within him, no perceptions of an immortal principle, no assurance of a higher destiny, than that which is bounded by an Earthly existence, and an earthly tomb; who amid the clouds that lower, and the storms that gather, sees no end to the murky darkness of the former, and no period to the horrors of the latter, save in the total annihilation of every perception, that makes us acquainted with the existence of both; to such, life must appear a blank, promising nothing here, and worse than nothing hereafter; a dreary vision, in the dim indistinctness of which, the *present* good is ever overshadowed by the gloom of the *coming* evil; and if such be the case—if our hopes of living hereafter are vain or illusory, who, I ask, would willingly *bear* to live, or living, *dare* to die? G. L. R.

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Original.

REFLECTIONS AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The departure of day is a natural period for meditation. Another portion of our brief existence is stricken off. The hopes that enlivened—the employments that occupied it, are laid aside, and the mind which was, perchance, too much elated or depressed by surrounding objects—subsiding, takes more accurate note of time, and of itself. Light withdraws its exciting vehicle, and silent Darkness, the sister of Contemplation, resumes her reign. The solemn regency of stars comes forth on the mighty concave, bearing witness that God remembereth his great family, around whom he hath drawn the curtains of repose. Perhaps the moon, silvering hill and vale and stream, glides on her course of beauty, the hostage of a more glorious orb, which shall soon revisit the firmament. Seem they not all to utter the promise of Divine love—"Seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease?"

Let us look back upon all the changes of the parted day. Let us take our leave of it, kindly and tenderly, as of a friend who must return to us no more. It brought us gifts from the "Better Land"—opportunities of acquiring knowledge, of confirming good resolution into habit, of seeking the happiness of others, and of increasing our own. May we be enabled to couple the memory of its gifts with their faithful improvement. May it have spoken to us of Him who sent them and itself to us in mercy, and found listening and loving hearts. And if, as we retrace its lineaments, a tear of contrition should mingle with them, may it be accepted by Him

> "Who, from his throne of glory hears
> Through seraph songs, the sound of tears."

Ere we bid farewell to the day whose mantle has faded at the gates of the west, let us inquire if any event has marked it in the old time that was before us. Perhaps it was the anniversary of some revolution in the history of nations; of the birth or death of some illustrious individual—or, in the domestic annal, it may have portrayed some feature of joy or sorrow, of hope or adversity, which it is both fitting and salutary to retrace and depress. The habit of marking our recurring days by the peculiar lineaments which appertain to them, imparts a kind of individuality which heightens their importance, and might aid us in so arresting their fleeting course, as to number and apply them to wisdom. It is a useful practise, to arrange systematically, in a manuscript book a list of events which have distinguished every day in the year. They may be gathered from the scroll of history, from general reading, especially biographical, and from the heart's treasured legends of friendship and domestic love. To recapitulate in the evening the events thus commemorated, among other subjects of meditation, will often have a tendency to rekindle gratitude to an unwearied Benefactor.

At this very moment, during years that are past, nations may have been organizing amid the pangs of revolution, or the horrors of war. Is our own country at peace? and under the protection of laws, which give confidence to the weakest, and guard the rights of those who have no where to lay their heads? How many may have mourned the fate of their dearest ones slain in battle; or, musing on their adventurous course upon the deep, shudder at the thought of the tempest and the iceberg, and the shipwreck! Are those whom we love, safe? How many are now suffering from sickness, or bending, with broken hearts, over the couch of the dying! Are we in health? Are our dear ones untouched by the destroyer?

Souls are at this moment going forth, some rent unwillingly from the body, terror-stricken, unprepared. Is our own ready for the summons? Oh! how great is the value of each fleeting day, which, by lengthening our probation, gives us opportunity to repair what has been omitted, to repent of what is amiss, and to take stronger hold of that only hope, which is to the soul as "an anchor, sure and steadfast."

The spirit of our grateful prayer should rise upon the downy pinions of night, for the refreshment of sleep. How sweet, yet mysterious, is that balm which, shed on the closing eyelids, soothes the weary multitude from their pain, and cheats the worldly-minded from their "carking care," and divides the bad, for a while, from their evil practices, and renews the Christian to "run his way rejoicing." The sad of heart lays down his burden; and an act of oblivion passes over all that had distressed him. The traveller ceases to count the leagues that divide him from his native land, and the prisoner to measure the walls of his dungeon. The galley-slave bows his head upon the oar, and is as great as a king. The sea-boy forgets alike the storm that rocks the mast, and the home that he had too rashly left. The voyager, with the tear of parting on his cheek, slumbers deeply, notwithstanding

> "The visitation of the winds,
> That take the ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
> With deafening clamors in the slippery shrouds."

The poor beast of burden, whom no eye pitied, tastes the compassion of sleep; and the camel in the desert starts no longer at the bells of the caravan. The wearied school-boy forgets his task; and, perhaps, in some curtained chamber,

> "The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
> Whom, snoring, she disturbs."

The child, who, in the passing day, took its first little lesson of sorrow, sobs slightly in its broken dreams, and, turning upon the pillow, seeks pleasanter visions. The infant, on the arm of its happy mother, wears a smile, as if it heard the whisper of angels.

With such beautiful ministrations of mercy, does the Father of our spirits surround the close of every day which he giveth us; alluring us, by the sober twilight into which it fades, to those acts of meditation which compose the mind, and then shedding on the eyelids that holy refreshment of sleep, which prepares the body for renewed toil. Ever mindful is He of the creatures whom he has formed; in his care for the spirit that can never die, not forgetting the frail flesh, nor in his pro-

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visions for the flesh, overlooking the spirit. So may we remember Him, at the birth and death of every fleeting day, and so do His will, that our evening meditations may help to lead us where there is no more night, and where no contrition may draw its sorrowful shadow over the eye of the soul.

Original.

THE SEAL.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"When they were returned out of the garden from the Bath, the interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, 'Fair as the moon!' Then he called for the seal, wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his Bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the place, whither they were yet to go; and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces. It also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like those of angels."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

I.

"Fair as the moon!" celestial seal,
Oh, for thy mark of blessing!
Meek ornament—I pant to feel
The sign my brow impressing.
To cleanse sin's spot, and make me fair,
Beyond what beauteous angels are,
Is thy strange power, Religion!

II.

"Fair as the moon!"—woe's me! unclean!
Where folly, in commotion,
Upcasts its mire, I long have been
Disporting in the ocean.
To thy dear Bath, my Lord, I flee;
So! bring the seal—affix on me,
Eternally, Religion!

III.

Now will I tell what wondrous charm
Hath mercy's crystal waters,
To cleanse the soul, the passions calm
Of Misery's sons and daughters.
Now will I sing the blessed seal,
Whose outward impress doth reveal,
Throned in the heart, Religion!

IV.

"Fair as the moon!" ingenuous youth!
Who long'st to lift the curtain,
And gaze beyond, and know, for truth,
What now, is hope, uncertain—
Wouldst thou, by prescience, ills forego?
Wear thou her seal and thou shalt know
His state, who finds Religion!

V.

So simple, unsuspecting thou;
Though constant perils find thee—
Yea, though a willing victim now,
Sin's dreadful fetters bind thee—
Thou hast no fear, thou know'st no pain,
Nor see'st thy cell, nor feelst thy chain—
Blind, lost, without Religion!

VI.

"Fair as the moon!"—along this dark
Wild road, by perils driven—
Oh, fragile woman! wear the mark
That pitying Love hath given.
On dangerous land, on stormy sea,
A certain panoply will be
The talisman, Religion!

VII.

How blest, to-day, avails thee not;
How free life's book from sorrow—
The smiles there now—a tear will blot
That various leaf, to-morrow!
Let light shine down upon the page
Of youth, maturity and age—
The *only* light, Religion!

VIII.

'Tis all thou need'st, thou village maid!
To make thy beauty glorious;
Though in unequalled charms arrayed,
And o'er all hearts victorious—
One thing thou lackest—part with gold,
Yea, all, to buy what can't be sold
For worldly dross, Religion!

IX.

Thou city's pride!—The speaking face,
Where mind informs each feature;
The faultless form, and matchless grace,
Which make the perfect creature—
These that thou thus rejoicest in,
Win earth; but Heaven they cannot win;
Nought doth it, but Religion!

X.

'Tis all thou need'st to make short life
A day of white-winged hours;
From all its care-paths weeding strife,
The thorn from all its flowers.
'Twill soothe away thy latest sigh,
'Twill cheer thee when thou art to die;
Naught doth it but Religion!

XI.

Yea, when before Him thoul't appear,
Whose ways are everlasting—
Thy gentle spirit need not fear,
But, crowns and praises casting
Before His feet, thou shalt rejoice,
And with the ransomed lift thy voice,
Who wear the seal, Religion!

Boston, June, 1841.

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Original.

THE VISION OF OLD AGE.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"How pleasant is the vision of a peaceful corner, in a peaceful room, reserved for our last declining years, and tended by the assiduities of home, where we may sit for a term in the arm chair appropriated to our comfort, and discourse with old friends about the old things which we have seen together, and tell our inquiring juniors of events which already belong to history, or which are only kept alive in our memory; and then turn aside from these matters, and lend an indulgent ear to the prattle of little children."—*Rev. Dr. Greenwood.*

How bright the vision of a calm,
And sweet retreat at close of life!
A peaceful fireside with its group
Of children, and the aged wife!
The curtains closed—the soft lamp lit,
The sofa wheeled beside the hearth,
While every eye around reflects
The inward glow of social mirth.

Upon the venerable head
Of Age, how proudly rests its crown!
The snowy crown of silver hair
Flowing in wavy ringlets down!
The jewelled diadem that weighs
The monarch's stern imperial brow,
Is not so fair a sight to see
As Age's honored brow of snow.

Methinks I see a happy ring
Of beaming faces crowd around
To catch the priceless gems of truth,
Upon the lips of Wisdom found,
And list delighted while the sire
Recounts the wond'rous scenes of old—
Tells all the marvels he has seen,
Marvels they all would fain behold.

Perchance upon the rolling main,
In early life his lot was cast,
And he hath many a year been tossed
Upon the tall ship's bending mast.
Oft hath the raging whirlwind howled
Around him in the midnight dark,
Oft hath the roaring ocean raged
Around his tempest-driven bark.

Oft has his shipwrecked form been hurled
Upon the bleak and wintry coast,
And many have his eyes beheld
Amid the o'erwhelming billows lost.
The savage on the unknown shore,
Above his drooping form hath bent,
And with a kindly wish to heal,
Hath many a helping succor lent.

Or haply some barbaric chief
Wielding his deadly club and spear,
Hath held him in his wretched tent,
In servitude for many a year;
Compelled him to the toilsome chase,
Or led him forth to savage wars,
Where frequent amid yelling foes,
He hath been darkly seamed with scars.

Or haply in the palm-tree's shade,
By gushing fount or bubbling rill,
Or by the spreading plantain's grove,
Where tropic birds delight to trill,
Or where the mango or the nut,
Above the Indian's cabin wave,
Full many a year of life he knew,
A willing captive, happy slave.

Or haply in his old arm chair,
He may to list'ning childhood, tell
Of many a rich and famous land,
Beyond the heaving ocean's swell.
Oft in great London's crowded street,
The ancient wanderer may have gazed
Where the old Abbey or Saint Paul's
Their spires above the city raised.

He may have leaned o'er Shakspeare's grave,
Where clear the Avon pours its tide,
Or o'er the dust of Scott have stood,
Or mourned where glorious Milton died;
Up the broad Rhine he may have roamed,
And on its castled cliffs gazed long,
Recalling many a stirring scene,
Of days of chivalry and song.

Or haply up the pouring Seine,
By Havre or Rouen he swept,
And thro' gay Paris' guarded gate,
With pleasure-swelling breast he stept;
Gazed on its Louvre and its halls,
Once famous for their deeds of arms,
Where stern Napoleon shook the world
With all his maddening alarms.

Or haply o'er that bright blue sea
That breaks on green Italia's shore,
He sailed of old—past by the cliffs
Of Spain, or Greece renowned of yore,
Dropping his anchor in the Gulph
Of Salamis, or Scio's Isle,
And gazed delighted on the haunts
That o'er the blue Egean smile.

Such are the joys and teachings wise,
That green old Age with Youth may share;
The one all smiles and beauty, grouped
Around the patriarch's ancient chair,
The long, clear chart of his career,
The sage may to the youth display,
Pointing the perils that beset,
And the real pleasures of the way.

And when his lamp of life burns low,
And thick the damps of death draw near,
When fading cheek and failing eye,
Warn of the close of his career,
Around him draws the mourning group,
To say farewell, and gaze and weep,
Folding as if in rest his hands,
He calmly sinks to his last sleep!

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Original.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS EMELINE. S. SMITH.

When twilight darkens o'er the face of day,
And Evening draws her shadowy curtain round,
How like the infant wearied with its play,
Nature lies slumbering in repose profound;
And the bright stars their tireless vigils keep,
Like a fond mother watching childhood's sleep.

As the sweet calm that comes when winds depart,
To smooth the angry waves on Ocean's breast,
Night's holy silence steals around the heart,
And lulls its stormy passions all to rest;
Wild joys and feverish hopes no more control,
Memory, alone, holds empire o'er the soul.

Then rise the shadowy ghosts of vanished hours,
And whisper to us like the sweet south air,
That comes in spring-time, breathing of the flowers
It left in blooming loveliness afar!
They tell soft tales of friendship pure and true,
And love, that wore no stain of earthly hue.

Then shades of long departed joys arise,
And phantom forms of buried hopes appear,
Breathing, once more, the tuneful melodies
That fell so sweetly on Youth's raptured ear;
Slowly they come—a dim and shadowy train,
Bringing the heart, its dreams of bliss again.

Ay, night is lovely! When the sun departs,
And earth is robed in mourning for his beams;
He sinks not in the wave, but other hearts
Glow in the radiance of his golden beams—
Thus, when Hope's day-beams fade and disappear,
They leave a lingering ray to brighten mem'ry's sphere.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Far on the horizon's distant verge,
Behold a dim, faint speck emerge,
So distant from the level shore.
It seems a speck, and nothing more,
The straining eye no shape defined
Can trace, to carry to the mind.

Yet, as we gaze along the sea,
That little speck grows rapidly,
But still with change that mocks the sight,
Like that which mingles day with night,
And now a flag, and now a sail,
Floats out distinctly on the gale.

And nearer still, and still more near,
We see the massive hull appear;
The spars—the yards—the ropes—the crew,
Successive rise upon the view,
'Till safe in port she folds her wings,
And slowly to her anchor swings.

Thus o'er the Future's misty tide,
Far seen events all dimly glide,
Small at the first, as ships appear,
Large and distinct when coming near,
Nor, 'till at hand, can careless eyes,
Their features read, nor mark their size.

Yet those who oft the sea survey,
May know that ship, though far away;
So patient wisdom may supply
To man, a telescopic eye,
To scan the dim events which gleam,
Far o'er the Future's misty stream.

Thus the light cloud the prophet scanned,
Scarce bigger than a human hand,
Showed to his clear, far-seeing eye,
E'en when first seen, Heaven's blessing nigh,
Long ere the thirsty landscape grew
Dark, in the mighty shade it threw.

Original.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"None others can have a tolerable idea of what passed in the minds of the wretched crew, as they gazed, with vacant horror, on the threatening elements, and felt that their frail bark must soon, perhaps the next thump, be dashed to pieces, and they left at the mercy of the billows, with not even a *plank* between themselves and eternity."

The sun had gone down in a desolate night,
And left the earth mantled in sorrow;
But hope o'er the heart shed its radiant light,
The hope of a beautiful morrow:
The storm-god had waved his wand o'er the sea,
And hoarse was the roar of the billow;
The proud ships were dashing away in their glee,
The sailor had sunk to his pillow.

And soon the winged tempest came wildly and bleak,
While above its fierce wailings was heard,
The mariner's bitter and frenzied shriek,
Like the song of the dying sea-bird—
On an icy and rock-ribbed shore was dashed,
A gallant bark, swan-like in motion;
The hoary spray over its shattered hulk flashed,
Like light o'er the tremulous ocean.

Beneath the dark billow with bubbling groan,
The mariner sinks to his slumbers;
O'er his sea-girdled pillow the wild winds moan,
In dirge-like and delicate numbers:
But not all, no, not all, were lost 'neath the wave,
There was one that survived its rude sweep;
To tell that his comrades had found them a grave,
"On the beach where the bright surges sleep."

So in life's fragile bark, adown time's rough tide,
With crowded sails we are sweeping;
On its foam-crested billows we gallantly ride,
Alternately smiling and weeping—
And when the frail bark that is bearing us fast,
Over time's tumultuous ocean;
A wreck on eternity's shore shall be cast,
May we *all* survive the commotion.

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Original.

NO FICTION IS SO GLORIOUS AS TRUTH.

At the Cape of Good Hope, during brightly glowing summers, when the sun's vividness of beauty is desolating in its power, when like a hypocrite,

"He darts men down,
Fevers with smiles, and kills without a frown;"

the storms from the southern ocean, give, like the change and chance of human thought, the evil with the good. The winds forsake their fastnesses, they hold their riot upon the deep, and leave their benefit upon the clime; mitigating the heat, and purifying the atmosphere, raising the turbid ocean, and lashing the shore with its loud breakers; bringing renovation to Nature and health to man, whilst rendering the coast a Scylla to the mariner.

The harbinger of danger is seen in the distance—the first-born of the tempest rests like a fleecy cloud upon the Table Mountain; its proud supporter a mass of rocks, rising three thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet above the level of the Bay.

On the northern side it looks a stupendous fortress, the retiring curtains flanked with projecting bastions, mighty in ruin, and yet too strong to sink beneath the war of elements. The eastern, presents one higher point, and is rent into bolder and more chasmed beauty, magnificently wild, and claiming admiration in its Tarpeian bearing.

The summer months are from December to March. During the tempestuous January of ——, the coasts presented sights for the human heart to break over—the shores had reverberated the loud concussions of the unmasted vessels, and the wreck of being had been tossed upon the beach.

One dreadful morning an East-Indiaman was sent by nature's buffettings, from her moorings in Table Bay; she dashed forwards, drifted from her course, and struggling gallantly amidst impending ruin, toiling for the sea-room an opposite direction alone presented, vainly striving to combat those adverse winds, and that land-tide of peril. The pointed rocks looked ready to become her fell destroyer, and when compelled within but sixty yards, the distress guns fired, whilst shrieks—the long loud shrieks of hearts where "hope was none," drew the inhabitants toward the ocean, swelling in its overwhelming energy.

And there stood one indeed attracted! a young lieutenant in the India service had fled a tropical clime to re-instate his health, and had fixed his residence within Cape Town. Mounted upon a fine and generous steed, he from the shore surveyed the threatened wreck. The stately vessel was rocking to her fall—the children of despair sent their wild shrieks upon the billow, the spirits of the air bent in the far-off space, from their deep roll of darkness; Death swayed the waters with his agitating sceptre; the wind was roaring louder than the wave, and mingling with human wail, like songs of triumph from the demon of the deep.

This officer was young, and life is precious in the spring of untried being; health had returned, and vigor braced his sinews, length of days seemed written on his sanguine countenance, riches and honor awaited but his grasp. He bore a happy spirit, he loved creation, and he prized the breath of life—had misfortune crossed the horizon of his hopes, even then he would have clung to the warm precinct of existence until it blessed him. He rushed not heedlessly on danger, he felt the full value of his offering; at that moment he appeared perhaps too like the precious flowers of the spring, predestined to wither before the summer's sun has touched their petals. Why do we throw the meditative and the happy into the tented field? Should they feel the stress of war, and be called to the action of the fight? The light of Heaven as it fell upon the soldier exactly defined both his face and figure, and touched with its own relief the conflicting scenes around, apt image of the ease with which Saint Clare adapted his finer sympathies to those with whom he mingled. His unaffected kindness to others, almost in proportion as they had nothing to return him for it; no enthusiasm to render back unto him, as a tribute to his genius, no revealings of high and cultivated intellect to respond to his beautiful aspirings, too powerless to aid his ambition, and only sufficiently efficient to excite his energies for their well doing. It was this entire freedom from selfishness that blended with and richly harmonized all his individual peculiarities, for these he possessed, and there was oftentimes a seeming contradiction in the repose of countenance, and voice, and attitude, to which it appeared incontrovertibly as nature's will, that he should give indulgence and the inward agitation of a spirit alive to all the vicissitudes of life. A finely modulated intonation of carelessness and indolence pervaded his general conversation; the very spirit of repose was nestling in loveliness on those sunny features; the Dove of Peace had fixed her anchorage in that young bosom, and his chequered lot appeared unable to disturb her sweet and deep repose, though it was a soldier's breast that cradled her!—though ocean's roar had been her lullaby! and the spirit of the storm beat over her!

The "Emma" was filled with young cadets, and those boys in the sun of fortune contemplating peril, were more peculiarly his brethren! they strained at his heart-strings, they were his own, his destined sharers in the toil and hazards of a foreign land. He lashed a rope around his body, and plunged his war-horse in the deep. I surveyed him calmly, for I knew Jehovah was upon the ocean with him, guiding the whirlwind, and directing the but seemingly unlicensed storm.

I never yet could gaze on being in its vividness, and image Death in its invariability. I saw that creature, full of life, and sense, and soul, and strength, and beauty; the unbounded waves appeared too powerless for his engulfment, the mighty winds too nerveless to destroy that spirit's high imaginings, and the wide sea too narrow for his grave!

He rode the storm, and to his glorious intent the elements seemed ministering. Bold and giddy was his career; I watched his pilotry until my overstrained idea shadowed the Guardian Angels of the good, hallowing that stripling's course. The sparkling foam was cresting itself around him, and his habiliments looked folds

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of light—his champing steed seemed walking upon the waters, and for awhile they moved the conquerors of danger. There were acclamations from the vessel, and cheerings from the shore, at least in after hours I heard so, for to me sound was not in creation—that dread moment could alone retain the intense, distended, bursting sense of vision—sight became an "Aaron's rod."

Soon was the angry ocean worked into higher tempests, the battling billows, heaped upon each other, formed eddying whirlpools in their dark concaves. I beheld this glorious adventurer toiling upon the wave—its unstable ascent he gained, the treacherous element rested, one only second, forming a dangerous pinnacle of height and light, to sadden the deep replunge that death and darkness claimed. I beheld him uplifted as if in triumph—and then—I saw but the full heavings of the main.

I knew the Great Cause of all effect had then resumed his own—mighty to save, He knew that noble heart had done its ministering work below, and claimed no needless warfare from His creature. Upon God's earth I had but him to soothe, to cherish, and to love me, yet would I not have spared that dead brother, for twenty living ones—for, methought full surely his grave was in the deep, and his Pæan was upon the sounding waters. My brain was dizzy then, and the piercing strife of voices entered—"He is safe!"—"safe!" was echoed and re-echoed in joy's strange clamor of felicity. I looked once more—Reginald! my Reginald Saint Clare was climbing the vessel's side, and the wide ether was ringing with the shoutings of her crew.

Soon stood in safety those sojourners of fortune, and the last surge had laved the youthful pilgrims. Hearts trembling even in security, and cheeks pale with the bliss of rescue—eyes all bright amid their rising waters, and little schoolboy bosoms throbbing from their first trial in adversity, were taught the unequal pulsations of a troubled joy. Then arose the laboring spirit's aspirations, albeit untold, unheard, and seen but in a rising glance of gratitude acknowledging the Omnipresent Deity.

The saving instrument of Providence, as worn, as blest as were the rescued, wept heaven-born tears. Another vessel in a similar state of desolation was before him. Without calculating upon his impaired power, and disordered nerves, whilst o'er the reeling wreck, the savage storm beat in its fury, he proceeded to the rescue of man, his brother man—but the commissioned billow bore him to his God. The measurement of life is deeds, not years.

'Twas thine, Saint Clare, sublimely great and good,
For man, thy brother man, distress'd, to dare
The direful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair!

There it was thine in comforts balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows 'mid the tempest's roar—
To hush the mother's shriek, the stripling's groan,
And bear the suff'rers trembling to the shore.

So when this mighty orb in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins at its God's decree,
The saving Angel, with triumphant arm,
Shall from the wreck of all things rescue thee!

Original.

TO A WOUNDED BIRD.

Poor bird! No more on airy pinions
Shalt thou carol in the sky;
An exile from thy wide dominions,
Thou wilt seek the earth and die!
To thee the realms of air were given,
And skies in azure garments drest;
'Twas thine to wander high in heaven,
And fold the white clouds round thy breast!
Thou wert the child of storm and light,
Now borne by tempest-winds along,
Then urging on thy upward flight,
And greeting earth and sky with song.
The grove was thine—the sunny grove,
And there in revelry with flowers,
You sung your song of endless love
To gay coquettes in other bowers!
But woe for thee! No more the sky
Shall kindle at thy melody;
And trembling groves shall teem with song,
And laughing streams shall dance along;
The sky as bright with clouds of gold,
Shall other warblers still enfold,
And merry all with songs of love,
As when thy sweet strains filled the grove!
And like to thee, thou child of song,
The soul with lightning pinions flies;
Now revelling 'midst the starry throng—
And sweeping wildly through the skies,
Or blest in groves and verdant bowers,
Where love flies singing through the air;
It woos around the smiling hours,
And holds them chain'd and blushing there!
But unlike thee, when Death appears,
It folds not up its drooping wings,
But smiling gaily through its tears,
Up to its cloudless home it springs,
And filled with holy melody,
It nestles rapturous in the sky.

M. H.

Yorick's Opinion of Gravity.—Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger—but to itself; whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit; 'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all his pretensions, it was no better, but often worse than what a French wit had long defined it, viz.—a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.—*Sterne.*

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Original.

PRIDE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It is a blessed impulse, wrought
Within us, by the glorious thought,
That tells, in moments free from sin,
Our high and star-twinned origin.

They call it wrong, unholy, vain,
The struggle of a soul insane!
It is *not* vain, the Pride, that thrills
Our spirits, nerving them to ills;
The pride, that bears us through the world,
With tranquil brow and lip uncurled,
And an undying trust within,
A glimpse of glory yet to be,
An Eden-hope, that charms from sin,
And smiles along life's stormy sea.

'Tis *not* unholy—when it stirs
The hearts of Heaven's worshippers:
It is, perchance, a herald-ray
Of cloudless and eternal day;
A spark of that unfailing fire,
That quivers in the seraph-choir,
When, with veiled eyes and folded wing,
Beneath the 'illumined throne they sing,
While lyres of light, low warbling round,
Soft to their glancing hands resound.

Oh! he, within whose spirit-frame,
Too wildly burned that precious flame,
Then darkened into crime and shame,
Who lifted his unhallowed gaze,
Where dwells the Blest, the Pure and Lone,
And drank, with maddened soul, the blaze,
That flashed from that resplendent throne,
Until the nameless, lightning thought
Within his impious spirit wrought,
That quenchless kindling, doomed to be
His curse, thro' dread Eternity!
How must his wild heart have forgot
The Love that lit his angel-lot,
When dark he stood and unforgiven,
The only shadowed thing in Heaven!
And heard, and shrank to hear the first,
Deep peal of thunder round him burst!
When He, whose lowest, lightest word,
Thro' all that limitless dome was heard,
Sent, on the sweet, untroubled air,
His swift, loud blast of vengeance there!
When Seraphim and Cherubim,
In silence breathless as the tomb,
While trembled every snow-white plume,
Bent down their radiant heads to him,
Who never, 'till that hour, had given
A tone, untuned by Love, to Heaven!
How must his ear have lost the strain
That Peace was wont to murmur, when
That Heaven, with step profane, he trod,
And dared to battle with his God!

Original.

MAY.

May in the fragrant forest sings,
For Winter's cold hath passed away,
And from the grass the field-lark springs,
To greet the beams of opening day.

And far around the mountains rest,
Their sunlit peaks attired in green,
Stretching far inland, to the west,
With snow-white villages between.

Rustling upon the river's sand
In clusters bend the springing reeds,
And gladly in the furrowed land
The sower drops the yellow seeds.

Gladly—for autumn winds ere long
Through all the lovely harvest-days,
Filling the reddened woods with song,
Shall cool him in the rustling maize.

All things are fair—but one there is
Whose image in my heart doth sleep,
Sweeter than this calm wilderness
Amid the woodland wide and deep.

Rough though the storms of Time may be,
Her memory beams within my breast,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
When weary winds are lulled to rest.

Enchantress! thou whose gentle looks
Are peaceful as the upper sky,
Thy voice is like the forest-brooks,
And twilight lingers in thine eye!

Twilight, in whose meek depths, I see
Love burning like a vesper star,
For thou'rt a Pleiad unto me,
And I am the astronomer!

H. W. ROCKWELL.

Original.

SONNET.—TO A MOUNTAIN RILL.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"Sweet fount," I said, "whence do thy waters spring?
From rocky hall or mossy moorland bed?
I'll trace thy sources soft meandering,
And find the eye from which thy tears are shed."
Around the ash and laurel boughs were spread,
And fairy blossoms treasures for the bee,
The oak and pine towered proudly o'er mine head,
While daisy, pink, and wild convolvuli,
In nature's freaks around my path were strewn.
Far in a glen where foot had never come,
From a cleft rock with lichen garb o'ergrown
Burst the sweet streamlet with a plaintive hum—
Scarce could the sunbeam pierce the leafy night.
Where sprang the limpid nursling into light.

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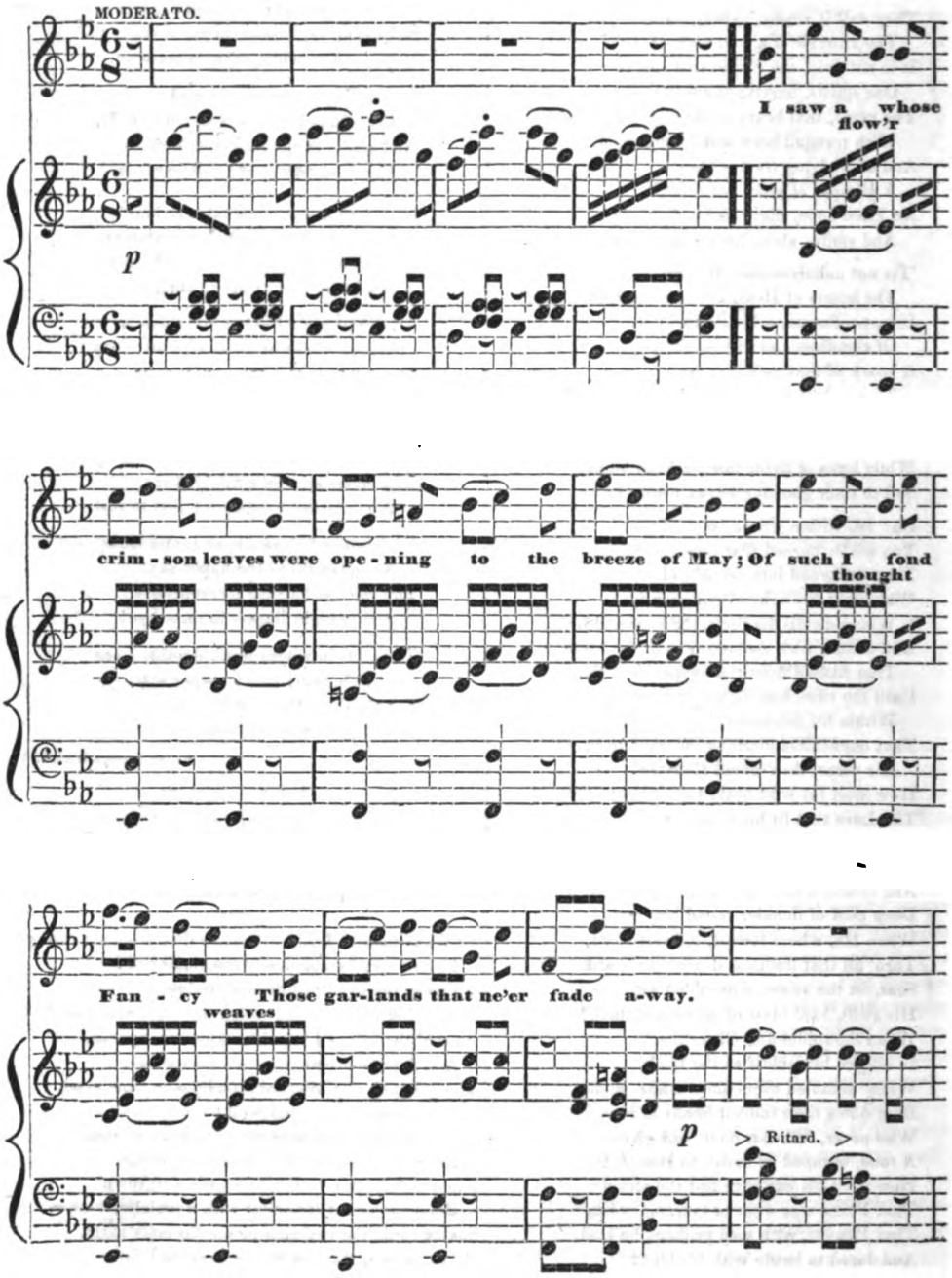
LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

WORDS BY WILLIAM J. WETMORE—MUSIC BY WILLIAM WOOD.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' COMPANION.



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I saw it in Beau-ty's bloom A bower, type of all that's fond and pure, I

p A TEMPO.

ask'd the name of this bright flow'r, She smiling said, "La Rose d'Amour." She smi - ling said, "La

Rose d'Amour."

COLLA VOCE.

SECOND VERSE.

I saw another blooming fair,
Its leaves as white as virgin snow;
It seem'd that Love was nestling there,
As zephyrs fann'd it to and fro;
On Beauty's bosom there it spread
Its spotless leaves all fair and pure;
And what is this sweet flower I said,
She whisper'd soft—"La Rose d'Amour."

THIRD VERSE.

And there I saw them both in bloom,
On Beauty's bosom sink and swell;
But they were emblems of the tomb,
That to the heart sad lessons tell:
The leaf is wither'd, and its hue
So rich and lovely, is no more;
Old Time took Beauty as he flew,
And left to fade—"La Rose d'Amour."

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LITERARY REVIEW.

THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF GAUL AND FRANCE, *by Alexandre Dumas. Translated by an American: J. & H. G. Langley.*—This is one of the most efficient epitomes of that portion of history of which it discourses, that has ever been given to the public. The author, who is of the ultra liberal party, speaks his sentiments and opinions in a bold and fearless manner, and perhaps the best portion of the work, at least, the most attractive to the American reader, will be found in a summary of his political creed, embodied in the concluding pages. The rapidity with which he travels over the ground of history, yet seizing the most prominent and illustrative characters and incidents, displays a mind of the most comprehensive order, and discriminating taste, for, in one volume, is embraced the whole of the history of Gaul and France, from the earliest records of its foundation, down to the election of Philip de Valois. The style is bold and original, and the translator has executed *her* labor, (for rumor pronounces it to be a lady,) admirably. All idiom and semblance of a foreign style are discarded, and a beautiful chaste diction is the characteristic of the English version. We congratulate the publishers on the tasteful manner they have sent forth the work.

MISCELLANIES OF LITERATURE, *by the author of Curiosities of Literature: J. & H. G. Langley.*—"A book of much mirth, and some melancholy," as an old writer says, and one which no other man but D'Israeli could have so excellently arranged. With him it appears to be a labor of love, an enthusiasm, to collect all that is curious and characteristic of the *genus irritabile*, and with his own felicitous imagination, invest them with an interest which is truly delightful. The Curiosities of Literature, it is well known, betokens an immense research, and the Miscellanies, in every respect, do the same. In his own words, "they offer a unity of design, and afford to the general reader, and to the student of classical antiquity, some initiation into our national literature. Authors and books are not alone here treated of; a comprehensive view of human nature necessarily enters into the subject, from the diversity of the characters portrayed, through the gradations of their faculties, the influence of their tastes, and those incidents of their lives, prompted by their fortunes or their passions. The present volume, therefore, with their brother Curiosities of Literature, now constitute a body of reading which may awaken knowledge in minds only seeking amusement, and refresh the deeper studies of the learned, by matters not unworthy of criticism." The publishers have done justice to their department of the work, and we predict they will receive, in return, a liberal compensation for their spirit of enterprize; indeed, we conjecture that the demand has already been so great (while we trust it is the only cause) that we have not received the work 'till so late a period after its publication.

THE WORKS OF LORD BOLINGBROKE: *Carey & Hart.*—The name of Lord Bolingbroke, to all who are acquainted with the government of England, in the early part of the last century, needs only to be mentioned to excite respect for great abilities, and sympathy for an object of political persecution, for if ever there was an individual sacrificed to the intrigue and jealousy of party, it was certainly Bolingbroke, and never, in so short a period of public service, did any minister occupy a wider space in the political horizon, or leave behind him a more brilliant reputation. As a statesman, he was unrivalled, as an orator, unsurpassed, and as a writer, one of the most classical and profound who has ever adorned the literature of England. The present volumes contain the whole of his writings, as originally published by his literary executor, Mallet, with much additional matter, relative to his personal and public character, and also a new life of this celebrated man, compiled expressly for the American edition. The work is produced in the first style of the art, and to the statesman, orator, and scholar, will be found invaluable.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET DAVIDSON, *by Washington Irving: Lea & Blanchard.*—One of the most pleasing biographies contained in the language, is that of the lamented Kirke White, but, without in the least intending to detract from it, we are compelled, in justice, to avow that the present volume is in every way stronger calculated to excite the feelings. The subject of the memoir is also invested with a deeper interest than the youthful White, for what can be more melancholy beautiful than to read of a fragile blossom of humanity endowed with the highest mental attributes, slowly sinking beneath the premature blight of decay; a young spirit sweetly pouring forth its aspirations in the solitude of the world, and finally yielding itself with Christian resignation into the hands of its Creator. It is almost needless to say that the accomplished author of the Sketch Book has compiled one of the most delicious biographical morceaux extant, and sincerely do we regret that our columns will not permit us to dilate in the elaborate spirit of criticism upon its merits, or to present some of the many beautiful poetical gems with which the volume abounds. One, however, we cannot refrain from transferring to our pages, written at the early age of fifteen, and, alas! her final year, replete with intellect worthy of the most gifted child of song.

THE NATURE OF THE SOUL.

"The spirit, what is it? Mysterious, sublime,
Undying, unchanging, for ever the same,
It bounds lightly athwart the dark billows of time,
And moves on unscorched by its heavenly flame.

Man owns thee, and feels thee, and knows thee divine;
He feels thou art his, and thou never canst die,
He believes thee a gem from the Maker's pure shrine—
A portion of purity, holy and high;

'Tis around him, within him, the source of his life,
Yet too weak to contemplate its glory and might;
He trembling shrinks back to dull earth's humble strife,
And leaves the pure atmosphere glowing with light.

Thou spark from the Deity's radiant throne,
I know thee, yet shrink from thy greatness and power;
Thou art mine in thy splendor, I feel thee my own,
Yet behold me as frail as the light summer flower.

I strove in my weakness to gaze on thy might,
To trace out thy wanderings through ages to come,
'Till like birds on the sea, all exhausted, at night,
I flutter back, weary, to earth, as my home,

Like a diamond, when laid in a rough case of clay,
Which may crumble and wear from the pure gem enclosed,
But which ne'er can be lit by one tremulous ray
From the glory-crowned star in its dark case reposed."

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, *by Agnes Strickland: Lea & Blanchard.*—Research, erudition, and a correct style, are the evident characteristics of this publication. It is not merely a narrative of the lives of the royal heroines which its appellation conveys, but also a historical dissertation of the times in which they lived, commencing with succinct sketches of the lives of the earliest British and Saxon Queens, up to Matilda, wife of the Conqueror, the first of the Anglo Norman Queens, and mother of the succeeding line of monarchs, whose sovreignty is now invested in the person of the present Queen of England. With the Life of Matilda, the work correctly commences, and is continued down to our own day. No incident, detail, or information, to be found in English or foreign chronicles, antique records, or antiquarian researches appertaining to the subject matter, but what has been patiently and diligently investigated, and brought to bear in the composition of the work. The result of which is, that the accomplished authoress has given to the world one of the most valuable productions of biographical literature the language contains.

FAMILY SECRETS, *by Mrs. Ellis.*—This little volume before us, contains the first tale of a series, under the head of Family Secrets, entitled, "Dining Out." It is ably written, and will go far, we doubt not, to expose the baneful effects "of one particular cause of evil more fatal than all others to individual happiness," to disseminate the principles of temperance, and reclaim the wanderer from the path of temptation, at the same time to create a love for domestic enjoyment, the purest and best of all earthly blessings.—*D. Appleton & Co.*

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THE LIFE OF PETRARCH, *by Thomas Campbell.*—Out of the slight materials which Mr. Campbell has had to form this biography, he has effected wonders; still we consider the subject was not of importance enough to occupy so much time, industry and learning, as he has bestowed upon it. The genius and character of Petrarch will be better traced in his immortal sonnets, than from musty documents and traditional records, still, to the admirer of the poet, the volume will prove acceptable, while, as a performance displaying the most perfect purity of style, and a judicious estimate of Petrarch's genius, it is deserving of much praise. It comes from the prolific press of *Carey & Hart's* in a beautiful garb, reflecting the highest credit on their taste and enterprize.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP, *by Mrs. Copley: D. Appleton & Co.*—We do not remember having met with the name of this authoress before, and if it is her first essay in the world of letters, we congratulate her upon the very clever manner she has executed it. Early Friendship is a volume which every mother should place in the hands of her daughter, as a valuable illustration of the exercise of moral worth, and domestic duty.

THE YOUNG MAIDEN, *by A. B. Murray: C. S. Francis.*—We have carefully perused this volume, and can faithfully recommend it as containing much useful information and judicious advice on the most important points of the female character.

MASTERMAN READY, *by Captain Marryat: D. Appleton & Co.* A charming little story, being the first part of a work written for, and adapted to the capacity of the youthful mind, and which, if approved of, will be continued in series. It contains an excellent moral, much useful information, and considerable interest. A more fitting token for young people, we do not know of.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Since our last number, the prominent entertainment at this house has been the production of the tragedy of Aylmere, written by R. Conrad, of Philadelphia, and founded on some of the principal features of the celebrated rebellion in England, in the reign of Henry the VI, headed by the notorious Jack Cade. To this character the author has given the name of Aylmere, and drawn it exactly to suit the powers of Mr. Forrest; that he has succeded in this, we, with the general voice, agree, but do not, with the moral and heroic attributes with which he has endowed him. That Cade was a low, uneducated, brawling ruffian, all historians have described him, and however virtuous Mr. Conrad may make him appear, however just the cause which he advocates, yet we fear that the true historic character of Cade will militate much against the popularity of the piece. An able commentator on Shakspeare, makes the following sage remarks, which we consider, in the present instance, most applicable. "Deviations from the page of history, are of little consequence to the mere lover of dramatic literature, as they neither weaken the gratification, nor diminish the effect of the scenic narrative. Poetry appeals to the passions, and imagination, like a true magician, lends her most powerful spells to excite or subdue them. But there are many to whom the great events of history are known only through the fascinating medium of a play or romance; and it is frequently difficult, if not disagreeable to efface, in after life, the distorted impressions which they leave upon the memory." When viewed in the sober simplicity of historic truth, a favorite hero often loses much of his glitter, and a detested villain some portion of his turpitude. It is therefore of no little consequence to examine the materials of a dramatic fabric, to separate truth from fiction, and to show the age and body of the time—his form and pressure. Now our author's hero is a direct violation of all history. He has selected a being who had not one redeeming quality in his composition, and arrayed him in the garbs of the scholar, patriot, and hero. We have taken the pains to investigate the character of "the headstrong Kentishman, John Cade, of Ashford," from many sources, and are compelled, most unequivocally, to avow that a more forbidding personage hardly stains the annals of humanity, but here we have him the nonpareil of virtue, the Tell of England, all that is good and noble. The genius of Mr. Conrad, we can scarcely believe to have committed such a direct error of its own accord, and would willingly imagine that he has been misguided by injudicious advice while in the composition of the play. These strictures we make, out of an honest regard for his talent, because he has all the materials of a dramatic writer. His language is chaste, his similes correct, and one peculiar excellence, and one of the greatest a dramatic author can have, is the terse and vigorous manner in which he, at all times, expresses himself. The plot of Aylmere is not well conceived; a redundancy of incidents and situations, render it, in some places, heavy, uninteresting, and unnatural; judicious curtailment, however, can remedy this defect, and we have no doubt Mr. Forrest must have felt this, and before its next representation in New York, will have condensed it materially. Another error, which is the besetting sin of all modern dramatists, the part of Aylmere is the monopolizer of all that is really effective in the tragedy—all other characters being made subservient to it. Marianne, to be sure, has some good situations, but there is too much repetition of the *intense* in the character, or perhaps the actress, herself, infused too much of the lachrymose and extravagant into the part; be this as it may, we are convinced that the whole drama wants the pruning-knife liberally applied, when, we have no doubt, it will, and not 'till then, become a favorite with Mr. Forrest's admirers. After the engagement of Mr. Forrest, the theatre remained closed for a fortnight, when it was re-opened with Fanny Ellsler, who has proved of great benefit to the treasury. Our opinion of this lady we have expressed in a former number of the "Companion," and we have only to say it remains unaltered. We admire talent of whatever character it may be, but we condemn the ill taste of America, which suffers the fine arts to drag on a miserable existence, while it lavishes "the wealth of the Indies" upon a foreign *danseuse.*

BOWERY.—The regluar drama continues in the ascendency at this house, proving that a sound taste still exists in our city for the genuine stock of dramatic writing. We have had presented at the Bowery, during the last month, some of the best plays in the language; Bertram, Pizarro, Macbeth, the Honey Moon, the Wonder, and others, and in a manner worthy of the reputation of any company. The character of Bertram afforded Mr. Hamblin a full opportunity for his powers. Although we regard the moral of the drama as bad, and the plot, in many parts, as too melo-dramatic for the strict rules of tragic composition; still there are energy and poetical beauty in the language, equal to the writings of any modern author, and occasionally worthy of the masters of "the olden time." The part of the Prior is the most natural drawn of all the characters in the piece, and contains the most beautiful portions of the language, we therefore regretted to behold the actor to whom it was entrusted, incompetent to its execution; whether from carelessness, or inability, we know not, but it was rendered a mutilated mass, cold and ineffective—a very nonentity in the scene. With this support, it was not to be wondered at if many of the principal scenes were totally destroyed—despite of this, however, Mr. Hamblin, with the consummate tact of the artist, contrived to keep up the effect, and where he was well supported, as in the case with Mrs. Anderson, as Imogene, he imparted to the character, vigor, interest, and pathos. We were happy to perceive this actress abandon herself to the feeling of her part—to forget that she *was* acting, and depend solely upon the impulse of her own feelings. One great error into which she too often falls, and which destroys all impersonation, is an uncertainty of her author—a doubt about the words of the text. To be able to read well, and to be sure of the diction of the character, are the first and most essential requisites a performer requires; they are the foundation, as it were, of the dramatic structure, and if not firmly based, the rest of the creation will be but tottering and insecure. She has all the requisites to make an

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excellent actress, and with assiduity and study, we hope yet to see her achieve an exalted position in her art. The Honey Moon has been repeated several times with great success, and most admirably sustained throughout. We know of no actor at present, except Mr. Hamblin, who, in person and understanding, can portray the Duke Aranza. Most actors, in their delineation of the character, are prolix and tragic, forgetting altogether the colloquial style, and delivering the language as they were pouring forth the patrician sentiments of Coriolanus. In this respect, Mr. Hamblin particularly discriminates. Where the character requires the stamp of nobleness, as in the first act, you perceive the dignity preserved, and in the scenes where the peasant is assumed, he looks, walks, and converses as "the honest yeoman." We congratulate him on his personation of this difficult part, as it shows he executes from *mentis penetralia*, and not from art or copyism, the prevailing blight of most dramatic professors. We take this opportunity of recording our testimony of praise to the very spirited performance of Rolando, by Mr. Barry. It was lively without being extravagant, chaste without being tedious, and correct in costume and bearing. A personator of Negro character has been acting his brief hour on the boards of this establishment, and if it had been briefer, we believe it would have been more to the profit and respectability of the house. We are no admirers of these personators of negro abortions, and as we cannot say aught in his favor, we will dismiss him in the mercy of silence.

National.—From the bottom of our hearts, sincerely do we regret to say that this splendid edifice is now a heap of ruins, "a melancholy instance," as Scott has it, "of the mutability of human affairs." We have no doubt it owes its destruction, as well as the former building, to the torch of the incendiary, but, from the severe scrutiny which has been exerted, in attempting to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, we trust that some clue will be found, which will lead to an elucidation of the cause, and the summary and explicit punishment of the guilty individuals; but 'till then, we would respectfully suggest that all vituperation, invidiousness, and insinuation, be refrained from. *Suspicion* is not *fact*, and 'till a jury of the land decides upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, no one has a right to assert or even insinuate who is culpable or innocent.

Olympic.—Mr. Mitchell has departed for Philadelphia with his unique company, to produce his celebrated series of entertainments at the National Theatre of that city. We wish him every success, and shall be happy to welcome him back again to the scene of his fortunate labors.

Chatham.—Full houses, stirring entertainments, and good acting, are the features of this theatre. Mr. Thorne, we again repeat, is worthy of the patronage with which the public so liberally rewards him, and to increase, if possible, the strength of his company, he suffers no novelty to escape him, in proof of which, Mr. J. R. Scott has been acting several of his best parts with a freshness worthy of his best days. In saying this, we mean no insinuation to a deterioration in his powers, but he appears to have cast aside a habit of *ease*, which, of late, in our opinion marred his efforts, and again to act with impulse and energy.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The travelling season has again commenced, and from all quarters crowds are pouring into the city. The boats on the North and East Rivers, are filled to overflowing, our watering-places are beginning to look gay, and before the month is over, old Gotham will be tolerably well deserted by its inhabitants, and they are right, for who would remain "pent up" in a metropolis, with a Bengal atmosphere, when green fields, brooks, rivers, and shady forests can be found for retreat, within a few hour's travel, where, as the poet sings,

"Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit, while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves, at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course."

No excuse need be offered by the poorest of our citizens, in not enjoying the rural landscape, when so many opportunities are afforded to them at a charge so small in the numerous modes of conveyance, and in a country, too, where the hand of Providence has lavished in richest profusion, his offerings of beauty. We throw out these remarks to direct the attention of our readers to the advantages to be obtained, by unbending, occasionally, from the monotonous routine of business, and looking upon the charms of nature with an unfettered spirit. Ennui, dull times, and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," will vanish like the shadows of night before the beams of the morning, while they will find that the world has for them charms, 'till then unknown, and that existence was never meant to be devoted solely to the amassing of wealth, and the gregarian pursuits of the worldling.

Concerts.—This species of amusement seems nearly exhausted, and no wonder, when we perceive that every individual who *imagines* himself capable of turning a note, puts forth his name to the patronage of the public. We mention this, as those performers whose merits really entitle them to support, are, by the presumption of such pretenders, deprived of their just fame and reward. Like the mania for lectures, which, for these last two years, has spread among all classes, and called forth a host of illiterate and egotistical *humbugs*, so has it been with the musical world; but we are glad to observe that the disease is fast working its own cure, and that by the next winter, we will find that quackery has departed from among us, and science again assumed its rightful sway.

New Music.—Messieurs Firth and Hall have published, in a handsome manner, the following clever pieces of music. The words of two of which, are by G. P. Morris, Esq., and are worthy of his poetical powers. That of "*We were Boys together*," is especially very pretty, and, we have no doubt, will become quite popular. The music of both is by Russell, and most admirably adapted to the subjects. "*I caught her tear at Parting*," by Ernest Kollman, is also a very sweet ballad. "*Savourneen Deelish*" is well arranged by Nelson. "*The Vale of Avoca*," by Charles Jeffreys, the music composed by S. Glover, is deserving of commendation. "*President Tyler's March*," "*Col. Doyle's Quick Step*." "*L'Hiver*," "*Major Mc Pherson*," "*In Light Tripping Measure*," and "*A Set of Waltzes for the flute*," reflect credit upon their various composers, and display a fine taste in the spirited publishers.

Boston Notion.—"What, will the line stretch to the crack of doom?" we exclaimed, as we unfolded page after page of this mammoth of weeklies, and assuredly such a sheet, in dimension and matter, was never before issued in any age or country. Its contents are the publication of several new and popular prose and poetical works, in the diversified paths of literature. Original tales and poems, the essence of our own, and the foreign magazines, political and domestic intelligence, with innumerable columns of multifarious matter, all of which are characterized by good taste, and printed upon a single sheet of most extraordinary size. Beyond this specimen of typographical execution, human ingenuity, we think, cannot extend, and as a curiosity of the art of printing, and newspaper composition, we recommend it to the public.

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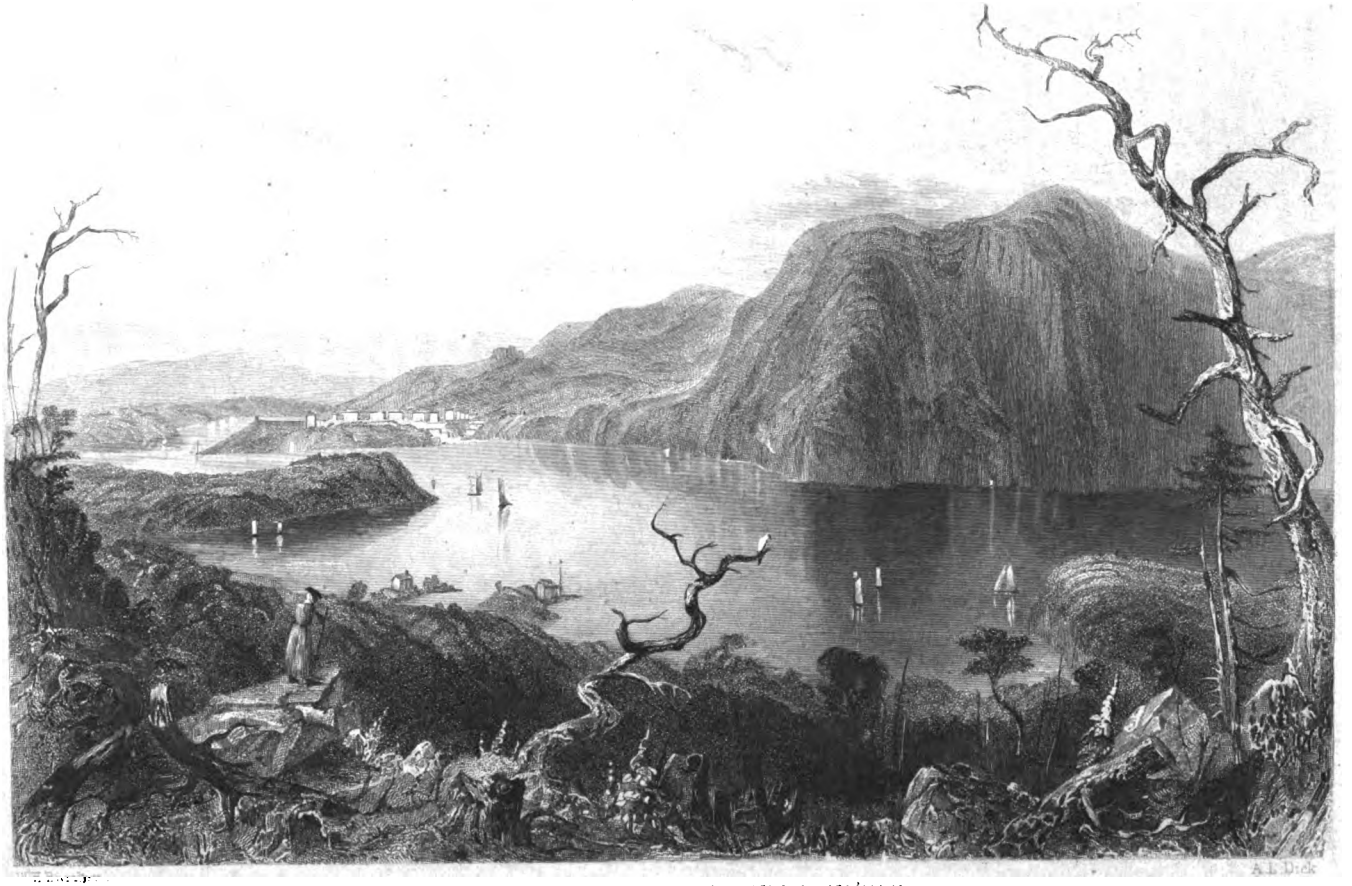

CROW-NEST FROM BULL HILL.

UNIV. OF MICH.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1841.

CROW NEST.

In the neighborhood of Undercliff, from which the present view is taken, this beautiful mountain is beheld to the greatest advantage. Around its shaggy base sweep the waters of the Hudson, while far as the eye can wander, stretches the blue line of the Catskills. To the south lies West Point, and immediately above it rises Mount Independence, crowned with the ruins of Fort Putnam, while on every hand some delightful object of the picturesque and beautiful greets the sight of the traveller. What a myriad of hallowed associations do the surrounding objects create in the heart of every American, objects on which the foot has trodden and the eye has rested, of those illustrious men who risked their lives in the cause of their country's independence. On these very plains has the Father of our freedom gazed, and planned the extrication of his native land from the fetters of oppression. Here, too, have the self-proffered friends of liberty, Lafayette and Kosciusko, wandered, and here, also, have the plans of treason been meditated upon by the villain, Arnold, for West Point, the key of the Hudson, as it is correctly designated, was then the grand object on which the British had placed their hearts, and in which, had they succeeded, would, perhaps, for ever have sealed the subjugation of America, but an all gracious Providence, in whose hand are weighed the destinies of nations in his plenitude of mercy, saw fit to blast the plans of villany, and preserve our country from the foe. Independent of these thrilling associations, in a poetical quality it is also curious and interesting, as being the scene in which Drake's beautiful poem of "The Culprit Fay" is laid, and certainly a more fitting haunt for the genii of fancy, is not to be found in the realms of creation. Who that has gazed upon it in the silent hour of night, under the star gemmed canopy as we have done—

"When the moon
Like to a silver bow new bent in heaven"

casts its mellow radiance on the landscape—when the breathing world is bound in repose, and Peace weaves her spell of silence over all, but must at once acknowledge the exquisite description of the lamented poet—

"Tis the middle watch of a summer's night;
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Nought is seen in the vault on high,
But the moon and the stars and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue—
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Crow-nest,
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone on the waves below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut boughs and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark,
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.
The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam,
In an eel-like spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill,
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill,
Of the gauze wing'd katy-did.
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and wo,
'Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.
'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell,
The wood tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve,
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry.
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell:)
Midnight comes, and all is well!
'Hither, hither, wing your way,
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day.'
They come from the beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly,
From the silver tops of moon-touch'd trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there 'till the charmed hour
Some had lain in a scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid,
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stolen within its purple shade;
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed,
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride."

Such is the opening of perhaps the most poetical poem of America—imagery, metaphor, and simile, are to repletion, throughout the whole of it, recalling to our mind the fertile and fanciful genius of the Ettrick Shepherd. Indeed, it is a fitting compeer to Kelmeny of the Scottish bard, while it conveys to the reader a most valuable description of American scenery. We cannot refrain from again quoting from the poem once more. It is the description of the Sylphid Queen in slumber in her palace.

"But oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seemed to the entranced Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple, rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon,
That veils the vestal planet's hue,
Her eyes two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue;
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam,
Are the pure drops of dewy even,
That ne'er have left their native heaven."

Beyond this inimitable and graphic description, all other illustration is useless, so we must content ourselves with briefly recommending a trip to this delightful scene, as one that will amply repay the visitor in all that is rich in the picturesque and beautiful.

R. H.

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Original.

THE GOOD FARMER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE KINSMAN,' 'GUY RIVERS,' ETC.

THE Earth is ours as a sacred trust, and we must put it to good interest. It is to go through the hands of our sons, and our sons' sons—it is to be their patrimony, and is to provide the portions of our daughters. Originally yielded to man as a garden, shall we return it to the Giver as a wilderness? Not if we feel the solemnity of our trusts—not if we are true to ourselves and faithful to our children. The Good Farmer will shrink from none of his obligations, but, in their cheerful acknowledgment, he will bring back the golden ages of the world! He will address himself to his labors with a zeal which will prove him equally sensible to his duties and his fortunes. He, above all men, will be soonest likely to learn obedience to that stern religious truth, which teaches, that it is only by treading always in the path of duty, that we can promote our substantial interests. I have depicted, in my mind's eye, the noble character of a perfect agriculturist—perfect, I mean, within the limits of our human capacity for perfection. I assume him to be taught in his art from the earliest moment of his boyish performances. His eyes have first opened upon the fields of green in Summer, and have seen their maturing progress to the golden fruition of the Harvest. His earliest tasks have been to follow the husbandman, and to imitate, within his strength, the toils that he beholds. The exactions of a judicious parent subject him to the daily duties which belong to his lot in life, and to the profession which he is required to pursue. Taught thus, by early habit and education, to subdue his duties to the narrow limits in which his lot has been cast, the approach of manhood is marked by no violent transitions of his moral nature. The appetite which craves for change and various excitement, has no longer a power over his performances; and he passes into his new condition of superior trust and duty, with no other feeling than one of an increased human responsibility. The course of tuition to which he has been subjected, admirably subdues the presumption which is but too much the characteristic of all inexperienced intellect. He has learned to obey, as the grand initial lesson in the task of governing. He beholds around him the few paternal acres which bound his fortunes, and which, he wisely resolves, shall bound his appetites also. Commanded to toil, by the direct decree of God, and equally by the obvious moral and physical advantages which result from daily labor, he addresses himself to this necessity with a smiling countenance, a manly energy, a cheerful heart, and a steady resolution. His neighbor salutes him with tidings of great gain in the cities by trade and speculation—of fortunes made in the twinkling of an eye, and by the mere motion of lips or finger—but he remains unseduced. The sun, which contributes so greatly to perfect his toils, is not more regular in his rising and his setting. He knows no fluctuations of resolve—his duties are designated from week to week, and month to month, and season to season; full of variety, but always the same, and going on as certainly as any one of the thousand operations in the natural world, of which he hourly avails himself. By this stability he establishes the first just proof of his superior moral strength. The caprices of intellect are always to be regarded as conclusive proofs of an inferior moral nature. For, in the language of Samson, the wrestler,

> "What is strength without a double share
> Of wisdom—vast, unwieldly, burdensome;
> Proudly secure, yet liable to fall,
> By weakest subtleties?"

The Good Farmer knows that he can only be successful by a constant, patient, undeviating adherence to his daily duties. Nor, pursuing them with patience, will he ever find them wearisome. There is nothing in nature less monotonous than the aspect of the progressing seasons, and the changing, and all lovely, aspects which they, in turn, effect upon the earth. From the world of forensic strife—from the cup of social scandal—from the loud laugh of the lively coterie—from the toils of the city and the camp—all men, turn, at length, for relief and restoration, to the unsophisticated face of nature, and find solace and refreshment; and he who contemplates her daily, discovers even in her seeming uniformities, and pure and placid transitions, the progress of a change, as constant as that of the magician's glass, and far more wonderful than any in Arabian story.

The Good Farmer stands in the sight of God, in a three-fold aspect. As a subject of his power and his bounty—dependent upon his indulgence, and commanded by his laws—as the citizens of a community, variously composed, but of creatures having alike nature with himself, governed by like necessities and supplied by like weaknesses—and as an individual man, having a duty to himself not inferior to any of the rest, and, under the guidance of just laws of reflection, happily harmonizing with all their requisitions. In his first relation, the Good Farmer will seek to know, and endeavor to perform, all the obligations of religion. The first of these is labor, that being the first law ever delivered by the Deity to expatriated man. He will know, that, without industry, all his prayers and painstaking, all his gifts to the church, and all his forbearances to his fellow, will still leave incomplete those performances which the Divine decree has pronounced to be essential. He will avoid all immoral contact and drive evil passions from his thoughts. For these, indeed, there will be little or no room in the heart of one who prosecutes his daily duties with energy and zeal. Such a man seldom departs from his estate, and only in compliance with the requisitions of society and the laws. No foreign attractions can beguile him from those fields, which, through long cultivation, he at length learns to regard with something of the same affection which he feels for the children of his loins. In truth, the children of his thoughts, and hopes, and labors, are every where around him. The old walks grow natural to his footsteps—the old trees wear the faces of familiar friends. He loves to

* From an agricultural oration, delivered November last, before the Barnwell Agricultural Society of South Carolina, and never yet published.

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linger as he traverses the daily paths; to rest beside the fountain, or beneath the tree, and surrender himself to peaceful meditations. It is in this way that the choice humanities grow up and gather about his heart. It is by this sort of contemplation that his soul feels the force of that Divine benediction which is written on the wide face of universal nature; "peace on earth, and good will to all men!" and higher musings than these arouse him to loftier if not to lovelier desires. The growth of the tender plant, the tiny shaft of grass, or the pale blue flower of the spring time, awakens him to thoughts and fancies, which, if they were less vague and mysterious, would be less true to the cravings of his immortal spirit. The progress of the infant plant and flower carries him away from themselves to their mighty original, and his mind wanders among mysterious apprehensions of those yet more wondrous mysteries, the Future and the Eternal! These musings naturally arise to the thoughts of one who contemplates, long and earnestly, the fluctuations of the seasons—the beautiful forms of birth, and the scarcely less beautiful aspect of decay, in the vegetable nature. It is surely no less wonderful than beautiful to behold the first shoot, the small green spear of the infant plant, as it pierces, in April, the cold and heavy clod, which vainly strives to bar its progress into life and light. The Good Farmer, is, in some sort, the creator of that plant; and this conviction is well calculated to fill his mind with religious musings. To be a Good Farmer, he must, indeed, be something of a religious man. If he has properly attended to his daily concerns, he must have acquired a habit of contemplation which suffers nothing in the visible world to escape his sight, and subjects all that he sees to the action of an equally vigilant thought. The most silent and unobtrusive changes of the season, command his attention and awaken his solicitude. He beholds, with serious eye, when the forest, casting its green mantle, wraps itself in robes of the still gorgeous but melancholy autumn. The sombre tone of the wintry heavens deepen the shadow upon his countenance, as, in the progress of the year to its close, he is reminded of the shortness of life and its melancholy termination: nor is the change in his reflections unnatural and unbecoming, when, with the opening of another spring, he glows in sympathetic rejoicing with that sun, whom he now beholds, comparisoned like a bridegroom, and preparing to run his fresh career of strength and youth and loveliness. The slightest changes in the woods, or upon the fields, awaken his intelligence and invigorate his industry; and like the sailor, to whom loneliness of life teaches a habit of contemplating the minutest aspect of the uncertain world in which he wanders, he learns to study the face of the heavens, and the language of the winds, and to trace, in the motion of clouds, and the pale but lovely light of different and distant stars, that knowledge, imperfect but still of use, which warns him of the approach of foul, and counsels him to take advantage of favorable weather. The representative of God on earth—the especial agent of his will—selected from all other animals to receive his laws, and carry out to their fit completion, his divine purposes on earth—can it be doubted that the elements are commissioned in his service, even as the beast whom he subjects by his arts, and the savage whom he overcomes by his valor?

In the economy of his plantation the Good Farmer insists upon obedience. The responsibility is his, and the authority is necessarily his also. This, he promptly enforces, without faltering and without delay; and in this way, and by this only, can he avoid the humiliating necessity and pain of punishment. He regards his servants as so many children, entrusted to his guardian management, whom he is to subdue to obedience, and instruct in the regular toils of industry. He compels their labor in moderation, and rejoices to increase their comforts, and to behold their growing improvement. Upon this depends equally their happiness and his own. His example is such as must contribute daily to raise their respect for his authority, and increase their attachment to his person. He is, himself, industrious, methodical in all his proceedings, and inflexibly temperate. Just in his dealings with all men, he exhibits to all an example of justice which must be felt, and will inevitably be followed in time by all in his neighborhood. The seeds of good are never entirely lost—the germ is indestructible—though they ripen slowly, and perhaps, only in the shade. He incurs no debt which may be avoided, and is thus secure from those harrassing cares, and wretched annoyances, which so certainly pursue the debtor—drive him from his labors, subject him to all sorts of shifts and subterfuges, and, finally, hunt him down to infamy and ruin. He rises among the first at morning and lies down among the last at night. He finds sufficient employment for all the intervening hours. Time never hangs wearily upon his hands. He has no yawning exercises. He knows nothing of that cowardly temper which skulks from the sight of the industrious, and shrinks from the manly toils which the moral citizen delights to grapple. He suffers none of those gnawing miseries which dog the steps of the profligate and idle. His slumbers are instantaneous and refreshing. He springs from his couch with the cheerfulness of the bird, that darts upward to Heaven with the first blush of sunlight, and bathes its enthusiastic wings in the soft blaze of its dawning splendor. His habits of dress and diet are uniformly simple. His carriage and manners are direct but gentle, frank but unobtrusive. His mind is prompt and lively, while the regularity of his exercises renders his body healthful and his spirits elastic. He loves amusements for their own sake, and for the vast moral good which their employment engenders—but his amusements, like those of the ancient Greeks, are such as interfere with no duties, produce no physical evils, and tend either to the exercise of manliness, skill, or ingenuity. He does not, because he is a laboring man, fancy that books are no part of his business. He knows better. He knows that they are essential to his duties. He knows that knowledge is virtue and power—that ignorance is beastliness and shame, and that books contain those lessons of wisdom and experience—scarcely desirable from any other source within the seventy years of human struggle on earth—which, if rightly studied, will enable him to increase, equally, his virtues, his worth,

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his knowledge and his interests. He knows, besides, that, in our country, and in the present state of the world, there is no excuse for ignorance. The means of knowledge are comparatively easy of attainment, and if there be difficulties, the love of knowledge will find it easy to overcome them all, even were they twice as great, as numerous and strong. Ignorance is, *prima facie*, evidence, of a slothful temper, a mind disposed to low indulgences, and a moral sense that will not often scruple, if temptation be obvious and the prospect of impunity strong. For his children, in particular, the Good Farmer will carefully provide all the means of education. Not those vicious helps in the shape of juvenile keys, guide books, vocabularies, etc., intended to make the road to knowledge a royal one, which is the pernicious sin of book-making in the present age—but those humble and much neglected books of the olden time, which first showed the way to the beginner, furnished him with a helping hand 'till he could step fairly, and then left him to rough out the rest, by dint of his own diligence and unremitting perseverance. The Good Farmer feels the importance of knowledge for his children, to be far greater now than it was in his boyhood, for the world every where around him is growing wiser and stronger, and the child who grows up in ignorance to day, will fall an easy prey to the sharper, whose activity necessarily keeps pace in every country with the activity of the national mind. Besides, there are among us, more honorable reasons for his education. It is the virtue of democratic institutions to lift the humble into hope—to elevate the worthy—to subdue the arrogant—to stimulate and force modest merit into performance and noble purpose. The honors of the country are free to the poorest son of the soil. The only distinctions which they require are those of virtue and intelligence. Such, at least, is the theory, and such will be the working of that theory, whenever education shall so far lift the laboring and the poor, as to make them superior to the glazing artifices of smooth demagogues and lying prophets. Shall he, who has the largest interest in the soil, its honors and responsibilities—shall he be the last to bring forward his sons in their contemplation? Shall they alone be excluded, by his indifference, from the high dignities and proud trusts to which the institutions of their country invite? Will he, who has so large an interest in their pride, their glory and their future happiness—cut them off from the honorable toils of that competition, which may confer upon the family name a lasting reputation, transmitting it to future generations in fortunate connection with that of the Franklins, the Pinckneys, the Hamiltons, and the many illustrious beside of that glorious catalogue, whose titles to immortality, are contained in the same charter which established the liberties of the country? He would be a most unnatural father who could consider this misfortune, and recognize it as the sure result of his own wilfulness or indifference.

In the cultivation of his fields, the Good Farmer, in our country, is not often to be found. The providence of God has been so heedful of the wants of man, that the creature has grown heedless and improvident for himself. We have very few really good farmers. Nature, the universal and blessing mother, has heretofore left us little to prepare. But we have tasked her indulgence too far, and the necessities of our condition, under the wasteful manner of our cultivation, and the increasing numbers of our population, are forcing upon us, providently, the tastes of superior labor, industry, and ingenuity. It is becoming more and more necessary, with the progress of each day's experience, to make our toils more general, to make our tillage more thorough, more analytical, and, in consequence, more intellectual. The business of a Good Farmer is not that of the hodman. He must think as well as plough. He must carry into the cultivation of his fields a spirit of inquiry and a habit of research, such as necessity has already forced into nearly every other department of human occupation. The topics of inquiry and discovery are not less numerous in Agriculture than in Commerce, Mechanics, Manufactures, and those nobler arts, which refine the manners, elevate the mind, and subdue the heart to love, forbearance, and that rational temper, which makes us delight in seeking, and rejoice in finding, all the thousand concealed forms of beauty which God has every where scattered around us, in waiting for our search. The Good Farmer will seek for these. He will cultivate with care the lovely objects of his own land—he will require from the hands of Commerce the gifts, the fruits, the flowers of other countries. He is, however, first supposed to inquire what the genius of the place in which he lives demands. What will best grow under the climate and in the soil which he designs for tillage. He clears the sufficient quantity of land, estimated with due reference to the labor he resolves to bestow upon it—and, at the outset, as he designs to preserve his woods from waste, he proceeds, by the only agent through which he can hope to accomplish this object, to make manure as an essential part of his annual crop. This is the grand essential which, until lately, has been grossly disregarded in our country.* For this object, he preserves the brush, the stubble, the leaves, and all that easily destructible matter which his more profligate neighbor consumes. There is very little mystery in the preparation of manure. An observing mind will soon adopt the best method. All matter which goes rapidly to decay, is proper for this purpose. How beautifully does nature, herself, suggest the adoption of this economy, when she every where provides, contiguous to the soil, the substance, whether of marle, clay, lime, or leaves, which is to maintain its fecundity and preserve it from decay. There is not an element of prosperity, in the whole history of the earth's cultivation, which he may not gather from a close analysis of the land which he tills—and labor, regular but in moderation, will produce the necessary exercise of thought and scrutiny, which leads inevitably and equally to his own, and the improvement of his soil. He very soon perceives and venerates that provision of maternal Nature that causes the tree to cast its leaf on the approach of winter, that

* It must be remembered by the reader, that this address, though applicable to the general history of agriculture in our country, was yet particularly intended for a Southern audience.

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the earth may be warmly clad and protected from its biting frosts, while its own saps descend for shelter, at the same period, into the same venerable santuary. As the leaf rots, the soil receives the benefit of this primitive manure, and is thus prepared for the stimulating influence of that warmer season when its duties of regeneration are required to begin. With this certain and regular provision before his eyes, the Good Farmer readily sees where he may find the substance which will always resuscitate his fields. Once in possession of the allotted number of open acres, he preserves his forest from those two merciless assailants, so commonly and improvidently employed among us, the axe and the torch. He lays bare no new fields but renovates the old by a resort to the natural comfort of those woods which he thus protects. The mighty trees which, with ignorant and savage profligacy, we daily overthrow, he regards as sacred objects. It is with something of a pang that he sometimes feels the necessity of laying the axe to their roots. In preserving them, he does more than simply acknowledge a reverence for majesty, and years, and beauty. Their preservation involves a great physical good. They are so many natural barriers against *mal 'aria*, and stand between his children and that host of diseases, various and fatal, which are almost certain to follow all new clearings. Nay, more, he selects the forest trees and transfers them at convenient periods of leisure to his open grounds, increasing the beauty of the one, and securing the posterity of the other. To promote the loveliness and grace of all objects which meet his eye, is—if he be a father, and would desire that his children should grow up in a proper taste for the harmonious, the beautiful and the gentle, as much the duty of the Farmer, as it is of the Poet and the Painter. There is a moral grace which the mind as decidedly derives from the contemplation of innocent and lovely objects, as in the daily study of abstractions which have this purpose for their end. Then, as his taste ripens and his judgment expands, smooth green lawns appear upon his landscape; the trees are grouped in patriarchal families about his habitation; his avenues conduct the eye through lovely vistas, into favorite haunts of solitude and beauty, while his fields, green and golden, lift their clusters and sheaves of promise, in profuse tribute to the indulgent Heavens which have smiled upon their increase. The Good Farmer may easily realize all these blessings and create all these beauties. These make the Golden Age—these restore the prosperity of his race. Worlds of moral discovery, volumes of latent good, benefits that bless equally the one explorer who seeks, and the fortunate many who find, lie beneath the surface, to be secured only by a fervent adoption, and the patient practice, of the few natural laws which I have here laid down. The picture might be enlarged; the canvas might receive a thousand new tints and aspects, all tributary to the prevailing sentiment which makes it beautiful, and leaves it pure. But the imagination of each must fill up the outlines for himself, and if thought co-operate with the desire, and the love of truth be a consideration, then will the performance be easy. Truth lies within our hearts and beneath our feet, even as the forms of beauty lie couched among the stationary rocks, and simply waiting for the ethereal fingers of the creative artist. If we seek we shall find. This is true of all the forms of human labor; but, that which is devoted to the cultivation of the earth, into which we must all be resolved, is sure, if properly pursued, of greater discoveries. Love, Charity, Peace, Religion, and numberless saints beside, work with the Good Farmer, and lovely beyond compare is the sweet progeny which spring from their co-operation. Only suffer them to see that you desire their help, and, oh! how happy will they be to descend at your bidding.

W. G. S.

Original.

CHARADE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

Upon the coast of sunny Spain,
In Biscay's stormy bay,
A peaceful hamlet, near the main,
Sleeps in the morning ray,
And from its doors a swarthy train,
Wend slow their downward way,
To where upon the shining sand,
Their boats, secure from danger, stand.

II.

And soon with ready hands, they guide
Their light skiffs to the sea,
Where gaily on the waves they ride,
Like sea-birds wheeling free,
While the strong rowers side by side,
Keep stroke right merrily;
For on those waves their strength was nursed,
They brave them now to make my *first*.

III.

But ere they left the sandy shore,
Or took their seats on board—
Ere any hand had grasped an oar,
Or loosed the fastening cord,
Each from his home *a second* bore,
Where safely it was stored,
And there, within each boat it lay,
Ready to use when far away.

IV.

And when the daily toil was o'er,
Home speeds each laden bark,
And from the rustic cottage door,
Their course the maidens mark,
And with light song they seek the shore,
To hail the crews:—and hark!
While waiting on the level mole,
How gaily, sweetly sounds my *whole*!

Boston, Mass.

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Original.

MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

A GLOW was on the bosom of the deep—
  Day's orient monarch proudly had reclined,
The sparkling waves were sweetly lulled to sleep
  With murmuring of the viewless, gentle wind:
The glowing west its gorgeous drapery wore,
Meet for the exit of a conqueror.

And soon bright stars had gemmed the azure sky
  And proudly reigned in glory night's fair queen,
Where ruined columns towering gleamed on high,
  Illumined with her soft and silvery sheen.
O'er the bright waters holy light was shed,
Where crumbling fanes enshrined the mighty dead.

The night breeze sighed amid the foliage green,
  The gentle flowers sank gracefully to rest;
The sea was calm—and not a billow seen,
  To mar the beauty of its fluttering breast,
And sculptured ruins, in proud grandeur lay,
Magnificent though vieing with decay!

Amid the stately relics of the past,
  Stern Marius calmed the troubled sea of thought;
Those mouldering ruins o'er his spirit cast
  A shade of sadness—a deep lesson taught.
His massive shield upon the earth was flung,
His spear reclining where the ivy hung.

And as the Roman viewed the glowing scene
  In the deep silence of that lonely hour,
Bright images of glories that had been,
  Swayed his proud spirit with a magic power.
Yes! the stern warrior's brow relaxed its gloom,
And consolation flowed from ruin's doom.

And now his voice is blending with the breeze,
  And thoughts burst forth with all a warrior's fire;
Does memory wander o'er Levantine seas?
  Imperial Rome such eloquence inspire?
No! Carthage claims th' ambitious general now,
Her zephyrs wave the plume upon his brow.

His thrilling tones swept o'er the silent deep,
  As some wild strain with touching sweetness fraught,
Majestic temples woke from their long sleep,
  As language then unveiled the glowing thought.
The soul's deep utterance passed its wonted bounds,
And princely fanes re-echoed back the sounds.

"Wake, Carthage! from thy long unbroken rest—
  Rome's outcast son reposes on thy soil;
Thine is the power to soothe the warrior's breast—
  Here respite may he find from battle—toil,
Where pillared temples their deep shadows cast—
The glorious remnants of the mighty past!

Here his wronged spirit with its bitter woes,
  Hath turned for sympathy—nor vainly sought;
The heart's deep agony—its burning throes
  May yield to the impassioned glow of thought,
With none to mark the strangely altered mien,
Or share the grandeur of th' impressive scene.

E'en the bright waves have ceased their restless play,
  That all day danced in joyous melody;
And songsters carolling their blithesome lay,
  Soaring on wings unfettered as the free,
Midst mouldering fanes and columns, seek repose,
While o'er the scene night's sable drapery flows.

And is there none to mark thy glories now?
  Is no sad spirit musing on thy fate?
Thy gentle zephyrs fan no burning brow?
  Does no proud soul ambitious to be great,
Amid the ivied fragments seek relief
And pour to thee, the eloquence of grief?

Yes! MARIUS, exiled by Rome's stern decree,
  Thy solitary ruins still may bless,
They quell the spirit's inward agony,
  While a deep sense of beauty's proud impress
Works of Ambition crumbling to decay,
Console the warrior with a spell-bound sway.

Rome viewed thy glories with a jealous eye,
  The eternal city marked thy rising power,
And soon the clarion's peal—the battle cry,
  Proclaimed th' arrival of the fated hour.
Thy noble sons were girded for the fight;
Determined warriors rallied their souls' might.

The voice of gladness and of mirth was hushed,
  The sparkling goblet ceased its crimson flow,
Rich music was arrested as it gushed,
  From hearts then burning with a joyous glow.
The trumpet's blast resounded 'mid thy walls—
Thy sons gained valor with its stirring calls.

"Long with untiring zeal the warriors fought—
  Alas! they spilled their noble blood in vain;
Rome conquered and the deeds of carnage wrought,
  Strewed the devoted city with the slain;
While Parian halls, and arch, and princely dome,
Mingled their ruins—levelled by proud Rome.

"Weep, Carthage! for thy fate demands a tear:
  Weep! o'er the memory of the honored dead;
The musing warrior pauses to revere—
  Such lingering glories round thy fate are shed.
Ambition's votaries this ruin wrought,
Yet still art thou enshrined in lofty thought.
With thee, Rome's last great rival was o'erthrown,
She proudly stands pre-eminent—alone!"

He paused—deserted shrines cast back the glowing strain,
The breeze sighed mournfully, then died upon the main.

E.

Kinderhook, 1841.

AVARICE.—To what crimes are not men impelled by the cursed thirst after gold. Avarice is one of the most odious passions that can strike root in the human mind, and we should ever most cautiously guard our hearts against its influence, for when its ascendency is once established, all the best and the most estimable feelings of our nature become paralyzed, or altogether supplanted, by this selfish and detestable passion.

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Original.

THE EMBROIDERED MANTLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"FLORELLA, where are you going?" said Lady Katharine Hathaway to a young girl, who was sliding quietly out of the room, after having succeeded in engaging the attention of a beautiful child, just old enough to sit alone on the carpet, with the playthings spread around it.

"Only to gather a few cherries—" and the color deepened a little on her cheeks as she replied—"that grow by the old ruin, before the birds carry them all off."

"Cannot you take little Ellen with you? The doctor says we must let her feel the air and sunshine, if we wish to make a healthy girl of her."

"Yes, madam, if it be your wish," replied Florella, turning back and taking up the child with evident reluctance.

"Don't be gone more than an hour," said Lady Katharine, handing her an embroidered mantle to wrap round the child in case of a change of weather.

"No, madam, unless Ellen should be very quiet and should be loth to return so soon," saying thus, Florella hastening from the house, struck into a path which wound gracefully amongst the flowery hillocks and hollows that varied the surface of a broad expanse of ground covered with the freshest verdure, and which led in the direction of the old ruin.

Florella, now eighteen, had formerly belonged to a band of gipsies, which, two years prior to the time we commence our story, encamped near the old ruin several weeks, availing themselves of its shelter whenever the weather made it necessary. During this time, Florella frequently called at Hathaway Hall to sell willow baskets, which she wove with neatness and taste. Lady Katharine, who was struck with her extreme beauty and charmed with the grace and gentleness of her deportment, won from her a promise to leave her people, and come and live at the Hall, could she obtain their consent. Thinking, probably, that it might prove advantageous to them for one of their tribe to be an inmate of a family, rich and powerful as Sir Philip Hathaway's, they readily gave it. When she went to take her final leave of her kindred and friends, before their departure, she found that a gipsy whose name was Rodovan, a native of Spain, and a few years her senior, had been received amongst them. Never until then, Florella imagined, had she beheld the perfection of manly beauty. His athletic symmetrical form, his classic features, and his dark, but clear complexion, set off by lustrous eyes, black as night, and when he spoke or smiled, by those beautiful teeth characteristic of his race, might indeed have satisfied a more critical and fastidious judge. Rodovan was no less sensible of the uncommon loveliness of Florella, and had they met a week sooner, she never would have pledged herself to become the handmaiden of Lady Katharine Hathaway. He told his tale of love and they parted, though he was determined that it should not be for ever, and subsequently he found several opportunities, when the wanderings of the tribe happened to lead in that direction, to meet with the beautiful brunette, with whose charms he was as deeply enthralled as was Romeo of Verona, with those of the peerless Juliet. The evening previous, he had found means to apprize Florella that he should be at the ruin, the following morning, where he begged that she would meet him. Could she refuse? A whole year had passed since they had met, and her glass, as well as the clear fountain on the hill-side as she sat by its brink and braided her long tresses with flowers, reflected back to her now, a face and form of more exuberant beauty than a twelvemonth before, and she could not be blamed if she wished her lover to see that the rose of his heart instead of fading was brighter and fresher than ever. When arrived at the ruin, she wrapped the mantle more closely around the little Ellen, who had fallen asleep, and laying her down softly on the grass, in the shade of a tree, proceeded to the spot where her lover was to await her coming, and which was screened from the view of the inhabitants of the Hall by a part of the ruinous building. Bound by the magic spell woven by Beauty and Love, which seemed even to communicate its influence to the balmy atmosphere they breathed, and to give an aspect of tenderness, not only to the calm blue sky, but to the grey moss-grown walls of the ruin, that gave back, in softened tones, the echoes of their low, impassioned words—it is no wonder that a thousand things were left unsaid, when the harsh tongue of the chapel clock told that an hour had already passed. Florella started from the fallen pillar on which they were seated.

"I must go," said she, "Lady Katharine charged me to be gone only an hour."

"Why," said he, "should you longer remain a slave to the will of Lady Katharine? Suffer me to conduct you back to our people. Your mother mourns your absence and repents having let her bright forest-bird be imprisoned in a gilded cage."

This, and the eloquent appeals of his own love, enforced by his pleading looks, went to her heart, and her denial was uttered in a faltering and hesitating voice. He saw and urged his advantage 'till he obtained her promise to meet him again in the evening, to return no more to Hathaway Hall. They walked side by side until they came in sight of the tree where Florella had left the sleeping Ellen, and then, disengaging her hand from her lover's she bounded lightly forward. A wild shriek burst from her lips when she arrived at the spot, for the child was not there. Rodovan drew near and learnt the cause of her alarm. They searched a little near the spot, in the faint hope that she might have awoke and crept a short distance, and then yielding to the emotions of mingled terror and sorrow, Florella wrung her hands and wept bitterly. Suddenly drying her tears, she turned to her lover and placed her hand in his.

"I am ready to go with you now," said she, "for I can never bear to again look upon the face of Sir Philip or of Lady Katharine."

He waited not to reply, but half sustaining her trem-

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bling form, he hastened with her to the banks of a river, and placing her in a light boat that was moored in the shade of some overhanging birches, and seating himself, with his paddle they were soon flying swiftly as a bird over the yielding waters. Half a mile distant, in the glade of a deep wood, was the encampment of the gypsies. Fearful of pursuit, they made immediate preparation to depart, and the next morning the sun rose upon them in a safe, and to persons unacquainted with the country, an inaccessible wild. When they had kindled their camp fire and firmly fixed the cross-sticks in the ground, by means of which they were going to suspend the kettle over the blaze in which their breakfast was to be cooked, they for the first time missed one of their number.

"Where is Liz Looney?" inquired one of them, who had not forgotten to cause the hen-roosts to do them tribute during their hasty night march, "she is the best hand at dressing fowls for the pot."

They all looked round, but Liz was nowhere to be found, and then, several called to mind that they had seen her leave the camp directly after Rodovan went to visit Florella, and no one could remember having seen her afterwards. The truth at once flashed upon the mind of Rodovan. He knew that he was beloved by her, and as the river in one place was fordable, she had doubtless followed him to watch his interview with Florella, and to revenge herself upon her rival, had taken the child. Florella's sorrow was but little ameliorated by this conjecture, as she feared that in attempting to return, she and the child had both been drowned; she however, for a long time, cherished a faint hope that she would rejoin them.

Lady Katharine, at the expiration of the hour, went to the window and looked out towards the ruin, yet she did not feel particularly uneasy until another hour had passed, and then she sent a servant to hasten Florella's return, who soon brought back word that neither she nor the child could be found. When it was ascertained that a band of gypsies had recently encamped on the opposite side of the river, Sir Philip and Lady Katharine immediately suspected that Florella had been enticed to join them, and had carried the child with her. A vigilant search was instituted without delay, which proved utterly unsuccessful. Long was it ere the voice of mourning for the loss of an only child, was hushed, in their late joyful abode; but time, the soother as well as destroyer, at length blunted the poignancy of their grief, though a melancholy had settled upon their hearts which nothing could dissipate. After the expiration of five years, a gentleman whose estate lay contiguous to Sir Philip's, while on a journey to Scotland, came suddenly one evening upon the band of gypsies to which Florella belonged. Having frequently seen her when an inmate of the family of his neighbor, he instantly recognized her, and demanded information respecting the lost child. She gave a simple and faithful narration of all the circumstances she herself knew, and informed him who they suspected had stolen it. As they had never, from that time, been able to obtain the least information concerning her, they imagined, as they had feared from the first, that in attempting to recross the river, she and the child had both been drowned. This account, which the gentleman, on his return communicated to the bereaved parents, while it extinguished the last latent sparks of hope and revived their anguish, had ultimately a favorable effect, as it terminated their anxiety and suspense. As there was no heir to inherit his rich and extensive domains, Sir Philip began to think it best to adopt one, and in his own mind, fixed upon the son of an old college friend, a smart, active lad, who had for some time been an orphan. He mentioned the subject to Lady Katharine, whose wishes being in unison with his own, Arthur Levering, having received the additional name of Hathaway, was from that time considered their son, and heir to Sir Philip's title and estate.

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Six years more had glided away, when a celebrated musician, by the name of Belmont, in company with his sister, was returning from Wales, where they had been to visit a brother. Mr. Belmont, with the assistance of vocalists belonging to his own country, and those procured from Italy, had, for a series of years, been in the habit of giving concerts during the fashionable season in London, and at other times in any place where sufficient patronage could be obtained. It was near sunset, and the surrounding country was wild and desolate. It soon became apparent that they had lost their way. As there appeared no vestige of inhabitants of whom inquiry could be made, after consulting with the driver, it was decided that they should turn back and endeavor to ascertain where they first deviated from the direct road. For a quarter of a mile they proceeded briskly, then the driver suddenly stopt the horses, being perplexed by the meeting of several roads. As they all appeared to be equally worn by travel, it was impossible to determine which ought to be taken, and as the driver observed that it would be luckier to turn to the right than the left, he was suffered to follow his own humor. The road being grassy, the carriage rolled along with but little noise, and they had gone only a short distance, when the sound of music, faint at first, but every moment growing more full, came floating by on the air. Soon a sweet female voice, somewhat infantile in its tones, singing an exquisitely wild and beautiful air, and accompanied by a violin was distinctly heard. As Mr. Belmont called to the driver to check the horses that he might determine with certainty whence the music proceeded, he observed a light wreath of smoke curling above a clump of beeches.

"Did you ever hear anything so wildly sweet?" said the enraptured Belmont to his sister. "That voice, with proper cultivation would be superior to the Prima Donna's I have engaged for my London concerts. I am determined to ascertain who the syren is, inhabiting these solitudes."

Saying thus, unmindful of the playful remonstrance of his sister, who warned him against being lured into danger, he sprang from the carriage, and was soon winding his way along a faintly traced footpath, several of which were discernible leading in the direction of the beeches. He was not long in attaining the summit of an eminence of easy acclivity, which, on the opposite side, sunk

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abruptly down into a deep dell of the wildest and most romantic appearance. Half a dozen huts, sunk several feet in the ground, with sod-covered roofs, forming an irregular group on the opposite side of the dell, indicated the presence of a gypsy hamlet. A number of the inhabitants, both male and female, were moving about in different directions, or reclining negligently in the shade of the trees. Most of the latter, by being attired in garments of a bright scarlet, with kerchiefs of the same color wreathed not ungracefully round their heads, from beneath which strayed their coal black hair, imparted to the scene a novel and peculiar character. But there was another object which, to Belmont, was more attractive. Beside a fountain, that sparkled in the slanting sunbeams, as if some invisible fairy were pouring into it thousands of her hoarded gems, was a child, apparently ten or eleven years old, seated on a rock half imbedded in the ground. Her head was slightly elevated, and her complexion of a clear, pearly hue, contrasted finely with the rich, nut-brown curls, that fell so low as to mingle with the clustering columbines that grew at the edge of the rock. Her hazel eyes, darkly fringed with long silken lashes, had a deeper and intenser expression than is common in one so youthful, and the slight rose tinge on her cheek was evidently of that flitting kind, which waits only on exercise or excitement. Her dress of light blue—that and red being the two favorite colors of the gipsies—consisted of a velvet boddice ornamented with a tarnished cord of silver tinsel, a full skirt of similar hue but different material, and sandals, shielding not cramping the small symmetrical feet peeping from beneath it. The music had ceased before he attained the height, which commanded a view of the dell, but he felt sure that the beautiful child was the songstress. He was right, for in a few moments she commenced a strain wild and sweet as the one which attracted him to the spot, but far more melancholy, a middle aged gipsy accompanying her with his violin. Her voice for one so young, was of wonderful power and compass, and as Mr. Belmont stood listening, he felt determined to possess himself of one, who in a professional line, he doubted not would prove a rich treasure. As he was endeavoring to decide in what manner it was best to address her, a woman came from one of the huts and directing towards him the attention of the child, commanded her to return with her to her dwelling. Belmont hastened forward, and taking the woman aside, explained to her his wishes.

"No, no," she replied, "it will not do—evil will come of it."

"To you, or to the child?"

"To me. Should the child go, I would no more hope to lay my head down in peace, even in this wild and solitary place."

"She cannot be your child, or of your race."

"You have said the truth."

"But the ties of affection bind her to you?"

"No, those of necessity—I do not love her."

"She is subject to your control?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have her, and these five gold pieces shall be yours," said he, taking the number he mentioned from his purse and offering them to her.

The woman's countenance brightened as she said—"Will you promise not to inform against me if I let you take her? Shall I lie down at night without the fear of being dragged from my hut by those people you call officers of justice? What would the five gold pieces be worth to me in prison?"

"I can have no hesitation in promising what must be for my own benefit."

"She may go then if she will, and I think she will need but little persuasion. Remember to abide by your promise, for you are dealing with one that knows how to plant the thorn in the heart!"

As the woman had imagined, the child readily consented to accompany him, and running into the hut, and putting on a little scarlet cloak with a hood which she drew over her head, she told him she was ready to go. The people regarded the transaction with looks of curiosity, but attempted not to interfere. The man with the violin alone came forward.

"You will not," said he, "forget Peter and his fiddle, Lizette?"

"Never," replied the child, and the tears came into her eyes, as she gave her cheek to him to kiss."

"You will leave *me* with joy instead of sorrow," said the woman, "for I have often chided you without cause, only to relieve my heart of its bitterness. Yet remember that I heeded not the smile of the treacherous waters when they tempted me to bury you in their bosom, but still bore you on in my arms, though hungry and weary, and with a heart ten times heavier than the burthen I carried in my arms."

Her melancholy, half regretful manner, at once banished from the child's mind all memory of her former harshness and magnified her capricious kindness.

"I will not go," said she, "if you wish me to remain."

"Yes, yes, go," she replied, turning quickly away, "we shall both be the happier."

When at the top of the steep and rugged ascent, the child looked back. The few joys and the many sorrows of her short life came crowding into the brief space that she stood gazing into the deep dell. As she turned to resume her walk, the last lingering sunbeam that played upon her favorite fountain, departed.

"I have brought the syren with me," said Belmont, addressing his sister, as he placed the child in the carriage.

Familiar with the surrounding country, she informed them that they were pursuing an indirect road, and pointed out the way which would lead to the right one. It was Mr. Belmont's next care to ascertain how far distant they were from an inn, or other dwelling, where they could pass the night.

"We are only a few miles from Mat's" said the child.

"And who is Mat?" inquired Mr. Belmont.

"One of our people."

"But shall we find good accommodations?" said Miss Belmont, with some solicitude, as she pictured to herself what they might expect at a gipsy inn.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, with simplicity, "very

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good—the house is a great deal larger and better than those you saw just now, sir," turning to Mr. Belmont.

He smiled, and inquired if there were no other house of entertainment which they would be able to reach that night. She informed him that there was none within a dozen miles, and they concluded, if the inn kept by Mat appeared to be tolerably decent, to remain there during the night. Miss Belmont, as they rode slowly along, from time to time, addressed a few kind words to the child, whose great beauty and an expression of melancholy, seldom shading the sunshine of a face so youthful, could not fail to enlist the kindness and sympathy of any heart open to emotion.

It was quite dark when they arrived within sight of the inn, which was an oblong building of considerable size, with a steep, thatched roof. The front apartments alone exhibited the luxury of glass windows, through one of which gleamed a light, showing "how far a *little* candle throws its beams." The sound of the carriage wheels drew Mat to the door, and several of his assistants to the outside of it, who awaited the approach of the vehicle with their pipes in their mouths, by means of which the air was so thorougly perfumed, that a strong scent of tobacco-smoke, much to the annoyance of Miss Belmont, greeted their olfactory nerves, as the driver drew up the horses in front of the building. Extreme fatigue, however, caused Miss Belmont to feel comparatively resigned to the prospect of undergoing the fumigation, which would be unavoidable, should she enter the inn, rather than to proceed. Mat, although the equipage and the appearance of Mr. Belmont and his sister, in every respect, had never been equalled by any travellers who had before visited his humble abode, evinced not the slightest embarrassment, but with his hat, which had evidently seen much service, set jauntily on one side of his head, allowing the black elf-locks depending from the other at freedom to dally with the passing breeze, ushered them into an apartment tolerably clean and decent. Observing that the child was following them—"No, Lizette," said he, "you had better go into the kitchen, for, although the gentlefolks were kind enough to give you a lift in the carriage, they may not care to have your company in the parlor."

"I belong to them now," she replied.

"Yes," said Mr. Belmont, "She is under our care, and we will keep her in the room with us."

"She is not one of our people, it is true," said Mat, speaking to himself, rather than to them, "but if she go away, she will, like me, often think of the deep dell that is green in the spring, while the hill and the plain are still brown, where one may sit for hours on the warm, sunny rock, without fearing the blast that is whistling amongst the hills and watch the smoke of his pipe as it curls and spreads above him, 'till it looks like the soft cloud of the summer sky."

It was not long before supper was on the table, which certainly sent forth a goodly savor, though it is doubtful whether it possessed those valor-inspiring qualities of the famous repast with which Meg Merrilies regaled the Dominie.

The next morning, as the travellers were about to depart, Mat took the child aside—

"You are going to leave us, Lizette," said he, "and may be, you will find the station you were born to—but should you tire of being pent up in a grand house, and long for the freedom of your former life, come back, and Mat will be ready to divide his bread with you, if it be but little."

"Whether I ever wish to return or not, Mat," she replied, "I shall always love to think of your kind words."

As she turned to go, he thrust a small parcel into her hand, saying—"It is of no use to me, and may never be to you, but there can be no harm in your taking it for it belongs to you. You had it on the first time I saw you. I obtained possession of it, no matter how, intending to give it to you should you ever leave us. Wear it, should it ever be your lot to meet with lords and ladies, but, at present, conceal it from them," and he looked towards Mr. Belmont and his sister.

They now called to her, and she hastened to join them. After two or three hours ride, they arrived at a large village, and Miss Belmont, as they were passing through the principal street, observing a milliner and mantua-maker's shop, determined to avail herself of the opportunity of procuring a different dress for Lizette, that she might not be an object of curiosity and wonder. Before leaving the carriage her little red cloak and hood were removed, and their places supplied by a shawl and bonnet. They soon afterwards alighted at the house of entertainment, where they concluded to remain and dine. A suitable dress, according to Miss Belmont's directions, was completed for Lizette in a few hours, and she appeared at the dinner-table attired more becomingly, if less picturesquely than before.

When they had once more resumed their seats in the carriage, Miss Belmont said to her—"You have not yet told us whether you have any name besides Lizette."

"They sometimes gave me another—the woman who had the care of me—but she made me promise not to mention it."

"We do not require you to break your promise," replied Miss Belmont, and turning to her brother, she said—"we must give her another name, it will appear odd for her to have only one."

"Yes, and it will be best to drop the Lizette. How will Ophelia Anville sound?"

"Extremely well, I think. Should you like to be called by that name?"

"Yes, madam, I should like the name very much, because Ophelia sounds something like Amelia."

"And why do you like it on that account?"

"Because Amelia is the name of a very beautiful lady who taught me to sing. My people seldom sing though they play on instruments."

"When and where did you meet with this lady?"

"In England last summer. All of us were there, and encamped in a wood near a castle. I one day wandered away in the fields by myself and met her. After that we saw saw each other often and she learned me a

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great many songs. She taught me to read too, and gave me several books."

"Why did you not ask your people to let you remain with her?"

"I did, but the woman I belonged to, seemed to be frightened when I told her her name, and they left the place that very night."

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Mr. Belmont did not inform Ophelia why he had taken her under his protection until they arrived in London, and it was not until she attended a concert to listen to a favorite daughter of song, that she comprehended what would be required of her. All to her, appeared like a fairy scene. She was enchanted, and the future dawned upon her imagination wrapped in a soft and dreamy splendor, which she vainly would have attempted to describe. Mr. Belmont, who procured for her a celebrated Italian instructor, had no reason to complain of her proficiency. Her clear, flexible voice, and her correct ear, which ever warned her of the slightest deviation from the true sound, enabled her to master the most difficult passages. While she was taught to consider music as the great aim of her life, Miss Belmont, who presided over her brother's domestic establishment, took care to have her instructed in the more useful branches of education. As no person can attain to excellence in any art, although cheered by hope and sustained by the deepest enthusiasm, without experiencing moments of lassitude and despondency, so Ophelia, when sometimes required to repeat again and again some beautiful but difficult passage 'till it palled upon her ear, imagined she should never be able to perform in a manner acceptable to the public. Sometimes she even envied those servants of the household, who were cheered by no sweeter sounds from morning to night than the din and bustle of the kitchen, varied occasionally by the harsh street-cries which found admission through an open door.

Although Mr. Belmont, in a little more than a year, availed himself of the musical talents of his pupil in some of the more remote provincial towns, he had determined not to bring her before the public in the metropolis 'till she was sixteen, but the wonderful ease with which she poured forth those strains which required a waste of the very life-breath of others, determined him to shorten her novitiate, and nine months sooner than he had at first intended, the name of Ophelia Anville appeared in the London papers and in the concert bills as a vocalist of uncommon powers and of great personal attractions, who would make her debût on the first of December. Ambitious, sensitive and timid, yet not unconscious of her powers, Ophelia passed the intermediate time subjected to the alternations of hope and the most disheartening misgivings.

Not long before this period, Arthur, the adopted son of Sir Philip and Lady Katharine, returned from the university, where he had distinguished himself as much for his correct deportment as for his progress in literature and science. Sir Philip scarcely thought of the lovely child, who fifteen years before, was the joy and the sunshine of their dwelling, when he looked on his handsome and intelligent countenance and listened to remarks which showed that his intellectual powers were of no common order. Nor did the feelings of Lady Katharine remain impassive. Time had ameliorated if not banished her grief for the child that was lost, and she had learned to love the noble boy, who in his daily intercourse with her, was as respectful as affectionate. They had never since their melancholy bereavement spent a winter in London, and as they wished Arthur to indulge a little in recreation previously to his commencing the study of law, they decided to go thither in company with Lady Katharine's brother and his only daughter, who was of the same age as their adopted son. A few days after their arrival, Arthur entered the apartment where his parents, and Mr. Varnum and his daughter, Amelia, were sitting, with a newspaper in his hand, in which it was announced that there would be a public concert that evening, and that Ophelia Anville, a young English girl, possessing a voice of unrivalled sweetness and power, would make her debût. They were all fond of music, Amelia passionately so, and it was agreed that, could tickets be procured, they would all attend. Fortunately, a few remained unsold, and Arthur returned delighted with his good fortune. Our party were amongst the first who took their seats in the concert-room. The musicians were, as yet, moving to and fro amid the soft brilliancy of the gas lights shed over the orchestra, and occasionally a note drawn from the strings of a violin or the deep-toned violincello mingling with a softly breathed flute note, or the deep voice of the trumpet, floated along the vaulted ceiling.

Ophelia having completed her toilette, thought of the words of Mat, when he gave her the packet, but she had forgotten to take it with her, and it was too late to send for it.

"No matter," said she, "if it were here I believe I should not venture to wear it—it would be inappropriate."

"Should not venture to wear what?" said the girl who had assisted her to dress.

"Nothing but a mantle," she replied, as she entered the apartment adjoining the concert-room.

To prevent her thoughts from dwelling on the trying ordeal that awaited her, she employed herself in singing in a subdued voice, a song which had been set to music by one of the most eminent composers of the day, in a manner to develope the richest and most brilliant tones of her voice. Mr. Belmont entered.

"All is ready for the overture, Ophelia," said he. "You must forget that you are in the concert-room, and abandon yourself to the power of the divine art, as I have seen you do at our own fireside, and your triumph will be complete."

He took her trembling hand in his—led her to the door of the concert-room, whence she was handed to the orchestra. Arthur involuntarily started from his seat. He had never before beheld a face and form of such perfect loveliness. The expression of her countenance was so soft, yet so piquant—there was so much soul in the glance of her dark eyes, as she gave one timid look at the uplifted faces beneath her, that he became almost wholly absorbed in contemplating her, and was scarcely

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conscious that the overture had commenced, ere it was finished. At its close, all, for a few moments, was silence. Then the symphony, displaying in its general character, the sweet and plaintive air, and occasionally, touches of the brilliancy and pathos infused into the song that was to succeed, was elicited in subdued notes from the various instruments, which had just filled the room with their majestic harmony. Ophelia *did* forget that she was in the concert-room, and ere the symphony was closed, gave herself up to the power of the art with which her deep and impassioned feelings seemed to have the gift of communing as with some real, but to all save herself, some invisible spirit. The joys, the sorrows, the enthusiasm of her young and lovely heart, gushed forth in sweet, almost unearthly strains in the solitude of her own chamber, when none were near to listen, and it was as if she had poured them into the bosom of a sympathizing friend. The symphony closed, and the first note of the song softly breathed on a flute, was, ere it died away, taken up by the rich and ravishing voice of the young debutante. As the stream of full, liquid melody gushed from her parted lips and floated along the vaulted roof, the audience were motionless as statues and nearly as breathless. The song ceased, and then, as if suddenly aroused from the spell of an enchantress, she was greeted with rapturous and reiterated applause. The voice of deserved praise has ever to its object those dulcet and seductive tones that irresistibly steal into the heart, and Ophelia, though not of a temperament to be unduly elated, could not but rejoice at her success. Evening concerts and morning concerts followed each other in rapid succession, and Mr. Belmont, as he had anticipated, began to reap a golden harvest. Arthur never failed to be present. He had neither eye nor ear for any one save Ophelia, and at length, prompted by the wild delirium of his passion, he resolved to obtain an interview with her. Lady Katharine penetrated the secret of his heart and disclosed it to Sir Philip. It had long been their wish to see him when at a suitable age, united to Amelia Varnum, Lady Katharine's niece, a desire which was favored by the young lady's father. He was consulted relative to the course it was best to take, and they all concluded that the safest way would be to return immediately home, not doubting that when he could no longer have opportunity to behold the fascinating songstress or listen to her voice, his passion would gradually die away. It was Wednesday when they came to this decision, and the following Monday was fixed upon as the day of their departure. Amelia was the first to inform Arthur, who, although she knew how to appreciate his good qualities, felt not the least inclination to have her destiny united with his, having met with a gentleman since her sojourn in London, for whom she entertained sentiments of a much livelier nature, who she knew only waited for a favorable opportunity to ask her hand of her father. Arthur listened with dismay, and with several half formed projects floating in his mind relative to effecting an interview with Ophelia, he left the house. He had proceeded only a short distance when he was joined by an acquaintance whom he would, at that moment willingly have avoided. As they turned a corner, they saw a woman wrapped in a long cloak with the hood drawn over her face so as mostly to conceal it, advancing to meet them.

"If there is not the gipsy woman," said the companion of Arthur. "What say you to having your fortune told? Her domicile is just at hand, and she is said to be well skilled in chiromancy."

Arthur, in his present state of mind, was willing, if possible, to learn his future fate, and replied that he should like to hear what she had to say. They informed her of their wishes, and she expressed her readiness to receive them in the evening.

"I shall attend the concert this evening," said Arthur, "but will come to you the moment the performances are closed."

He turned to go, as did his companion, but grasping the arm of the latter, she said to him, in a whisper—"Stay one moment. Is not that young man the adopted son of Sir Philip Hathaway?"

"He is."

"I knew I could not be wrong. His mother was a handsome, merry lass, who used often to befriend me. She is dead and gone—but he has her eyes and her own sweet smile too. Is he going to hear the young girl, called Ophelia Anville, sing to-night?"

"I believe he is."

"He loves some one he expects to meet to-night—his flushed cheek when he told me he should go to the concert informed me of that. May be it is the young singer. You cannot say that I have not mentioned the right one."

"Well, make the most of your knowledge then."

"Ay, that I shall," she muttered to herself. "The child shall not waste her breath in singing to the gaping multitude, if Liz Looney can help it."

Arthur and his companion did not fail to wait on the sibyl at the appointed hour. The apartment into which she admitted them, was low and mean, and the lamp on the table afforded too dim a light to pierce the gloom of the more remote parts. Divested of her hood, Arthur could perceive that her other features were in keeping with the black, piercing eyes which had peered upon him from beneath its shade, they being characterized by all the traits peculiar to her race with more than a common share of shrewdness and cunning, which when the darker passions were aroused took a cast of malignity. The black locks which strayed from beneath the red cotton handkerchief bound round her head, had, as yet, escaped the frosty touch of time, and her teeth were still sound and as white as ivory.

"This is, in the main, a fair palm," said she, as Arthur presented her his hand for examination, "though you have not been a stranger to sorrow, and poverty has threatened you. You love, and fate, though she promises you success, must be propitiated."

"In what manner?" inquired Arthur.

"By striving to gain the heart of her you love. Let no obstacles deter you. If you should, sorrow and lamentation will raise their voices in the halls of Hathaway when too late."

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"But what if by obeying you, I should displease my parents?"

"What will displease them now, will be approved by them hereafter."

"How will they approve it? Explain yourself more fully."

"I have said enough. Do my bidding if you would not bring sorrow upon yourself and those you best love." She now turned to the other young man, and taking his hand, which she slightly examined, promised him success in his undertakings.

As they left her abode together, "well, Arthur," said he, "the gipsy has read you a riddle, which unless your head is better than mine, it will be hard for you to interpret. Think you not that Sir Philip and Lady Katharine will be proud to receive the young songstress as a daughter-in-law?"

"Speak not of them, I intreat you. I know how much I have to fear, but I am determined to obey the sibyl's command, so far, at least, as to seek an interview with her, if it be only to bid her farewell for ever."

"Trust me, Arthur, it will be a dangerous experiment, and I advise you to have nothing to do with the singer and forget that you have seen the sibyl."

"Your advice may be good, but I have not the resolution to follow it. I must see her."

Chance favored his intention. He had, in company with Mr. Varnum and his daughter attended a morning concert, and without any object in view save the pleasure of beholding the beautiful songstress as she passed from the carriage to the house, he hastened to the street where she resided the moment he left the concert-room. As the carriage drew up before the house, a groom led forward a high spirited horse, and Mr. Belmont, having assisted Ophelia to alight, sprang to the saddle, telling her that he should not return 'till evening. The animal having been trained in the country, knew little of "town life," and a porter's cart that moment approaching, propelled by the owner, was a sight so different from what he had ever seen before, as to cause him instantly to take fright. He commenced plunging and rearing in such a manner that none but an accomplished horseman could, for any length of time, have retained his seat in the saddle. Unfortunately, Mr. Belmont, who could have no pretensions at being able "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," was soon thrown with violence upon the pavement. Arthur assisted to raise him and to convey him into the house, and then ran for a surgeon. Upon examination, it was found that he had sustained such general injury as would probably confine him within doors for a week or more. Mr. Belmont ascertained the assistance which Arthur had obligingly rendered, and a few days afterwards, sent him a polite invitation to sup with him and to remain in the evening and listen to a few songs and duetts by Signor Palini, Miss Anville, and one or two others. Although he had suspected that Sir Philip and Lady Katharine would not approve of his accepting the invitation, he could not persuade himself to return a negative answer. In the concert-room, the beauty of the young songstress had fascinated, almost bewildered him. He had not been prepared for the retiring modesty and the soft dignity which, child as she was, distinguished her at her own fireside. From that evening, the few short intervals that she was released from her professional labor, Arthur was almost sure to spend in her company. Mr. Belmont had ever been kind to her, so had his sister, the year she had spent in the family prior to her marriage, but their quiet kindness, had never, on any occasion, exalted itself into what might be termed affection, and the warm and hoarded sensibilities of her heart, rebuked by their coldness, could only be poured forth in the touching and ravishing melody of her own voice. What should prevent them from gushing forth, now that they had found a natural channel, for Arthur had confessed to her his deep and devoted love. It was a fairy scene, full of sunshine and bloom, that now opened upon her, and she dreamed not that the storm-cloud might soon overshadow and destroy its beauty.

The Monday set by Sir Philip for their departure from the city, found Lady Katharine too ill to leave her room. One evening, more than a week afterwards, at the earnest solicitation of her, who perceived that her constant attendance in the sick room began to show itself in her faded complexion, Amelia, in company with her father and Arthur, once more attended the concert.

"I have before thought, and am now certain," said Amelia to her aunt, the following morning, "that I have seen this beautiful Ophelia Anville before, bearing a different name and under very different circumstances."

"Ah! we must tell Arthur of this," said Lady Katharine, eagerly, "undoubtedly there were good reasons for her exchanging her name, which she would not care to explain. When and where did you see her?"

"Three years ago—the summer I spent with Lady Sophia Raynham. She was with a band of gipsies that encamped near, and one day when she was wandering by herself I overheard her singing a song which I used frequently to sing in the evening, that I knew she must have learned of me, as the music as well as the words were composed by myself. Afterwards we met frequently, and I learned her several songs and airs. Last evening, she sang, among others, the very song, which, with her clear, bird-like voice, she was warbling in the fields when I first saw her. I then became certain that the celebrated Ophelia Anville was no other than the little Lizette, who three years ago, was leading the vagrant life of a gipsy."

"Why, Amelia, did you never relate to me these circumstances before?"

"It had become an old story the next time I saw you, and did not occur to me."

"You have heard in what manner our only child was lost?"

"I believe I have, though I was so young at the time, I retain no distinct recollection of it."

"I will tell you some time, but not now," said Lady Katharine.

The account which Amelia had given her, had re-awakened the hopes that long had slept, and she felt determined in her own mind to call on Ophelia and endeavor to learn something of her past life, the moment

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her health would permit. She regretted the absence of her husband, who had left town that morning and was not expected to return until the ensuing day.

Sir Philip, who was aware of the state of Arthur's affections, had at length matured a plan which he trusted would crush his hopes at once and for ever. That very evening, as Ophelia, who had as usual been the star of stars, was about to give her hand to Arthur, that he might assist her to enter the carriage, she felt some one touch her shoulder. She looked round and beheld a man muffled in a cloak, with his hat drawn over his eyes. He thrust a sealed note into her hand and immediately disappeared. The moment she was alone, she broke the seal and read as follows—

"Sir Philip Hathaway demands an interview with you. He will be at the door when the clock strikes one, when he presumes he can be admitted without the knowledge of any other member of the family."

Had the writer of the note been in no way connected with her lover, its haughty and laconic style would have made her dread to meet him. Now, it needed all the fortitude she could assume to preserve a decent composure. An excessive sinking of heart accompanied her dreadful agitation, and a shadow of deepest gloom seemed already to be cast around her—blotting out life's golden sunshine for ever. When assured that all had retired, she softly descended into a room which opened into the hall. She looked at the time-piece on the mantel. The hour had come, and the next moment that single deep note which in the silence of night sounds so solemn and so melancholy, pealed from the lofty tower of a neighboring church. A low rap against the door—she opened it, and the same muffled form that had handed her the note, stood on the step. Having entered, he cautiously followed Ophelia to the small and secluded apartment she had selected for the interview. He smoothed the way by no preliminary remarks, but accused her at once of artfully inveigling the affections of his adopted son, who being but little accustomed to female society, felt the want of no attraction save a beautiful face and syren voice.

"I have said nothing to him on the subject," returned he, "for, in his present state of mind, I do not expect him to listen to reason, but this connexion shall be broken, or a disinherited son will be branded with a father's curse. Would you avert the doom?"

"Yes—but how?" said Ophelia, who pale and terrified had sunk into a chair.

"By flying this place without seeing him again!"

"Impossible—Mr. Belmont is to give two more concerts, and—"

"Mr. Belmont shall loose nothing by your absence—I myself will make him whole. I have a carriage in waiting at a short distance, and now is the time for you to go. Should you delay your departure, you will bring ruin and disgrace on him whose affections you have entangled by your arts, and destroy for ever the peace of my wife whom sorrow for a lost child came near crushing to the earth. Will you go, or remain and be the instrument of the fearful misery I have painted?"

Stupified with grief and terror at his harsh language, imperious manner, and above all by his unjust accusations, she rose, and without making any reply, moved mechanically towards the door. Sir Philip placed himself before it.

"Are you going to endeavor to elude me?" said he.

"No, Sir Philip. Suffer me to go to my room for a bonnet and shawl, and I will be here again in two minutes."

"Can I trust you—or do you mean to deceive me?"

Something like a pang of remorse for a moment visited his bosom, as with pale and quivering lips, she said—

"Oh, Sir Philip, though I am a poor and friendless orphan, I am not the base creature you take me for. I never made use of any arts to engage the affections of your son—I never attempted to deceive."

"Well, child," said he in a softened voice, "go to your room and procure what ever you please, but do not be long absent, as it is time we were gone."

Ophelia had never found a convenient opportunity to wear the mantle which Mat handed her the morning she left the inn—she had even of late almost forgotten that it was in her possession. As on opening a drawer it presented itself to her view, the injunction of the gipsy came fresh to her mind, and divesting herself of the shawl which she had already put on, she supplied its place with the mantle. She now hastened to join Sir Philip, whom she suffered to lead her from the house to go to she knew not whither.

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Mr. Belmont was not greatly surprized at not meeting Ophelia at the breakfast table, as she appeared unusually fatigued when she returned the preceding evening, and more than an hour elapsed after the meal, before he would suffer any one to go to her chamber, not wishing her to be disturbed. When the apartment was found to be vacant, great were his astonishment and alarm. After a little reflection, he came to the conclusion that she must have eloped with Arthur. The circumstance of her absence was soon circulated in that section of the town, and the admirers of Ophelia's singing, mingled regret with their surmises. Mr. Belmont's conjectures with regard to Arthur, were soon terminated by the appearance of the young man himself. One person, a violinist, saw Sir Philip when he thrust the note into her hand, but as he was ignorant who he was, it added to the mystery and increased the alarm.

During this time, Sir Philip had conveyed Ophelia to an obscure inn, which, although at no great distance from London, was in a part of the country where there was but little travel. He had previously made an arrangement with the hostess to board her for an indefinite period, the time prescribed in his own mind being until Lady Katharine's health would enable her to return home. When Ophelia was about to enter the inn, she missed the mantle and returned to the carriage to look for it. It was gone, having probably slipped to the ground soon after she left her own door, as she only threw it lightly over her shoulder.

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It was evening—Sir Philip had returned, and found Lady Katharine sitting by the fire. Perhaps the new

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hope that had sprung up in her bosom made her forget the debility of her frame. She was just relating to her husband what Amelia had told her, when the door suddenly opened and a woman enveloped in a red cloak stood before them. Without speaking she unrolled a silk mantle, richly embroidered, and held in such a manner as to receive the full reflection of the wax candles burning on the table.

"Do you remember ever to have seen it before?" said she addressing Lady Katharine.

"How came you by it?" inquired she, snatching the mantle from the sibyl's hand and gazing intently on the rich clusters of buds and flowers she herself had wrought.

"It was round the child," quietly answered the sibyl.

"Yes, yes—and if you know what became of her tell me at once," said Lady Katharine. "What pleasure can it give you to torture me with suspense?"

"Send for her who is called Ophelia Anville. She perhaps, has seen the mantle, and may beshe has not forgotten Liz Looney, the gipsy, who has carried her in her arms many a weary mile."

"My good woman," said Sir Philip, "cannot you as well at once speak to the point."

"And if I do, how shall I know that no harm will befal me?"

"I will give you my word that there shall not, if I have the power to prevent it."

"Then will I tell you truly that I stole the child as she lay asleep under a tree by the ruins near Hathaway Hall. This mantle which was wrapped around her, I found early this morning before Mr. Belmont's house. It is many years since I have seen it before. I meant to have destroyed it, lest it should prove the means of bringing to light my guilt, but while waiting for a favorable opportunity it was stolen. From that time I knew the Power above watched over the child and intended some thing better for her than a gipsy's life, and the same Power, no doubt, now that I longed to see her restored to her rights, directed me to the spot where I found the mantle."

"Do you say that Ophelia Anville and the child you stole are the same?" said Sir Philip.

"Yes, the fair young creature who is earning her bread with her very life-breath is your daughter. I have told the truth, and I shall now have a light heart."

Having said this she left the apartment. After her departure Sir Philip remained some time without speaking, with his face partly veiled by his hand. There was a struggle in his bosom between pride and paternal affection, but the latter soon triumphed, and he resolved after endeavoring to procure a few hours rest, to again set out for the secluded inn. He felt rejoiced that he had not informed his wife that he had conveyed Ophelia from the city, and he assured her that an interview should take place between them as soon as her health would permit.

By break of day, he was once more on the road. It was about one when he arrived at the inn, and he requested the hostess to inform Miss Anville that he wished to see her immediately.

"Ah, sir, it will be but a dismal sight," replied she, "for the lady is in a high fever, and would not know her own mother, for she takes me for a gipsy, she calls Liz Looney. The doctor thinks her disease is owing to grief, or mental excitement, I think he calls it, and says she must be kept very quiet and see no company; but as you are the gentleman who brought her here, I suppose you must just look at her;"

"I should like to," he replied, and she conducted him into the youthful sufferer's apartment. She was singing snatches of one of those sweet and most melancholy songs, which had so often thrilled with rapture an admiring audience, and her dark eyes, which had lost their beaming softness, roved from object to object with that wild restlessness peculiar to insanity. Her cheeks were deeply tinged with the fever-flush, and many a tress of her rich brown hair had strayed from beneath the cap by which the landlady had sought to keep it in place, mingling with the folds of the snowy but crumpled sheets. As Sir Philip gazed upon her in silence, he fully realized the cruel and selfish part which he had acted.

We will not trace the progress of the disease, which would at one time assume a favorable aspect only to be succeeded by symptoms the most alarming. In a few days Lady Katharine who was able to perform the journey from London, was the first, as she sat by the patient's bedside, to mark the quiet dawn of returning reason. She continued the affectionate ministry, without revealing her name, until Ophelia could sit in her chair hours at a time, and even walk about the room.

One day as they were sitting together, Ophelia said hesitatingly, "Do you know, madam, whether Sir Philip Hathaway or any other person has inquired for me since I have been sick?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Philip and his wife have both been here. Mr. Belmont was immediately informed of your situation, who has related all he knows of your history, having first obtained leave of a certain Liz Looney, who has likewise imparted information which I hope will prove gratifying to you."

A slight blush flitted across Ophelia's cheeks as she heard the name of Liz Looney, but she immediately said—"Why should I feel ashamed at having once belonged to a band of gipsies, if young as I was, I felt above participating in their views?"

"Were you taught to believe that you were one of their race?"

"At first I was, but one day a brother of the woman who had the care of me, and had often shielded me from her violence, told me that my parents were wealthy and of high rank, though he was unable to tell me their name. I mentioned this to Liz, and she did not deny it, but said that they had adopted a child in my room, and would spurn me from the door as an imposter."

"Oh, no!" said Lady Katharine passionately, forgetting in the excitement of the moment her resolution to act with discretion—"their arms as well as their doors would have been open to receive you. I am your mother."

"And I am your father," said Sir Philip, who a moment before, unperceived, had entered the apartment,

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"who hopes by his future care and tenderness to efface the remembrance of the cruelty received at his hands."

A radiant smile for a moment lit up the beautiful features of the restored daughter, and then in the fulness of her heart she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"There is one more," said Sir Philip, after a few moments silence, "who should not be excluded from a participation of our happiness—our adopted son is below, and I will call him unless I am forbidden."

As no objection was offered, he left the chamber and in a short time returned with Arthur, whose countenance indicated that he was not the least happy of the party.

"I shall forbear disinheriting you, Arthur, only on one condition," said Sir Philip, as he rose to leave the room.

"And what is that?" said Arthur, gravely.

"You must bind yourself to receive with the estate, the incumbrance of my daughter; but as it is rather a weighty consideration, I will leave you, with the assistance of Lady Katharine, to settle it between you."

—

Two years afterwards, a youthful pair, who had been a few months wedded, stood together beneath the broad-spreading boughs of an oak. The glossy foliage, now and then slightly rustled by the passing breeze, was enriched by the golden lustre of the setting sun.

"I have reason to *value* this," said the lady, who, as the breeze freshened, drew a silk mantle, richly embroidered, more closely round her—"for without its aid, I don't know that Liz Looney's story would have been credited."

As she finished speaking, a woman emerged from a ruin near by and approached the spot where they stood. Her naturally dark complexion was rendered still darker by exposure to the weather, but her features were handsome, and the expression of her countenance peculiarly pleasing.

"Ellen Hathaway," said she, "seventeen years ago, I left you sleeping in the shade of this goodly tree. I find you here now, lovelier even than you were then, and the dark shadow will no more come flitting over my heart, when I behold my own daughter, for I shall know that the heart of the lady who was once so kind to me, is no longer made desolate by the loss of hers."

"Ah, this must be Florella," said Ellen. "My mother has told me your story. If she was kind to you, why did you leave her?"

"Look at him," replied Florella, pointing to Arthur, "and you will find the answer in your own heart."

—

Among Ellen's friends, one of the dearest and most valued was Amelia. She had, for more than a year been united to him who won her heart the winter she spent in London, and they often, at each other's firesides, sang together those songs which they warbled beneath the greenwood tree, or in the cool shadow of the rock, the first summer they met, little imagining that they were bound by the ties of consanguinity as well as those of sympathy. Nor did she forget Peter, whom she left in the dell with his violin, or Mat, the landlord of the inn, but made a point of making each a handsome Christmas present, as well as of giving them what they prized more than silver or gold, kind words and kind looks, whenever they turned aside in their wanderings to spend an hour at the Hall.

Original.

THE BUCANIER TO HIS CREW.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I.

"A SAIL! a sail! a sail!"
Shouted out the bucanier,
"It stands before the gale,
This way I see it steer;
Up, up! my comrades brave,
If they seek the rover's crew,
We are monarch's of the wave—
Need I tell you what to do?"

II.

"Lash the arrow, matchless ship!
To the bulwark of the foe,
Let the leash of battle slip,
And the blood of carnage flow,
Let the cutlass carve its way,
And our thunders cleave the sky;
No heart here knows dismay—
We conquer or we die!

III.

"Full fifty battles bold,
We have fought, my comrades brave;
And victory has rolled
Her banner o'er the wave,
That bore this gallant bark,
And still more gallant crew,
Through storm and tempest dark—
Need I tell you what to do?

IV.

"Nail the colors to the mast,
Let the pennant gaily stream,
Let the shout of battle last,
While day sends forth a gleam,
And when the murky shroud
Of darkness furls the sky,
Pause not—but shout aloud,
We conquer, or we die!"

THE ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious. He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humored child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.—*Cogan's Ethical Questions.*

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Original.

A SUMMER'S EVENING RAMBLE.

"Ur! up! and go forth to the pleasant path, through the green fields, and by the beautiful river," said the sweet voice of one standing by me. "Up! up! and away."

"But, Cousin Edith—"

"Nay, sir, I know what you would say; I have, during the day,

'Mingled with the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are busy and loud,'

and now released from the thronging cares and constant din of business, I seek this retired spot, and find—"

"How calm and quiet a delight
It is, alone
To read, and meditate, and write,"

said I, interrupting her, and uttering the *alone*, quite significantly emphatic; but however delicate the hint might be, the manner of conveying it made but little impression on my determined and persevering cousin.

"Alone! yes, and lonely! you strive in the race after wealth; you stifle generous emotions, and render exalted feelings subservient to the ruling desire of gathering together gold and silver, of increasing in stocks, and ships, and lands; and even when returned from the burden and the heat of business, you devote hours to calculations, as to anticipated successful returns, instead of enjoying 'the breath of heaven's sweet air.' Turn your eyes to the beauteous prospect before you and see,

'The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep,
And leafiness and flow'riness,
Make one abundant heap.'

"Edith, a rose could not bloom more brightly than your cheek; the dew-drop on that rose, in the brilliancy of its shining, could not exceed the lustrous beaming of your eyes; the motion of the leaf, stirred by the gentle breeze, could not compare with the graceful waving of the hand, and the richness of the prospect is increased by the sweet herald of its beauty. But remit a portion of your rebuke, and acquit me of devotedness to a pursuit so absorbing as that of becoming rich. It is true, you see before me the figured sheet, but there are friends here with whom I converse, whose society I covet, with whom I live over hours which are past, and with whom I mingle my sympathies, silently, but yet, not less touching or sincere. The scene which you have pointed out, is indeed beautiful, but when the roses have faded, and the leaves have fallen—when the freshness and beauty are gone, what is there remaining to cheer the sight? Ah! to the joyousness of hope succeeds that feeling of loneliness which withers life. I know and feel the searching truth of some of the lines in one of these messages of my silent friends—

'The very flowers that in the May-breeze shake,
Bloom out together, and the blessed stars
Of night, walk not the pathless heavens alone,
But twinkle, though unseen, in blissful tunes
Of sympathetic light; all beauteous things
Hold mystic fellowship; and man,
Without a brother heart, how darkly doomed!'"

Edith's penetrating eyes rested on me, and a sudden glow spread over her expressive countenance, rendering it still more beautiful. The blush retreated, and the tear-drops filled her eyes, as she said, "Have I been so much in error, in imputing want of feeling?"

"Come, Edith, we will go forth, and converse awhile with nature. Now, Edith, let us rest on this grassy mound, in the inviting shade beneath this aged elm tree, and contemplate the scene around us. There is the ancient church with its modest spire, and yonder, the river throws back the beams of the sun, as the willows bend, and wave to and fro, with that soft and graceful motion which the artist finds it difficult to arrest for his painting, or the poet to delineate in his numbers. The 'solemn stillness' is undisturbed, save by the joyful twittering of the swallows as they flutter around the vane, or seek the eaves of the porch; by the low and varied sounds of insects fulfilling their short summer of existence, and by the hurried but not loud dash of the water, as turning from its regular channel, it precipitates itself over a small ledge of rocks. There is a gradual descent of the ground from the church to the river, and the kindly feelings of the villagers have prompted them to preserve, and to ornament the quiet spot. A low fence encloses the last resting-place of mortality, and the heaped up earth is covered with fresh sod, and friends often come, in fond and faithful remembrance, to speak to each other of the departed; perhaps, to shed a tear; assuredly, to have their hearts thrill with chastened joy, that the companions of their early days are buried, where their virtues are known and appreciated.

"Among the many records of the frail tenure of human life, you may perceive yon plain slab of marble, and perhaps read the lines inscribed thereon; to me they are as familir as household words.

'Sweet maid, associates fondly thought
'To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;'
But thou hast left a being fraught
With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
For us, remains a journey drear;
For thee, a blest eternal prime,
Uniting in thy short career,
Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.'

"Laura Gale was indeed a 'sweet maid,' and at the mention of her name, she seems to be before me, as when she gained and delighted friends by the unstudied exhibition of genuine feeling. There is the countenance lighted up with winning smiles, stealing over the features in soft succession; there are the expressive blue eyes, in whose lustre the soul of purity and truth was contained; the unconstrained natural demeanor; the modesty of manner. These outward qualities were the heralds of the right affections, and the well-regulated principles within, and while her merry laugh was in heartfelt unison with the friends of her innocent mirth and pleasure, her sympathies were mingled with the grieved and burdened spirits. Were any of the poor villagers in sickness—there was one who provided the necessary attendance, and the delicacies so acceptable to the languishing; and she might be seen often at the bed-side, watching the restless slumbers, supplying the many wants, whispering hope and consolation, and soothing the hours of affliction, by generous and assiduous kindness. She had a sensitive spirit, but it was not of that morbid sensibility which weeps at the recital of

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imaginary distress, and shrinks from the duty of relieving the really necessitous; she felt for the woes of others, and that feeling was not suffered to remain inactive, but was exerted in prompt and beneficent action.

"Her father was the clergyman of the district. Laura was an only child, and as her budding graces and virtues were unfolded, the happy parent felt and expressed his thankfulness to the Providence which had assigned so fair a plant to his protection, and in dependence upon supreme aid, nurtured it with deep and unbroken affection. And she flourished like a morning flower, and, alas! like it too, she suddenly drooped. It blossoms, blooms, and imparts sweetness and fragrance to the senses; its lively and varied colors please the eye; for a little while, the sunbeams gladden it, and in the hour, when it seems most thrifty, indicating a full and rich maturity, the sudden storm bows its lovely head and withers its beauty, but the perfume remains, marking the spot where it grew amid its kindred buds.

"As has been said, the villagers were the recipients of her kindness, but there were others who were admitted to a more intimate association. Among those who participated in this charming intercourse, was one, whose presence caused a deeper glow upon the cheek, animated the eyes with additional brilliancy, and whose words had an irresistible influence, seeking their way to the heart, where they were warmly received, and carefully treasured. I am not repeating a story of love, so I will only say, that it was determined by them, that they would unite their sympathetic interests in the 'sanctimonious ceremonies' of marriage. The announcement of this intention did not create any uncommon stir among the villagers, for their sagacity had already predicted the occurrence of such an event; their curiosity only extended to the time when this design was to be fulfilled.

"The morning of that day was bland and beautiful. The sky, as if in accordance with the gladsome feelings of the inmates of the village, shone forth in loveliness; but, ere that day had closed, a deep shade was thrown over its brightness, and of joy—

'The tone
Was hush'd and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder, on the distant wind.'

There were many persons gathered in the church, whose happy faces reflected the emotions of still happier hearts; her father, the venerable friend and single-hearted counsellor of the villagers, with placid joy upon his open countenance, commenced the service, and when the troth of each had been plighted, in fervency and truth, while the ready tear trembled in the eye, he invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the beings before him.

"The congratulations were many and undissembled, and were received in a spirit correspondent to the warmth with which they were tendered. The bridal party returned to the home of her childhood, which she was shortly to leave, and mingled in innocent festivities. The hour of the departure arrived, and Laura shared in the kind and dear charges oft repeated, the heartfelt embrace, the parting kiss, and the warm pressure of the hand, those endearments which the female nature so well understands, and so feelingly exhibits on such occasions. There was yet one to whom to bid farewell; she turned—was received into the arms of her waiting father, and with suppressed sobbings, hid her face in his bosom. 'Blessings be on thee, my dutiful child! blessings be on thy life. Thou hast been to me as 'my companion, my own familiar friend.' Image of thy now sainted mother, thou hast her excellencies and virtues; in thy new sphere of duty, continue to imitate her worth, and be happy.' He bowed his head, and the gushing tears attested the fulness of his heart. He raised himself, but the form of Laura was motionless. There was the same benignity of expression upon the face; the richness of beauty upon the cheek; but the life-pulse had ceased its beating, and was for ever at rest. She died of an affection of the heart, and

'Was call'd home, ere from her brow,
One radiant trace of truth had fled.'

It is not not for me now to depict the grief of the bereaved parent, the anguish of the stricken bridegroom, or the sympathetic concern of friends. The sudden summons of death at such a time, and under such circumstances, is terrible, and so it was felt to be.

"On the following day the church was opened, and a coffin was placed before that altar at which its inmate had knelt in maiden bloom and modesty, to ratify a covenant of affection. How changed the scene! The father, who had united his daughter in her loveliness, to one whose heart beat in responsive and hallowed unison, sat with bended head, yet his face exhibited the calmness of resignation. Afflictive dispensation had removed his last earthly comfort, and feeling the bitterness of his present loss, he had grieved; but his sorrow was that of one in whom the hope of immortality forbade the expression of murmuring. His daughter had lived a life of piety, and could her death then be otherwise than happy! 'Her sun had gone down while it was yet day, but it was to appear again with renewed and undying splendor in a new Heaven. Although alone, yet he trusted to the faithfulness of a friend, whose dealings, if now enveloped in mystery, would hereafter be explained, and his wisdom and love be made manifest.

"The young husband seemed as if unable to realize the certainty of the scene before him. Were his hopes to die thus early, even in the freshness of their being? It could not be! And yet, why the saddened looks and swelling bosoms around? why the coffin and the pall? why those solemn words—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust?' Alas! his hopes had expired, and were about to be entombed with the lovely being who called them into existence. The coffin was conveyed to the grave, the earth was thrown upon it, the green turf placed over it, and she was left to 'the starless midnight of the tomb.' On each returning anniversary of her death, fresh flowers are put by friendly hands over the place of her sleeping, and some friends may often be observed to linger there in sweet recollection of virtues which have been, but which were suddenly quenched.

"But see! the sun has gone down, and the softened

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tints of the sky indicate the approach of evening. Let us return homeward, thinking of her of whom you have just heard, and our reflections may be in this wise:

'Be thy name whisper'd, where the silver dew
Stealeth the leaves of clustering roses through,
With bright and freshening power;
And where the waters follow to the play
Of earliest sunshine, o'er the sands away,
At morning's hour.

Be thy name whisper'd, where the bough hath stirr'd
To the last nestling of the wearied bird,
Its silent mate beside;
And where the voice of mirth hath ceas'd to call,
And far o'er fading paths the shadows fall,
At eventide.

For, thou, whose beauty to the dust hath gone,
Wert soft or joyous as the eve or morn;
And therefore these should be,
In hearts fill'd up with visions to the last,
Of thy young smiles, and winning accents past,
Memories of thee.

Be thy thoughts counted, where the stars are bright
Within the chambers of the dreamy night;
Thy kindling thoughts, and deep;
And where through summer clouds, the lightning flings
Quick, tremulous sparks from its flashing wings,
To banish sleep.

Thine outward loveliness! where'er they meet,
Light, blooming forms and ever graceful feet,
And voices sweet and gay,
There duly, fondly, ere the joy be done
Shall rise to faithful lips, the praise of one,
Gathered away.

Thy grave! not far and lone its last repose,
As cold o'er some, alas! the mould doth close,
Dead in a foreign land;
Thou! with familiar things art gently laid,
And oft may they who with thy childhood stray'd,
Beside thee stand.

Thy rest! thy rest! go, where the sun is pouring
His golden glories unto souls adoring,
Beneath this blessed even;
Hath peace, hath confidence, not here its birth,
E'en 'mid the lowly temples of the earth?
THOU ART IN HEAVEN.'"

A. S. A.

Original.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEET infant, beautiful as light,
That on the snow-drop's bosom glows,
When scap'd from wrathful winter's night,
It trembles thro' incumbent snows—
Amid thy cradle sleep, we watch
The varying thought that faintly gleams,
As tho' we fondly hop'd to catch
The angel whisper of thy dreams.

The *angel-whisper!* Tell us what
Is breath'd from that celestial clime,
Thou, nearer to its white-winged host
Than we, who tread the thorns of time:
Thou cans't not tell—no words are thine—
But the pure smile that lights thy brow,
Is sure the language of the skies—
Oh! keep it still unchang'd, as now.

Original.

THE WRECK.*

BY THE REV. J. R. CLINCH.

WHEN lately sped with snowy sail,
A gallant barque before the gale,
The cold, blue waters sweep:
Far down beneath the icy waves,
In Ocean's dim and silent caves,
Many, who stood, at morn, elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate,
Rest in their last, long sleep.

Yet all who trod that busy deck,
Sleep not in death within the wreck;
A fragile boat, with human life,
Deep laden, braves the billows' strife,
And plies its dreary way:
God help them now through storm and night,
And glad them with the rising light,
Of yet another day!

But hark! 'Mid tempest and deep gloom,
Are sounds which speak a fearful doom!
Shrieks, struggles, oaths, in mingling tone—
The frequent plunge—the bubbling groan—
The brother's hurried, wild farewell,
To her who followed where he fell,
Stronger than death is love—
And desperate efforts to retain
The boat's deep side, but made in vain—
Gave to that night a darker woe,
Than storm or darkness could bestow,
Which time shall ne'er remove.

But one faint voice was heard that night,
Which oft shall come in dreams, to blight
The selfish heart of sin
Of him, whose ruthless hand could tear
The child from where he crouched, to share
The wave-shroud of his kin.
"*Cast me not yet*," it said, "*away—*
Give me a little while to pray!"
That touching plea could not avail
With hearts insensate as the gale,
Cold as the icy deep:
Scarce to his God one cry he gave,
Ere the young martyr parts the wave,
Which murmurs o'er his sleep.
The boat that labored in the storm,
Scarce felt the weight of that slight form,
But, oh! how could it float beneath
Its load of guilt and needless death,
When that young soul was cast away,
Death's undecked sacrifice and prey?

Ah! well for him who did the deed,
If, in *his* hour of utmost need,
When help is far, and death is near,
And his strong form shall shake with fear,
As life ebbs quick away,
He ask of Him, to whom, in vain,
No earnest lip or heart complain,
A little space to pray,
Well then for him, if o'er his soul,
Flash not with deep and stern control,
The thought that he had dared refuse
The very boon for which he sues.

* The ship William Brown.

Boston, 1841.

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Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE singular being whom we left concealed beneath the tapestry of Mary's dressing-room, witnessed but a small portion of the disgraceful scene which we have just described. When Philip retired from the Queen's presence in the first rush of his anger, she had no thought that he would return as was really the case, so withdrawing softly through the door, she closed it with care, that no breath of wind should stir the tapestry, and then darted like a lapwing along the passage to the apartments she had left. She was mindful to lock the private door, and looking eagerly around, she flung herself panting and flushed upon the pile of cushions with her sparkling eyes fixed on the door through which she every moment expected King Philip to enter. He did not come, and gradually she became dreamy and tranquilized by the pleasant stillness which reigned in the apartments. It seemed as if every object which could bring pleasant thoughts of a more sunny home had been lavished upon the little room. It was lighted only by a heavy arched window, but that had been turned into a kind of alcove filled with vases, snowy and rich with sculpture, each one teeming with rare plants, transported at great cost from foreign lands. In the day time, these plants formed a cool and verdant curtain, woven together in a thousand pleasant tendrils, and drinking life from the sunshine as it fell among the leaves and flickered faintly through the room. But daylight was gone, and those fragrant plants were only lighted up by a single lamp, chased and perforated, which emitted a sweet odor as it burned. The soft tinkling noise of dropping water fell with a familiar sound on the ear. It came from a miniature fountain of snowy marble which had been placed among the plants. It was a tiny thing, but very musical, and to the strange young creature who lay upon the cushions watching the bright drops as they flashed up among the leaves, it had a home voice, which brought tears to her eyes, and made her heart ache with memories of the past. She took up her lute, and began to play a sweet lively air, as if to cheat her soul of its memories, but it would not do; her thoughts were full of melancholy forebodings, so she turned her face upon the cushions and wept in silence. At last footsteps were heard without; she started up, dashed the tears from her long lashes, and again snatching up the lute, played a few careless notes before she arose to unlock the door.

"In tears, as usual!" said King Philip, glancing at her still humid lashes, and passing her without farther notice, he threw himself heavily upon the cushions she had left, and flinging aside his plumed cap, bade her bring him a cup of wine from the inner room. She obeyed him in silence, but her bosom heaved, and a tear was crushed in its passage by the quick movement of her eye lids. Philip drank off his wine at a draught, and it seemed to have a soothing effect upon his sullen spirit, for after remaining silent for some time, he turned to the young creature who was yet standing, and bade her take up the lute and give him some music. With a beating heart the strange girl placed a cushion at the imperious man's feet, and after a moment's pause, began a sweet but very melancholy strain, which she accompanied with a voice sad and broken, as if it gushed up from a well spring of tears. Philip started up with an exclamation of displeasure.

"By my princedom, Laura, this is too much, he said; "am I for ever and ever to be haunted by that strain? Must I come to this apartment for a moment's respite from the irksome society of my antedeluvian bride, only to find you reproaching me by your tears—your music, nay, by the very words of your song?"

"I did not mean to offend." replied the girl, while her small hand dropped tremblingly from the instrument. "My heart was full of home when you came in, so I but gave voice to the words that came uppermost. Nay, do not frown thus on me; I am weary and sad to-night; come," she added, looking up with an affectionate sort of timidity, and laying her hand on his, "one smile, and I will play the songs you love best 'till morning, if you will it so."

Philip did smile, but very faintly, and a sullen humor seemed still to hang about him. But feeble as was the pleased expression, it was enough to light up the humid eyes, and kindle the red lips of that young creature with a brilliant glow of happiness.

"There, now I will give the very air with which a certain dark-browed prince came wooing the love of a foolish maiden in the orange groves of Arragon; nay, not that, or, in sooth, I shall weep again. Tell me of something else that will pleasure you; see, I am ready;" and lifting her brilliant face to the dark eyes fixed upon her, the beautiful speaker sat with her hand playfully poised over the lute-strings, like a snow white bird ready to alight. Just then her keen ear caught the sound of some person knocking for admittance at the door in the bed-chamber beyond. Down came the little hand, and instantly a gush of cheerful music filled the apartment. Philip sunk back upon the cushions, and lay with his eyes half closed, still far from giving any sign of pleasure, but not so sullen as he had been. Three different times did the listening girl hear the noise which had first startled her, from the bed-chamber, but on each occasion her execution became louder and more brilliant than before, though her face kindled with excitement, by no means derived from the melody she was pouring upon the careless ear of King Philip. Well she knew that no person save the Queen herself, would dare to knock for admittance at that door.

Careless of the music, and inattentive to the sound which had startled his companion, the Prince still lay upon the cushions, lost in restless thought. Though he both hated and despised his Queen, he was not entirely satisfied with his own conduct during their

Continued from page 120.

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late interview with her. If not necessary to his love, she certainly was to his ambition, and even with his arrogant pretensions, he could hardly expect forgiveness for insolence so violent and unmanly, without some concessions, to which it chafed his haughty spirit to yield. Filled with these annoying reflections, he allowed the young creature at his feet to weary herself with efforts to give him pleasure, without even remembering that she was so occupied. At last, when she saw that all her gentle efforts to chase away his sombre mood were in vain, her own spirit became oppressed, the music gradually died from beneath her fingers, 'till, weary and wretched, her head drooped forward upon a bosom heaving with sobs which she could no longer suppress. This sound of renewed grief aroused the yet active resentment of the Prince.

"How is this? in tears again?" he exclaimed, starting to a half recumbent posture, and fixing his black, angry eyes on the unhappy girl. "Will there never be an end to these childish repinings? Have I not done every thing in the power of man or Prince to make you content? Did I not ransack half Spain to collect materials which might surround you with the familiar things and atmosphere of home? Look about, girl; can the Queen of England boast luxuries such as I have lavished on these apartments? Yet ungrateful and sullen you ever meet me thus, as if *I* had power to change the murky skies of this heathenish land for the sunny clime of Spain."

"It is not that, oh, not that!" sobbed the unhappy young creature. "I should not grieve, though certain that my heart may never again leap to the sunshine and blossoms of our own bright land, were *you* still the same, but alas, alas, when the sunshine of love has once died away from the heart, who can rekindle it? Let us leave this gloomy land, Philip!" she exclaimed, clasping her small hands, and entreating him with all the passionate eloquence of gesture and language which she so deeply felt. "You are not happy here; every thing is gloomy and sorrowful that we look upon. I knew that it would be so, when, in the blindness of my love, I consented to conceal my sex, outrage all that was yet pure in my nature, and follow you hither. The air is stifling which I am compelled to breathe in the presence of that hated and cruel Queen. Be just, Philip!" she added with still more passionate earnestness; right "those you have wronged, exert your boundless influence with Queen Mary, in a generous cause. Persuade her from the cruel persecution with which she pursues alike the innocent and the guilty—stay the bloodshed which, since our coming, has deluged this unhappy nation, and then let us go away. The breezes of our own blessed land will bring back the feelings which filled our bosoms before a wretched thirst for power brought us among a people to whom we have been as a scourge or a pestilence."

"And such I would be," rejoined Philip, who had been gazing in mingled anger and astonishment on the daring girl, while she gave utterance to language which would have been treason from any lips but hers. "They would not give me, love; I can command their fear, and despise their hatred; but these subjects are not for your counsel; be content to fill this pretty cage with smiles and music when I seek it as now; have done with weeping; be with me at day time as ever, and what more can you wish? Now go to your couch; I have much to ponder over before morning, and will even remain as I am. Nay, go, go, I would be alone."

The strange female withdrew reluctantly into the inner chamber, and left Philip to his own sullen thoughts. Hour after hour went by, and still he lay wakeful, but with his large changing eyes fixed steadily on the little silver lamp which poured its gentle light over the window. At last the sweet tinkling sound of water drops as they rained down into the fountain, had the usual lulling effect; his eyes closed drowsily, his head settled back upon the cushions, and he slept Then the bed-chamber door softly unclosed, the young girl stole noiselessly across the floor, and placing herself by the pile of cushions, sat patiently watching his slumbers.

On the next morning, rather before his usual hour of rising, King Philip came from his private apartments, accompanied, as ever, by his favorite page. Without leaving one word of greeting or apology for his Queen, he ordered a groom to prepare horses, and still attended only by the boy, rode from the castle. This was the unsatisfactory information brought to Queen Mary by the messenger whom she sent to request an interview with her husband. She retired to her oratory weary from lack of rest, and grievously irritated by what she had learned, when Friar Joseph presented himself with information that Cardinal Pole waited without, much desiring an audience with her majesty on matters of deep interest. Never in her worst mood, had Mary denied herself to the good prelate. Firm in her friendship as she was, bitter in her enmities, she ever held him in reverence and affection, and when he entered her oratory, she arose to meet him, and for a moment the cloud of ill humor departed from her brow.

There was no witness to the interview between Cardinal Pole and his mistress, but it lasted more than an hour, and when he left the oratory, those who observed the good old man closely, saw that he was deeply pained, if not indignant, but whatever had passed, it seemed decisive, for, without a moment's delay, the old man descended to the body of retainers whom he had left mounted in the grounds, his tread somewhat firmer than usual, and his crimson robes sweeping the marble as he passed along. His servitors remarked that he mounted his mule as if unconsciously rejecting their wonted respectful assistance, and urged him toward London with a pace more rapid than he had ever been known to ride before.

CHAPTER V.

For many anxious minutes did John Copley gaze down upon the pale face of his child, as it lay nestled in his bosom, so helpless and death-like. He was destitute of means to aid her, so he sat down upon his dun-

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geon floor, and folded her in his arms, gently as a shepherd might foster a pet lamb which the storm had stricken down. He was a prisoner, with no hope which could lead him away from death, still there was something like pleasure at his heart, as he felt the cold cheek of his gentle one pressed against it. If they were to die, it would be together, and it seemed to the strong-hearted man a mercy, that he might guard the spirit of his child like a blossom newly cropped, and place it, pure as when it sprang from thence, once more in the bosom of her mother, when they should all meet in Heaven. With his large hand he put back the golden hair from her forehead, and bending his cheek upon it, waited quietly 'till it grew warm again with returning life. At last he felt the arm which was about his neck, tighten its clasp, and a broken sob come to the reddening lips.

"God's blessing rest upon thee, my child; how fares it with thee now," said the good man, soothingly.

Alice lifted her head, but faintly, and in tears, for now that she was with her father, she felt weak and helpless as a babe. It seemed as if all her sufferings during the last twenty-four hours, had happened weeks since; her mind turned back upon them dreamily, and after a little time she wept herself to sleep upon her father's cloak, which he spread in a corner of his ample prison room, for, as yet, no couch had been provided for him, and he seemed utterly forgotten by those who held him in charge.

When Alice awoke, the grey light of morning fell softly through the grated window of her prison; her father still kept his patient watch by her side, and smiled upon her cheeringly as she rose to her elbow, and looked about the room, bewildered, and, as yet, scarcely conscious of her forlorn condition.

"Thou hast been blest with a long and sweet sleep, my Alice," said her fellow prisoner, "though on a couch somewhat of the hardest."

"Are you with me, father?" replied the yet dreaming girl, and with a faint smile she sat up, and covering her eyes, seemed striving to collect her thoughts. "Father," she said, at last, but without uncovering her eyes—

"What, my child?"

"How many days is it since all this happened? I mean since we were all happy together, down by the little lake?"

"One day, only one, my Alice."

"Alas, father, how much of sorrow can be crowded into one single day," said the young creature, looking mournfully into her companion's face. "Can it be only a little more than thirty hours since we could look up to the blue sky, and feel the free wind leaping amid the trees—since we were all free both of limb and will. I should think it had been a year."

"And so it is, if we measure time by events," replied her father, dropping into the train of thought which was gradually leading her mind from the state of apathy into which terror and fatigue had thrown it. "The stride of oppression with us, will be quick and fatal; a few hours ago, and we sat, as you say, beneath the pure stars which God has planted in the sky, to shine alike upon the just and the unjust. To-day we are here, helpless and in prison—to-morrow—"

"What of to-morrow?" inquired the gentle girl, looking anxiously up as her father hesitated to speak.

"To-morrow," replied John Copley, taking her hand, and clasping it gently in his, "to-morrow, my child, we may be with your mother."

"It was a kindly way of telling that young creature she must die. She almost smiled to hear it, and when she looked into her father's eyes, and saw them filled with solemn and tranquil light, she forgot all that must be suffered before death, and her heart grew strong with pleasant thoughts of Heaven. All at once a painful apprehension shot like an arrow through her mind. With a slight start, she again looked up, but her soft eyes had become keen with sudden fear.

"What troubles thee, Alice? art thou afraid to die?" She did not answer. "Speak, my child, and say if this fear be of the soul, or only a shrinking of the natural body from the fiery gate through which thou and I must pass into Heaven."

"Life is very sweet, and I am young to die," murmured the sorrowing girl, "but when you tread the dark valley and shadow of death, I shall not shrink from your side. Yet methinks there is one living for whom my spirit would mourn even in Paradise. When our sojourn here is ended, father, will *he* bear us company to the place of our rest?"

"Francis Huntly is in the hands of God, and his time may not be yet," replied Copley, "but bethink thee, my gentle child, how trifling is the span of human life, compared to eternity. Though we pass hence to-day, and he remain on earth the three score years and ten allotted to man, it will seem but a moment ere he joins us in that place of rest where time is unknown."

Alice buried her face in her hands, and remained silent for several moments; Copley thought that she was weeping, but after a time she lifted her head, and her features were composed though still sorrowful. "Do not fear me," she said; "I have strength to bear my appointed task."

She would have spoken farther, but a noise of bolts withdrawn heavily from their sockets, and the harsh sound of a key working in its rusty lock, arrested the words on her lips. She had scarcely time to look toward the dungeon door, when it swung open, and a man, whom she remembered to have seen before, as in a dream, entered the room, while two or three persons, who appeared to be under-keepers, stood grouped in the dark passage without the entrance.

Alice drew close to her father, and nestled her hand in his, as the man approached; her heart beat painfully, and the slight color that had returned to her lips, died entirely away. The man seemed utterly unconscious of her agitation. Human suffering was so familiar to him, that he really did not observe it when so noiselessly expressed.

"We have received orders to place your daughter in another room," he said, addressing Copley in a tone which he strove to render somewhat more courteous

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than usual, for there was a quiet dignity about the prisoners which awed even his hard nature.

Copley bowed his head in silent acquiescence, but his countenance was convulsed, and in his eye there was a look of agony such as springs only from a strong heart, subdued by a stronger will. The trembling little hand which clung to his, seemed to rob his iron frame of its might. The keeper had scarcely crossed the floor, when his prisoner beckoned with his hand that he should come no nearer.

"Go, my child," he said, in a low choked voice, bending over the trembling young creature, who clung imploringly to his arm. "We cannot resist, and wherefore should we attempt it. Nay, loose thy hold, lest my own strength fail."

With a painful effort Alice checked the convulsive sob that sprang to her lips, and withdrawing her hand from its grasp on her father's, sunk to her knees at his feet.

"Father, give me thy blessing before I go."

The broken pathos of her voice arrested even the keeper who was advancing to bear her away. Copley laid his hand upon her head, and his voice rang solemnly through the dungeon.

"May the God of Heaven and of earth bless thee, oh, my child," and with these words John Copley bent down, pressed a kiss upon the forehead of his child, and motioned the keeper to take her away.

Alice was conducted through many a winding passage dark as her own forebodings, to an apartment even more gloomy than that occupied by her father. The dim light which struggled through a grated window, far up in the wall, died amid the cobwebs and dust which had hung there for ages, without shedding one ray upon the floor beneath. A small iron lamp, however, threw its light over a bed, and a portion of the apartment, rendering the remainder more gloomy by filling it with shadows. A couple of rude stools, with a bed, composed all the furniture in the room, and they seemed to have been brought there recently, and miserable as they were, for her accommodation.

It was a sad, gloomy place, but poor Alice was heartsick at parting with her father, and it mattered little to her how or where she was placed. When left alone in this dreary apartment, she sat down on one of the stools, and with her eyes fixed on the floor, strove to collect her scattered energies to meet the day of trial which she felt to be very near at hand. When with her father, she had relied on him for strength and protection, she had never, in her whole life, been taught to act for herself, he had ever been at hand to advise and lead her in the path of duty. Now she was alone, with no human arm to depend on for succor, no human voice to pity or cheer the deep solitude of her prison room. Still her spirit grew strong, and amid her utter destitution, she was tranquil. The bitterness of death seemed over when she was taken from the bosom of her parent.

"Now," she murmured, meekly folding her hands, and looking upward, "I have done with earth and earthly things; be thou, oh, father of mercies, my guide and support."

It was strange that it should have been so, but as Alice uttered this petition, a bunch of flowers dropped from the bosom of her robe. Amid all her agony of spirit and energy of motion, they had rested in her bosom, to start forth when her heart was soaring toward Heaven, and draw it back to earthly things again. She took the blossoms from the floor where they had fallen, and for the first time, began to reflect on the manner in which they had come into her possession. Who could have placed them on the table in her room at Windsor? Not Francis Huntly; he was in no frame of mind for idle gallantries when she last met him in the closet of Friar Joseph. Not her father; he, alas! was a prisoner long before those flowers met her eye, and at that time, their leaves were bright with dew. She had scarcely observed it there, but in her dungeon solitude, it became a matter of thought which would not leave her mind. The blossoms each moment became more precious; they seemed to her aroused fancy, sweet, silent companions, sent to cheer her solitude; drooping and withered, but more fragrant from that very cause. Perhaps even yet their brief bloom might be preserved to outlast the life warming the bosom on which they had withered; it was a sad thought, but still she cherished it.

Upon one of the stools stood a pitcher of water and some bread. She was athirst, but drank sparingly of the water, that enough might be left to cherish her treasure. The flowers were bound by a crimson riband, somewhat broader than seemed necessary for the support of things so frail, and after placing them in the pitcher, Alice still held the riband twined in her fingers. All at once she became conscious that some other and less pliant substance was attached to the silk, and bending down to the lamp, found a narrow slip of parchment lining half its length. There was writing upon it, but the characters were so delicately traced, that it seemed almost impossible to make them out by the dim light. She was crouching over the slender blaze with the parchment held so unsteadily in her trembling hand, that the words traced thereon seemed floating beneath her eyes, when footsteps smote along the passage, and stopped before her prison door.

Alice started to her feet, thrust the riband into her bosom, and stood gazing upon the entrance of her dungeon with burning cheeks and brilliant eyes, like a wounded gazelle, awaiting the death arrow. The door opened, and King Philip entered her prison. A cry of fear burst from the poor girl when she recognized her persecutor, but without heeding it, Philip moved forward. She stood trembling in his presence, when another person glided softly through the door, and disappeared like a shadow in a dark corner of the room. In the imperfect light, Alice could not distinguish his features even when nearest the lamp, but he was of diminutive size, and both in air and dress, like the Spanish page. Philip stood with his back toward the entrance, and the person, whoever he was, passed in unobserved, except by Alice. She believed the intruder to be the page, and felt a sense of comfort and protection in his presence.

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Philip advanced close to the shrinking prisoner, and would have taken her hand, but she drew back, and in a trembling voice, entreated to be left alone.

"Nay, fair lady," said the bold man, glancing carelessly around the dungeon, "this place does not seem so inviting that I shall wish to stay longer than needful. By our Lady! the Queen provides but sorry lodgings for so much beauty, but it shall be thy own fault if they be not speedily replaced with such as even she has never known. One smile, most lovely maiden, to prove my homage to thy matchless beauty may hereafter meet its reward, and this very hour I will place thee outside this dismal pile, where thou may'st flaunt the haughty woman at will, even in her own palace, and she shall not dare to resent it."

Alice drew back once more, for he would have taken her hand. The indignant blood rushed to her cheek, and she again entreated, nay, commanded him to depart.

"Nay, haughty damsel, I *must* be heard now! My sour-tempered Queen has clipped those pretty wings, and given thee a cage somewhat of the closest, so thou hast no green covert to fly to, as in the park at Windsor."

"True, I am a prisoner, and very helpless," said Alice, with sorrowful indignation. "If you will persecute me thus, I have no redress, but remember, nothing but unjust bondage could detain me a moment in your presence. I cannot appeal to your princely honor, that has been so often basely violated, but if one feeling of manhood lives yet in your heart, leave me alone, that I may prepare for the death to which your wicked pursuit has consigned me."

"Say not that, sweet damsel," and for a moment Philip's brow flushed at the truth of her reproach. "If my too ardent love has driven thee to this sad state, it can make atonement. Consent but to look less scornfully upon me, and I will even yet compel the ireful Queen to set thee at liberty, and will bear thee far from her malice, to a land more lovely than thou hast yet dreamed of. Beneath the bright skies, and amid the orange groves of Spain thou wilt learn more lenity for my true passion, and thy life shall be like that of an eastern bird, bright with music and love. Nay, do not answer me yet," he added hastily, for the lips on which he gazed began to tremble with a host of scornful feelings. "Think but one moment on the alternative—a dungeon, dark and dreary like this—solitude for a few hours, and those hours filled with a dread of the death which will most surely come—for on thy own confession of heresy has the Queen condemned thee already. Then the mob of hooting men who will crowd about to gaze on the beauty of that form—to mock at its agony, as it writhes and struggles amid the hot flames—"

"Monster!" Philip started, for the voice which uttered the single word, was not like that of the wretched young creature who stood firmly before him, her face resolute in its expression, but white as marble. Yet it could be no other who had spoken. Terror at the painful picture he had drawn, might have changed her voice even as it had her features, but a moment of dead silence reigned throughout the dungeon as this conjecture passed through his mind. Alice turned her glittering eyes toward the corner whence the sound came. All was dark as midnight, but something was there, motionless, and more palpably black even than the shadows. Her first impulse was to spring forward and claim protection from the human being whom she knew to be shrouded in the gloom, but Philip spoke again, and with the impatience of a heart tortured beyond its powers of endurance, she turned upon him.

"Inhuman man," she exclaimed, and her voice did indeed sound unnatural—"even that—the crowd, the sneer—torture, and hot flames can I endure, rather than the mockery of thy base love; leave me—once more I entreat, command, that you leave me!"

"I will *not* leave thee to a fate so dreadful. In thine own despite thou shalt yet be taught to return a love which is no mockery; which is consuming my heart. Listen to me, thou sweet obstinate; never before this—never again can my heart know a passion such as it feels for thee. All that I have ever proved before, was indeed but a shadow to the intense love thy matchless beauty has inspired.

Philip had moved his position while speaking, and as the last words left his lips, Alice saw a pale face, shaded by a cloud of black feathers, gleaming in the dim light, a few paces behind him. It remained stationary a moment, and disappeared. Again it met her gaze, gliding like a shadow through the prison door. Directly King Philip was startled from his iniquitous suit by a noise in the passage, as of some heavy body falling upon the floor. He went out, and lo, prone upon the hard flags lay the Spanish page. He had fallen on his face close by the entrance of the dungeon. His cap lay a few paces off, and his dark curls swept the stones in scattered masses.

In order that his interview with the prisoner should be uninterrupted, Philip had dismissed all the keepers from the neighborhood of her dungeon, but secure in his ignorance of the language through which his conversation must be held, he had suffered the boy to remain in the passage. On seeing the condition of his favorite, the Prince lifted him from the floor with a touch of natural compassion, and carrying him into Alice's dungeon, looked anxiously round for some means of restoring him to life. Alice came forward and would have assisted him, but Philip put her hastily away, and kneeling by the pitcher flung the withered flowers across the room, and thrusting his hand into the water, dashed it profusely over the white face lying cold as death upon his knee. There was concern, and something almost like sorrow in the proud man's face as he was thus kindly occupied, and when all his efforts seemed in vain, he looked pained, and anxiously bending over the suffering boy, murmured in Spanish, what, by their intonation seemed words of familiar endearment. But all his efforts failed to bring back one ray of life to those deathly features. The lips remained white, the long black eyelashes lay motionless, and one little hand fell

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languid and pale upon the floor. The Prince at last ceased his exertions, and again murmured in Spanish; but this time his voice was broken with what seemed to be a passionate burst of grief. He believed the boy dead, and even Alice Copley was, for the time, forgotten. The heart of that bad man was at length touched.

The page at last gave signs of life, but it was evidently no common swoon that oppressed him, for he revived with pain, and his breath seemed choking him. Alice impulsively stooped to unfasten the doublet from his neck, but again Philip put her away, and with his own hands undid the fastenings, but without removing any portion of the dress.

At last the boy opened his eyes and murmured something in Spanish which sounded like the very words which Philip himself had used. They received no reply, however, and as life and strength returned to his charge, Philip resumed his old manner; nay, he even seemed angry with the boy for being ill, and took him from the room before he seemed able to support himself.

Alice heard the door secured after her persecutor, and waited 'till his footsteps died in the passage, before she dared to draw forth the slip of parchment again. She could only make out the first line—

"Be resolute in your duty, and fear nothing; not a hair of your head shall be injured. Remain firm—"

A few more words followed, but dew had fallen over them from the flowers, and they were blotted out!

To be continued.

Original.

TO A SOUTHERN LADY.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

Oh! bright be thy home on that far distant shore,
Where the glad flowers bloom every month in the year;
Where the south winds come whispering the green vallies o'er,
And the joy-weeping dew-spirit drops its big tear.

When the day-god shall sink amidst islands of roses,
And moonlight shall shame with its radiance the day;
And the zephyr's soft wing on the bright stream reposes,
Think, sweet lady, think on the friend that's away.

Oh, think on the heart that throbbed for thee alone—
Those songs which we sung, (oh! the memory is dear!)
By that sweet winding river, e'en now the low tone
Of its lone breathing waves softly melt on my ear!

In your bright sunny south, where the birds ever sing
Their wild notes of love, 'mid the forests so green;
And nature has breathed an eternal sweet spring,
As she walks through her bowers of glorious sheen.

You'll remember, sweet one, when the twilight appears,
And gloriously brilliant the eve-star comes forth,
There are those who are looking through memory's tears,
And watching with thee from the cold distant north.

Sweet lady, farewell! we may meet never more,
But the tear-drop that falls is now telling to me,
That bright hours of the past shall thy memory come o'er,
And 'twere Heaven to know I'm remembered by thee!

Original.

A VISIT TO MADAME CATALANI.

FROM THE FRENCH.

One beautiful Sunday in the spring of 1836, I left Florence by the gate of San Gallo, to embrace a kind invitation which had been offered to me by Madame Catalani, once the most celebrated songstress of Europe, and who now resided in a beautiful villa a few leagues from Florence, contiguous to the small village of La Loggia, once the residence of the Grand Duke, but now bearing the name of the illustrious singer. Fortunately, that day, she had consented, for some charitable purpose, to assist in the celebration of the litany of the Virgin, with her daughter, Madame Duvivier, in the village chapel.

The mass was said by a venerable priest, upwards of eighty years, and the chapel was filled with the peasantry of the surrounding country. There were also a few distinguished personages present, among whom were Monsieur and Madame Gaetan Mura, and a noble Polish exile, the Count Potocki.

Madame Catalani assisted in the worship with her magnificent voice—the same voice which had enchanted all Europe, and won for her universal admiration, but here there were no splendid audiences to do her homage, no pit of La Scala, no boxes of San Carlo, no Parisian, English, or Russian auditories, no Congress of crowned heads, but poor peasants, with open mouths, and faces of wonder, gazed on, and listened with exstasy to the Queen of song. Seldom have I beheld a sight so touching. The celebrated songstress on her bended knees at the foot of the altar, was more majestically beautiful than aught I had ever witnessed in my travels. Her eyes were superbly brilliant, and her face full of emotion. Is was beautiful to behold Semiramis, as it were, renouncing her purple robes of Babylon, to give delight to the humble inhabitants of a little Italian village, praying to the Virgin, and pouring forth her strains of melody. It was delightful, also, to listen to the litany spoken in the true Italian. At the sublime invocations in the service of Queen of Heaven—Mystic Rose—Comforter of the afflicted, etc., her enchanting voice broke forth in the most melodious tones, and was responded to by the choir of the little chapel, with great sweetness, while the harmonious *Ora pro nobis*, was given with all that natural knowledge of music, aided by correctness of ear so peculiar to the Italian character. The great artist had lost nothing of her original powers, but seized upon every passage of invocation with a warmth of expression, and a seraphic enthusiasm, that gave a charm 'till now to me unknown of the purity of poetry and prayer. The divine voice seemed, at one moment, to ascend to the skies, and the next, to descend to earth, and die away in the midst of the lowly congregation. If aught earthly had been wanting to convince me of the truth of the passage—"*that the prayer of the church shall not fall to the ground*," this would at once have established my faith in its favor.

I have been at many concerts in Italy, but certainly I have never heard one to compare with this village

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solemnity. I have since been present in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, when the divine *Miserere* has been sung—when the Pope, the Cardinals, the holy college—all that was great and grand in Rome assisted in the service, but nothing could efface from my memory that simple village offering in the La Loggia Chapel, and, assuredly, if God does listen to pure devotion—and we know it is wrong even to make it a supposition—he did lend a favorable ear to that day's devotion.

At the close of the ceremony, Madame Catalani conducted me to her villa. All Florence cannot boast of such a residence. It is situated in the midst of citron and orange trees, with one front exposed to the winter sun, and another completely shrouded by a clump of umbrageous citrons. A complete colonade surrounds the body of the building, in which are several bass reliefs by the celebrated artist, Lucca del Robbia. On entering the villa, you are seized with a delightful feeling arising from the coolness which reigns around. An atmosphere of "*opulent serenity*" is presented to the view. Secure from the mid-day sun, you behold translucent waters flowing in marble channels, on their way to the baths in different places of the grounds, and every where are pavements of marble and mosaic—all that is elegant and rich in Italian art, is brought to bear in effect, and convey to the imagination the most delicious sensations of shelter from the meridian sun. The green Venetian blinds of a hundred windows are fluttering with the breeze from the Arno, and which roams through the innumerable stairways and galleries. Wreaths of arabesques every where entwine the walls. The corridors and alcoves are laden with the fragrance from the citron and orange trees. One may imagine himself transported to some palace in which the most celebrated painters had exhausted the whole force of their imaginative faculties in gorgeous designs. From the balconies you behold an illimitable horizon of azure, and far in the distance a range of mountains, bathed in a trembling haze of glory—before you lies "*the Lady Florence*," as the city is termed, while the villas Strozzi and San Miniato on either side, give to her the appearance of an indolent nymph, stretching her arms ere she sinks into those of slumber.

A sumptuous *dejeunér* awaited us in a charming parlor contiguous to the conservatory. The priest who said mass, had been invited, but he arrived only to excuse himself for not being able to join us at table; Madame Catalani, in the most gracious manner in the Tuscan language, endeavored to prevail upon him to do so, but the old man persisted in his refusal, excusing himself on the ground that he had other religious duties to perform, and after partaking of a cup of chocolate, retired. At table we spoke much about music, and principally about the French opera, so little known in Italy, 'till the *dejeunér* being finished, each retired to stroll about the garden and the delightful grounds, while those who preferred to remain, beguiled the time with conversation or music. While wandering in the midst of a deep and shadowy grove, suddenly a mournful strain fell upon mine ear. Never had I heard any thing so sweetly melancholy; it seemed as if a choir of angels were mourning for the loss of a fallen seraph. I was at once entranced in a dream of delicious melancholy. It was Madame Catalani, singing the *Dies irae!* of the English church, that melancholy hymn which it is said was written on the marble of a sepulchre, with a branch of cypress. Never was surprize more unexpected: such is the ingenious and pleasing manner in which the hospitable hostess of the Catalani villa amuses her guests. At the finish of it I bent my steps towards the mansion, where an exquisite entertainment was awaiting the company. A profusion of the most delicious fruits and sparkling champagne, stood on magnificent tables of alabaster, and here upon the banks of the Arno, with our cups full of wine, surrounded by some of the loveliest women of Italy and France, we listened with ravishment to this celebrated funeral dirge. The breeze played through the orange trees, which, rich in blossom, shrouded the terrace. The sun descended with a languid and sorrowful aspect; a soft light played upon the windows, and a thousand shadows danced on the walls of the apartment.

All this day was one long concert. The days of Florence are made for music, and it is seldom if one finishes, before beholding the next. The piano was opened. The company arranged in the saloon, and the parts displayed on the desks. Madame Duvivier, the daughter of Madame Catalani, who possesses one of the most splendid contralto voices which Italy has ever heard, sang two duetts with her mother, one from *Norma*, and the other *la Donna del Lago la Semiramide*. At the piano was seated Madame Gaetan Murat, daughter of M. de Meneval, who was the friend of the Emperor. At every instant the visitors were arriving from Florence. The sound of wheels—the galloping of horses on the pavement of the court, the pompous announcements of the great names of the Italian aristocracy, but still nothing interrupted the music, nothing hushed the fury of the brilliant execution. The mistress of the house was Norma or Semiramis. We were in Babylon, or in the forest of Erminsul. No one disturbed himself who passed in or out of the halls; it was the beautiful passion of the art in all its divine enthusiasm. There were no forms of complaisance to the singer or the artist, no interchange of thanks and congratulations; each programme was marked for performance. The delight was not allowed to dull by the attempts at prelude and coquettish hesitation. All was conducted with spirit and true passion, *cavatina*, *cantiline polonaise*, *duo*, *trio*, *romance*, all were greedily snatched up. The piano paused not for the voice, nor the voice for the piano. Such was a musical *soiree* at the villa of Catalani.

It was, by this time, now far advanced. The golden streaks of day were circling the peaks of the distant mountains; one by one the stars were quenching their flames in the sea of morning—the dews were sparkling on the leaves of the citron and orange—the first note of the lark was heard sounding in the halls of Heaven—the company began slowly to drop away; each suited his fancy, and I, following the example, made my way to wander on the banks of the Arno. H.

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Original.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR IN WILTSHIRE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

December 28th, 1764.

It is well to let the storm, in some measure, pass over, before we look to see the desolation it has made. We all slept quietly last night; and to-day we can speak calmly of what has come upon us. We have various plans for the future. In these, the bitterest thing is, that it will be necessary for us to be separated, at least, for a time. I can think of nothing better at present, than to procure Jenny and Mary places at service in respectable families, while I go about, and endeavor to obtain a situation that will yield a support to me and my beloved ones.

Mary has nearly recovered her former cheerfulness; and talks and laughs for the purpose of diverting our thoughts. Our plans are fixed in some measure; as soon as the new vicar comes, I will instruct him in the duties of the office, and then begin my journey; meanwhile I have written to some old acquaintances in Salisbury, begging them to try and obtain places for my daughters in respectable families. Mary is willing and active; her sister is well skilled in household work, and qualified also to undertake the instruction of children.

I have determined not to leave them in this village; it is a poor place; and the people are cold, and not disposed to befriend the destitute. The talk is all now about the new vicar. Some express regret that I must go away. It may be from the heart; I do not know.

December 29th.—To-day I wrote to the Bishop, at Salisbury, and laid before him my condition, and the helplessness of my family. I informed him that I had been many years an humble laborer in the Lord's vineyard, and asked his assistance in obtaining a place. He is said to be a kind-hearted, Christian man. I have little doubt he will be disposed to help me; but I do not expect much.

December 30th.—Misfortunes thicken! I see not now what can save me from a jaol! Yes, a jaol! it is inevitable!

I feel overwhelmed; every effort to recover my former strength, to regain my fortitude, is vain. I am incapable even of inward prayer. The blow is too severe!

A prison is inevitable! Let me repeat it, 'till I familiarize my mind to the hideous thought. May Providence protect my helpless children!

Perhaps a speedy death may end my misery! My heart is crushed; my brain is fevered. I cannot write now.

* * * * * *

I am now more composed; and I hope, in a better frame of mind. I know not what fearful feelings have overcome me: I have seemed, for several hours past, in a terrible dream. My body has been cold, but my heart was burning. Now I can look more clearly on the stern reality.

Then it is true, Brooks has hanged himself. Fieldson sent for me, and informed me of the fact. He had an official paper, and a notice of my liability for the hundred pounds, for it seems Brooks left a large accumulation of debts. He was thought a rich, and an honest man: I never dreamed of his coming to such an end.

Fieldson reminded me that the cloth-merchant, Withiel, of Trowbridge, held the bond for the hundred pounds. He had cause to pity me, under such a calamity —so unexpected, too! An hundred pounds! All we have in the world, if sold, would not bring one hundred shillings! The little property my wife brought, melted away during her long illness; there is yet a piece of land at Bradford; that must be sold at a sacrifice. But all is vain; I am a beggar; and must go to jaol if Withiel is not merciful. Payment of the debt is impossible!

Evening.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to fall into despair! almost to doubt of Providence! a minister of the gospel, too! I have reason for deep humiliation.

I have done all in my power; I have written to Mr. Withiel, candidly acknowledging my utter inability to meet his claim, and leaving it in his hands, to be indulgent, or to send me to the debtor's prison. Should he be disposed to kindness, I shall be grateful to him; if not, I must submit to circumstances.

Returning from the post office, I tried to nerve myself for the task of disclosing to my children the extent of our misfortunes. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the girls bore it more manfully than the man; more resignedly than the Christian minister!

I told them of Brooks' death, of my liability for the debt, and the possible consequences. Both heard me with deep and anxious attention.

Jenny embraced me, weeping softly. "To prison!" she repeated after me. "Ah! my poor dear father! You have done no wrong—and yet you must suffer so much! But I will go myself to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withiel's feet, and entreat his mercy!"

"No, Jenny, you shall not!" cried Mary, sobbing. "He would not forgive one farthing of the debt for all your tears. Merchants have hard hearts. I will go and hire myself to him as his servant; I will live on bread and water all the days of my life, 'till I have earned money enough to pay father's debt."

We all became more calm while talking over our plans; but all could not fail to perceive how hopeless they were. At last Jenny said—"Why disturb ourselves with fruitless schemes? Let us wait Mr. Withiel's answer. If he is inexorable, let us be resigned. Go, then, to prison, my father. Perhaps you will be better there, than at liberty, amidst hardship and want. And you need not be ashamed, for you go without guilt. We will both go out to service, and with our wages buy you every thing necessary for

* From the German of Zochokke.

* Concluded from page 108.

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comfort I would not be ashamed even to be a beggar; for it is no sin to beg for my father. We will visit you as often as we can. You shall be well taken care of, and we will have no further fear."

"You are right, sister," said Mary. "We will not distress ourselves any further. I will not fear; I will be happy; as happy as I can be, while separated from you and father."

With such comforters, how could I despond? Fleetman was right when he said in parting, that I had two of Heaven's angels about me.

Sylvester Night.—The year is ended. It has been, through the favor of Heaven, a happy year, with the exception of a few storms It is true, we have sometimes had scarce enough—but we have had enough. It is true, my limited means have caused me many cares and perplexities; but even these have enhanced our enjoyment. It is true, I have not wherewithal to support life for me and my children, three months; but how many are there who know not how they shall live from one *day* to another! My present prospects are poor enough; but if the worst comes, as Jenny says, I shall know God watches over me, even in a prison!

No outward calamity can destroy the comfort of a good conscience; no favors of fortune can give peace, when the soul is troubled with remorse. I have cause to be very thankful!

He who knows how to want, is rich. He who is indifferent to worldly honors or contempt, hath indeed a good report. I understand our blessed gospel better from day to day, since I have learned in the school of adversity. The learned men of Oxford and Cambridge, write commentaries on the letter of the gospel; but teach not so much of its spirit.

Thus I close this year. I am glad I have kept a journal for many years. Every man would find it profitable to do this; for one acquires more knowledge of himself by this means, than in books of learning. He who keeps a daily record of his thoughts and feelings, may see, at the end of the year, how various are the pictures of himself. Man changes from hour to hour. He who says he knows himself, is right only in respect of the moment in which he speaks. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer, what they will be to-morrow.

A journal is also profitable, inasmuch as it teaches us confidence in Providence. More instruction may be derived from the history of one man's thoughts and feelings during twelve months, than from the general history of the world.

I have learned from past occurrences, not to be depressed by misfortune; but to look for change, when things are at their worst. When all prospers with me, I become alarmed and apprehensive, lest I be not prepared for evil; on the other hand, when I seem most to be pitied, my spirits rise, my fortitude is strengthened. Besides, inevitable evil seldom appears so formidable on a near approach, as it did when viewed at a distance. Clouds are darkest when first they appear in the horizon, and many comforts have always been mingled with my trials, which have taught me to hope with trembling, not to be the sport of expectation. Woe to him who is so! he is following an *ignis fatuus* through a marsh!

New-Year's Morning, Jan. 1st, 1765.

I have something new and surprizing to record. This morning early, at six o'clock, while I lay in bed thinking of the sermon I am to preach to-day, I heard a knocking at the front door. Mary was already in the kitchen, and hastened to see who was the visitor at such an unwonted hour. In the faint light she saw the figure of a man, who gave her a large basket, and said, "Mr. ———" (she did not hear the name,) "sends the vicar this basket, and begs he will take good care of what it contains."

Mary brought in the basket, and then knocked gently at my chamber door. When I answered, she came in, wished me good morning, and a happy new-year, and said laughing, "Father, you must confess me a prophet! Here is the Bishop's mitre I told you of!" She then informed me of what had occurred; and regretted, as much as I did, that she knew not the giver.

While she went to fetch a light and call up her sister, I hastily dressed myself. I cannot deny that I felt some curiosity; for new-year's presents had been rare things with me. My most probable conjecture was, that my friend, the farmer, had shown his good will by sending me a basket of cold provisions; but why send it so secretly, and before day?

When I came out of my room, I saw the girls standing by the table on which the basket was placed, looking as if eager to get at its contents. It was carefully sealed, though the cover was full of slits, and a paper fastened to it, addressed to me. The basket was large, and rather heavy. I lifted up the cover carefully, with Jenny's help. A fine white napkin lay over the contents; that was removed; and it is impossible to describe our astonishment when we saw, underneath, a young infant, fast asleep.

The child seemed about eight or nine weeks old, and was sleeping on a blue silken cushion covered with a quilt of silk, bordered with lace. Its cap, also, was of the finest lace. We stood a few minutes in silent amazement, 'till at length Mary burst out a laughing. Jenny seemed rather inclined to tears than laughter. She touched its soft cheek with her finger, saying, "Poor little thing, it has no mother! How cruel to abandon so helpless, innocent a creature! See, father, see, Mary, how quietly it sleeps—unconscious of its condition! We will not disturb it. I will take care of it, and be its mother."

I embraced the compassionate girl, and applauded her charitable resolution. "You are both the step-children of fortune," said I. "God proves our faith; or, rather, he commends it. We will cherish the little forsaken innocent; for though we know not how we are henceforth to earn our daily bread. He knows, who has made us parents to this orphan."

We agreed not to disturb the little foundling's slumbers, but busied ourselves in conjectures as to who its parents could be. Without doubt they knew me, for the basket was directed to me. We could arrive, how

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ever, at no satisfactory conclusion, and I devoted myself to looking over my sermon on Providence; while the girls were occupied in household affairs.

Evening.—I returned weary and exhausted from my labors. The roads were shocking; and I was obliged to walk; but my fatigue made me anticipate, with more delight, the cheerful welcome that awaited me at home. There stood the table, covered with its snow-white cloth; and upon it a flask of wine, the new-year's gift of a kind neighbor, which was refreshing indeed. And there was Jenny with the infant in her arms. Mary ran to show me the pretty bed they had found in the basket when the child awaked, with the store of baby-clothes; and a package, which had lain at the child's feet, addressed to me. I opened it eagerly, expecting to learn from whom the singular present had come. Within was a roll of twenty guineas, and the following letter:

"REVEREND SIR:—To your well known humanity and kindness the unfortunate parents of this infant are emboldened to entrust him, imploring for him your fatherly care. We may one day be enabled to show you our gratitude, when circumstances permit us to make ourselves known. In the meantime, whatever your charity may prompt you to do for him, will not fail to be seen by us. The boy's name is Alfred. He has been already christened. The twenty guineas are for the first quarter; every three months you will receive the like sum. In conclusion, we beg you to receive our child, and commend him to the kind care of your noble-hearted Jenny."

Mary was wild with joy at our unexpeeted riches; though she soon recollected that the writer of the letter might have named her with compliments, as well her sister. We read the letter over and over, and would scarce believe our eyes, when we looked at the pile of guineas. To be deliverd from want and pinching poverty so suddenly, so unexpectedly! And who could be the parents? I thought over all my acquaintance, but knew of none who could be in such circumstances, yet were able to pay so liberally for the support of their offspring. Well! I will not attempt to read the riddle.

January 2d.—Fortune loads me with her favors. This morning I received a letter enclosing twelve pounds, from Mr. Fleetman. He has paid me twelve pounds for my loan of twelve shillings. He must have succeeded beyond his expectations; indeed, he intimates that. He is too generous; and I cannot even thank him, for he has forgotten to inform me of his whereabouts. Heaven grant that my unexpected good fortune may not fill me with vain or high thoughts!

Now I have hopes of being at length able to liquidate Brooks' debt to Mr. Withiel.

My girls were delighted to hear the letter from Mr. Fleetman. Mary whispered, I know not what childish nonsense, in Jenny's ear, at which Jenny colored very much, and looked as if half angry with her sister. The young man is evidently an enthusiast; but I take his compliments with due allowance. This is part of his letter:

"When I left your house, my dear and excellent friend, I felt as if again about to quit the paternal roof for the turmoil of the world. I shall never forget my feelings while with you. Through life I shall cherish the remembrance of you, in your rich poverty—your christian humility and contentedness—your patriarchal simplicity and elevation of soul. Nor shall I forget your sweet, playful, endearing Mary; nor—I can find no word appropriate to your Jenny's loveliness. She seems to me a saint, whose touch hallows every thing earthly! I shall never forget the moment in which she gave me your loan, and spoke kind words of comfort to me. * * * * * *

"I hope, ere long, to explain every thing to you. Pray present my kindest remembrances to your lovely daughters, if they will condescend to receive them."

So he has some idea of re-visiting Crekelad! I shall be glad to see him again. Perhaps the young man, in his enthusiastic gratitude, has sent me his all, in return for the trifle I lent him! I should be very sorry for that. He appears rather used to acting from impulse; but he has undoubtedly an honest heart.

The little Alfred is already a prodigious favorite with the girls. He is indeed a sweet child. We have bought a nice cradle, and several other necessary articles. The cradle stands by Jenny's bed; and she watches over him with the tenderest care.

January 3d.—To-day the new vicar, Mr. Bleching, arrived with his lady at the inn, and sent for me. I immediately obeyed the summons. He is a fine-looking man, of pleasant manners. He informed me that it was his wish, if I agreed to it, to enter, at once, upon his duties; but that I might retain the emolument 'till Easter. I answered that I had not the least objection; and should avail myself of the opportunity for seeking other means of livelihood. Yet it was my wish to deliver a farewell sermon in the churches where I had so long preached the gospel.

This he readily agreed to, and proposed to come this afternoon to my house, to look into the condition of the dwelling, so soon to be his own. His wife accompanied him on his visit. She is, apparently, of good family, and well bred, but haughty and overbearing. Nothing was right about the house; and my daughters she scarce honored with a glance. She noticed Alfred sleeping in his cradle—(she is, herself, about to become a mother)—and turning to Jenny, said, "You are young to be married!" Poor Jenny colored, and was about to explain, when I came to her aid. Mrs. Bleching heard me through with great attention, then put on an incredulous look, and shrugged her shoulders. This behavior I thought very unbecoming, but said nothing. I invited them to stay to tea, but the lady declined. Her husband seems completely under her sway. I need not add we were glad to be relieved from such visitors.

January 6th.—A letter from Withiel; he professes himself sorry for my embarrassments, and kindly bids me give myself no concern, at present, about Brooks' debt, as I shall have as long a time as I choose for the payment. He seems better acquainted with my circumstances than I supposed; but he alludes to them delicately. His letter has taken a great weight off my mind; and I rejoice yet more to find a man so humane and honorable. He shall not be deceived in his opinion of me. As soon as I can, I will go myself to Trowbridge, and pay him on account, the twelve pounds I received from Fleetman.

Jenny assures me her rest is never broken by little Alfred, and, indeed the child is remarkably quiet, only waking once during the night, when she gives him a drink, and he goes to sleep again. Yet I cannot help feeling some anxiety about the girl. She is not so lively as she used to be, though she insists that she is

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happier than ever. Sometimes she falls into absent fits, and sits silent, with her needle-work on her lap; and if one of us speak to her, she starts, and asks what it was we said. This, undoubtedly, comes from the interruption of her sleep, though she will not acknowledge it. I wish she could be persuaded to take some sleep during the day, but that she will not do.

It cannot be possible that her girlish head is turned by Fleetman's praises! She asked me for his letter, to read, and has not given it back to me. There it lies in her work-basket. Perhaps she has forgotten it.

January 8th.—My farewell sermon was heard with tears by my parishioners. I did not know they loved me half so well. From all of them I hear expressions of affection and regret, and many have loaded me with presents. My house has never been so full of good things of all kinds, as it is now. We overflow with abundance. But I can readily dispose of what we do not need. I know many poor families in the village, and Jenny knows more than I do. These shall be made happy with us.

I could not deliver my farewell sermon without deep emotion. It was written with many tears. I am quitting what has hitherto been my world, my business, my pursuit in life. I am thrust out of the vineyard like a useless servant; yet have I labored therein, not as an hireling; I have planted some promising vines, and pruned many. I am driven from the field of my labors, where I have wrought with care and hope and honest zeal, and fervent prayer. I have sought the bed of the sick, and shrunk not from fatigue, so I might administer strength, and comfort, and holy hope to the dying. I have warned sinners to turn from their evil ways; I have filled the destitute with joy; I have led back the lost to the way of life. All this I say without pride; these souls are knit to mine with the strongest ties, and now that tie is broken. Why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Most gladly would I ask the favor of Dr. Snarr, to allow me to remain, and perform the vicar's duty without salary, had not my successor already entered upon his office! I am used to poverty and hardship from my childhood; I should not fear them, now that I have enough, and more than enough, with the money sent and promised with Alfred, to keep me and my daughters from want. We could be happy, and lay by enough for days of sickness or adversity. I would never more complain of wind and weather, however often and severely they beat upon my grey head, were I only privileged still to preach the word of God to my dear parishioners!

But that may not be; and I will not murmur. The tears that fall upon this sheet are not tears of repining discontent. I have never prayed for riches or prosperity, nor do I pray for them now. But oh, Lord! let not thy servant be dismissed entirely from Thy service, while he has yet strength to wait on Thee! Grant that I may again enter into Thy vineyard, and with Thy blessing, win souls!

January 13th.—I have to record the particulars of my journey to Trowbridge. I arrived late at night, and much fatigued with walking, at the good old town, and actually overslept myself next morning at the inn. When I had dressed myself in clean clothes—(I think I have not made a better appearance since my wedding-day, so carefully had Jenny prepared my best suit!)—I left the inn, and went to Mr. Withiel's residence. He lives in a large and handsome house.

He received me, at first, rather coldly; but when I informed him who I was, he invited me to walk into his office. Here I thanked him for his kindness towards me; and related the circumstances under which I became surety for Brooks, with matters that had taken place since. I then counted out the twelve pounds, my first payment, and laid them on the table.

Mr. Withiel looked at me with a smile, and seemed moved. At length he reached me his hand, shook mine cordially, and said, "My dear sir, I am better acquainted with you than you think, though I have never seen you before. I know you for an honest man. Take back your twelve pounds; I cannot receive them from you; let me rather add something." He went into an adjoining room, and fetched thence a paper. "You know this," said he; "here is your own hand writing—your signature to the bond of security. I make it a present to you and your daughters." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hands.

I could not speak, overcome with surprize and gratitude. My eyes were wet. Mr. Withiel saw that I was endeavoring to thank him, and said, "Not one word more, my dear sir! that is the only way in which I will suffer you to thank me. Indeed, I have done nothing wonderful; I would freely have forgiven poor Brooks the debt, had he spoken openly to me."

Ought it not to rejoice the heart of a Christian to see the fruits of his faith in such men? Truly it did mine. Mr. Withiel then introduced me to his wife and his son, and insisted upon sending for my bundle of clothes from the inn, and having me for a guest while I remained in town. His hospitality was princely. So unaccustomed am I to splendid furniture, that I hardly knew how to make use of what I saw.

The next day my kind friend sent me back to Crekelad in his carriage. I prayed for blessings upon my benefactor. My girls wept for joy, when I showed them the torn bond, and joined with me in thankfulness that so heavy a burden of care was thus unexpectedly removed from my heart.

January 16th.—This day has been truly remarkable; I shall never forget it, nor cease to be thankful, I trust, for all the blessings bestowed upon me.

We were together this morning; Alfred in his cradle, which Mary rocked while she read, and Jenny sewing by the window. Suddenly she started up, and became pale as death. We asked what was the matter. "He is coming," she replied; and the next instant Fleetman entered.

He wore an elegant travelling suit, and looked remarkably well. We all greeted him cordially; he embraced me, kissed Mary, and begged Jenny's pardon, while he kissed her hand, for the fright he had caused her.

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I bade the girls bring out wine and cold meats, to entertain my guest and friend in rather better style than before; but he declined my invitation, having left, he said, his company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's entreaty he changed his mind, and consented to stay and lunch with us.

When he spoke of his "company," supposing, of course, he meant a theatrical company, I asked if they expected to play here in the village, adding, that it was too poor a place to hope for much encouragement. Fleetman laughed, and said, "We will act a piece or so, but it shall be without pay." Mary was delighted to hear this; she had always wished, she said, to see a play. She told the news to Jenny, who just then came in with the tray of refreshments.

"Have you many actors in your company, Mr. Fleetman?" asked Mary. He replied, "Only a gentleman and his wife, but they are both excellent performers,"

Jenny looked unusually grave. As she set down the things on the table, she asked, looking towards Fleetman, "And you, sir—are you going to perform?"

I thought there was some sadness in her voice. The young man seemed to think so too. He did not answer for a moment; then stepping nearer to her, he said almost in a whisper, "That, dear Miss Jenny, depends upon you."

My daughter looked down and blushed deeply, but made no reply; and I confess I was rather at a loss to know what he meant. Indeed, the embarrassment seemed general, 'till Mary put an end to it by some sprightly remark, and we sat down to table. Fleetman poured out some wine, and asked my eldest daughter to drink with him. She did so, and he seemed, at once, to recover his vivacity. When we rose from table, our guest went to the cradle, and asked many questions about little Alfred. I related the circumstances of my singular new-year's present, and my vain conjectures as to who had sent it.

"I can give you some information respecting that," said he. "The new-year's present came from me."

"From you!" exclaimed I and the girls in a breath.

"Yes, from me; and now, my dear friend, it is time to let you into the mystery. I am no comedian, but a baronet, and my name is Cecil Fayrford. My sister and myself have been long kept wrongfully from the estate we inherited from our late father, by an uncle, who made some difficulty about the will, and involved us in a lawsuit. We have lived, 'till very recently, on a little property left us by our mother. My sister suffered much from the tyranny of our uncle, who was her guardian. He had promised her in marriage to one of his friends; whereas she was betrothed to the son of Lord Sandom, whose father, meanwhile, was bent on forcing his son to wed a rich heiress he had in view. The lovers, persecuted as they were, resolved on a private union; and shortly after, their marriage was solemnized without the knowledge of either my uncle or Lord Sandom.

"Alfred is their son. My sister went, under my protection, to reside in a country place, where she could have the benefit of sea bathing, as her health was delicate. I engaged to provide for her infant's being taken care of. I had heard—you will wonder at this—of the Christian virtues of a certain vicar of Crekelad—virtues which shone in obscurity and poverty. I came hither with the express purpose of seeing and proving you. Will you pardon my stratagem? I ascertained that I had not been deceived in your character, and that I might safely trust you with the care and education of my little nephew.

"Fortune took a turn sooner than we expected. My sister did not return to my uncle's house; but we shortly had the satisfaction of hearing that the suit was decided in our favor, and we restored to our rightful possession; and within a few days the news came that old Lord Sandom was dead. His son immediately made known his marriage, and came to claim his wife. There is now no need of keeping Alfred's birth a secret. His parents have come to take him with them; I have come to take you away also, if you have no objections.

"The situation of Rector of ———, is in the gift of my family, whose representative I am; and it is now vacant. It is worth two hundred pounds a year, besides the tithes. You, my dear friend, have lost your place. Will you take this, and remove into our neighborhood?"

God alone knows what I felt at these words—at thus seeing a field open for my labors, with provision so far beyond my necessities or merits. I felt tears coming in my eyes, and could only press my benefactor's hand. Mary embraced me joyfully; Jenny snatched the baronet's hand, and kissed it; but he was gone before we could find words to thank him.

In less than half an hour he returned, bringing with him Lord Sandom and his lady, a lovely young creature, who, without heeding us, ran to the cradle where the child lay, kneeled down and kissed his fair cheeks, and wept tears of deep emotion. Her husband raised her, and begged her to be composed. She then apologized to us for her odd behavior, and thanked me most feelingly for the care I had taken of her boy. Turning to Mary, she repeated her expressions of obligation; but the lively girl disclaimed them, and pointing to Jenny, who stood by the window, said, "My sister, there, is the boy's mamma!"

Lady Sandom went up to my eldest daughter, and looked at her a moment in silence; then with a smiling glance at her brother, she took Jenny's hand kindly. The poor girl seemed abashed at being the object of so much gratitude. "I cannot thank you," said Lady Sandom, "so warmly as a mother's heart prompts me to do. But I wish, lovely Jenny, that you would take me for a sister. Here is my poor brother;" the Baronet came nearer as she spoke; "will you not take pity on him, and let me be really your sister?"

Jenny answered, blushing, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Do not be unkind to him, then; if you but knew how he loves you!"

The Baronet took my daughter's hand and kissed it. She tried to draw it away. "Will you make me unhappy?" asked he. "I shall be wretched without this hand." Jenny suffered him to keep it, and leading her

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to me, the Baronet asked me to receive and bless him as my son.

"My daughter!" cried I, "you are, perhaps, at this moment, bewildered, as I am. Collect yourself, and answer, as to a most solemn question. Can you love this young man? Consent not to wed him, unless you can love him!"

Jenny could find no words to reply, but the glance she gave the Baronet, when I thus spoke, and her trustful look towards me, quite satisfied me that she thought him worthy of her affections; and I invoked the blessing of Heaven upon their union.

The delight of all parties, and the childish glee of my youngest daughter, in prospect of the approaching wedding, I cannot attempt to describe, nor my own feelings for the rest of the day. My heart is too full of happiness. I hope, in a day or two, to be in a more serene frame of mind.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in London, about 1772.* This circumstance is mentioned, because it is barely possible that the accomplished writer may have taken the first idea of his entertaining work from a fragment of the "Journal of a Vicar in Wiltshire," which had, in 1766, been published in the British Magazine. It was there stated to be a faithful history, and it is evident, owed little to the embellishment of fancy. I cannot find that any more of the Journal has been published; probably the humble-minded Vicar was solely induced to present this extract to the world, by the consideration that the story of this marvellous event in his life—in all likelihood the only event worth recording—would be fraught with instruction to those who read it.

* According to Goldsmith's Life, prefixed to his miscellaneous works, complete in one volume—the Vicar of Wakefield appeared in 1766.

Original.

THE TWO CUPIDS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

O'ER mortal hearts two Cupids reign,
  Of both was Venus mother;
In olden days but *one* could chain,
Though worldlings now the second feign,
  Is mightier than his brother.

The younger, whom men latest knew,
  To earth belongs, not Heaven;
Bright eyes hath he, and keen their view,
A lip so sweet you'd deem it true,
  And wings to him are given.

With Beauty's locks he plumes his dart,
  But, some say, ofter far,
With gold entwined his arrows part,
For such more surely pierce the heart,
  Yet leave behind no scar.

This breath from Heaven the other drew,
  And still he rules on high;
His voice can hearts of steel subdue,
And false his light shaft never flew,
  Though sightless in his eye.

They err, who deem this god hath wings,
  Or Time, his claims can sever,
Round changeless souls his bond he flings,
And, where his myrtle branch once springs,
  It lives and blooms for ever!

Original.

MY LOST FATHER.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

SACRED the hour, when thou, my sainted father,
  Wast of thy worn-out, sinking clay undressed
Gently, by his pale hand, who comes to gather
  Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.

Noiseless, and clear, and holiest of the seven,
  That day when thy last earthly sun went down.
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in Heaven,
  Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hushed was the evening—not a zephyr swelling,
  Heaved the tree blossom or the woodbine-leaves;
Silent, the bird that sang about thy dwelling,
  Slept where she nestled, close beneath its eaves.

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
  When time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While death's cold touch life's silver cord untwining,
  Brought his chill night-dews on thy reverend head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
  Here didst thou linger 'till one Sabbath o'er;
'Twas holy time—thy pure heart stilled its beating;
  Pain, work and warfare, were to thee no more.

Meet hour for one obedient, meek and lowly,
  Wont the command—the day of Heaven to keep,
Called, at its evening to the High and Holy,
  Calmly in Jesus thus to fall asleep.

Sweetly thy form, that seemed a blissful dreamer,
  Told by its features how the spirit smiled,
Through the dark shadowy vale, by thy Redeemer
  Led to His kingdom like a little child.

Nature's full hand, that on thy natal morning,
  Clothed earth to greet thee in the flowers of May,
Brought them renewed, thy burial-spot adorning,
  When four-score years and ten had rolled away.

Now has the robin, by thy window flying,
  Off from thy home, where late she built her nest,
Leading her young to where thy dust is lying,
  Taught them to sing a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
  Faithful—re-wedded to its only bride;
And there your latest-born, my younger brother,
  Your fond hearts' care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel father, over Jordan's water,
  Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore where lonely stands thy daughter,
  Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
  May not be granted to her mortal sight,
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
  Smoothing its pillow 'till that mournful night?

For, here so oft a painful path of duty,
  Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod,
They have passed up to meet the King in beauty;
  And, oh! thy blessed eyes in peace see God.

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Original.

THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

After a residence of some months in Italy, I was on the eve of departing for Paris, having feasted my eyes upon the various wonders in the land of the Cæsars, still there was one which I regretted not having seen more than all the others. This was no less than a brigand—a *bona fide* brigand, about which personages so many tales have been told, ballads sung, and dramas founded. So anxious was I to behold one of these romantic gentlemen, that I almost was tempted to make an excursion into the mountains, and at the hazard of my liberty if not my life, scrape an acquaintance with a Massaroni or a Rinaldo Rinaldini. How far I would have carried my purpose into effect, I cannot answer, as it was anticipated by my beholding "*the last of the Brigands*," as Cooper beheld "*the last of the Mohicans*."

I had halted at Civitta Vecchia, with some other travellers, and sought accommodation at the only habitable hotel of the city, but with my usual luck, I found the house completely full, and the contents of the larder consumed by five English families, who had arrived about some two hours previous. Weary, hungry, and out of spirits, I requested to be shown to a couch, so that I might, at least, forget my disappointments, in slumber; but in this I was likewise unsuccessful; the last had been given up to an admiral, and "they could give me no bed," so said a pretty Italian servant maid. "*N'mporte*," I cried; "in that case, I imagine I shall have to take the ground for my couch, and the sky for my covering," and I was about withdrawing from the hotel.

"No, no, sir," interposed the host, "you shall, at least, have shelter, but you must content yourself for some hours, until I can make accommodation for you."

"Willingly!" I replied, "and in the meantime I can view 'the Lions' of your city. Pray what is worthy of observation in Civitta Vecchia?"

"Nothing at all, sir, nothing at all, unless you can procure admission to the citadel. There you will see the famous Gasperoni and his band, the terror of Terracina, and the Pontine Marshes."

"Enough, my good friend," I cried, in exstacy, finding, when least expected, the wish of my heart about being gratified; "enough; say no more. From whom can I procure this admission?"

"If you call upon your Consul, I have no doubt but he will at once oblige you."

I was not long in doing so. He received me politely, and handing me an order for admission, desired a soldier of the Pope, who was in attendance, to wait upon and conduct me to the citadel.

The citadel of Civitta Vecchia was erected under the superintendance of Michael Angelo, who was as excellent an architect as he was an artist. It is ornamented with statues, and designs in fresco. Large bastions overhang the sea which washes its base, and all betokens its construction to be of the most durable material and workmanship. The place, however, is almost left to defend itself. There are only a few soldiers, and some rusty cannon, for its guardians, but these are more for show than substance. The principal defence consists in the pontifical escutcheon nailed against the door, which is regarded with respect, fear, and veneration.

On our road, the officer spoke of Gasperoni, informing me that he had committed as many as forty-five assassinations with his own hand. "There is something," said he, "which always makes me shudder when I stand in the presence of this horrible bandit. He has desolated, in seventeen years, the whole country around, slaying, burning, and destroying, but listen, and I will tell you one of his most terrible acts.

"A few years since, an English nobleman, with his daughter, a young female of great personal attractions, was stopped, on his way to Naples, by Gasperoni, who took from him his gold, and every article of value, and then permitted him to depart, but detained the daughter, whom he carried off with him into the mountains, until such time as the father would send a ransom for her. The unhappy nobleman, on his arrival in Rome, foolishly set a price upon the head of the Brigand. The indignation of Gasperoni was roused against the aristocratical pretensions of the Englishman, in daring to set a price upon the head of such an *illustrious chief*, who had declared war against the Pope, and in fifteen different battles subdued the pontifical dragoons. 'It was an insolence,' the brigand said, 'he could not suffer,' and, accordingly, one morning the nobleman received a small box addressed to him, which, on opening, he found, to his horror, to contain the head of his daughter."

At this recital I started back several steps. I almost repented that I had sought admittance to the citadel; it was like entering a den of tigers; nevertheless, my curiosity was aroused, and having reached the fortress, I made bold to venture within its walls.

To our left rose a high bastion, mounted with several rusty cannon, which overlooked and commanded a spacious court, in which some twenty or thirty brigands were walking listlessly about. By a flight of steps we descended. At our entrance, they all stopped short, and saluted us with awkward politeness. I returned their courtesy, but felt by no means at ease in the midst of such sanguinary guests. We regarded each other for some time, without speaking, 'till, at length, I ventured to inquire for their chieftain, *Gasperoni*. All of them at once pointed to a man who stood in the door of what appeared a little apartment. He deigned not to advance, but contented himself by saluting me with an air of stoical indifference. A conversation I feared would be difficult to establish, and assuming an air of *nonchalance*, which I had by no means in my heart, I said, "Well, Gasperoni, I trust that you find yourself comfortable in this citadel?"

"As well as any one can, where there is no true freedom!" he answered, shrugging up his shoulders, which was with him a continual habit.

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"But you could easily, I think, obtain it, if you thought it worth your while. You are, comparatively, quite unguarded."

"True, signor, but myself and comrades have pledged our word to remain here until such time as the Pope shall grant our pardon; he has also promised us liberty, but he seems to have forgotten it," and shrugging his shoulders again, and crossing his arms, dropped his head upon his bosom.

The guide drew me aside into a corner of the court, and said, "I will explain all that has past, signor. Gasperoni had become tired of the life he had led for fifteen years among the mountains. One day, when confessing to the curate of a village, he informed him it was his wish to abandon the calling of a brigand, and requested his advice how to obtain pardon for his crimes. The priest promised to write to the Pope, and endeavor to further his wish, and, if possible, procure permission for him once more to mingle with society. For this Gasperoni felt thankful, but stipulated expressly that his comrades should also partake of the remission. Negociations were accordingly entered into between the priest and the head authorities. The government had a great interest to gain in disbanding the brigands. They had completely desolated the route to Naples, assassinated travellers, exacted contributions, and committed all kinds of dreadful excesses. The soldiers who were sent against them, it was found, drank with them, instead of fighting. The country people also sided against the military, because they were certain of always receiving some portion of the booty taken by the bandits. The only troops who were really faithful, were the dragoons of the Pope, but then the mountains were inaccessible to a body of horse, and served as capital strongholds for the brigands. At last, government agreed to treat with Gasperoni, through the medium of the priest, and their answer was, that the Pope consented to grant life to Gasperoni and his band, on condition that they made a formal act of Christian submission, and were content to remain prisoners in the citadel of Civitta Vecchia, 'till such time as he thought fit to extend to them their liberty. The terms, Gasperoni, for a long time, considered, but at last overcome by the influence of the priest, and on a solemn promise that he would intercede with the Pope in person, for their pardon and protection, they consented to deliver themselves up, and marched voluntarily to prison. Several years have now passed over, but the grace of the Holy Father has never been extended to them, and I fear me it never will. Moreover, the Pope has given them all he promised; he will keep them here if he does right to society, for they are a set of dangerous men."

I placed myself exactly opposite Gasperoni. He had not the least resemblance to the brigands whom we see represented upon the boards of our theatres. His features were regular, and a mild and intellectual expression played upon his face. His hair was black, and fell behind him in long plaited masses; he spoke good-humoredly, and in an easy and careless manner, but his action was stiff and awkward, unlike the rest of his countrymen in this characteristic. I was informed by my guide, that he seldom deigns to converse with strangers, and but little with his band, as if he felt himself superior to all around him, but that when excited, his face becomes pale, his eyes inflamed, his language quick and expressive, his lips convulsed, and his whole frame powerfully agitated. Such was the brigand who stood before me—the man who had committed five and forty assassinations in his time.

"What is your true name?" I asked of him. "It is said that you are sometimes called *Barbonne*."

"That is my name in the mountains, but my real name is *Antonio Gasperoni!*"

"You have a high reputation in Italy; they talk of you like Cataline or Spartacus, and other illustrious compatriots who declared war against their country."

At this he smiled modestly, and bowed his head, while I continued the conversation.

"What induced you to take to the mountains?"

"A quarrel that I was involved in at Naples."

"A quarrel? Ah, Gasperoni, that was too little a cause to make you mingle with such society. There must have been some reason greater."

"Yes! for in that quarrel I killed mine enemy."

"Ah! that alters the case. How long have you followed the profession of a brigand?"

"Seventeen years!"

"You have been wounded, I conjecture, have you not?"

"I have."

"In battle?"

"In battle!"

"With the soldiers of the Pope?"

"Soldiers!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "No, with the dragoons."

"I have heard of your affair with the charcoal burners; it was a brilliant one, and which has won you favor in the eyes of all Italy!" At this his whole visage changed; for a moment his eyes glared with the most frightful brilliancy, and the next a deep gloom overshadowed his countenance.

"Will you have the kindness to relate to me the particulars of the affair? I should be pleased to hear it from your own lips."

"Willingly, Signor; it is a simple matter, and to which more importance has been attached, than it ever was deserving of. Listen!"

I did so, and in which I was joined by the band, who anxiously clustered around their chief, to hear the narrative of that action, in which some of themselves had been actors.

"There were seventeen of them," said he—"seventeen of the myrmidons—these imps of darkness. They had sold themselves to the soldiers of the Pope. For myself, I believed them friends. We ate and drank together in the same cabin. I had placed no sentinel, depending on their confidence—a great fault, Signor—a great fault; nevertheless, I was on the alert. Well, in the middle of the night, I heard the footsteps of soldiers; they were yet a league off, but my ear would not deceive me. 'Treason, comrades!' I shouted. 'Treason;

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stand to your arms!' In an instant they did so; escape was useless; we were completely surrounded. The enemy advanced 'till within twenty paces of the cabin, when I ordered my band to fire. The engagement was furious. With my own hand I killed four, and would have doubled the number, but for a wound which I received in the arm, behold!" and he pulled up the sleeve of his jerkin and displayed the scar of a frightful gash. "We endeavored to effect our escape, but on every side we were hemmed in. They were determined to capture or kill every man of us, and had it been the pontifical dragoons, they would have accomplished their purpose, but by our determined valor and desperation, we contrived to force their ranks, with the loss of only two of my comrades; but this was nothing. Three days after, in the silence of the night, I descended from the mountains. I conducted my band to the cabin of the charcoal burners. The miserable wretches were asleep. We knocked. A voice within cried, 'Who's there?' Open! I replied—open to your *friends the soldiers!* They knew my voice, One of them cried out, 'Open not, it is Gasperoni!' With one blow of my musket I burst in the door. We entered, burning with vengance. We massacred all that could be found, all! it was just, was it not? The true reward of treason. I counted fifteen dead bodies. Others, I knew, were still lurking in the cabin. I fired it in every direction. Ah! ha! ha! ha! then rose the screams of agony, the shrieks of terror, and the cries for mercy, but my heart was steeled. Slowly but surely did they perish a sacrifice to my vengeance. Yet three—three contrived to elude me. At their escape I shed tears of anger. 'I will find them yet,' I exclaimed, 'I will find them if Italy contains the caitiffs,' and I *did* find them. But how, how, you would say? Listen! Two years after this punishment of treachery, in company with some of my band, we entered a little *auberge*, on the sea coast, in quest of refreshment. We were completely unknown. Around a table were several peasants seated, and among them I discovered the fugitives from my vengeance. I said nothing; they thought I had not perceived them, and they quietly secreted themselves in a dark corner of the cabin. As I raised the wine I had ordered, to my lips, I drank '*Confusion to all traitors.*' My companions looked upon me with surprize; they could not comprehend my meaning. 'Behold, then!' I cried, pointing to the trembling creatures. In an instant were they dragged to my presence. 'Welcome, signors, welcome! I have been searching for you every where, and now that we have met, we must not part without some strong remembrance of each other.' They fell at my feet pale and trembling; they prayed for mercy. 'Mercy!' shouted I; yes, 'such mercy as the tiger shows to the yeanling, expect from Gasperoni!' I beckoned to my headsman; he approached, and with the weapon of his calling, the next moment they were lifeless at my feet. 'Have I not spoken the truth?" said he, appealing to his band.

A sign of the head and hand was simultaneously given by each of them, as a *moral* certificate of their chieftain's veracity.

"Yet strange things are said about you in the world, Gasperoni."

"Yes, yes, I am aware there are a thousand lies afloat about me."

"The daughter of the English nobleman, who offered a premium for your head—he—"

"It is not true," he cried, interrupting me. "I know what you would say. You, like the rest of the world, have been deceived. I never killed a female in my existence."

"Yet you have carried off many into the mountains, have you not?"

At this question he smiled, and tossed his head with an air of self-importance, winking his eye, and compressing his lips, as if to say, "that is my own affair, signor."

"Doubtless, Gasperoni, you regret the life you have quitted. If the holy father should grant you pardon, how would you employ your liberty?"

"I would be an honest man—return to Naples, and seek for employment."

"That, I fear, you would find difficult. Have you any acquaintances there?"

"None, signor! but I am tired of the life of the mountains. I have lived there fifteen years, but then I was young, and the singularity of the life pleased me; but I am now growing old. I suffer from my wounds, and am in need of repose."

"Are all these your comrades?"

"All of them!"

"Is he that you call your headsman here?"

"Yes, signor, behold him!"

Had a serpent glided into my hand, I could not have been more alarmed. The fellow was standing at my left side, and most familiarly placed his arm within mine. There was something hideous in his aspect; his figure was long and meagre, his eyes grey, his flesh cadaverous, and his look quick as the lynx's, while he was busily employed in regarding attentively my apparel, as if he should like to have been its owner.

"What is thy name?" said I, thinking to divert his attention. He turned his grey eyes upon me, his lips parted slowly, and in a harsh low voice he replied—"Geronimo!"

"Thou wast the executioner for Gasperoni, wast thou not?"

"Oh! yes," he answered, in a kind of imbecile manner.

"Hast thou killed many in thy day?"

"Oh! yes! thousands! I like to kill—kill *you*, if Captain say so;" and he clenched my arm firmly.

I started back from his grasp; a burst of laughter broke from the group. Geronimo took no heed, but coolly pursued his occupation of examining my costume.

"But, gentlemen," said I, addressing the party, "you all appear contented and happy, and, from your appearance, I should judge you are well taken care of."

A bandit with an enormous paunch came from among the gang, "Oh, yes, signor," said he, "the Pope does not neglect us. We eat well, drink well, and sleep

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well—are comfortably clothed, and have besides, two *pauls* each, *per* day."

"Two *pauls*; how does that happen?"

"Why, you see, signor, it is the policy of the government to treat us well. It is to their advantage to keep us from the highway, to prevent passengers from being robbed and murdered."

Before I departed from the citadel, I examined them particnlarly, but saving Gasperoni and his headsman, there was not one worthy of the pencil of the artist. They had the countenances of good easy burghers, who might have been confined "*on suspicion of debt.*" I know not if they had ever worn the picturesque costume of the brigand, such as the artists have given to the Neapolitan bandits, but their garments then were of the style of the lower order of Italians; grey pantaloons, brown vests, and blue stockings, destroying all poetry of their profession. They showed none of the beautiful attitudes which we so much admire in the lithographs, when standing or reclining among their native mountains, under a bright Italian sky. They were indifferent to all around them, their arms crossed, their eyes inexpressive, and their brows unruffled. Such was the band who, for fourteen years, had desolated the neighboring country—had made the soldiers of the Pope tremble, fought battles with the dragoons, and rifled the rich Englishmen; those self-elected taxers of the Appian way. Probably they will die in the citadel, waiting for their pardon, and thus the race become extinct. It will be good for the traveller, but bad for the artist. The country of Italy, without brigands, is like the desert of Syria without caravans. Thus every where is poetry stifled by morality and civilization. The East still retains, in some parts, its primitive habits, but even the Turk is beginning to assume those of the Christian; his sherbet is exchanged for the grape, while the Sultan has his coat and his boots imported from London, and his beaver from Paris.

Original.

TO MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THOU wearest not upon thy brow,
A jewelled coronet;
But *mind* has twined her circlet there
With gems of genius set.
And there's a deeply magic spell,
In all thy song entwined;
For thou hast poured in golden verse,
The treasures of thy mind.

And nature's glowing loveliness,
Thou sketchest pure and bright;
From the frail insect, to those orbs
That light the shrine of night—
The lowly forest flower that springs
Beneath the branches twined;
And the pure fragrance which it breathes
Upon the summer wind.

The flitting shadows as they play,
At twilight's gentle hush—
The "woven shades" of forest dells—
And fountain's sparkling gush—
And all the golden shades and hues
That deck the sunset sky—
The misty clouds which lightly float
On heaven's canopy.

But higher strains than these, thy lyre
Has poured in silvered lay;
For thou hast pictured passion's tide,
In all its "mystic sway."
And thou hast lent a sweeter charm
To childhood's sparkling eye,
And twined the silken cord of song,
Round laughing infancy.

And e'en *affliction* from thy touch,
A softened grief has stole;
For thou dost paint in gentlest strains,
The sorrows of the soul.
But, oh! the brightest gems that deck
Thy tiara of song—
Are those in which thy *Maker's* praise,
Thy harpings sweet prolong.
And when thy lyre on earth is still,
Its strain shall never die,
But join, [with Israel's minstrel king,]
The music of the sky. S. E. M.

Huntington, Conn.

Original.

THE ROSE'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"FROM my maternal rose-bush torn,
In all my young and dewy bloom,
And to thy purer shelter borne,
I still could glory in my doom.

"What though the dawn's reviving gale,
The noonday sun were mine no more?
Thy breath was sweeter to inhale,
Thy smile a dearer radiance wore.

"And I was happy, though decay
On each frail leaflet was imprest;
I could have breathed my life away
Gladly on thy congenial breast.

"Then, in my last, my dying hour,
Ah, why expel me from thine eye?
Take back, take back thy homesick flower,
And I will be content to die!"

This was the last sigh of the rose;
It drooped—it faded fast away;
But, though its leaves in dust repose,
Its soul is prisoned in this lay.

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Original.

MANŒUVREING;

OR, FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Is that the doctor's gig, Mary? Quick, arrange these pillows, and throw that rose-colored shawl on the arm of the sofa—not there, you stupid creature; fling it carelessly, so that it may reflect its faint glow upon my cheek."

The speaker was a delicate and pretty woman, who in the dim light of a judiciously shaded apartment, seemed to have scarcely numbered her five and twentieth summer, though the broad glare of daylight might have discovered the fact that some *ten* additional years could be counted among her past possessions. Reclining on a couch, supported by lace-bordered pillows, with the folds of her white dress so disposed as to display the symmetry of her figure, while one small and delicately slippered foot was allowed to peep out as if by accident, she really looked exceedingly interesting. Hastily concealing the novel she had been reading, and assuming the languid air of habitual suffering, she awaited the entrance of the doctor, whose footsteps were already heard upon the stairs. As he approached, she raised her eyes timidly to his face, then practised that quivering of the veined and fringed lids, which a Juno-eyed woman can so well perform, and finally dropped the long lashes over her dark-blue eyes, as modestly as a maiden of fifteen. It was, in reality, a very pretty piece of acting, and such the doctor seemed to consider it, for he stood calmly beside her, and not until all these little manœuvres had been effected, did he attempt to feel her pulse, or to inquire into her state of health.

"Ah, doctor, you are very good to come so promptly," said the patient, "I have had such a wretched night, that I could no longer dispense with your advice. You must come and see me every day, my dear sir. Your presence does me almost as much good as your prescriptions."

The doctor bowed gravely. "You flatter me, madam. Perhaps your fears induce you to magnify your own danger as much as you do my skill."

"No, doctor, I feel that my hold upon life is exceedingly frail; a disease like mine may prove fatal at any moment."

"What do you suppose your disease to be, madam?"

"Ah, you want to inspire me with hope by your question, but your kind artifice cannot deceive me, doctor. You are doubtless aware that I have an affection of the heart?"

"An affection of the spleen, rather," thought the doctor, as he gravely replied—"I am not aware of the existence of any symptoms which can warrant you in forming such an opinion."

"Alas, my dear sir, the symptoms cannot be mistaken—palpitations of the heart, frequent fits of tremulousness, constantly recurring attacks of nervous agitation, lowness of spirits, and loss of appetite, are certainly tokens of ill-health."

"Yet, these symptoms might be attributed to many other causes besides the serious one you have mentioned. Change of air, exercise, constant occupation both of mind and body, would probably remove all the ailments which alarm you."

"I wish I could think so, but alas!

> 'Who can minister to a mind diseased,
> Or pluck from memory a rooted sorrow?'"

The doctor was busily engaged in counting the lady's pulse and did not choose to hear her pathetic remark.

"You have a very good pulse," said he, "depend upon it you are only a little nervous."

"Allow me to ask you one question, Doctor Selwyn, do you not think that a physician, in whose hands we place our very life, and who is responsible for the priceless gift of existence, should be made fully acquainted with the state of his patient?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, arching his heavy brows as he spoke.

"Then you must permit me to encroach upon your valuable time for a few minutes, for the history of my disease is the history of myself. I will not dwell on the details of my early life, with those you are already acquainted, since you cannot have forgotten the beautiful scenes of Woodlands where we were so long companions in youth. Alas! it were better for us sometimes if we could cease to remember early scenes and early friendships." The widow sighed and cast down her eyes, a tear was glittering on the fringed lids as she raised them to the doctor's face, but no answering emotion met her timid glance. He had taken out his snuff-box, and was, at that moment, helping himself to an enormous pinch, so that he lost the fine effect of a tearful blue eye. Mrs. Merton continued—

"You are probably aware of the persuasion which my parents used to induce me to wed Mr. Merton. He was a man whose character I will not attempt to depict—the grave has closed over his faults and it is not for me to sit in judgment upon his memory. Suffice it to say, that he possessed no feeling or sentiment congenial with my own. Sordid, avaricious, narrow-minded and jealous, he could neither understand nor appreciate the character of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature, who, in the fulness of her heart, suffered herself to be persuaded into a union with age and ugliness and wealth."

The doctor gave a loud hem! and took a second pinch of snuff. Mrs. Merton sipped some *eau sucré* from a Venice glass which stood on an *ormolu* table beside her, and continued—

"During the ten years of my married life I suffered the most cruel of all martyrdoms, for it was the martyrdom of the spirit. Mr. Merton never ill-treated me in the usual sense of the term, he allowed me to indulge to a certain extent in the pleasures of society, and surrounded me with what are called the comforts of life, but alas! for the poison that mingled its deadly draught with every cup of enjoyment he could provide no antidote. Unity of feeling and reciprocal affection were wanting, and without these, what are all the richest treasures of earth?" The pretty widow paused for a moment, and pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her eyes, while

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the doctor fidgetted on his chair, and let his cane fall rather heavily upon the floor. She was not slow to perceive these evidences of agitation in the eccentric bachelor, and fancying she had made an impression, she hastened to conclude.

"Will you be at any loss, my dear doctor, to conceive how such a state of feeling should produce disease of the heart. The mind acts fearfully upon the physical frame, and the continual bickerings, the constant disquiet, the total absence of sympathy, which I suffered, threw me into a state of nervous agitation, which has now led to habitual illness. I have now given you as exact a statement of my case as I dare trust myself to describe. If I have concealed from you *one sorrow*, the heaviest and most heart-rending of all—a sorrow which has weighed upon me from the days of my earliest womanhood, and added its unutterable bitterness to my wretched lot—if I have hidden from you *one* secret recess in my heart—you will, I trust, forgive me—that deep cell of memory must never be revealed to mortal eye—and *least of all to yours*."

Completely overcome by her emotion, the widow buried her face in the pillows while she extended one fair hand to the imperturbable doctor, but whether to have the pulse counted or the fingers pressed, we cannot undertake to determine. Doctor Selwyn, however, never forgot his business—he grasped the wrist instead of the soft rosy palm, and thrusting his box into his pocket, he rose to leave the trembling patient.

"Your present agitation convinces me, madam," said he, "that you are a little nervous; allow me to recommend a few drops of sal volatile in a glass of water. I will call again to-morrow, since you desire it, and this afternoon I will send you an asafœtida pill, which you will be so good as to take upon going to bed."

With these words the doctor bowed and withdrew, but as he descended the richly-carpeted stairs, there was a lurking smile on his usually grave countenance, while an arch expression of merry malice glittered in his dark eyes.

"An usafœtida pill," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, starting up from her graceful attitude of grief, as the hall-door closed behind the doctor, "an asafœtida pill indeed! upon my word, Harry Selwyn has become a perfect brute. Well, well, patience must do what one stroke cannot accomplish. He loved me in the days of his early youth, and I do not despair of winning him yet. Oh, if *forethought* were only as wise a counsellor as *afterthought*, how many errors we should avoid in this world. Who could have dreamed that Harry Selwyn, the playmate of my childhood, the awkward college-boy who made love to me so fervently and yet so pedantically, would ever have become the favorite of a fashionable coterie! Fifteen years have passed away since we were romantic lovers—alas! for the flight of time—yet it seems to me but yesterday since I wandered with him around the lovely scenes of his native Woodlands. I wonder if he ever felt resentment towards me for the sudden disruption of our intimacy—it is true, we were not betrothed, but every thing that love could dictate, save the final vow which binds heart to heart for life, had been uttered; and this only remained unspoken because Harry was too poor to wed. Ah, me! my soul used to vibrate to his voice, as it has never done since to any joy or sorrow in existence.

'No more—no more—oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew!'

The pure fancies of girlhood have long since been forgotten amid the glittering gauds of worldly vanity. I chose my own course, and if my path has beeen one of thorns, it has at least led me to the hill-top which I sought. I sacrificed the best years of my life for gold, and now my gold and my still fair face shall win back the lover of my youth. I will yet bear the honored name of him whom men delight to praise, and now, though my youth be past for ever, I will slake, from the long sealed fountains of affection, the thirst which has been to me a life-long pang."

While the widow remained thus buried in that pleasant sort of revery which blends pensive recollection with bright anticipation, the doctor was driving rapidly through the crowded streets, making amends by increased speed, for the time which he had wasted on the fair victim of sensibility. He possessed too much acuteness not to perceive her designs upon him, and the recollection of past scenes only seemed to add a tinge of bitterness to the contempt which they excited. At that period of life when the passions of early manhood blend themselves with the pure fresh feelings of the boy, he had renewed a childish intimacy with the beautiful girl, and had yielded up his whole soul to the impulses of a first affection. But he was no match for his lady-love in worldly wisdom. *His* life had been spent in the study of books—*hers* in the acquisition of the "*arts of design*," as taught in a fashionable boarding-school. She had entered society with every disposition to become an accomplished coquette, and the enthusiastic collegian was an excellent subject for her first attempt. Whether owing to her inexperience in the delicate science, or to his noble qualities of character, we cannot say, but she certainly committed the great mistake of allowing her affections to become somewhat involved. It was the triumph of nature over art, but as she never again, in the whole course of her life, was guilty of a similar error, the most zealous votaries of worldliness may excuse this single instance of deviation into the path of truth. Beautiful and vain, she had determined to run a brilliant career in the circles of fashion, and she well knew that the vista which ambition opened before her could not be terminated by "love in a cottage." For more than a year, she made the young student her sport and tool, practising upon him the arts which she afterwards exercised on a wider field, and learning, from her influence over his true heart, the extent of woman's power. Then—when her hour of vain triumph came—she turned coldly from all his love, and plunged into the gayeties of society, without one sensation of remorse for the crushed and blighted feelings over which she had trampled in her course. After exhausting the enjoyment which she found in the admiration of the butterflies of fashion, she accepted the richest of her suitors and took up her abode in one of the gayest of

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our Atlantic cities. There she became distinguished for ostentatious display, while it was whispered that her neglect and indifference embittered her husband's life, and drove him to intemperance as a resource from domestic discomfort. His death finally released her from the responsibility of those duties which she had so carelessly performed, and she found herself a widow with greater joy than she had looked upon herself as a bride. She obtained, by recourse to law, the dowry which his will had denied her, and removing to another city, she determined to carve out a new path to notoriety. To her surprize, she found her old lover established in wealth and fame, and the idea of gratifying her early affection, together with her present ambition, soon suggested itself. With all her wealth, there was one charmed circle into which the widow could find no entrance—"the exclusives"—those ephemera, who having but a day to exist, bask in the sunshine of fashion as gaily as possible—remembered that Mr. Merton, her late husband, had commenced life as a Chatham-street pawnbroker, and therefore she must not be admitted to the society of the *élite*, who had been all their lives trying to forget their honest mechanic progenitors. Dr. Selwyn, however, the lineal descendant of one of the original patentees of the land, possessed of a moderate fortune, fine talents, skill in his profession, musical taste, considerable eccentricity, and being withal a *bachelor*, found ready access into all circles. The B——'s and the C——'s, who looked with contempt on Mrs. Merton's emblazoned carriage and liveried footmen, delighted to engage Doctor Selwyn at their parties; and the most aristocratic of our republican damsels was proud of receiving a bow from the courtly physician. These things first awakened Mrs. Merton's recollection of long forgotten "*love passages*." She consulted her mirror, and she did not see any thing to make her despair, but she did seem to be aware of the fact, that it is easier to awaken a new flame than to rekindle an extinguished one. The charms which, in their rich maturity, might have won many a boyish heart, were powerless when directed against a case-hardened bachelor on whom rested the experience of some forty years. Yet, unconscious of the difficulty she should encounter, she determined to attack him with such a variety of weapons that some one among them must take effect. As a physician, she prepared for him the artifice of failing health and undoubted dependence upon his skill—as a "*ci-devant jeune homme*," she offered the fascinations of extreme deference and attention—the most subtle of all flatteries to those who are falling into "the sear and yellow leaf,"—as the man of sensibility she exhibited to him delicately shadowed pictures of past enjoyments, and dimly traced visions of future happiness—and to the lonely bachelor, whose celibacy her vanity attributed to his early disappointment, she meant to lift the veil which shrouded her heart of hearts, and disclose to him a glimpse of secretly cherished affection which had outlived time and change and even marriage.

The inimitable Dickens tells us that "there are two sorts of people who despise the world—those who feel that the world does not appreciate them, and those who receive the homage of society while conscious of their own worthlessness." The worthy Doctor belonged decidedly to the former class, for, although wealth and honor had fallen to his lot, he knew that they had been bestowed by accident rather than by a sense of justice in society. He remembered his early struggles with poverty and neglect, and he knew that he owed his rise less to the talents than to the lucky chance which enabled him to rescue from a disgraceful death a member of a rich and fashionable family. His knowledge of their secret secured him their patronage, and such was the foundation of his future fortune. He was aware, too, that, even now, he was estimated rather because he was "the fashion," than on account of his really noble qualities, and therefore it was that he concealed his warm feelings beneath the veil of cold politeness, and garbed his originality of mind in the rude attire of eccentricity. But his early disappointment had given a coloring to his whole life, for it had taught him a lesson of distrust which he never forgot. Whatever might be his faith in man, he had none in the truth of woman. He looked upon the whole sex but as so many puppets in a rare show, moved by the secret springs of avarice or interest—set up to be admired for a while and then sold to the highest bidder.

The Doctor pondered long over the palpable affectation of the widow, and with an inward chuckle, anticipated the final disappointment of her plans; but he determined to humor her whim, and, while he kept himself quite free, to observe her skilful manœuvres. He was still full of such thoughts when he entered one of those abodes of poverty, to which his charity led him much more frequently than he allowed the world to know. A young girl who had broken her health by the arduous labors of the needle, and was now on the brink of the grave, with a pulmonary attack, was the object of his present attention. She was only a poor sempstress, the mother, for whom she had long toiled, had recently died, and there was none left to feel interest in the dying girl. She was neither gifted nor beautiful—she gave him neither golden fee nor sweet looks, and yet the Doctor felt her gratitude a full reward for his daily visit to the poor patient. He was musing upon the strange events of fortune and character which his profession enabled him to study, and as he ascended the creaking stairs, he could not but contrast the luxurious apartment he had just left, with the bare floor and uncurtained bed which now met his view. He no longer found his patient alone, however. A female, whose loose wrapper concealed her figure, while a close cap shaded her features, was her companion, and engaged in administering some nourishment as he entered. She immediately disappeared however behind a screen which stood across the room, and he gave no further thought to the matter except to congratulate the patient upon having found a friend to attend her. A faint flush crossed the cheek of the pale girl as he took a seat beside her and uttered the words of soothing kindness. He felt that the hour had come when the physician's saddest and severest duty was to be performed, and he did not shrink from the task. Gently but firmly he acquainted her with her true con-

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dition, and warned her that, though the dart of death might remain suspended for many days, yet she must fall beneath it ere another moon had waxed and waned. He quieted her agitated feelings, awakened her mind to higher thoughts, and while he strove to detach her hopes from earth, he endeavored to fix them upon the rock of ages. He reasoned with her, he sympathized with her, he opened the pages of the Sacred Scriptures, and read with thrilling pathos the lofty promises, the winning persuasions of the Book of Faith. Who would have believed that he, who thus smoothed the pillow of disease and death for the child of poverty, was the same being who, among the prosperous and happy, appeared so cold, so unimpassioned, so almost heartless. He little knew that one of the very beings whom he so much contemned, now listened to his words with breathless wonder and interest.

Clara Leslie, though not beautiful, was pretty enough and rich enough to have shone as a belle in society, had not her intellectual and moral nature elevated her beyond the paltry distinction. Her undeviating rectitude, her frank truthfulness of character, and her superiority of mind had made her rather feared than loved in the circles to which she belonged; so that though she had reached her eight and twentieth year, she was still Miss Leslie. Even her bankstock and improved real estate could not embolden a man of fashion to seek the incumbrance of so much plain-speaking integrity and clear-headedness in a wife, while Clara, never having seen any one with whom she would have felt willing to pass her life, was quite content to find herself verging on "*old-maidism.*" She was called eccentric because she dressed plainly, kept no carriage, and never danced, and having obtained the reputation upon such slight grounds, she took advantage of it to persue her own course, without regarding the gossip of a coterie. She had conceived a great dislike to Doctor Selwyn, because she believed him to be acting a part foreign to his character, though what that character really was, she was unable to discover. His bland courtesy could not blind her to his recent contempt of the sex, and, on several occasions, when some of his courtly compliments had contained a lurking sarcasm, he had been made to feel the sting of woman's wit from the lips of Miss Leslie. Of course he had but little liking for her, and although she interested him by the blunt honesty with which she uttered her opinions, yet, probably, had each been asked to depict the character of the other, the portrait would have been any thing but flattering. Yet in one respect a great similarity existed between them. Clara Leslie was a creature of the most benevolent feelings, and the haunts of misery re-echoed to her footsteps far more frequently than did the halls of mirth. She did not pour her alms into the shallow and widely diffused stream of *associated charities*, but she visited in person the abode of want, and saw with her own eyes what was needed by the sick, the destitute and the sorrowing. She supplied *just what was required, just at the proper time.* She provided not only for the physical but also for the moral necessities of the poor, for she well knew that food, and clothes, and fuel, were often valueless unless proffered by the kind voice of sympathy. This was the person, who shrouded from recognition by her coarse garb and the dimly lighted room, had taken her station by the bedside of the humble sempstress, and ministered to her wants until a proper nurse could be procured. This was she who had listened to the pure precepts of religion and the tender soothings of kindness, from the lips of the fashionable doctor.

Weeks passed away, while Doctor Selwyn, occupied in his usual round of duties, paid his daily visits to the fair widow and to the dying sempstress. The widow grew no better; her "affection of the heart," seemed to threaten a fatal result to somebody, but whether to the patient or the physician remained yet to be decided. In the mean time the young girl gradually declined until life was but as the glimmer of a wasted lamp—then, and not 'till then, when the worn and wearied spirit of the suffering invalid rendered her so nervous and irritable, that only the constant presence of her kind benefactress could quiet her restless excitement—did Doctor Selwyn first learn that the patient and devoted nurse of the poor sufferer, was the eccentric, the sarcastic, the haughty Clara Leslie.

—

"My dear doctor, why did you not come last night? I really was afraid I should not live to see the light of another day. Did you not receive my note?" said Mrs. Merton, faintly, as Doctor Selwyn entered the room.

"What is the matter, madam, has any unfavorable change taken place since yesterday morning?"

"Alas! I fear so. I have been dreadfully excited. Old Mrs. Sowerby came to see me yesterday afternoon, and some of her ill-natured gossip agitated me to such an excess, that I have scarcely slept. The palpitation of my heart is frightfully increased, and I have not been able to overcome my faintness long enough to dress."

The doctor looked at the lady's lace cap, curled locks and ruffled morning dress, and silently felt her pulse.

Mrs. Merton continued—"I wish that woman would not come here with her ridiculous stories—will you believe, doctor, she told me you were actually going to be married to that queer old maid, Clara Leslie! It was too preposterous for belief, but the mere surmise excited me to a degree almost fatal to my poor nerves. Do allow me, my dear sir, to contradict the report on your own authority."

"You have my authority, madam, for stating that I do not *anticipate* any such union," said Doctor Selwyn, quietly.

"I knew it—I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, quite forgetting her faintness, as she rose to an upright position. "Oh, doctor, if you only knew how easily I am excited on a subject which—which—lies so near my heart—if you could but know what I felt when I heard that you were about to waste the rich treasure of your affections upon that cold-hearted creature. Forgive me—I know not what I say. Heavens! you look agitated," (the doctor was trying to repress a smile,) "have I betrayed my long-hidden feelings? Oh, forgive me—forget what I have said—alas! I am fearfully bewildered!"

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All this was said with the prettiest air of excitement in the world; the upturning of her soft and tearful eye—the clasping of her small hands—the heaving of her agitated bosom—even the slight dishevelment of her long tresses, all added grace and beauty to the picture, for Mrs. Merton knew just at what point to stop, and never allowed *elegant sensibility* to run into the excess of *vulgar emotion*. Tears are apt to make the nose red, and therefore Mrs. Merton's weeping was confined to a gentle suffusion of the large blue eye, while her gentle sighs never degenerated in plebeian sobs. Burying her face in her cambric handkerchief, she appeared quite overcome with her feelings.

"Do not suffer yourself to be thus agitated, my dear madam," said the doctor gravely, while a mischievous smile lurked on his lips, "be assured I shall not misinterpret the feelings which lead you to be so much interested in my welfare. I came this morning with the intention of making a communication to you on the subject, which will set all idle reports at rest for ever."

Mrs. Merton started and looked timidly in his face. "He is going to offer himself," thought she, as she suffered her hand to fall *accidentally* upon his arm.

The doctor rose, and taking the lady's unresisting hand, said—"You have not only my authority, dear madam, for contradicting the report of my being *engaged* but I will also give you a full and sufficient reason for its falsity—I was, last evening, *actually married* to the lady in question. Miss Leslie is now Mrs. Selwyn, and as the carriage which is to bear us to Woodlands is now waiting my return, allow me to offer you—*my adieus*."

Original.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

WITHIN yon dark and silent room,
  The hearts of men are moved with grief;
Press'd downward by the fearful doom,
  That waits their grey-hair'd chief.
And thou, oh, woman, fearing war's alarms,
Art near to rest the hero in thy arms!

Stretch forth thine hand thou courtly one,
  And put the gilded curtains by;
See how the glass of life doth run!
  Behold a warrior die!
His cheek hath caught a fearful pallor now;
Death's hand is weighing heavy on that brow!

Though earth hath bickering and strife,
  He feels it is a blessed spot—
Its hearts are all so full of life!
  But he can tarry not.
The CONQUEROR comes! his spirit must obey
The iron hand that beckons it away.

Go, bring the blade that erst he wore,
  That stainless in it scabbard lies;
And place it with his plume, before
  The dying warrior's eyes.
Ay, furl the standard—beat the muffled drum!
A hero goeth to his long—long home!

The twain are brought. He grasp'd the sword,
  And kiss'd with livid lips the plume;
And cried—"Ye chosen of your lord,
  Go with me to the tomb."
And from his eye a strange wild meaning shone,
That said—"The grave is not for me alone!"

At length when soft the twilight fell,
  Amid the silent gush of prayer,
The warrior's spirit sigh'd "farewell,"
  And sought the upper air.
And on his brow traced o'er with steel and flame,
A calm like that of Summer's evening came!

W. G.

Original.

TO SUMMER.

SAD in thy presence, Summer, forth I go
  And wander by the brook and sparkling rill,
That with a tuneful murmur gently flow
  From the cool springs far on the leafy hill.

And there I think, beneath the grateful shade
The willow and the elm throw o'er my head,
Of the drear change relentless Time hath made—
  Of loved ones sleeping with the silent dead.

They too did love, in other days, to greet
  With me thy coming from thy southern home,
But now their friendly voice, with accents sweet,
  Cheers not my heart, like sunlight, in its gloom.

They watched the swallow soaring to the sky,
  Or lightly skimming o'er the meadows green:
I too now watch it—but with trembling eye,
  While wandering where their footsteps oft have been.

They heard the robin blithely caroling,
  And thrush low singing from glad spray and bower:
And joyful to each heart seemed every thing,
  With sweetness blending in that gladsome hour.

But they are gone who shared their joy with me!—
  No eye now answers to affection's smile!
Still, glorious Summer, do I welcome thee,
  And greet thy presence, though I weep the while.

How sad my heart when thy low mystic voice,
  From waving field and woodland deep, I hear,
With smiling Nature bidding me rejoice,
  For I can only answer by a tear.

Yet I do love thee, Summer, though there be
  A thousand tearful mem'ries round thee cast—
For thou dost ever mirror back to me
  The joys and gladness of the cherished past.

R. H. B.

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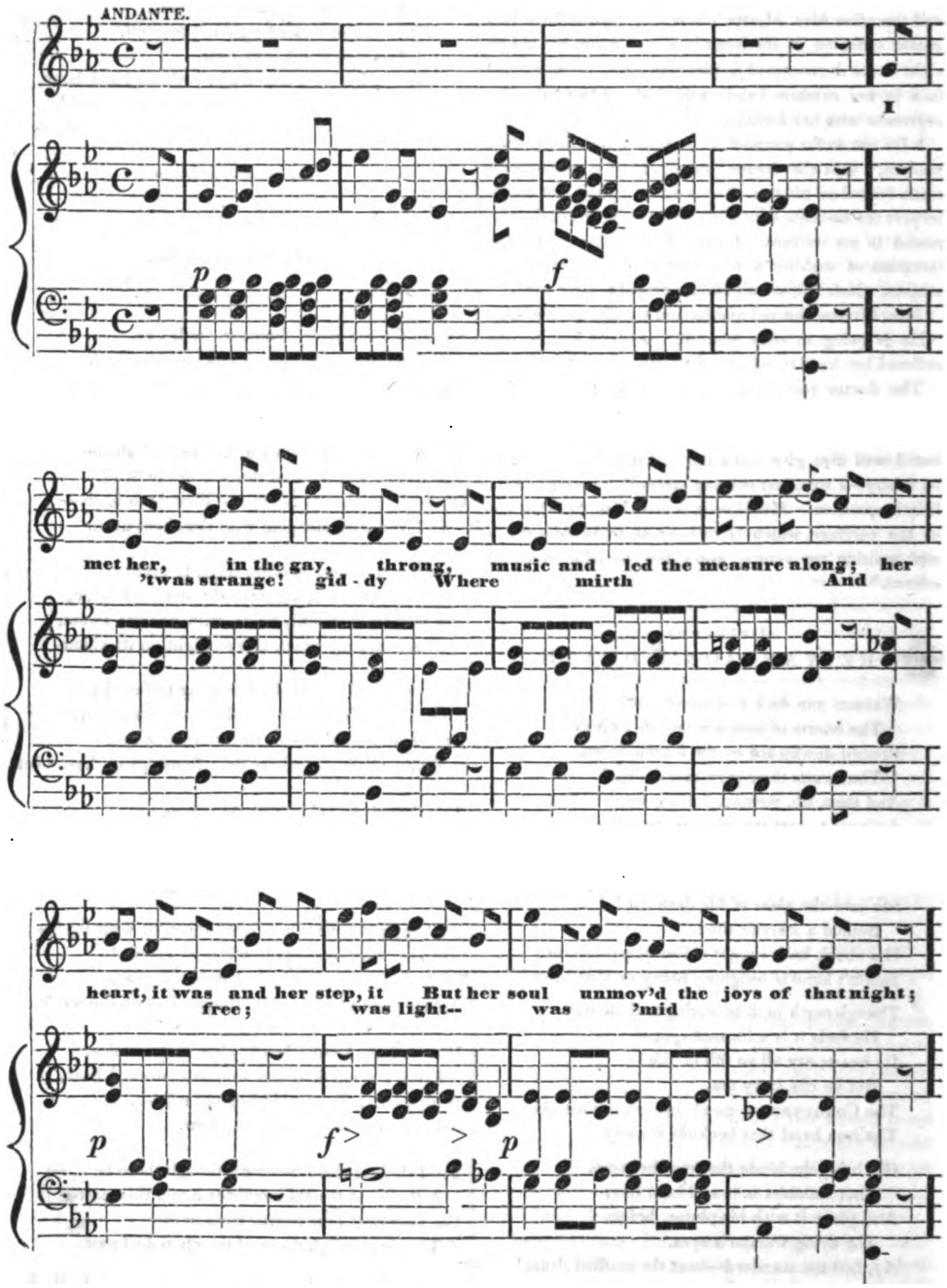
THE FIRST MEETING.

A BALLAD.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY JAMES G. MAEDER.



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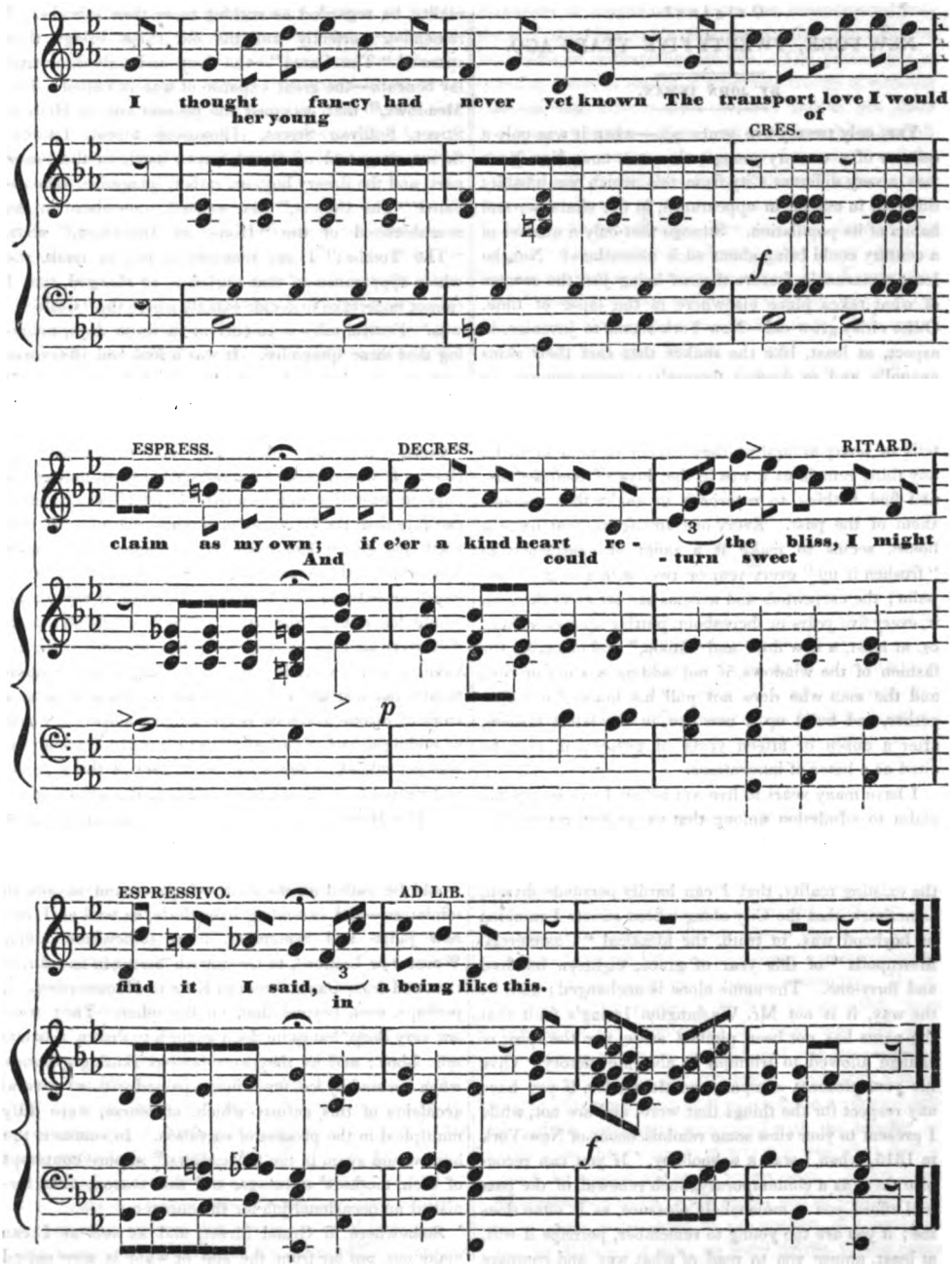
I thought fan-cy had never yet known The transport love I would
her young of

claim as my own; if e'er a kind heart re - the bliss, I might
And could - turn sweet

find it I said, a being like this.
in

SECOND VERSE.

The passion was whispered, her blushes betrayed
The gentle return of the timorous maid;
And the faith that was pledged on a feeling so new
Yet survives in that bosom, still constant and true.
Ah! who would not wish, for a life, to secure
Devotion and bliss of a passion so pure;
Though a tear dim its lustre, its light will not die—
It will ever shine on, in a happier sky.

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Original.

NEW-YORK, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN INMAN.

YES, only twenty-five years ago—when it was only a quarter of a century younger than it is now, New-York was a very different City from this which we inhabit; different in extent, in appearance, in the character and habits of its population. Strange that only a quarter of a century could bring about such alterations! Not the least remarkable feature thereof being just the reverse of what takes place elsewhere in the lapse of time. Other cities grow old—New-York seems to juvenize, in aspect, at least, like the snakes that cast their skins annually, and so present themselves, every summer, in all the freshness of novelty and youth. Our people seem to hold in perfect abhorrence every thing that tells of hoary antiquity; they cannot be content to let any thing remain as it was in the days of their fathers, and find nothing to reverence in aught that reminds them of the past. Every one among us, that owns a house, seems to make it a point of conscience to "freshen it up" every year or two, with a coat of new paint; the carpenters and masons are set at work upon it, every five years or thereabout, putting up a new front, or, at least, a new door and "stoop," and changing the fashion of the windows, if not adding a story or two; and the man who does not pull his house down altogether, and build up a new one, in the latest fashion, after a dozen or fifteen years of possession, may be cited as a hater of innovations.

I have many years to live yet before I can set up any claim to admission among that vague but respectable class, denominated "the oldest inhabitants;" yet my recollections of New-York are so widely variant from the existing reality, that I can hardly persuade myself, sometimes, that the City along whose streets I rambled in boyhood was, in truth, the identical "Commercial Metropolis" of this year of grace, eighteen hundred and forty-one. The name alone is unchanged; and, by the way, it is not Mr. Washington Irving's fault that the name has not been pitched aside, nor the spirit of change allowed to triumph in absolute victory. Give me your pleasant company, gentle reader, if you have any respect for the things that were, and are not, while I present to your view some reminiscences of New-York in 1815, when I was a school-boy. If you can recognize them as a contemporary, such renewal of the past will afford you a melancholy pleasure, as it often does me; if you are too young to remember, perhaps it will, at least, amuse you to read of what was, and compare it with what is now.

The City is more changed in extent even than in the style of building and in general aspect. Canal Street, as it is called now, or, "The Canal," as it was then, might actually be considered the northern limit; for, although Broadway was a street, and a tolerably well built street, as far up as Bleecker Street, the space on either side of it, to the North River on one hand, and to Chatham Street and the Bowery on the other, could, in reality, be regarded as nothing more than suburbs. I remember perfectly well the old stone bridge that spanned "The Canal"—the deep and ugly ditch that lay beneath—the great expanse of waters called "The Meadows," that occupied the present site of Hudson Street, Sullivan Street, Thompson Street, Laurens Street, etc,, and of Canal Street itself, in the lower part, and the dreary bog, or, rather, quagmire, denominated "The Collect," that existed somewhere in the neighborhood of the "House of Detention," alias, "The Tombs;" I say *somewhere*, for, in truth, the whole appearance of that region is so changed, that I cannot undertake to decide exactly where the "Collect" was. Fearful tales were current in those days, touching that same quagmire. It was a foul and ill-favored spot enough—a muddy and offensive hole, in which all the washings from the high ground on the right were gathered, and whence they lazily descended through the "Canal" into the "Meadows," and thence into the river. It was said, and religiously believed, among the boys, at least, that to fill up the "Collect" was no more possible than the invention of a perpetual motion; that earth and stones had been emptied into it, thousands upon thousands of cart-loads, with no decrease of its depth or extent; and that millions more, if thrown in, would leave it still the same. Nor was this all; murders were said to be any thing but uncommon in its vicinity, which was, in truth, a rascally bad neighborhood; and scarcely a week passed in which some new story of dismal screams heard ringing along the waste at midnight, and of bodies plunged into the black abyss, was not added to the traditionary lore of the schools, and passed from mouth to mouth over the whole city.

"The Meadows," too, were an object of no little awe to the juveniles. These "Meadows" were a series of large ponds, connected by lagunes and bayous, as they would be called at the south—lagunes and bayous in miniature—and extending irregularly, as well as I can now judge and remember, from somewhere about Wooster or Laurens, to Greenwich Street in one direction, and from Canal Street to King or Hammersley, or, perhaps, even beyond that, on the other. They were not very deep, but quite deep enough to drown a truant school-boy; and as they were famous skating-grounds, when covered by ice, few winters passed without several accidents of this nature, which, of course, were duly multiplied in the process of narration. In summer, the boys would swim in the "Meadows," in pure contempt of their mothers' warnings, and this season, also, furnished an occasional job for the coroner.

Somewhere in Grand Street, and as well as I can make out, not far from the site of what is now called Centre Market, was a hill of very respectable altitude, which we school-boys used to denominate Bunker's; whether it had any title to that renowned appellation, out of *our* nomenclature, is more than I am able to say. This hill was a famous play ground; for, being considerably steep, and its sides consisting of loose gravel, with only a patch of starved grass here and there, it was great fun for us to slide down from the top, to the no small detriment of our unmentionables. From the hill

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to Anthony Street, or, perhaps, even farther, to Pearl, was a bare common, bounded on the west by the yard fences of the houses fronting on Broadway, and on the east by Orange Street, which then ran skirting along the edge of a slight elevation. The only objects that diversified the surface of this common were a turpentine distillery, the noisome slough already described under the name of "The Collect," and a small infinitude of pig-styes. The only houses that I *remember*, fronting on Broadway, and looking over the common at the rear, were the two built and then occupied by Cooper and Price, the managers—since converted into the Carlton House. There were others, of course, that have escaped my recollection; but I know that the line of edifices on Broadway was by no means continuous, for it is distinctly borne upon my mind how I used to cut as cross from Broadway to Bunker's Hill, almost any where. By the way, it just flashes upon my memory that there was a little shanty of a market house upon the common, just back of Broadway, to which, I remember, Jarvis, the painter, used to *send* one of his big dogs with a basket in his mouth, having within it a note addressed to his butcher, directing him what meat and vegetables to despatch by return of dog, for dinner. The dog was a faithful messenger, never loitering by the way, nor violating the trust reposed in him by helping himself to the contents of the basket, after it was loaded.

But the common became, at one time, the scene of an event that caused an immense excitement among all the schools in the city. I remember perfectly well the time and the manner in which it came to the knowledge of my school, situated in Broome Street, between Elm and Mulberry. It was an afternoon in summer—five o'clock, that anxiously desired hour of dismissal for the day, had come, and a posse of us had rushed, as usual, with abundance of whooping and uproar, to the hill in Grand Street, for a scramble up, and a roll down its sides. But our attention was quickly drawn, when we had reached the top, to an assemblage of persons, far away upon the common—as well as I can remember, just in the rear of the Carlton House, that is now—who seemed to be gathered round some object on which all were gazing intently. Our curiosity was alive in a moment, and away we all scampered, heels over head down the hill, and over the common, like a drove of young colts, startled by the approach of a stranger.

Arrived at the spot, we found a number of carpenters busily erecting a sort of stage, or long platform, but for what purpose not one of us could imagine. It was nearly completed when we came up, and we had not long to wait for a solution of the mystery. Solution amazing and delightful! For quickly a number of men and women, in gorgeous habiliments, made their appearance from a shed that had been put up—the men in jackets of blue and red velvet, richly embroidered with tinsel, tight small-clothes, white stockings and pumps, and the women in satin robes, splendid with glittering spangles; and both men and women had on their heads plumed caps, that, in our estimation, far surpassed in magnificence even the brass-fronted helmets of the Governor's Guards—at that time the *ne plus ultra* of military foppishness. The personages in question were, in reality, a miserable troupe of strolling circus-riders, without their horses; but as yet there had been no circus in New-York, and though we had all heard of such wonders, the "sports of the ring" and the marvels of "ground and lofty tumbling" were experimentally unknown to us.

The performances were sorry enough, I dare say, but to our unsophisticated judgment they were glorious beyond expression; and by the same token, I remember that I caught a very sufficient rattaning when I got home, some hour or thereabout after dark, for being so long on the way from school.

The next evening, nevertheless, found me again a ravished spectator of the show, the fame whereof was, by this time, bruited all over the city—that is, among the school-boys—and I suppose every school in New-York had its representatives among the crowd of gazers. The performers danced on the tight rope, leaped over poles and ribands, jumped through hoops covered with paper, and threw somersets by the dozen; but the prime favorite was the clown, whose traditional jokes and grimaces seemed to us the very perfection of humor and drollery. Grimaldi himself never elicited more hearty applause, or more obstreperous laughter.

There was no charge for admission, of course, and the sole reliance of the exhibitors for guerdon, was upon the voluntary contributions of the spectators, collected in hats by the clown, and two or three others of the troupe. It was not long, however, before a different system was resorted to. There was, at that time, a large piece of ground vacant, but enclosed, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street—the very same ground which, of late years, has been transformed by the taste and genius of Niblo into a garden worthy to be the residence of a fairy queen. To this enclosure our friends of the common flitted, after a few nights of performance, and here their proceedings and preparations assumed a much more imposing character. Horses were added; a proper ring was constructed, poles were set in the ground for the tight rope and slack wire, and an enormous spring-board was introduced, to give more effect to the somersets. But there was one feature of the entertainment which made it very unpopular with us youngsters, compared with the humble beginning on the common, of which it was what may be called the second phase in progression. There was a charge for admission to the show; and as shillings were not so often to be found in the pockets of school-boys then as dollars are now, we were driven to the necessity of quarrelling for knot-holes—few, alas, and most inconveniently small—and venting our maledictions upon all builders of high fences. Moreover, there were atrocious hangers-on of the establishment—stable-boys, probably, and the like—who used to prowl round the enclosure, and cuff the ears of all unlucky urchins detected in getting a peep for nothing, through the knot-holes aforesaid. In short, the second stage of the incipient circus soon grew into disfavor with us of

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the rising generation, and we were almost ready to join with our staid seniors in the anathemas they heaped upon it, as a corrupting and ruinous innovation—a fearful step in the progress of the age to licentiousness, and altogether a mere invention of Satan. I have an indistinct recollection that it was complained of as a nuisance, if not actually presented by the grand jury. Nevertheless, it grew and flourished, and in process of time, from this little root, sprang up the luxuriant crop of amphitheatres, arenas, circusses, and other establishments for the exhibition of horsemanship and human dexterity, by which the morals and manners of the age have profited so largely.

At the time of which I write, there were but two prominent places of public amusement, over and above the unfledged concern of which I have just been speaking. These were the Park Theatre and Vauxhall Garden. Of the former I can say nothing, for until I had approached within a short step of manhood, I had but one exstatic enjoyment of its unspeakable and glorious wonders, and that was long subsequent to the date assigned at the beginning of these "random recollections," to which I mean to confine myself as closely as possible. That one visit to the Park, by the way, was to hear old Incledon; but I was too young to appreciate his merits—if he had any left. All the impression left upon my memory is that of a stout, red-faced, elderly gentleman, singing a great many songs, with a large quantity of mashed potatoes in his mouth. Such, to me, was the idea conveyed by his voice and manner, after he had lost all his teeth.

But Vauxhall was a crowning glory of my younger days. And really it was a very superb affair—much more so than any other thing of the kind we have ever had since. It extended from Broadway to the Bowery, having its principal front on the latter, and was laid out with a great deal of taste and skill, after a fashion somewhat antiquated indeed, but by no means wanting in beauty. The principal walks were spacious, and kept in exceedingly good order, while a multitude of narrower avenues ran winding among the shrubbery, which was close, thick and luxuriant; and some of the finest trees I ever saw, either in this country or any other, lifted their tall heads, and spread wide their huge branches in various parts of the garden. Then there was an equestrian statue of Washington, larger than life, of lead, the horse rearing prodigiously, and the immortal deliverer sitting as erect, and looking as serene as though he were taking his ease in an elbow chair. Then there were arbors for people to sit in and eat ice-cream—or make love, if they thought proper—secluded little nooks, with two seats and a table, just large enough for a tête-a-tête, and so embowered in foliage that the occupants might almost realize the advantages of solitude, even when the garden was thronged. Beds of flowers, too, were not wanting; nor music; nor a jet d'eau; nor dainties for the palate; nor fireworks.

These last were exhibited only on special occasions—three or four times in the course of the summer, the grandest display being always on the fourth of July. The end of the garden toward Broadway was reserved for the pyrotechnics, a sufficient space being railed off, so that none could approach near enough either to do mischief, or lose the best point of view. Rockets, suns, wheels, saucissons, stars, and revolving fires of all names and hues, were set off in great perfection; and the concluding piece, for several years, was always "the rattlesnake chasing the butterfly"—a very beautiful combination of fires and movements, which I have never seen any where else. Afterward, if I mistake not, there was a grand eruption of Etna got up for the *finale*, a huge mountain being constructed of boards, from the sides of which fire streamed in profusion, while hundreds of rockets and other projectiles shot up from its summit.

Old Delacroix, the proprietor or lessee of the garden, was one of the most remarkable men, to look upon, that I ever saw. His ugliness was almost superhuman. A tall, gaunt Frenchman, with a shambling, one-sided gait, and certainly the most unprepossessing countenance that ever looked out from under a hat. His clothes seemed never to have been put on, but thrown on with a pitchfork; and although he was rich enough to wear the best that tailor could make, they were coarse in material, and hideous in fashion. For very hardness of feature, and grimness of expression, he was a terror to all the boys that encountered him, but for all this, he was, I believe, a kind-hearted man, and very honest and punctual in his dealings. He lived long enough to see the greater part of his garden cut up into streets and building lots, by which he made money, and to build an immense hotel in Broadway, just above Pine Street, by which he lost heavily, and finally died out of the way, not many years since—at what age I know not, but looking, at least, a hundred and fifty.

My budget of recollections is by no means exhausted; indeed, I may say that it is but little more than fairly opened. Nevertheless, the reader may not find the same pleasure in overhauling its contents that I do, and I would not impose upon good nature. Here, then, I close for the present. If more is desired, I shall be happy to furnish it, on receiving an intimation to that effect through the publisher.

Original.

TO MY SISTER.

Thy little fingers on my cheek—
I feel them playing hide and seek;
Thou'rt tossing to the gentle air,
The parted masses of my hair;
Thy warm breath fans my pallid brow—
Dear sister once—an angel now.
I saw thee in thy coffin-bed,
With mocking pillow 'neath thy head;
With muslin fine, and laces trim,
To decorate each lifeless limb.
Death's token was upon thy brow,
And yet I see thee living now.
Alas! 'tis fancy. Thou art not,
Yet art eternal. In no spot
Cribbed or confined, thy infant soul
Takes in at single glance the whole.
Creation opes its book to thee,
And life no more is mystery. T. D. ENGLISH, M. D.

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Original.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

A MERRY shout rung upon the wandering breeze, as a group of glad children emerged from the confinement of a school-room into the gay sunlight and balmy atmosphere of summer. There was a music in that shout, breathing the very spirit of freedom, happiness, and hope; a music which echoed all the rapturous feelings of childhood, and which burst from the heart and lip only in that sunny period of existence.

It was a beautiful sight to see these fairy creatures, tossing the curls from their beaming eyes, and dancing away over the pleasant landscape that surrounded them. Their career afforded an apt illustration of the manner in which we perform the sweetest portion of the journey of life. Now they would speed onward, with the fleetness of the wind, after a butterfly that flitted before them, and anon they would linger by the way-side and gather wild flowers to garland their joy-illumined brows. Thus they went on, meeting pleasure at every step, and finding, in each successive object that presented itself to their eyes, a new source of enjoyment.

After varied roamings here and there, the light-hearted wanderers found themselves upon the banks of the river that skirted their homes. It was a beautiful stream, and it presented a fine picture as it went sparkling away in the mellow sunlight, through the green and pleasant hills that enclosed it. But the children had no eye for its beauties; their attention being suddenly and entirely absorbed by a novel, and to them, startling object. Drawn upon the shore among some overhanging bushes which had prevented their seeing it until they were quite near, they beheld a frail bark canoe. It contained a young Indian woman, who held an infant, and a dark-browed man who bent his piercing eyes frowningly upon the little group of tremblers before him. Many of these children had never seen an Indian, for the tribes once inhabiting that portion of country had long since departed to more western climes, but they had all heard vivid and terrible descriptions of the red-man; and all listened to tales of savage barbarity until their cheeks paled and their frames shuddered with apprehension. The sudden hush of their merry voices, and the quick shadows that settled upon their bright faces, told the alarm with which they regarded the strangers. For one moment they stood spell-bound by fear, and the next they turned and fled from the spot. But, one of them, a pretty and resolute-looking little girl, still remained. She stood gazing at the boat and its occupants, with a timid curiosity, that expressed itself most eloquently in every lineament of her innocent face. She appeared desirous to obtain the good will of the strangers, but she knew not how to make the first advances towards acquaintance. At length she remembered having heard that the Indian race were peculiarly susceptible to kindness, and that they never forgot a favor. Yielding to the impulse awakened by this reflection, she turned and darted away. It was nearly half a mile distant, but her rapid footsteps soon traversed the intervening space. There she gathered a basket full of gifts—fairy play-things, toys, trinkets, cakes and fruits, were all mingled together in hurried and strange confusion. With a load which was almost too much for her strength, she hastened back to the boat and laid her offering at the feet of the strangers. They recived it with many simple expressions of gratitude, and the little girl, finding her benevolent desires still unsatisfied, took from her neck a costly and beautiful string of coral, and clasped it around that of the infant. The smile of delight that beamed upon the face of the mother at this act of kindness to her child, and the grateful expression that crossed the dark features of the father, were more eloquent than words, and the giver felt herself amply rewarded. At that moment, another Indian, who had been to the neighboring village, and for whom the strangers had been waiting, returned, and they prepared for departure. As they sailed away the little girl stood looking after them with that deep feeling of satisfaction which warms the heart after the performance of a generous deed. She then left the spot to rejoin her companions, and soon forgot, in wild sports and joyous pastimes, the simple act of kindness she had performed.

Years after this little incident, and far away from the spot where it transpired, a proud steamer was ploughing its pathway through the tranquil waters of a noble river. The season was spring, in its first brightness and beauty; the time morning, in its first flush of rosy loveliness, and the scene one of Nature's fairest in its wildest state of magnificence.

The boat was ascending the Mississippi river, and as it careered along through that picturesque region, many an admiring eye was bent upon the fine and ever-varying landscape. Among those who seemed most gratified by the exceeding loveliness of the scene, were two persons who were themselves the objects of much admiring attention. They were both young, both beautiful, and both happy—happy to a degree beyond all measure, if the radiance of the face revealed aright the sunshine of the soul. The gentleman possessed a handsome and dignified face, with a form such as our dreams bestow upon a hero of ancient days. He seemed a fit protector for the lovely and delicate being at his side, who looked up to him with an expression of firm and trusting confidence, which was itself a perfect type of the holy faith of woman. It was easy to discover that this young couple had chosen to tread the path of life together, and that, as yet, their way was strown with the most beautiful flowers of hope.

From their youth, beauty, and superior refinement of manners, the newly married pair, for such in truth they were, seemed the "observed of all observers." But none gazed upon them with more apparent interest, than a group of Indians, who composed a portion of the boat's passengers. These Indians were the last remnant of a once powerful and warlike tribe, who were now leaving their homes and heritage to seek a resting-place in the wild regions of the far west. One of these dark-browed men, in particular, manifested a peculiar admiration for

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the young bride. He gazed earnestly and unceasingly upon her face; he lingered near to catch the sound of her voice, and wherever she moved, his eyes followed her, as if they were fascinated by some magic spell.

The boat was passing through a portion of the stream wider and more picturesque than any it had yet traversed. The river had become narrower, the current much more rapid, and dark rocks and high hills frowned in savage grandeur on either side. As the crowd of passengers were gazing in voiceless admiration upon the wild magnificence of nature, the silence was suddenly broken by a fearful noise. There was a mighty shock—and then arose the mingled sound of many voices, crying out in tones of agony and terror—"We are lost!" The steamboat had struck some hidden and fatal obstruction in the river, and her strong timbers were crashing and severing like a frail sapling in the stroke of the thunderbolt. There was no time for deliberation—no chance for selecting a mode of preservation—the boat was rapidly going down, and the many terrified beings, thus suddenly menaced with destruction, sought each the readiest means of avoiding death. Some leaped boldly into the rapid current and swam stoutly towards the shore; others, who could not swim, clung eagerly to some frail object which was to be their support in the deep waters to which they were about to commit themselves, and many ran wildly about upon the decks, frantically calling upon some loved name, or seeking some dear friend who had, perhaps, already met a dreadful doom.

Among those who acted, in that trying moment, with firmness and composure, the young pair above alluded to, were conspicuous. As soon as the husband became assured that the destruction of the boat was inevitable, he calmly divested himself of some portion of his attire, whispered a few words of encouragement to his companion, and then twining his left arm around her slender waist, he leaped into the water. He was an expert swimmer, and imagined that he could easily bear his light and lovely burthen in safety to the shore. But this hope was destroyed by an unlooked for accident. In springing from the boat he struck his right arm violently against a floating plank, and when he endeavored to raise it he found it rendered powerless by the shock. This was truly alarming, but with great presence of mind he entreated his wife to cling firmly to the support thus thrown in their way. All that he could now do, was to lay hold of the plank himself, and look around for assistance. There was none near—nothing that met his eye could afford the faintest hope of rescue! As he felt the powerful current rapidly bearing them down the stream, he strove to raise his disabled arm to guide their frail support towards the shore. But his efforts were vain, and the remorseless waters seemed eagerly hurrying him on to destruction. He could have resigned himself calmly to the fate which now seemed inevitable, but for the fearful thought that his beloved wife must share it. This agonizing reflection, added to the pain of his wounded arm, rapidly diminished his strength. Despair began to paralyze his energies, and he struggled in vain against the faintness that was fast overpowering him. He imagined himself dying, and called out to his companion—

"Cling firmly to the plank, dearest, and God will send thee aid. I die—farewell!"

"No, no!" she screamed, in the shrill accents of indescribable anguish, while she loosed her hold of the plank and clung frantically to his sinking form. "No, no, if thou must perish, I will not be saved. Better far to die with thee than live to lament thy loss." At the same moment she relinquished all efforts to keep herself from sinking, and resigned herself to a power which she believed to be death. But it was only insensibility stealing over her, and after a time she awoke as from a strange and troubled dream. The noise of rushing waters seemed still sounding in her ears, and her form yet seemed tossed about at the mercy of the restless waves. For some moments she vainly endeavored to recall the remembrance of what had occurred. She was lying upon a little island in the middle of the stream. Some person was carefully supporting her head; and looking up to ascertain who was near her, what was her astonishment to behold the dark featured Indian who had so strangely and earnestly regarded her during the voyage. This brought the remembrance of the recent catastrophe vividly to her mind, and uttering a faint low cry of anguish, she darted a glance of fearful inquiry around. That look was answered by beholding its object lying near, weak and almost exhausted like herself, but safe from the terrible fate that had threatened him. Then joy, unutterable joy, took possession of her heart. She asked not how they had been saved, she cared not to know—it was enough to see the beloved one whom she had last beheld sinking beneath the wave, now safe and unharmed before her; and a sense of holy gratitude and tranquil happiness, excluded all other thoughts.

The greeting of the young pair was such as might be imagined between persons, like them, rescued from the very grasp of death. When the first deep gush of fervent happiness passed away and allowed other thoughts to arise, they turned to their kind preserver to offer the warmest acknowledgements for the service he had rendered them. He received their thanks with a smile, but when they spoke of reward for his noble deed his features expressed dissatisfaction. His reply to their offers of reward was characteristic of the Indian race, for it expressed all that was necessary in few but fitting words. It also explained that which before appeared mysterious in his conduct.

"Maneko," he said, "wants no recompense; he would scorn to receive pay for what was only an act of duty. The beautiful white girl has forgotten the poor Indian whom she long ago befriended, but he can never forget her. The gift she took from her own fair neck still rests upon the bosom of his child, and the remembrance of her kindness is still warm in the heart of his wife. Many times have the forest leaves withered in the breath of Autumn since the little white girl smiled kindly upon the strangers. She was then like a spring flower just opening its beauties to the light, and she is now like a tall tree standing in the pride and glory of its

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summer loveliness; yet, Maneko remembered her again, despite the change, and his heart warmed with the desire of returning her kindness. It has pleased the Great Spirit to grant him an opportunity, and now his soul is satisfied."

And thus it was! The grateful Indian had recognized the fair young bride as the child who had, a number of years before, conferred upon him a slight, but never-forgotten favor. In the fearful moment of the boat's destruction, he had resolved to save her, or perish in the attempt. For some time his kindly intentions were frustrated by the confusion of the scene, and by the disappearance of the lady and her husband. When, at length, he did discover them, they were floating far away down the river, and it required his utmost exertions to reach them. Even then he would not have been able to save them, if they had not been near a little island, which afforded a safe and secure resting-place to the insensible couple and their almost exhausted preserver.

Thus were two young beings rescued from a fearful death, and restored to hope and happiness, life and love, by the influence of one little act of kindness. Surely deeds of benevolence are like

"Flower-seeds by the far winds strown;"

they take root in almost every soil—they spring up in the most rugged and lonely places; and they shed light and grace and beauty around the most desolate scenes!

Original.

STANZAS.

Since young Apollo on Parnassus kept
The dances of the muses with his lyre,
The soul of symphony has never slept,
Nor Calliopé lost her martial fire,
While at her voice the war-sword leaves its sheath,
Euterpe sweetly sings from every summer wreath.

When twilight calls me musing to the bower,
And Hope and Love the fondest fancies wake,
How sweet amid the stillness of the hour,
Soundeth the mellow flute from distant lake,
And as each day-tint from the mountain fades,
Breathes over hill and dale its witching serenades.

It bringeth every rosy dream of even,
That whispers to me from the spirit-home,
For what was erst of earth is now of Heaven,
And gently to my couch of dreaming come,
Born on its zephyr-wing from sphere unknown,
Sweet voices of the loved one who was once my own.

Now worshippers in lovely circles steal,
For evening prayer along the sacred aisle;
How solemn sounds the organ's lofty peal,
Throughout the olden temple's mossy pile,
While the last twilight o'er the arches creeps,
And 'mong deep shadows lingering, with lone echo sleeps.

H. W. N.

Original.

DAILY THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I.

How cool the morning wind that freshly steals,
Thro' the raised lattice to my fevered brow.
Winged spirit of existence which reveals,
In the soft breathings of its liquid flow,
A consciousness and pride in its own heart,
Of the deep luxury its sighs impart.

II.

The linden boughs that sweep the window-pane,
Bend softly down to meet its gentle kiss,
With a low music like a fairy strain—
Glad nature's orison, telling that bliss
And hope and life and light are all her own,
In the sweet hymn breathed to th' Almighty's throne.

III.

The air is of the south, and seems to bear,
Her wild bud's fragrance on its unseen wings;
And music of glad waters falling there,
And song of birds and other sylvan things
Who revel in its luxury, and elate
Seem with the rapture of their woodland state.

IV.

It playeth with the blossoms on the stand,
My mute companions! How their petals thrill,
Beneath the fannings of its kisses bland,
As tho' each thought him on his native hill
And it their native air. All 'neath God's seal,
Blossom and trees, as man, have sense to feel.

V.

Afar, from a proud mansion, I can hear
The music of the mock-bird and the thrush,
In vyeing harmony, creep to mine ear;
Flowing as free as tho' their native bush
Was 'neath them in the sunrise, and on high
Above them lay the pure and placid sky.

VI.

Morn in the city. O'er me I can see,
Quivering in the sunlight, the small fly,
That seems a very atom unto me,
Beneath the broad expanse of trackless sky;
Yet, as *it* seems, in consciousness am I
That same small atom in eternity.

VII.

God infinite and mighty and alone!
I thank thee for this blessing. I am one
Who deems the sinner's offering to thy throne,
From his frail soul in grateful feeling done,
Like heavenly music grateful to thine ear—
For Thou turn'st not away from hearts sincere.

Philadelphia. 1841.

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Original.

NIGHT.

'Tis night; o'er heaven's blue steep
A shadowy mantle of dark hue is drawn;
And the bright stars which keep
Their watch-fires there, are kindling one by one,
While, like a line of silver, pure and high,
The crescent moon hangs in the western sky.

'Tis night; the peasant hies,
Toil-worn and weary, to his home and hearth;
And care his bosom flies,
As kindly voices greet with love and mirth;
For dear ones welcome, at the daylight's close,
And bless for him, the season of repose.

'Tis night, beside the helm,
The pilot leans, and with unsleeping eye,
Surveys the starry realm;
Trills forth a song to bid the dull hours fly;
While wakeful fancy unconfined doth stray
To friends, and home, and country far away.

'Tis night, and dimly burns
The lamp beside the sick man, pale and wan,
While feverishly he turns;
And sighing, watches for the far-off dawn;
And wondering much the while, when blessed with health,
That men should ever toil, and strive for wealth.

'Tis night, care-worn and weary,
The mourner finds, in tears, a sad relief,
For, like the lone heart, dreary,
The sober darkness seems akin to grief;
And stricken hearts love not day's joyous hours;
But seek communion with the pale night flowers.

'Tis night, the warrior dreams
Of laurel wreaths, won in the battle fray;
The home-sick stranger turns to native scenes;
The poet to a wreath of fadeless bay;
The maiden to her plighted vows of love;
The Christian to a stainless world above.

Night, solemn night, thou stillest
Within my heart, each peace-disturbing thought,
Night, holy night, thou fillest
My soul with rays from Heaven's own altar caught;
Thou speakest when thy shades are gathered round,
In voices sweet, which day's wild mirth had drowned.

Lord, from thy starry throne,
Or curtained in thy cloudy mantle sun,
When the deep thunder's moan
Peals forth sublime, and sheeted lightnings come,
For thou, in storm or starlight, ever seems,
The muse of Heaven, the very queen of dreams.

JENETTA H. WILLIAMS.

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Ah, happy child! her grave is green,
And fresh the scattered flowers,
Warmed only by the summer sun
And wet with summer showers.
I would it might be ever thus—
For deep my spirit grieves,
To think that on her little bed,
Will fall the withered leaves.

A week ago—and down her neck,
Fell heaps of sunny hair;
I never saw, in all my life,
A creature half so fair.
Life blossomed in her cheek of rose—
Beamed in her azure eye,
Oh, Mary, dear, who ever dreamed,
That thou wouldst droop and die?

I saw, where she was lain, a man,
Grey with the touch of years;
His fingers pressed his wrinkled face,
And through them trickled tears.
He doubtless wept that one so young,
So beautiful was gone;
While he, the worn and bowed with age,
Was feebly living on!

I saw her sweet companions
Approach by twos and threes;
Some stood and sobbed beside the grave,
And some fell on their knees.
They came to see her when she died,
And they had come to shed
The grief that swelled their little hearts,
Where lay their darling—dead!

More precious than the vanished light,
Her tender lamp did burn—
The vanished light will shine again,
But she cannot return.
Gone, gone—and all is gloomy now
That was so fair to see;
Leave, seraph, leave thy home in Heaven,
Or let me fly to thee!

ORDER.

"If the head aches, all the members of the body are more or less disabled," says the Latin aphorism. So in the body politic, and throughout the various departments in which the multifarious concerns of this world are transacted, if the presiding genius to whom is entrusted the direction of any particular branch should be found incompetent, from whatever cause, he must be replaced, or disorder suddenly creeps into the affairs under his superintendance, and soon renders his office a useless burden to his employers.

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Original.

PRESSED FLOWERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

Almost every one has a habit of recalling past events by associating them in their memory with some particular object or other, the sight of which will, at any time, bring them back again to the mind with the most perfect distinctness. Flowers are my associates. I never receive any particular pleasure, without instantly memoralizing it with a flower; and there is hardly a book in my possession, whose leaves do not bear the impress of several of the "fairies sweet tenements."

There is a volume now before me filled with such fair mementos of joys departed! As I turn its pages over, many a vision of past delight rises up before me, and had each sweet blossom the gift of speech, it would take more than one volume to hold the tales "they could unfold."

Here is a bunch of pressed violets! Well do I remember, as I gaze upon them, the pleasant walk I once had in the woods of C———. It was during the early part of May. The leaf was just putting forth its soft green, bursting with glee its cone-like bud; when first among the forest flowers, the gentle violet peeped up from its bed of leaves, and sent forth its sweet breath to join the general rejoicing, that every where welcomed the coming of the joyous spring.

I had commenced my walk with a saddened brow; but who can feel sweet nature's

"Mild and healing sympathy"

glide into the heart, and not leap up with gladness! Very soon did my thoughts exchange their gloomy coloring, for the rich tints of nature's own inspiring hues.

Far through the tangled woods I pursued my way, now pausing to gather wild flower, now listening to the music the feathered denizens of the forest-city poured forth so richly; and now resting upon a moss-covered seat, gazing up and around, upon the glorious loveliness of creation, and wondering how Sorrow and her numerous retinue, could find a resting-place within such a world of beauty!

At length, with a heart more subdued in its desires, and glowing with grateful feelings for its numerous blessings, I turned my course homeward. As I emerged from the forest path, I espied, half covered with lifeless forest leaves, a bunch of violets, larger and more deeply blue, than any I had yet seen. Eagerly I plucked them from their lowly bed, determining long to preserve them, as a memorial of an hour spent within Nature's temple, in full communion with her invisible spirit, and my own heart.

And here they are again; as welcome now, faded though they be, as when all glowing with life and beauty, I bore them from their own bright home; for the charm of memory and sweet thoughts dwell upon them, and they bring to my spirit again the holy teaching of nature's oracles.

Here is a piece of blue 'Anemone,' 'Cape Jasmine,' and a 'Daisy.' Ah! the vision of a young and happy group rises up before me; and the merry scenes of a pleasant afternoon, spent with some friends now far away, are again presented to my view.

We were standing upon a piazza that overlooked a beautiful garden, filled with every variety of plants, when one of us, a fair young girl, with a spirit as bright as the blossoms themselves, proposed our holding a conversation in flowers. So sending one of our beaux into the house for our bonnets, we bounded down the green slope before the door, and were soon eagerly engaged in our pursuit.

Ah! what a delightful time it was! How cheery the ringing laugh went forth from each young heart, and with what a cry of delight we received our flowers, and read their sentiments. And then, after having exhausted our store of knowledge on the subject, it was proposed that one of us should play the sybil, and present to each of the others a bouquet of flowers, whose sentiments would most accord with his, or her character.

The gravest and most sensible of our company was chosen to the office, and it was agreed upon all sides, that he acquitted himself much better than could have been expected from one who held the "spoils," and who could have done as he pleased with them.

We left the garden in high spirits, adorned with our emblems, and it was determined amongst us, carefully to press and preserve them, as a memento of that happy time.

Most preciously have I kept mine; and as I gaze upon them, I feel assured, that amid all the scenes of enjoyment I have since been engaged in, none have exceeded the pure and healthful pleasure of those delightful moments spent among the flowers.

Here is a pressed blossom of the 'lily of the valley.' It was given to me by one as pure and sweet as itself. Dear Lizzy was amongst my earliest friends; and though now married, and the mother of a beautiful boy, she has still the same gentle and affectionate disposition that distinguished her girlhood.

Many a sweet token of her love have I received, and not the least was the gift of these sweet flowers. She had been riding out a few miles from her home, to visit a relative whose garden abounded with these fair emblems of purity; and though her time was very limited, and her hands well filled with other things, yet nothing would do, but she must cull the finest of the garden's treasures, to bring to the friend who loved them so well; and with a smile and a kiss that made them doubly dear, she presented them to me.

They have been preserved amongst my most treasured things; and I never gaze upon them without a feeling of pleasure; for the simplest gift of affection is dearer to me, than all the gold and precious stones in the world.

Here is a bunch of "wild wood flowers." brightly they bring again to my view, another delightful walk in the woods, and a host of petty adventures, that will take some time to enumerate.

I was not alone this time, and my companion, a bright sparkling creature, whom Nature would spoil, if

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she could, was as fond of the forest and its treasures, as myself.

It was about the middle part of May, when I went to pay a visit to a dear and venerated friend, who resided in the pleasant village of J———. The spring had been very backward this year; indeed, there were those who said we had no spring at all. But I think the delightful day of our walk made up, for at least, a whole week of wet weather; and as we had about a dozen such days during the three months called spring, we were not quite so bad off as some people wanted to make us out.

During my stay with Mrs. G., a grand-daughter of her's came to visit her from the city; and a very delightful time did Nannie and I have together. But of all the pleasant things that then happened to us, and that will longest remain on the memory, and be the brightest to look back to, was our walk in the woods.

It was upon the very last day of May, and never did the sun shine upon a fairer one. There was quite a contrast between our equipments, when we sallied forth in our walk. Nannie could not get quite over her city notions, and wore a dress more suitable for Broadway, as I laughingly told her, than the tangled scenes we should have to encounter.

For my own part, having already had as much experience in hedge-torn dresses, and bramble-caught bonnets, as I needed, I had most seriously concluded, henceforth, to leave all finery at home, when visiting the wood, and robe myself in garments more distinguished for use than beauty. So I doffed my home dress, and donned a good stout calico, with shoes and gloves to match; but the pride of my invention, and the merry jest of all who saw it, was my bonnet. Never was any thing more simple or appropriate.

A large newspaper, (the 'New World,' for instance,) doubled and drawn up together on one side, something in the shape of an ordinary sun-bonnet, with another smaller one plaited on behind, to protect the neck from the sun, and a string passed over it, when on the head, to keep it there firmly, is all that is required to form it.

It sits lightly and pleasantly on the head, and is not caught half so often by the branches and brambles, as one of straw or muslin; besides, it requires no doing up, and when destroyed, five minutes will readily make another; and newspaper is cheap enough, I fancy. Then again, it gives its wearer the advantage of showing a head full of intellect, though it may be but outside, so I sincerely hope, all things considered, my bonnet invention will be taken into consideration, by all the "ladies bright," who love to visit Nature in her wild-wood haunts.

But I must go on with an adventure. After having climbed over two fences, and crept under another, encountering, as usual, plenty of thorns and briars, we found ourselves entering the forest; and oh, what an enchanting view burst upon our sight!

There were the stately "sylvan lords," bending lightly over a brook that mirrored back their lofty forms, whilst it bore outstretched upon its bosom, the quivering, yet deeply rooted forms of the graceful 'water lily.' Never was any thing more beautiful, or more ardently longed for, than were those sweet "Queens of the River." Oh! how patiently we encountered the tangled labyrinth of brambles and branches that surrounded the brook, in hopes of being able to draw some of them out of their gem-like bed; but all in vain. Poor Nannie's flounces were continually being caught in the thorny bushes, (and many a rent did they receive,) quite preventing her from making half the efforts her ardent longings prompted; and the stick I had armed myself with, to reach them, was most provokingly too short; whilst a longer one was beyond my strength. Never were damsels so disappointed!

So after all our endeavors, we had to leave them as we found them; contenting ourselves with the idea, that they would have died in a short time, had we caught them; and that no where could they look so beautiful as in their own bright element. So we were fain, at last, to turn from them, and gather sour crabs that we found clustering round the branches of the trees that surrounded the margin of their pure home.

Then we turned again into the high way, to seek an opposite wood, where the flowers grew in the greatest variety and abundance. Upon our way thither, we were met by a lady and gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been looking for us, with the intention of joining our wanderings; so we all proceeded together into the world of beauty, nature had provided for us.

Far through its tangled scenes we held our way, pausing, at times, to gather the sweet blossoms that so thickly clustered beneath our feet; and whilst our companions walked on before us, Nannie and I could not help repeating to each other, many a sweet lay of the poets, recalling, as it were, in poetry, the beautiful scenes before us. Then, too, we encountered, frequently—

> "A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye,
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky:"

bringing those sweet lines of Wordsworth continually to our lips.

At last we reached a bowery dingle, where we found a large moss-covered stone, most invitingly placed for us to rest upon. So down we sat, laughing, chatting, and adorning ourselves with flowers, until the declining sun warned us to think of returning.

But ah! our walk home was not to be accomplished as quietly as we supposed. Hardly had we got a short distance on our way, when all our poetical ideas were put to flight, by Nannie's suddenly screaming, and rushing forward to our companions, who were a little in advance of us. I followed quite as swiftly, though hardly knowing why, when the loud barking of dogs burst on our ears, and two splendid looking animals came bounding upon us!

Oh, what a scene it was! We, trembling and clustering together, like the deer themselves, at the sight of their mortal enemy, whilst our knight stepped boldly forward, holding up his cane to the rogues, who skulked off fast enough, when they found one of the lords of

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creation with us. And then, how, in spite of our fears, we laughed, and wondered where all our courage was. Poor Nannie was the greatest coward, and she did nothing but tremble for some time afterwards; we even had to stop again, beside a pretty stream at the entrance of the wood, until she could recover herself.

Just as the sun was setting in his gorgeous panoply of crimson and gold, we neared our home, laden with the sweet treasures of the forest, and ready to do justice to grandma's good cheer. Then after having described our walk and its adventures, to Mrs. G., who always takes such smiling interest in our young pursuits, and laughed most heartily at them, we closed the evening with poetry and conversation.

Time has followed swiftly since that pleasant time, and my delicate blossoms of remembrance have quite lost their sweet hues; but their forms, faded and frail though they be, will ever express most distinctly the fair scenes with which they are associated.

And now, for a time, I must bid adieu to these fragrant memories of the past; but when another hour of leisure presents itself, perhaps some other of them may give forth a voice, and tell of pleasant scenes that happened, during their short life of bloom.

MARY A. COFFIN.

Original.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Oh! the green and the graceful! the cocoa-nut tree!
The lone and the lofty—it loves like me
The flash—the foam of the heaving sea,
And the sound of the surging waves,
In the shore's unfathomed caves.
With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,
And its fruit in clusters drooping down;
Some of a soft and tender green,
And some all ripe and brown between;
And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace,
Like a blush thro' the tresses on Beauty's face.
Oh! the lovely—the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The willow—it waves with a tender motion,
The oak and the elm with more majesty rise!
But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.

In the Nicobar Islands, each cottage you see,
Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree;
While its leaves, matted thickly, and many times o'er,
Make a thatch for its roof, and a mat for its floor;
Its shells, the dark islander's beverage hold—
'Tis a goblet as pure, as a goblet of gold.
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree
That blooms by the sea,
Is the tree of all trees for me!

In the Nicobar Isles, of the cocoa-nut tree
They build the light shallop—the wild, the free;
They weave, of its fibres, so firm a sail,
It will weather the rudest southern gale;
They fill it with oil, and with coarse jaggree,
With arrack and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree,
The lone, the free,
That dwells in the roar
Of the echoing shore,
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree for me!

Rich is the cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
And its wine—the pure palm wine is sweet;
It is like the bright spirits we sometimes meet—
The wine of the cocoa-nut tree:
For they tie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
From which the blossoms and nuts would spring;
And thus forbidden to bless with bloom,
Its native air, and with soft perfume,
The subtle spirit that struggles there,
Distils an essence more rich and rare,
And instead of a blossom and fruitage birth,
The delicate palm-wine oozes forth.
Ah! thus to the child of genius, too,
The rose of Beauty is oft denied;
But all the richer, that high heart, through
The torrent of Feeling pours its tide,
And purer and fonder, and far more true,
Is that passionate soul, in its lonely pride.
Oh! the fresh, the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The glowing sky of the Indian Isles,
Lovingly over the cocoa-nut smiles,
And the Indian maiden lies below,
Where its leaves their graceful shadow throw:
She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells,
That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells.
She binds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids, like rose-buds there.
Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms, she joys to deck.
Oh! wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be!

Niagara, July, 1841.

Who will be hardy enough to assert that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated, in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts—the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man—to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection? Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions?—*James Mackintosh.*

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LITERARY REVIEW.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS AND YUCATAN, *by John L. Stephens: Harper & Brothers.*—Mr. Stephens is certainly the prince of travellers, both in adventure and description. Here are two volumes of the most choice material, selected, we may almost say, at our very doors—material affording invaluable knowledge to science and mankind in general. Scarcely had our traveller exhausted all that was curious and interesting in the regions of the sacred and classic countries, but we find him, having travelled over this singular and almost unknown territory and presenting us with the fruits of his indefatigable research—discovering for us the remains of a highly cultivated race, which must have existed anterior to the earliest records extant of America. His descriptions and comments on these singular objects, as well as his observations on the present state of the country, its inhabitants, and their manners, as also those on Chiapas and Yucatan, render it a most invaluble, as well as a most delightful work. One great and excellent peculiarity, and one which is possessed by Mr. Stephens, is a total abandonment of all affected and profound terms, as well as all studied mannerism of style. You peruse his writings with the same interest, as if listening to their narration from his own lips, 'till you find yourself unexpectedly at the end of the volumes, and feel as if you could again commence their perusal with fresh delight.

THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE, *by Sir David Brewster: Harper & Brothers.*—The lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, the celebrated astronomers who flourished at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, form the contents of this volume—and to the student of science and the general reader, will be found most interesting, imparting much information upon the subjects of these biographies, as well as of the most prominent individuals who existed in their time. The character of Galileo is excellently drawn, all that is valuable and useful being retained and perspicuously written, a merit seldom to be met with in this department of letters. There is no elaborate and mystified style manifested, no technical phraseology adopted, too generally the characteristics of scientific biographies, the writers making them principally a medium for expressing their own tenets and professional ideas. Sir David Brewster, than whom no man is endowed with a more comprehensive intellect and scientific knowledge, has carefully avoided this besetting sin, and given a correct and graphic illustration of the lives of these celebrated men, accompanied with a few terse and apposite remarks on their moral, social, and scientific characters. It is one of the best numbers of this excellent series of publications.

ICELAND, GREENLAND, AND THE FAROE ISLANDS: *Harper & Brothers.*—An interesting and instructive volume, and one which has been greatly wanting in the department of history. Isolated and almost unknown to the mass of humanity, it is singular to learn how vast an influence these islands have exercised upon the physical, moral, religious and even literary character of mankind. We congratulate the publishers upon this addition to the "*Family Library*," as it is decidedly one of its most valuable issues which has yet appeared.

JOURNEY IN THE WEST, *by Mrs. Steele: J. S. Taylor.*—This unpretending volume is characterized by sound sense, a quality which is ever displayed in the writings of Mrs. Steele. The various counties, their geological qualities, institutions and inhabitants, are all minutely investigated and described in a plain and pleasing manner. For the traveller, we know of no work more suitable—while to the emigrant, in many cases, it will be found to contain much useful information.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a beautiful little volume, splendidly ornamented with colored plates of the different species of "the Queen of the flowers," and illustrated in a series of letters. We have not for a long time beheld a more appropriate present for the youth of both sexes.—*Carvills & Co.*

LA DEESSE, AN ELLSLER-ATIC ROMANCE, *by the Author of 'Straws:' Carvill & Co.*—We have read this pretty little volume and laughed heartily at many of its quaint expressions and truly original witticisms. The fête champêtre of Slims and the Blasted One, *alias* the serenade row at the American, are most *pindarically* hit off. The poem is beautifully printed, and with the admirers of the facetious Straws, will, we have no doubt, become an especial favorite.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE: *G. & H. Langley.*—This excellent Magazine having passed into the hands of the above enterprizing publishers, is a pledge that it will be conducted with taste, liberality, and talent. We wish it every success.

LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF L. E. L., *by Leman Blanchard: Lea & Blanchard.*—Mr. Blanchard has written just enough to render this biography interesting. He has given us a sketch, which is frequently better than a finished picture. We have all the prominent features of her personal and literary career, and they are descanted upon with great discrimination, impartiality and justice. Too truly has the poet said, "Those whom the gods love, die young," and in poor L. E. L., we have a most melancholy illustration. A sweeter poetess, if we except Mrs. Hemans, never struck the lyre, and a more artless, amiable, and virtuous, although maligned being, never walked through this world of envy. Mr. Blanchard has labored assiduously to disseminate a confutation of the suspicious circumstances attending her demise, still we cannot bring ourselves to receive them as perfectly satisfactory, or consider the clouds of mystery which yet hang around her fate, to be fairly dispelled. The second volume is composed of several new unpublished essays and poems, characteristic of her beautiful genius, and of course most acceptable to her admirers.

THE MARRYING MAN: *Lea & Blanchard.*—A novel from the pen of "The Old Bachelor," is a guarantee of excellence, and those who peruse the Marrying Man, will not be disappointed. It is founded upon fashionable life, is smartly written, and full of striking incidents and situations.—*Carvills & Co.*

THE LADY OF REFINEMENT, *by Mrs. Sandford: James Loring.*—We believe that never at any one period have so many volumes been issued from the press of both countries, relating to the female character, and the writers of which, for the greater part, being all competent to the task. Among them, the Lady of Refinement is one of the very best, written from matured experience and is well worthy of perusal.

LECTURES ON THE SPHERE AND DUTIES OF WOMAN, *by G. Burnap: J. Murphy.*—This volume, among the many which on every hand are springing up in reference to the true position of woman in society, is the best we have ever perused. It is written with a dispassionate judgment, a sound knowledge of its subject, and in a spirit of great liberality. There is no arrogance of opinion, no dictatorial precept, or hostility to other sects and their principles advanced. In Mr. Burnap is combined the man of manners, the philanthropist, and scholar, and, above all, a strict observer of human nature. The duties of woman, and especially of the American female, are ably defined and correctly animadverted on. We take pleasure in recommending it as a work that all parents should place in the hands of their daughters, and the husband in that of his wife.

JOSEPH RUSHBROOK, *by Captain Marryat: Carey & Hart.*—Captain Marryat has struck out into a new line of character, and in which he promises to be as successful as in his nautical one. The present work is full of interest and originality of plot—he also, departs not, too much into the regions of folly, but continues to keep his eye on nature and probability. We are certain it will be popular among all novel readers.

CHARLES O'MALLEY AND BARNABY RUDGE.—We have received the last numbers of these works, which continue still to progress in interest.

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THEATRICALS.

PARK.—At this theatre, during the past month, Mademoiselle Ellsler has been "the bright particular star," and notwithstanding the solar season of the year, her singular popularity has attracted full and fashionable audiences; indeed, we believe that hardly has the theatre ever been as well attended as on the three first nights of her engagement, the very lobbies being crowded with anxious gazers, who were quite contented to catch a single glimpse of the *danseuse*, so as to be enabled to say they had beheld *the divine Ellsler!!!* "There is something more than natural in this, if philosophy could find it out." For ourselves, we are willing to award to her the full meed of praise as a proficient in her art, but we totally condemn the dissolute mania which places the art of dancing above the dramatic genius of our country. This is a great and destructive feeling of the American character; it is governed by no discriminating principle as to the false or true standard of art and talent, fashion, altogether, being their guide, while imposition, too often, by the aid of wealth or private interest, is placed above the humble and meritorious. Is it not a painful and melancholy characteristic of an enlightened country, to behold its inhabitants showering their means upon, and servilely doing homage to an altitudinarian? We hear of "*the poetry of motion*, of "*the grace*" of "*the soul-like Fanny*," of "*the symmetrical limbs of the beautiful Ellsler*," of her "*angelic looks*," 'till the heart faints and sickens at the sound, and this, too, by individuals who are as ignorant of the art and its rules, as a *Yahoo* or a wild Indian. We behold, also, the *elite* of our cities, encouraging, and pretending to a knowledge of the *beauties of dancing*, regarding this artist as the *celestial* of *human* perfection, as we once heard her termed, and even aping her as the very *arbiter elegantiarum* of society. No expense, no sacrifice of time, are, by them, considered as too extravagant, to witness an art which a French writer has defined to be only "a regular motion of the body by leaps and steps, beating time to the sound of instruments." What, we candidly and coolly ask of them, is to be learned, or what benefit can be derived from such exhibitions? The advocates of her cause may answer, you behold the elegance of the human figure —yes, such elegance as would not, in any other class of society be countenanced, but strongly excite the honest indignation of every person who venerates the cause of morality and modesty. We have said that we believe her to be a proficient in her art: but is that art to be permitted to run riot in the paths of indelicacy? When an author, endowed with the rarest gifts of intellect, prostitutes these gifts to the dissemination of vice, and the injury of society, is he not frowned down, and avoided as a dangerous being; and although we are perhaps compelled to admire his genius, yet we are doubly so to despise the means by, and the cause in which he employs it? so is it with Mademoiselle Ellsler. The display of her talent is as perfect as study and the rules of art can make it, but then that very perfection is calculated to injure the interests of society, and sorry are we to perceive that the very persons who should present an example to our rising, and especially the female part of our community, are those who countenance the exhibition, are loudest in their praise, and most abject in their adulation. Some people have said, in opposition to the grounds on which we have based our remarks, that the manager is to blame in having engaged her; but to this we say, certainly not. The manager found that the pure and legitimate could receive no supporters, and at last, to preserve himself from ruin, and to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public, he acceded to, and engaged the *divine Fanny*. Poor *Mr.* Shakspeare was displaced from his pedestal, and *Mrs.* Terpsichore exalted in his stead, and all this solely to gratify a loose and immoral taste, to aid in the dissemination of what is deadly injurious to the present age, and a stain upon our character, as a country of moral and independent freemen. Of the other performances, we have, after this, but little to say, knowing that they are but mere vehicles for the powers of the *artiste*, and her *corps de ballet*. The principal of them, if we may term it so, as it is a combination of dance and song, was the operatic ballet of the Bayadere. It was badly represented in the singing department, and apparently hastily got up Ellsler made little or no impression in it. The recollection of *Augusta* and *Lacomte* was paramount in this instance.

BOWERY.—A succession of sterling plays have been performed here to very excellent houses. Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Hield sustaining the leading characters. The most of these plays we have already commented upon, and as there is no new or particular feature, we deem it unnecessary to enter again into criticism. We may, however, mention that the performances of Mrs. Hield are marked by a correct adherence to the text, a judicious taste in costume, and a thorough knowledge of the stage, but a sameness runs throughout her acting, which frequently mars its effect. Individuality is a great essential in the dramatic art, and without which no performer can ever attain to eminence, yet we are well aware that an actor or actress who has to support the whole range of the principal parts in a theatre, seldom is, or can be great, or even respectable; hence we are ever willing to congratulate those performers who evince a correct knowledge, if not a great one, of their art, and such is the case with Mrs. Hield. She is a sound and useful actress, one who never offends, but invariably gives satisfaction. Her representation of Emma, in William Tell, although not a character to test the ability of the actress, was an excellent performance, as was the Tell of Mr. Hamblin, into which he infused great power and feeling. A satirical and amusing little sketch, entitled, Heels *versus* Heads, written by the editor of the Atlas, has been produced at this house with decided success. It is a capital hit at the prevailing Ellsler mania, pointedly written, and was received with just appreciation by the audience. A clever young lady, Miss A. Lee, supported the principal character, and in her imitation of the popular dancer, displayed considerable tact and talent. She is a neat and pleasing dancer, but we would caution her against the flattery of friends, and the injudicious applause of the multitude. Though last, yet best, have been the performances of Mr. George Holland, whom many of our play-goers will recollect as having been the particular favorite at the Bowery some years since. Time has laid his hand but lightly on him; he still retains his faculties unimpaired. The same quaint and irresistible humor characterizes his acting—the rich laugh, the buoyancy of spirits, and the flexible and mirth-moving features, are as fresh and forcible as ever. He is, at this moment, one of, if not the best comedians the American stage possesses, and we were happy to perceive that as such he was appreciated by a New-York audience. This establishment is now closed for the summer season, but will, we understand, re-open during the present month, with an increased combination of dramatic novelty.

CHATHAM.—J. R. Scott has played a long and tolerably successful engagement, supported by Mrs. Thorne, Miss Mestayer, and Mrs. Anderson. We hear of a decline in the success of theatricals, but certainly it is not visible at the Chatham Theatre, for a steady and saving audience to the treasury is nightly congregated within its walls, a distinct class of play-goers from every other theatre in the city, so that whatever attraction is elsewhere presented, militates little or none against the Chatham. The performances are generally correctly given, but of late, we have beheld some glaring violations in several of the principal actors, a carelessness of their author—in fact, in some instances, a total unacquaintance with the subject matter altogether, a slovenliness in costume, and a demeanor of bravado, as if they rejoiced in these derelictions of duty. We would, at any time, rather praise than censure, but when such infringements upon the sense and taste of the public become so palpably flagrant, we are compelled to point them out to prevent their recurrence. Out of kindness, we will not, at present, mention names, deeming this hint sufficient to lead to an amendment of the evil.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Mitchell will begin his campaign early in September; his speculation in Philadelphia, we understand, did not meet his expectations. Mr. Crummles will find "there is no place like home." He cannot do better than content himself in New-York.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

"*Maledicus a maleſico non distat nisi occasione.*—QUINT."

IN a former number we referred to our having been the first who set the example to periodical publications in giving original articles by native authors, as also securing for our columns the service of foreign ones. The first has never been disputed but by *insinuations* from a certain quarter, the second has, and to which we now present a confutation in the evidence of incontrovertible fact. In July, of 1836, we published an original tale from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the celebrated delineator of Irish character, which our readers may find on referring to the pages of the "Companion," and since then, we have *frequently*, at a great expense, procured and published original articles from many other foreign writers. We mention this to show that we have never advanced an assertion which *we* cannot substantiate, as also to correct any erroneous impressions which too zealous individuals have been attempting to circulate at the expense of the "Companion." We are, perhaps, wrong in deigning to attach so much importance to so trifling an affair, but a constant repetition of petty insinuations has induced us thus to defend our just rights, and refute the unfounded allegations of envious detractors. It will be perceived that the present number is embellished with a magnificent plate of the Fashions, as well as a beautiful steel engraving, both unequalled by any contemporaneous publication, at the same time we are happy to inform our readers that it is our intention, hereafter, to present them every month with two similar engravings, or, when a fashion-plate cannot *correctly* be given, (for we profess to publish nothing but what is obtained from the most authentic sources in this department,) a landscape and pictorial subject will be substituted, thus rendering the "Companion" the most elegant ladies' magazine in America. This our readers must be aware, can only be accomplished at great additional expense, but which we value not while our exertions are encouraged and rewarded by a generous community. The "Companion" is now acknowledged to be the *ne plus ultra* of taste and talent, and so long as we hold at command our present ample resources, nothing shall be lacked to sustain its high reputation.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—The Sixty-Fifth anniversary of our country's Independence, was celebrated with every demonstration of respect and rejoicing worthy of so noble an occasion—an occasion which had its origin in a cause unprecedented in the annals of nations, for purity of principle, strength of devotion, and fearless and unconquerable courage. "When a prince whose character marked by every act which defines a tyrant, was no longer deemed fit to be the ruler of a free people," was deprived of his power by that little but sacred and ever hallowed band of fearless spirits, who in their own persons representing the citizens of America, "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to bid defiance to all foreign sway—who in the midst of gloom and despondence, when not one solitary star of hope illumed the horizon, raised the banner of independence, and after a struggle of many years, true to themselves and the cause of freedom—when every inch of soil was disputed with the myrmidons of foreign power—when son and sire had mingled their blood together on the plains of war—when thousands of freemen had perished in the glorious strife, at length beheld the sun of freedom burst forth in cloudless splendor upon their beloved country, and the creatures of tyranny wither in its blaze. Alas! not one of the fearless and noble fifty-six spirits who first severed the chain of tyranny now exists—but what of that, their good deeds live after them, their names are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, their memories will live unforgotten through all future time, and prouder and far more glorious will be the adoration paid to the Fathers of American Independence, than to the greatest monarch or triumphant conqueror of earth.

MUSICAL.—It is with extreme pleasure that we have to record the very successful appearance of a youthful debutante, in the person of Miss Jane Sloman, as a performer on the piano forte. Unknown and unheralded she came before her audience, relying solely on her genius to secure their favor, and truly happy are we to testify that a more brilliant reception never, perhaps, awaited any candidate in a public profession. Her performance was listened to with the most profound attention, and at the close of each recital, long and enthusiastic applause from every quarter greeted her. Her execution is truly wonderful, her taste of the most refined order, while her command over this most difficult of all instruments, excites the surprize and admiration of every beholder.

WATERING PLACES.—The various watering places, we are pleased to say, are fast filling up. If times are bad our citizens are determined at all events not to be deprived of their pleasure, and although at all times we are advocates of economy, yet if there is an allowable extravagance, we certainly say it is pardonable in the enjoyment of rural amusements. There is, perhaps, no city in the world whose vicinity affords so many beautiful resorts, as New-York, all of which are approachable at the utmost in a few hours—and we are happy also to learn that many of the hotel-keepers are suiting their charges to the character of the times. This is as it should be. The days of folly are past, prosperity had intoxicated us, and when disaster burst upon us like a thunderclap, we were not prepared to meet it. We have, however, passed nearly through the ordeal—we find that retrenchment in every department must be the order of the day, and among others, our summer recreations must be directed on the principles of prudence. All this will be, however, more beneficial to the visitor, for it will preserve him both in health and pocket. Formerly these trips were attended with the most extravagant and foolish acts, and instead of proving a benefit to the sojourner, were in most respects to him an evil. But enough of moralizing. The sweet and joyous summer is smiling over us—let all who can avail themselves of the shade and shelter of the country, while we venture to suggest to them the following places—Coney Island, Bath, Rockaway, Staten Island, Fort Hamilton, Oyster Bay, Long Branch, Newport, and numerous others, where comfort and convenience are moderately attained, and a speedy conveyance to the city can at all times be commanded.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Chieftain's Daughter," words by G. P. Morris, music by H. Russel. "There stood a Star in the Heaven's Blue," words by J. G. Percival, music by N. A. Baldwin. "On Thee I Thought," words by William By, music by J. G. Maeder, are the titles of three very pleasing ballads, published by Firth & Hall. "President Tyler's Military Waltz," by W. Benziger—"Quadrilles," from Balfe's Opera of Falstaff, by L. Negri, and "The Anniversary March," by C. M. King, have been also published by the same gentlemen.

AUGUST FASHIONS, 1841.—We give this month three different modes of walking dresses, from which our lady subscribers will be able to select that which they deem most appropriate. All of them are of the latest Parisian fashion, and may be depended upon for their exactness, both in description of material and manner of make.—Robe of fancy colored silk or muslin, with clasps of silk, and studded with single roses—corsage, long and similarly ornamented—black or white silk mantilla, trimmed with lace. Tuscan bonnet, cottage style, with flowers—*or*—Silk robe with flounces, with full plaits running from the shoulders to the waist—tight sleeves—cottage bonnet, with a wreath of flowers inside and decorated with flowers.

EVENING DRESS—White muslin or lace robe, over which is a *tablier* skirt of silk, in three equal parts, open at the sides and ornamented with flowers—corsage tight and low on the shoulders—sleeves very short and full. The hair is generally worn in the most simple manner, either in ringlets with a fillet of ribbon or pearl round the head, and ornamented with flowers, or plainly braided—but, the latter is the most prevailing fashion, and considered to be the most becoming. This part of the ornament, is, however, more guided by taste, and fashioned so as to suit the countenance of the lady, and of which we deem our fair readers most able to judge.

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Eugene Lami. A.L. Dick

THE RIVALS.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1841.

THE RIVALS.

"Good morning, madam," said Arthur Heartbright, as he entered the parlor and advanced to Miss Wieland, who was seated in a handsome damask chair, in trifling conversation with a young gentleman, who, at the appearance of Arthur, seemed surprized, and in return, coldly acknowledged a similar salutation.

"Good morning," responded Miss Wieland.

"I have called to have the pleasure of waiting upon you to the exhibition. I perceive, by the journals of the day, it will close to-morrow."

Miss Wieland cast a look of confusion at the gentleman with whom she had been in converse at the entrance of Arthur, and the young gentlemen looked suspiciously at each other. A dead pause ensued.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your society, Miss Wieland?" asked Arthur.

"Why, really, Mr. Heartbright," answered Miss Wieland, "it had completely escaped my memory, and I have just promised Mr. Douglas, here, to accompany him to the Floral exhibition." The gentlemen glanced at each other sulkily, which, Miss Wieland observing, continued, "Oh! I beg pardon; it had also escaped me that you were unacquainted. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Heartbright—Mr. Heartbright, Mr. Douglas," and she elegantly swung herself in her chair, and cast her eyes over the pages of a volume.. The young gentlemen advanced towards each other, and exchanged the cold and formal grasp of introduction.

"I am sorry that Miss Wieland's memory should have been so treacherous," said Arthur, "but perhaps Mr. Douglas will waive his invitation to my prior claim, and join us in our visit to the academy."

A frown settled on the brow of Douglas, while, in a proud tone he replied, "That depends, sir, solely on the pleasure of Miss Wieland."

"Exactly so," answered Arthur, "and by her decision I am willing to abide."

The young lady was puzzled; she knew not how to answer; prevarication could not avail her; she had given her promise to each of them, and she could not reply without offending one or both. At length, after a pause, she stammered out, "Settle it between you, gentlemen."

The rivals were nonplussed at this diplomatic answer, and feeling it a point of honor and pride that neither should yield, each took his station by the fireplace, while a breathless silence reigned in the apartment, broken only by the monotonous sound caused by Miss Wieland in her rocking-chair.

How long the parties might have continued so, it is difficult to tell, had not Hannah, Miss Wieland's waiting-woman, entered, to inform her mistress that Mr. Fitzfaddle waited to convey her in his carriage, on a short country excursion.

The announcement acted like a shock of electricity on Douglas and Heartbright. The former seized his hat, which, in his confusion, he dropped, and stooping to recover it, brought his head in contact with the corner of the piano. Arthur wished her the adieus of the morning, and much enjoyment from her excursion, and quitting the room, was followed by Douglas, in not the most placid humor, suffering as he did from chagrin and the pain arising from his contusion.

The two crest-fallen swains, on reaching the door, beheld the elegant equipage of Francis Fitzfaddle, Esq., in waiting for Miss Wieland, with the effeminate owner reclining in one corner of the carriage, from whose person a thousand perfumes exhaled to the contamination of the bland breezes of a beautiful June morning, at the same moment Hannah affectedly told the servant that her mistress would be with Mr. *Fitzstraddle* immediately.

Heartbright and Douglas looked at each other, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and descending to the pavement, Arthur parodying the lines of Pope, repeated as follows:

> "*Wealth* makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
> The rest is all but leather and prunello"—

and together they proceeded up the crowded pathway of Broadway.

"Confound that piano," exclaimed Douglas, "it has given me something to remember her for this month to come."

"Better to remember her a month than to have her for a life time," said Arthur, gaily, but your brow shows tokens of discolorment, and luckily here is my residence; will you do me the favor to enter?"

Douglas felt his pride, at this generous offer, humbled, and all animosity to Arthur to vanish. It is singular how calamity makes acquaintance; how the heart clings to a brother in misfortune. It is a beautiful principle implanted in our natures by the all wise Creator, to make us know the helplessness of our condition, by showing how truly dependent we are upon each other. Douglas bowed and thanked him kindly, and entering the dwelling, in a few minutes our two heroes were snugly seated together.

A miniature case lay upon the table, partly open, and as Douglas seated himself, he recognized the limned features of Miss Wieland, which, Heartbright perceiving, remarked, "You see I have a copy of your lady love. I hope you are not offended"—and he placed the miniature in the hands of Douglas.

"By no means," replied Douglas, placing it upon the table, as if it had scorched his fingers, "by no means; I most willingly concede to you the preference. Pray when do you hope to possess the original?"

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"When there is not another woman to be had in the world."

At that moment a loud crash, followed by the scream of a female, burst upon their ear. They rushed to the window, and beheld a lady and gentleman tumbled from their carriage by the breaking of the axle, and completely covered with the thick black mud of Broadway.

"Heavens!" cried Douglas, "it is Miss Wieland."

"And Mr. Fitzfaddle also," added Heartbright, laughing, and they raised the window and looked exultingly upon the scene, as it was apparent that fright was the only suffering which the lady experienced.

As there was no store in the neighborhood, the coachman knocked at the door of Heartbright, and requested permission for his master and Miss Wieland to enter. Fitzfaddle and our heroine knew not it was the residence of Arthur, and it may easily be imagined that the feelings of the unlucky pair were not soothed when they were received by him at the door. He expressed his regret at the accident, and hoped they would be soon able to proceed on their "*country excursion;*" and conducting the lady to an apartment, he was followed by Fitzfaddle, minus his hat, and part of his coat, and entirely covered with the *delectable* mud of Broadway. Douglas, who had met the unfortunate couple at the door with Arthur, followed, enjoying their calamity, and almost unable to retain his merriment from breaking forth into a burst of laughter, but neither Fitzfaddle nor Miss Wieland had, as yet, perceived him, and it was only when they reached the apartment, that the lady, almost aghast, in a voice of shame and confusion faintly exclaimed, "Ah! Mr. Douglas!" and she looked unutterable things.

He bowed politely, and Arthur having again extended to them the hospitality of his house, took the arm of Douglas, saying, "Come, Douglas, shall we proceed to the exhibition?" Douglas bowed assent, and they quitted the sufferers. A fresh carriage was soon procured, and the lady and gentleman were conveyed to their respective dwellings.

Fifteen years after this, two splendid mansions rose in Broadway, not far from the scene of Fitzfaddle's disaster. On their doors were inscribed the names of Douglas and Heartbright; they were the mansions of our young friends, who, singular to relate, had, on that very day which we have chosen for the time of our story, at the exhibition, become acquainted with two beautiful and wealthy sisters. Love soon followed, and marriage was the sequel. A young and lovely family had blessed their unions; happiness and contentment reigned in their bosoms, and our two rivals were now not only in name, but in affection, brothers.

Miss Wieland still lives in single blessedness, but suitors, like angel's visits, are few and far between, while poor *Fitzstraddle*, as the pert Hannah once denominated him, from reverses of fortune, is residing in a plain but comfortable residence in the suburbs of the city, enjoying, like Miss Wieland, the lonely delights of celibacy.

R. H.

Original.

AN EXTRACT.

From the Polish of Mons Niemcewicz.

BY WILLIAM G HOWARD.

A distinguished Polish exile—Julian Ursin Niemcewicz—recently died in the city of Paris. This pre-eminent patriot, philosopher and poet, was, for several years, in the early period of his life, a citizen of the United States, whither he had fled with his illustrious companion in arms—the immortal Kosciusko. During his residence in this country, he married a beautiful and accomplished lady, who expired in New-York about eight years ago. In a poetical epistle written in his native tongue, and addressed to an intimate friend in Poland, Niemcewicz, has recounted, at large, the most striking incidents in his brief sojourn upon our shores; not the least interesting portion of which is comprised in the subjoined extract, which happily alludes to his marriage, and his rural retirement in this land of freedom.

I.

When an exile from home, with deep sorrow oppressed,
In the new world a pilgrim, unknown and unblessed;
With no light to illume the shadows that spread,
Like the gloom of the sepulchre over my head;
My lonely condition made woman's bright eye
Mould the beautiful tear-drop of sweet sympathy.

II.

But her feelings of pity were soon changed to love,
Glad Seraph of Mercy, bequeathed from above!
With the gift of her fond heart she sweetened my woe,
And made hope's dying embers with fresh brilliance glow;
Since then my neat cottage, my meadow, parterre,
And freedom's sweet pleasures have been my sole care.

III.

How oft has Aurora, from his soft couch of blue,
Found me cutting the fresh grass all pearly with dew;
Or engrafting a shoot on the thriving young tree,
While all nature was smiling in beauty and glee;
Oh! delightful employment! with pleasure how rife,
Are the exquisite scenes of a pastoral life!

IV.

Far away from the crowd of the giddy and vain,
From the thraldom of tyrants—the rude and profane;
From the folly of idlers that cumber the earth,
And waste life's precious season in profitless mirth;
Ambition and avarice disturb not the breast,
While hope points the soul to the realms of the blest.

V.

So pure were the joys, and so peaceful the life,
That I shared with my lovely, affectionate wife;
I might have been happy could man but forget,
When his country with deadliest foes is beset;
But too oft bitter thoughts would convey me away,
In the stillness of midnight, the bustle of day,
O'er the foam-crested waves of the dark-rolling sea,
To thee, distressed Poland, once peaceful and free.

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Original.

THE WIFE'S DUTY.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

"The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible, need not stray.—*Montgomery.*

THE sun of a midsummer day was streaming brightly down upon a charming landscape in the west. A broad and noble river there rolled its tumultuous waters, strewed with the wreck of forests, and turbid with the soil which in its violent career it had torn from the shores along which it had passed. Upon one side of the shore, there stood a range of the loveliest and most singular looking hills—high rounded green cones, called by the French inhabitants, Mammelles. Nothing could be softer than the smooth emerald herbage which covered them, looking at a distance so like velvet, but upon nearer approach, proving to be forest trees of every shade and shape. From these hills the eye roved opposite across the river, over a beautiful prairie of level green land, irradiated by masses of flowers of every brilliant hue, glowing and sparkling in the sun's warm beam.

There was no eye to gaze upon all these beauties, for the animals were taking their siesta in the shade. Nought living was seen in all the landscape, save an occasional deer, who came gliding down the long shadowy vistas between the hills, and after drinking from the river and giving a long gaze up and down the stream, trotted gracefully back to his forest haunts again —or a paroquet, glittering with various colors, as if coated with jewelled armor, flashing in the sun's light as he flew from tree to tree.

At length an old negro was seen slowly descending the rocks which protruded from the side of the hill, and seating himself beneath the shade of a cotton-tree, threw his fishing tackle into the stream, and a deep silence reigned undisturbed, except by the rushing of the mighty Mississippi.

Suddenly a loud and regular sound broke upon the stillness—the negro starting recognized the noise as the bursts of steam from a high-pressure engine, and withdrew behind a mass of rock just as a large Mississippi steamer with its three decks, loaded with people and merchandise, rushed past at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. At that moment, with a loud crash, its speed was stopped—it swerved from its course, quivered throughout its whole frame, staggered a little, and then began to sink! It had struck upon a snag, (a trunk of a tree,) which imbedded in the mud, stood erect in its path, and thus had wrecked it. One loud shriek of terror burst from every bosom, and then all were seen seeking by every means to save themselves. Boxes, benches, chairs, every moveable thing was thrown over, and after them came the hapless passengers. The old negro had sprung from his seat, and now stood with his hands raised, his eyes and mouth wide open, gazing upon the scene in astonishment and fear.

"Gora Massa, what a curus ting!" he at length exclaimed. "Whar the steamboat gwoin now? What she gwoin do nex? Gracious! she's sinkin!—and thar go the folks in the river jus like ants when you pour water in their holes, swimmino all ways. Gracious! thar's some comin here—they'll find us out—what's to be done? Missus will be 'stracted to be found out. Here they come to this shore whar no one for nearly a year has come, 'sep I and misses, and massa Julius. How 'mensely provokin the steamboat mus needs sink jus here! Thar's a man swimmine, and bringin a gal on a cotton-bale—I'll hide, and don't care a picayune if they drown or no," sinking behind a rock, old blackey concealed himself from view.

A young man with the aid of a life-preserver around his neck, was floating to the shore, guiding a bale of cotton upon which was tied his mother, an elderly lady. They were near the shore, when the swell of the sinking vessel upset the bale and the lady was in danger of drowning. With a desperate effort, the youth endeavored to rescue his mother, who cool and strong-nerved, battled stoutly with the waves. Suddenly the old negro sprang from behind his entrenchment, exclaiming—"'Spose I mus help you since you will come ashore, any how," and taking each by the arm, he landed them safely, and retreated ere they could thank him. The lady seating herself upon a stone looked towards the river, but the dreadful scene, the sinking steamer and drowning passengers presented, so appalled her that she fell nearly fainting upon her son's shoulder. Recovering she entreated him to aid others, but so rapid was the tide that all had floated past, or were lying upon the sands of the cruel Mississippi.

The youth turned to his mother—"Dearest mother," he said, "you must not sit here in your wet clothes—perhaps the old man who assisted us will lead us to some shelter." Looking behind the rock, he perceived the negro, and addressed him, asking him to show them the way to his house.

"My house!" growled the negro. "I got no house."

"Well, your hut, cottage, or whatever you call it."

"I got no house, no hut, no noting."

"Surely you live some where?"

"I lib here."

"What, and sleep here—no, no, do not try to deceive me—you are well dressed, and no doubt live well. Come, lead on, and if it be only a cave or bower it will shelter my mother."

The negro sat doggedly down upon a stone, and threw out his fishing line. The youth in a rage shook his fist in his face, and threatened him in violent language, when his mother begging him to desist, laid her pale wet hand upon the old man's arm, and said in a gentle tone—

"My good friend, I see you are reluctant to receive us, and can guess at your reason—you think you will have two desolate beings thrown upon you who will consume all your provisions, and perhaps rob you. My son has money about him and will pay you doubly for any thing you may give us. Come, you see I am in a

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wretched state, and shall perish if left all night upon this shore."

The faithful negro was in a great state of perplexity, and sat motionless, with the big tears falling over the ridges of his ancient cheeks.

"Yes," said the youth, "I can give you bills upon any bank in Missouri, or specie, gold or silver, from an eagle to a pic."

"It is not that," said the old man, pushing back the gold. "I am most successively obligationed to you, young master and you misses, for your generositedness," making a profound bow, "but to tell God's trut, poor negro hab no house, nor no habitation of his own whatever, I am a sarvant, and lib with people who had jus as leave see a rattle-snake as folks, and if I bring folks to them, will be most disagreeable pleased wid me. So you mus please 'squse poor negro."

"Is there a lady in the house?"

Here the faithful slave was posed—must he tell a lie, or must he betray his mistress? After shaking his head a while, he said with another bow—"I hope misses will not consider me obligationed to correspond to her question."

"Well, I will not ask," replied the lady, "but I know you have a mistress, so hasten good fellow and tell her a lady has been shipwrecked, and begs for a shelter and dry clothes until another steamboat passes, when she will return. Say I will not even ask to see her if she do not wish it, as you can bring me every thing which I shall need."

With a heavy sigh the negro arose and ascended the rocks. After a short time a young female was seen coming down the hill followed by a little boy and the old man. She advanced to the lady and took her hand.

"My faithful Pompey has kept you here long in your wet clothes," she said, in a gentle but mournful voice. "I have a cabin above, which although rude will give you shelter if you will accept it."

"I am sorry to intrude," said the lady, "but you see my situation,"

"Say no more, but ascend I entreat you. It is true, I hoped—wished—expected," said the young female, correcting herself, "never to see a human being more—but fate has thrown you upon our shore, and I shall do all in my power to render you comfortable."

A short walk carried them up, and behind the hill where, in an open space in the deep forest, was a log cabin, so entirely covered with the creeping multiflora rose, as to look like a pink tent pitched beneath the green trees. It was of that kind of houses common at the south and west, consisting of two cabins under one roof, between which was an open space, floored and furnished with benches at the side. Within, it was comfortably fitted up, and the wrecked travellers, after some refreshment, retired to their rooms and sunk to repose. It had been arranged over night that Pompey was to stop a steamboat, in which they were to embark, the next day, but when the morning came, Mrs. Choteau, the traveller, was ill with an attack of the fever and ague, and unable to rise. Three days she passed in bed nursed by the kind hostess. On the fourth morning, she felt so much better that, although alone, she arose and seated herself upon the bench in the centre of the cabin. Her son with the negro was hunting in the woods, and the hostess was engaged with culinary preparations. All was silent—

"——The silence there
By such a charm was bound,
That even the little woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;"

and the lady gazed out with pride, as her eye fell upon those lordly trees,

"Green robed senators of mighty woods."

There were the giant sycamore, its white limbs contrasting with the green foliage—the lordly tulip-tree, with its yellow flowers, stretching a hundred feet above the soil—the pawpaw, and graceful pecaun, the lofty and slender maple, its starry leaves turning out their silver lining at every breeze—the white elm, and many others, tall and beautiful, from whose high summits huge vines hung down, covered with pretty blossoms, and some with grapes—on one of these the pretty boy was swinging. Throughout each green "dingle and bushy dell of the wild wood" merry birds were carolling and springing from tree to tree. A melodious voice near her caused the lady to turn, and she beheld her hostess with a graceful step, culling vegetables in the little garden, who joining the birds in their harmony, sang with great skill and sweetness a verse from an opera air. Her bronzed skin, her dark hair and deep black eyes, did not belong to the northern nations whose descendants are spread over our land, and the lady deemed her one of the Spanish or French race who first settled those plains, the shade on her dark cheek deepened by exposure. Suddenly she ceased singing, and with her bright eye dimmed, slowly advanced to the house, seated herself upon the bench without observing the lady, and covering her face with her hands wept bitterly. The lady placed her hand upon the arm of her young hostess.

"My child," she said, "pardon my boldness, but this is no home for you. How you came here, or why you remain, I do not ask, but your manner, your accomplishments, tell me you were educated in the haunts of men, most probably the centre of a loving and admiring circle. Let me beg you to return for this is a sad life for you here."

"Yes, sad enough," said the young lady, wiping her eyes, "but the world is far more dreary."

"You are too young to quarrel with the world—you have years before you in which you may remedy your evils. If wealth or friends are lost, more may be found. Come, you have left the world rashly—let me beg you to return." Sighs were the lady's only answer, and she continued—"If you will accompany me, I will be an unchanging friend."

"Ah, no, no! I can never leave this retreat."

"You may command all the seclusion you wish with me. I have a large plantation and a spacious house in Alabama, and many slaves—and you and your boy will be charming companions in my solitude. To-morrow I

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shall leave here, but cannot bear to separate from you. Give this a little consideration, madam, for this is not a fitting place for you to educate your boy, or for you, so young a female, to remain. You are innocent, I know," said the lady, in an inquiring tone, "and need not fear the world."

"Ay, innocent!" said the hostess, her dark eye flashing proudly, "and even not suspected. Listen, and see if I can well return. When you have heard my story, you will see the world does not want me." The story was as follows—

Laura M. was not of Spanish or French descent, but inherited her bronzed skin, her dark hair and eyes from her ancestors, the ancient lords of America. Her father, Mr. B——, a trader among the Indians, had married a beautiful Indian girl, daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain. He removed to Saint Louis with his daughter, then quite young, and placed her in a convent, where she received an excellent education, and was taught various accomplishments. Some years after, Mr. B——, removed again, to the shores of Lake Michigan, where a town grew up around him. His house was large, he was wealthy, and entertained a great deal of company, while his pretty and accomplished daughter was the belle of the place. A young officer of the army, who passed through there on his way from Mackinaw to the south, saw Laura at a ball, admired, loved, and shortly after married her. Her mother had been some time dead, her father died soon after, and the young couple, with the wealth which was left them, revelled in the elegancies and amusements of fashionable life.

In the west and south, and in the military stations upon the frontier of the states where there is frequent intercourse with the Indian inhabitants, marriages some times take place, and the children mix without comment with the other young persons of the place. The Indian descent and dark skin of Laura, had been no objection to the young lover, but when he placed her among the fair daughters of the Atlantic cities, where her origin was considered almost degrading, he felt first, a *wish* his wife were fairer, next *regret* she was so conspicuously dark, and at last became ashamed of her Indian blood. No act of his, no open disagreement had severed them—by gradual degrees the breach was slowly opened, assisted by his morbid feelings, and the arts of a silly woman. As I said above, Lieutenant C——, had not given her descent a thought when he married his wife in that frontier town, so far from the haunts of fashion, but when he introduced his bride to his friends in a New-England city, he found her appearance created a great sensation. At entertainments all crowded around them to see the *Indian lady*, and his acquaintances, without any intention of hurting his feelings, were asking him how his Sioux bride relished civilized life—while in one instance he heard some idle boys in the street call out —"There goes the Indian squaw!" Lieutenant C——, was of a very sensitive nature, and keenly felt these remarks. His wife, however, was ignorant of them, and frequently wondered at the quantity of cosmetics which her husband brought her, urging her to use them. They set out to visit some friends who resided in the country, and staying at the same place was a young lady who had before met Lieutenant C——, and from some attentions towards her, fancied him her conquest. Her heart, however, did not suffer much when she heard of his marriage. for the sufficient reason, that she was of the race of those who are born without this part of the human frame. I do not know how that happens, but perhaps the iron and silex, which is found in our blood, in their case all centres in the place usually occupied by a heart, in others, and metal and flint take the place of flesh. Nature, as a compensation, and to enable those unfortunates to conceal this defect, generally gives them attractive persons, and sweet toned voices. This lady, possessed a winning countenance and gentle artless manner, joined to a knowledge of the world which enabled her to assume every virtue which she knew she did not possess. Miss A——, soon perceived Lieutenant C.'s weak point, and in return for the slight she had received, tormented him mercilessly.

One day, she reminded him of a mutual acquaintance, and told him of her marriage. "By the way," she said, with the utmost simplicity and sweetness, "I thought you would have married her, you admired *fair* women so much—and do you know I was so surprized when I heard you had married an Indian!" Another time, in the most artless innocent way, she entreated Mrs. C—— to put on her Sioux dress—a costume she had never worn, nor even her mother since her marriage —and dance a war-dance. Apparently not noticing the writhing of the Lieutenant nor the confusion of his elegant wife, she explained to the tittering young folks, the war-dance she had seen in Washington, described the naked painted figure, the feathers and other points of their adornments.

When setting out for a stroll one summer afternoon, upon the lawn, Mrs. C——, was leaving the house without her bonnet, when the siliceous lady, with great earnestness, insisted upon her returning for it.

"I know it is irksome for you to wear it," she said, with great kindness, "as you have never been used to a bonnet in your native woods, but if you take care of yourself, my dear, you will grow fair in time."

"You know, Laura," said her husband, with a sharpness he had never used before, "I have objected to this custom of yours. Do pray take more care of yourself."

Slowly they walked down the lawn, Laura feeling at first a confused mixture of sensations which she could not analyze, and fearing there was more in this than met her ear. At once, however, the mist cleared away—every hint, and word, and sign, which had before escaped her, now seemed written with fire upon her heart, and with a glance she saw what she imagined her true position—she had lost the love of her husband and was the scorn of his eastern friends! As her husband and the party passed on, Laura lingered with the pretext of examining a flower, and as she stood with her form gracefully bent, or smilingly replying to the remark of a passer, the sun could scarcely look down upon one more wretched or more heart-broken. Poor creature, she had no religion, and consequently when earth deserted her, no Father in heaven to turn to—she thought of her

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earthly father now in his grave, and yearned for a place at the side of one who would not despise her blood and nation. With a wild throb of anguish she gazed around upon the earth and sky, but there was no light to brighten her future years, no hope of escape from her destiny. She retreated to a secluded spot near the river, where throwing herself upon the grass, she watched its flow while thoughts of early home and affection passed over her heart—and

> "Dreams treasured up from early days,
> The holy and the tender,—"

and voices long silent spoke again in her ear, while bitter tears, her first tears of anguish, swelled from her mournful eyes.

The young couple removed to other scenes, and Laura concealed her grief so carefully that no one suspected its existence. Her husband was kind, and upon the birth of their boy, his joy brought happiness again to her heart. But her boy was as dark as his mother, which was a source of annoyance to the father.

When the little Julius was a year old, his parents again visited in gay society, and Laura once caught her husband's eye fixed upon her with a pained expression, and recollected she was sitting in a circle of fair women. There was also a juvenile ball, where among the young city children, the dark skinned boy was very conspicuous. Lieutenant C—— overheard a gentleman ask if the child were a mulatto, and turning away, he exclaimed—"Curse on the Indian brat!" His wife, unknown to him, stood at his side and heard the whole. She spoke not, but quivered in every limb as if a heavy blow had shaken her. That night she could not sleep; her husband, although slumbering, was restless—and once started up exclaiming—"She is no Indian! no Indian!" thus depening again the wound that was reaching his poor wife's heart.

The next day Lieutenant C—— reminded his wife of her oft expressed wish to visit an uncle whom she had never seen, and advised her to go that day, with her son, her faithful old Pompey who had been a slave to her father, and his daughter, who was just her age, and according to a custom in the states where slavery prevails, had been given to her when a child, and had never left her since.

"Will you go with me?" she asked.

"I cannot get leave of absence now but will join you in a few weeks."

This was his intention, but his sensitive and wretched wife took it as a predetermined banishment from his presence; imagined she was to remain always from him with her uncle; and, with all the pride and passion of her nature aroused, rashly resolved to rid him of what she thought his hated wife, and never again to enter her husband's doors. And so, at the will of others we may say, these loving but too sensitive and erring hearts were severed.

Collecting some money which belonged to her, she turned towards the west, resolving to end her days in the convent where she had received her education. The nuns could not receive her with her retinue—she wandered farther, until hearing by accident of that lonely cabin, she purchased it, and had remained there ever since, her servant procuring every thing she needed from a neighboring town. A letter which she directed to her husband while on the road, telling him the Sioux woman and boy should never shame him more, gave him the first intimation of her knowledge of his feelings, and awoke remorse in his heart, that for so slight a cause he had wrecked her peace and his own happiness.

"And so you undertook the great step of abandoning your husband's house with no other guide than your own sensitive feelings?" said Mrs. Choteau, when the hostess had finished.

"To whom could I go for counsel? I had no intimate friends, and no relations near me."

"We are not left thus without friend and counsellor in this world of perils, dearest. Your Father in heaven would lead you right if you prayed to him to direct your steps. Did you pray to him?"

"Pray! alas, I never prayed."

The lady heaved a deep sigh, but said—"If you could not pray of course you could not thus approach your father and friend above. Still even in this case we are not without aid—God has sent us a book containing instructions in every circumstance and situation of life, which if we consult will never fail us." Laura looked inquiringly up. "The Bible, my child. Did you ever read it?"

"Ah, no—my father and mother possessed none, and even I fear had little religion. At the convent I scarce saw one, and my husband went rarely to church."

"You are very unfortunate never to have been shown the truths of religion in your youth, and now reap the consequences. I always consult this volume, and have never found it guide me wrong. You believe in the truths of this book?"

"Oh, yes, dear madam."

"Well, let us see what it tells us in your case." Taking out a pocket bible the lady opened and read—"'Let not a wife depart from her husband.'—If you had read that command you would not have left him." She then continued—"'The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth,'—'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands,'—'for the husband is head of the wife,'—'and the wife see she reverence her husband.' We are also commanded to be keepers at home, and obedient to our husbands. Here then, my child," continued the lady, "is a *wife's duty*, and if you had consulted this book you would have been now a happy wife. If you had *reverenced* your husband, you would have submitted in quietness to your lot, and with an humbled spirit waited until your faithful untiring affection, and cheerful performance of every duty, had won his love back again. You are both young, he but just of age you say, and you much younger, and both strongly attached—when a few years of the hey-day of youth had passed, his wife and children would have become part of himself, and he would have laughed at his silly nervousness, regarding your appearance. Again—if you had opened this volume, you would have been *obedient* to your husband as commanded, and instead of deserting him, you would have gone to your uncle, where a few weeks

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absence would have taught your husband your value, and he would doubtless have sought you with renewed affection."

"Oh, foolish, wicked creature that I have been," exclaimed the weeping wife.

"Nay, I have not yet done," said the lady, who was one of the *downright* cast, and never flinched from her duty, however, disagreeable to herself or others. She saw a young creature going wofully astray, and determined to set her right. This lady would have made a good surgeon, and would have probed every wound coolly, in spite of her patient's struggles. "Moreover, we are told not to defraud or go beyond each other," she continued, "and of the pattern-wife in the Proverbs it is said—'she does good and not evil all the days of her life,' to her husband. You, on the contrary, have done evil towards your husband—you have deprived him of a wife's attentions and have taken from him his son, his only child—"

"Oh, spare me, spare me!"

"No, I cannot spare you, dear," said the lady, "you have drawn your son from his father's protecting arm, and deprived him of the benefits of education."

"Yes, yes, I acknowledge the wrong I have done!" said the penitent Laura.

"We all in some measure shape our conduct by the books which we read," said the lady, "you have only studied romances, and by their light you have walked—let me entreat you in future to consult this sacred volume, and you will never go astray. It tells us in this page, 'cease to do evil and learn to do well,' you must retrieve the evil you have done, and as commanded above, submit yourself to your husband."

"Oh, I will fly to him!" said the wife. "Take me, dear lady, I shall never know peace until folded in his arms once more."

"Softly, my dear," said her monitor, "you are not to fly into his arms a favored wife as you would have been if you were returning from a visit to your uncle—you return a humbled wife seeking pardon. You must write to him praying to return, and ask his wishes towards you, saying you are willing to be guided by his commands. But cheer up, dear madam. Come to my house. I will conduct this difficult affair for you, and promise not to scold you more."

When the next steamboat passed, our party embarked and after floating a week upon the mighty Mississippi, reached the plantation of Mrs. Choteau. The army register was consulted, where it was seen Lieutenant C——, had been stationed at Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri, and had left it some months since in order to travel for his health. Where to find him they knew not—but young Choteau volunteered to repair to the Fort, to make inquiries. After sometime he discovered Lieutenant C——, ill with a burning fever, in a miserable hut in Louisiana, where he was attended by only an old Indian woman of the house. When Choteau first entered, young C—— was delirious, but in a short time he recovered sufficiently to converse.

"Have you no friends who could come to nurse you?" asked Choteau.

"Alas, no!" replied the sufferer, "they are all far away, and beside have families of their own to attend."

"Have you no wife?"

C—— did not reply, but became very faint, and as Choteau observed how his question had shaken him, he almost regretted he had made it—however, as he had a purpose to answer, he persevered, and repeated it.

"Yes—I have a wife," he replied.

"Then why not send for her? She would no doubt fly to you, and you require a loving female hand to smooth your pillow."

"Ah, no, no, she will not come. It is nearly a year since she abandoned me from an idle fancy that I did not love her. God is my witness how I loved her! Still I did not deserve her, for I wounded her sensitive feelings deeply, and for a circumstance of no moment. It was in search of her that I came here. I traced her to Saint Louis, and from thence I was on my way to the Sioux tribe, where she may have taken refuge, when anxiety threw me into a fever, and I stopped at this hut."

"Do you wish to see her again?"

"Oh, why torment me with these questions? Ah! I see!" he cried, looking eagerly up in the young man's face, "you know where she is—you have seen her! Do not trifle—oh, bring her to see me, and let me behold Laura and my young boy once more!"

The husband and his romantic wife were re-united. By the advice of the good Mrs. Choteau, Lieutenant C—— resigned his commission, and purchased a plantation near her, where, far from fashion and even society, she, in the performance of every wifely duty, and both practicing the great matrimonial secret, mutual forbearance, enjoying the pleasures of religion and good works, passed their days in peace.

Original.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

The sun was sinking o'er the verdant hills
Of Eden printed fresh with angel steps,
And shadows cool'd the air—when Adam pass'd
With Eve, slow ling'ring, their frequented path,
Where every flower that glads the senses grew
Tangled in wild profusion. They had tasted
Forbidden fruit beneath the midday sun,
And slept an unaccustom'd sleep 'till now
When length'ning shadows chill'd the early dews
And quench'd the sunbeams in them. Hand in hand
They moved, 'till one and then the other paused,
First Adam and then Eve, while each by turns
Gazed on the other's downcast eyes and drew
A sigh from its deep fountain. Adam first
Broke silence; but his voice trembling and harsh
Startled his pensive consort, who in turn
Reading his agitation, had stooped down
To pluck a bud away, as she was wont,
In sportive innocence. Soon as she touch'd
The fragrant shrub, a thorn new born of evil
Pinched her fair finger, while a sudden shriek
Proclaimed her agony. The crimson drops
Stained the white roses. Silently they turn'd
And gazed upon each other, man and wife;
Their eyes were dimm'd with tears and their full hearts
Burden'd with woe unutterable, rose
Stifling their respiration. The first grief
Was twin-born with dead Innocence. RUFUS DAWES.

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Original.

JOSEPHINE AT SAINT CLOUD.

From the French of Madame Saint Hilaire.

The Empress Josephine possessed in her heart all the treasure of maternal tenderness; this gentle affection which she carried to an extreme, naturally bestowed itself on the young. Groups of children were continually about her person, in whose conversation she loved to mingle, and whose innocent happiness she delighted to promote, by little marks of affection and kindness. Scarcely a week elapsed in which she did not make large purchases of splendid toys, for the purpose of distributing them with her own hands; and seldom did she fail to accompany her bounties with some prudent recommendation. How often have I seen the little *salon bleu* in the Chateau of Saint Cloud decked out like a shop, for the sale of opera trinkets. On new-year's day, especially, did this new bazaar present a splendid appearance. Upon entering the little hall of Josephine's baths, you almost fancied yourself entering one of the beautiful *salons* of Giroux; on all sides were displayed jewels, laces, porcelain, chrystals, and sweetmeats. I have seen there, rolls of *sucre de pomme*, which resembled the marshal's batons; and dolls as large as life—tambours and trumpets, were arrayed in great numbers, by the side of regiments of light cavalry, composed of lead.

On the evening of the first January, 1805, the Empress, knowing that she could not, on the morrow, leave the Emperor, during any part of the day, on account of having to receive several distinguished guests, and officiate at the deputations which she expected to arrive at the chateau, gave orders to one of her ladies of honor, to inform those friends whom she had invited with their children to spend the new-year's day with her, not to present themselves until the fourth of January at Saint Cloud, whither she was immediately going, for the purpose of preparing a fête for their reception.

The much wished-for day at length arrived. At twelve o'clock, noon, a stranger would have supposed that the Empress was a schoolmistress. All the trinkets, arms, and sweetmeats, had been conveyed from Paris on the preceding evening. At one o'clock her Majesty announced that she should herself proceed to the distribution, and the whole assembly entered the hall of prodigies. Both small and great, coveted with eager looks the numerous toys displayed in every direction. Josephine, with that grace of manner for which she was so remarkable, delivered to each of the children the present allotted to his or her share; after which, they all embraced her, addressing to her some little compliment, with the exception of those whose emotions of joy caused a temporary absence of memory. To those who were destined to enter the military school, the Empress distributed her gifts with reference to their future career. Some received a case of mathematical instruments, others, a sabre; nearly every one of the boys wished for a pair of pistols, but the number was not sufficient to supply all. Immediately on their entrance, the younger portion of the children had taken possession of the wooden horses and guns. Josephine gave to the girls, a comb, a watch, or a necklace.

The distribution completed, the joyful assembly made such an uproar, that Josephine was obliged to quit the field, and retire to her boudoir, to prevent being absolutely deafened; but scarcely had she departed, when a warm discussion arose. The little boys having unanimously decided that they would play at *war*, wished forcibly to enlist the girls; these opposed, *en masse;* and some among them protested loudly against this kind of violence. Then the young Achille N———, the son of an officer whom the Emperor esteemed and loved, who had elected himself chief of the troop, decided that those of the little girls who had shown themselves most obstinate, should be shut up in the citadel, until they consented to obey him, by ranging themselves under his banner. Now the proposed citadel was an elegant sleeping apartment, situated on the side of the hall of Josephine's baths; it was lighted by a window formed of a single and unblemished plate of glass, and hung with green silk, bordered with silver bees.

A debate arose on the propriety of forming a council of war, in order to judge, and even to shoot the little Emma who had placed herself at the head of the opposition, when, fortunately, one of the ladies of honor interposed her authority, threatening Master Achille with dry bread at the approaching feast, if he continued to prevent the little girls from amusing themselves as they pleased, whom, for greater precaution, she conducted into the *citadel*. Once separated there was no more dispute, but the clamor was redoubled. Josephine, on hearing the noise of their mirth, appeared in an ecstasy of delight; but Napoleon, who, in the meantime, had arrived at Saint Cloud, and whose cabinet was situated below the little *salon bleu*, ascended to his wife's room, and inquired of her, in a half gay, half serious tone, the cause of so much noise. "You should distribute your favors in my absence," said he; "I will go myself, and beg your little guests to be quiet; and if they continue to make the same disturbance—"

"Oh! no, Bonnparte; you will frighten them, poor darlings! What would you have? They are amusing themselves playing at *war*. Don't you make more noise at the same game? Pray do not go; I will send some one to quiet them."

"Ah! if they play at *war*, I shall not be sorry to see how they conduct the game." Saying these words, Napoleon goes on tiptoe to the door of the *salon:* he listened a moment, and heard these words:

"Forward! Charge! Dead! I've killed him," and similar exclamations, mingled with sighs and tears, and the most immoderate laughter. The Emperor turns gently the handle of the door, and shows himself "Ah! what have we here?" said he, in a serious tone—"there's crying here."

At these words the little troop raise their heads, and lower their arms; all stand motionless from surprize and fear. Napoleon cast his eyes over this band of *petite diables*, and could not forbear a smile at the grotesque fashion in which each had adorned himself. Here, one had made, with a sheet of paper, a three

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cornered hat, to which, in the absence of a cockade, he had attached a gingerbread figure. There, one had placed a little nest on his shoulder, to imitate the dress of a hussar—another—the little Adolphe, had drawn on his face, with Indian ink, a pair of mustachoes, and had made of the tippet of a little girl, a sash, into which he had thrust a pearl paper-knife, as a substitute for a poniard; his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, and in each hand he held a pistol. In this disguise Master Adolphe had so singular an appearance, that the Emperor seated himself, in order to take a leisurely survey of him. At length he motioned him towards him, and holding him between his knees:

"What is your name, Mr. Braggadocio?" asked he.

"My name is Adolphe."

"I suppose it was you who shouted so loudly justnow?"

"I have cause to. Achille will never permit me to be General; he will always be it himself.

"And who is this Master Achille?"

"There he is, below;" and Adolphe turning round, pointed with his finger to a little boy, rather taller than himself, who had made a cuirass of a music book, on which sparkled a star of sugar candy.

"Ah! ah!" continued Napoleon, I will speak to him —this Master Achille—who will not allow others to be *General;* that's not fair; each should be General in his turn." And tapping Adolphe on the ear, let him go, and called Achille, who gambolled towards him, and at a single bound, placed himself astride the knees of the Emperor.

"What is your father's name, Achille?"

"He is General N———."

At the mention of this name the Emperor's face brightened; he drew the boy still nearer to him, regarding him with benevolence, mingled with tenderness.

"N———, saidst thou? he is one of my best friends, and a brave man! and what do you intend to be yourself, one day?"

"I will be like papa; I should like to have handsome gold epaulettes, and a large sabre, that will cut well."

"Diable! and what will you do with it?"

"I will kill all the enemies of our country."

"Indeed! but I hope they will be all destroyed before you are old enough for these things."

"And then, I wish to have the cross of the Legion of Honor, attached to my neck by a red riband, as papa has it—how fine it is! but not like this;" and he tore from his breast the star of sugar candy, and commenced eating it.

"This is indeed quite another thing," said Napoleon, "but you are in a hurry; how old are you at present?"

"I shall be ten years old on the day of mama's fête."

"Well, and in twenty years from—"

"But I cannot wait so long; papa has said that I should be an officer at eighteen.

"Your father judges of you by himself; however, that depends upon yourself, and, in the meantime, hold!"—and the Emperor drew from his pocket a fourteen franc piece, which he gave him, adding, "when you shall have broken your sabre, here is something that will buy another;" then bidding him rejoin his little comrades, enjoining it upon them not to make too much noise. "Adieu, my children," said he, leaving them, "amuse yourselves, but do not hurt one another."

The advice of the Emperor was not followed to the letter, for the little Adolphe, jealous, no doubt, that the Emperor should have given Achille money, while he received but a tap on the cheek, sought a quarrel, under pretence of not being willing that the most distinguished should be at the head. The dispute became rather warm, and would, perhaps, have terminated unpleasantly, had not the announcement been made at that moment, that the feast awaited them. All discordant feelings were immediately forgotten in the prospect of the good things which were prepared for them.

The little troop arranged themselves in two ranks, laying aside all consideration of size or grade, and marched rapidly towards the citadel in question, repeating in chorus, rran, rran, plan, plan, rran, rran, with an accompaniment obligato of drums and trumpets, the noise of which was perfectly deafening.

* * * * * *

It was in the commencement of the year 1814, nine years after the occurrences above mentioned, that Europe, which had so lately marched with us, obedient to the orders of Napoleon, was in league against us. As usual, the grand army performed prodigies of valor; and after as many victories as combats, and more successful each day, the Emperor, on the sixth of March, established himself at Craonne; and so to speak, encamped in the very midst of the bivouacs of the Russian army. There, during the night, he reconnoitred, in person, the different positions of the enemy; and the following morning, at day-break, the whole army was arranged in order of battle. At eight o'clock the cries of the soldiers announced the presence of the Emperor, and the action commenced. The success of the day depended on the definitive possession of a rampart which had been taken and lost, alternately.

It is four o'clock—the day is declining, and nothing is yet decided. Napoleon casts a look of indecision upon his old guard which is stationed behind him. He had but to give the order, and all would be completed in an instant—perhaps he is about to pronounce the word, when an aid-de-camp arrives at full speed, crying, "The Emperor! the Emperor! where is the Emperor?"

Napoleon advanced, covered with mud, having that morning fallen into a fosse.

"What news do you bring," said he.

"Sire," replied the aid-de-camp, dismounting, "we have taken the rampart."

"*Enfin!*" cried the Emperor, "bring me my horse!" And while his mameluke held the stirrup, he continued to address the officer, who, pale and bleeding, seemed to support himself with difficulty.

"Who sends you, the Marshal, or the General?"

"Sire, the General was killed upon the rampart, by a Russian grenadier; and I—"

He could say no more—his eyes closed—he staggered and fell.

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"Attend to this officer," said Napoleon; "he is Captain! one moment, gentlemen; wait!"

And detaching the cross of honor from his neck, he put it on that of the wounded officer, who seized the hand of the Emperor, pressed it to his lips, and said in a faint voice, "Ah! sire! I die happy. I said well to your majesty, nine years since, at Saint Cloud, that I should one day merit the cross." Then striving to collect his strength, he attempted to rise; cried "Vive l'Empereur!" and expired. During this time, Napoleon had observed him attentively, as if seeking to recall something to his recollection; the last words of the young aid-de-camp had startled him.

"Yes, yes, I recollect," said he, at length, in a voice quite choked with emotion, "*pauvre enfant!*" and turning his head to brush off a tear, he put foot into the stirrups, and mounted his horse. Then passing a troop of his own guard, he exclaimed, "Out of the saddle, grenadiers! the battle is won!" and he continued his route, followed by his état-major, to the prolonged cries of vive l'Empereur.

The following morning, Achille was buried with the honors of those who die for their country.

Two days afterwards, and while Napoleon was making arrangements to take Rheims from the allies, who occupied that city, he perceived General N———, and sent for him.

"General," said he, your son is dead on the field of honor."

"Sire, I know it."

"He has left a sister, has he not?"

"Yes, sire, she had but him and myself—"

"And me!" replied quickly, Napoleon; "you forget me, General. I have signed her admission to my Imperial Institution at Ecouen. I take upon myself to provide her trousseau and marriage portion. I have already decorated her brother! General, I have, this morning, made you *grand cordon de la Légion d' Honneur*; come, embrace your Emperor." And Napoleon extended to him his arms, into which the General rushed, giving free course to his tears.

I see from time to time the daughter of General N———, who entered at Ecouen, and passed from thence to the *Maison royale de Saint Denis*.

Napoleon had not time to provide her marriage portion, as he had promised, having been sent to languish in exile on the rock of Saint Helena.

The remembrance of her brother is ever present to her heart, and it is but a few days since that she pointed out to me, in a picture-frame, placed over the fire-place, a crown of laurel, the leaves of which were yellow and dried, and which was the first that Achille had received from the academy. A child's sabre, the same that was given him by Josephine at Saint Cloud, and the cross of the Legion of Honor, which the Emperor had detached from his own breast at Craonne, to lay upon the then palpitating heart of her brother.

THE difference between a rich man and a poor man, is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Original.

SEBASTIAN BACH AND HIS FAMILY.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART I.

IT was on Sylvester night of the year of 1736, that a man, closely wrapped in his mantle, and his hat drawn over his brow, was leaning against the wall of the castle at Dresden, looking upward at the illuminated windows of a mansion opposite. Music sounded within, and the burst of trumpet and the clash of kettle drum accompanied, ever and anon, the announcement of some popular toast. A moment of silence at length intervened, as if one of the guests were speaking aloud; 'till, suddenly, in a jovial shout, the name "Natalia" was uttered, and every voice and instrument joined in tumultuous applause.

The listener in the street turned to depart, but the next instant felt himself seized by the hand, and looking up, saw the royal Page M. Scherbitz.

"*Bon soir—mon ami!*" cried the page, pressing cordially the hand he had taken. "I am right glad to have met you; I have sought you the whole evening, but never dreamed of finding you here. What are you doing?"

"Philosophizing!" answered the other, with something between a laugh and a sigh.

"*Bon!*" cried the page—"and just here, opposite the Lord premier's mansion, is the best occasion, I grant, but not exactly the best place for it. Besides it is terribly cold! You will have the goodness, *mon ami*, to come with me to Seconda's cellar? We shall not fail there of some capital hot punch, and excellent company." And taking his friend's arm, he walked with him to a then celebrated Italian house of refreshment, on the corner of Castle Street and the old market.

Signor Seconda received his guests with many compliments, and officiously begged to know with what he should have the happiness and honor to serve milord, the page, and milord, the court organist. The page ordered hot punch, and passed, with his friend, into an inner apartment, which, to the surprize of both, they found quite empty.

"They will be here presently," observed Von Scherbitz. "Meantime, we will take our ease, and thaw ourselves a little. *Parbleu!* there is no place on earth so delicious; and I thank fortune, so far as I am concerned, that I can spend the night here! *Eh bien!* make yourself at home, friend."

The other threw off his hat and cloak, and stood revealed a handsome man, of about five and twenty, of a figure tall, symmetrical, and bold in carriage, and a countenance, whose paleness rendered more striking the effect of his regular, noble, and somewhat haughty features. About his finely chiselled mouth lurked a satirical something whenever he spoke; there was a fierce brightness in his large dark eyes, which some-

* A tale from the German.

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times, however, gave place to a wild and melancholy expression, particularly when he fixed them on the ground, suffering the long lashes to shade them.

"You are very dull to-night, *mon ami!*" said the page, while he pressed his friend to a seat next him "Has any thing happened? *Non?* Well then, banish your ill humor, and be merry, for life, you know, is short, at best."

"Never fear," replied his friend. "My resolution is taken, to live while I live, in this world. Yet have patience with me, that I cannot go all lengths with you at all times. You know I am but a two years' disciple."

"Pah! *one* year sufficed to spread your fame in *music* through Europe! Who knows not the name of Friedemann Bach? You have but one rival, the admirable Sebastian, your father!"

Friedemann colored deeply as he replied, "How durst I think of comparing myself with my father? If *my* name is celebrated, whom have I to thank but my father? Beside him, I feel, with pride as well as pain, his greatness, and my own insignificance. Ah! my love for him elevates me; his love crushes me to the dust, for I know myself unworthy of it!"

"Nay, you are too conscientious," observed Scherbitz.

"Too conscientious!" repeated Friedemann, with a bitter smile.

"Yes!" returned Scherbitz, "I know not how otherwise to express it. What is the head and front of the matter? The old gentleman is, in a certain respect, a little strict; *pourquoi?* because he is old! you are young, impetuous; have your adventures, and your liberal views, and conceal them from him, not, mark me, out of apprehension, but because things he has no power to change, might cause him chagrin. *Enfin!* where is the harm in all this?"

Friedemann was sitting with his head resting on his open palm. At the last question he sighed deeply, and seemed about to make a quick reply, but on a second thought, only said, passing his hand over his brow, "Let it alone, Scherbitz; it is as silly as useless to discuss certain matters. Enough, that I have strength, or, if you will have it—perverseness, to enjoy life after my own heart. Let us be merry, for here comes the punch!"

Signor Seconda entered, followed by two attendants, carrying the hot punch, with glasses, serving his guests at the round table in the midst of the apartment, and providing for the new comers, who entered one after another. These consisted of several officers, and some of the most distinguished musicians and painters then living in the capital.

"Said I not—*mon frère?*" whispered Scherbitz, to his companion, "said I not, they would be here presently? See: Monsieur Hasse," he said aloud, as he rose to greet a distinguished looking man, who just then came in. Hasse returned his salutation, and after a rapid glance round the company, seated himself at a distant corner table, and motioned to an attendant to take away the light just placed on it. The man obeyed, and set before him a cup and a flask of burgundy.

"The poor fellow," observed Scherbitz, in a low tone to Friedemann, "dismisses the old year with an 'Alas!' and greets the new with an 'Ah, me!' *tout comme chez nous!* If *he* drink much to-night, 'tis all in honor of his fair Faustina. Well—" he lifted his glass, to drink with Freidmann.

"I am sorry for him," replied Bach; "but why not separate himself from the wife no longer worthy his esteem and love? They say it is out of gratitude for her having taken care of him when an unknown youth; but this gratitude is weakness, and will be the destruction not only of the man, but of the artist. All his works show too well what is wanting in him—namely: strength. In every thing he writes there is a softness, the offspring of deep, hidden sorrow. But not the grief of a man; it is, if not thoroughly womanish, the sorrows of a stripling!"

"Is it not on this account that he is the favorite composer in our world of fashion?"

"Very possibly; but I am sure he would give much not to be so, on *this* acount!"

Their discourse was here interrupted; for many newly arrived guests took their places at the table. The glasses were rapidly emptied and replenished; the conversation became general, and assumed more and more a jovial character.

An elegant groom of the chambers, whom a mischievous lieutenant of the guard had enticed thither, and introduced, before he was aware, into the midst of the company, occasioned infinite amusement among the guests, whose unbridled festivity he endeavored to awe, by a mien of importance. His efforts, however, produced a contrary effect from that which he intended; and after he had joined the revellers in pledging a few toasts, he was, himself, the merriest of all. He laughed, he strode about—he clapped applause. Friedemann watched the scene with secret pleasure; it nourished the scorn which he, in common with others who stand ill with themselves, cherished for the whole human race. He could not refrain, now and then, from stealing a glance at the corner where Hasse sat, apparently indifferent to all that was passing about him.

"Apropos—sir groom!" cried Scherbitz, suddenly—"what was that admirable poem you had the pleasure of presenting to a famous *artiste*, a few days ago?"

The groom winked at him with a smile, pursed up his mouth, and said, "Monsieur Scherbitz, at your service—the poem runs in this way—

'On earth's warm breast the pensile beams fall goldenly
and bright—
The mountain gales, the merry flowers—are swelling
with delight;
But nothing can such rapture yield, unto this heart of
mine,
As—oh, Faustina Hasse, that radiant neck of thine!'"

"Ah! *c'est bien dit, sur mon honneur!*" cried Scherbitz.

"Is it not?" returned the groom, self-complacently;

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"it is composed by our best poet, and I paid for it five August d'ors, besides a tun of stadt beer."

"Here's to the 'radiant neck,'" cried out one of the guests with a laugh. All joined in the toast, and the glasses crashed.

Hasse rose from his seat, and approaching the table, said, with a courtly bow—

"Messieurs! I commend myself to your remembrance and all! To-morrow, early, I leave Dresden, to return to Italy, perhaps for ever."

The company were astonished. An officer asked—"How, Monsieur Hasse—you leave us? And your lady—?"

"Remains here," interrupted Hasse, with a smile of bitterness. There was universal silence. Hasse, turning to Friedemann, and offering him his hand, said mildly, though earnestly—"Farewell, Bach! Present my adieus to your esteemed father, and tell him he may depend on hearing something good, one day, of the disciple of Scarlatti. May Heaven keep you from all evil!" He then, visibly affected, left the room.

Friedemann looked after him with much emotion, and murmured, "Poor wretch! and yet, would I not exchange with him? I might be the gainer!"

Peals of laughter interrupted him; they were occasioned by the comical groom, who, scarcely master of his wits, was going over the secret *chronique scandaleuse*, to the amusement of his auditors, relating the most suprizing events, in all which he had been the hero, though few of them redounded to his honor. From these he went on to others; from the *chronique scandaleuse* to the disputes of the artists; in all matters of gossip, proving himself thoroughly at home, and, finally, as the crown of all his merits, avowing himself a devoted adherent of Voltaire, whose epoch had then just commenced. The chamberlain received a full tribute of applause; the clapping of hands, cries of "bravo!" and fresh toasts, attested the approbation of the spectators at his speech, not the less, that the speech was unintelligible. At length he fell back in his seat quite overcome, and was asleep in a few moments. This was just what his mischievous friends desired. They stripped him of his gay court dress, and put on a plain one; some wild young men then carried him out of the house, and delivered him into the custody of the watch, as a drunken fellow whom no one knew, to be taken to the great guard house. The company then amused themselves with imagining the terror and despair of the poor groom, when, awakening on new-year's morning, he should find himself in his new quarters.

The last hour of the old year struck, like a warning, amid the mirth and festivity of those guests; they heeded it not. Clamorous revelry filled up that awful interval between the departing and the coming time; revelry echoed the stroke of the first hour in the new year, mingled with the tumult of the storm that raged without; nor was the bacchanalian feast at an end, 'till the morning broke, troubled and gloomy. The revellers, then, one after another, reeled homewards; Friedemann Bach alone retained the steadiness of his gait, and his self-possession. The youthful vigor of his frame enabled him to withstand the effects of a night's festivity; but the bitter contempt with which he had early learned to look upon the ordinary efforts and impulses of men, had found sufficient to nourish its growth.

On the morning of the new year, Friedemann, pale and disturbed, was pacing up and down his chamber, when Scherbitz came in.

"The compliments of the season to you!" cried the ever merry page. "Health, contentment, fortune, and all imaginable blessings!"

"The blessing is here!" sighed Friedemann, handing his friend an open letter.

Scherbitz read it through, and said, with some appearance of emotion—"*Mon ami!* your papa is a dear, charming old gentleman, whose whole heart is full of kindness for his Friedemann; every line of this letter expresses it. May he have a long and happy life! But I pray you, for the thousandth time. to recollect that it is quite impossible to satisfy, honestly, all the claims of such distinguised virtue of the olden time. Believe me, *mon ami*, the time will come when we, madcaps as we now are, shall be pointed out as wig-blocks that frown upon the disorderly behavior of our juniors. The wheel of time rolls on, and no mortal hand can check its course; it should suffice that we keep ourselves from falling, and being crushed in the dust beneath it."

"Can we do that?"

"*Mon ami!*" Do *I* not stand, albeit I am a page forty years old? And look you, I know that I shall remain so, as long as I serve my lord faithfully. I might have opposed the all powerful minister, and the country would have glorified me; yet I am a *page*, no captain, at forty years of age! I have been the talk of the capital, yet I stand firm!"

"And your consolation?"

"A knowledge that it has always gone thus in the world; that I am not the first whose life is a failure; that I shall not be the last; a perverse determination to live through a life which a thousand others would end in despair; in fine, curiosity to see what will be the end of the whole matter. Be reasonable, *mon ami!* I am really something of a hero! Were I an artist, as you are, I should have nobler consolations, than perverseness and curiosity. Enough, of my own insignificance; but let me ask you, have you forgotten the heroic Händel, whom, three years ago, you welcomed here in the name of your father?"

"How could I forget that noble being?"

"Ah, there I would have you, friend! You tell me yourself, Händel is not, as an artist, like your father; his fantasy is more powerful, his force more fully developed; he soars aloft, a mighty eagle in the blaze of eternal light, while your father, a regal swan, sails majestically over the blue waters, and sings of the wonders of the deep. Well! we all know Monsieur Händel an honorable man—a man *comme il faut;* yet, how different is he from your father! What the one, in limited circles, with calm and earnest thought, labors after, what he accomplishes in his silent activity—the

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other reaches amidst the tumult of a stormy life; amid a thousand strifes and victories. Yet your father honors and loves him, and blames him not for the path by which he travels towards the goal. It is also your path, and is not the worst that you might take. So—*en avant—mon ami!*"

"You forget," said Friedemann, gloomily, "you forget that Händel, in all his wild and agitated life, never lost himself; and that his belief was such as he might acknowledge even to my inflexible father."

"That, I well remember, friend; and also that if Händel had been born in 1710, instead of 1687, he must have had more liberal views of certain things than he now has, if he thought it worth while to spend time upon matters of belief at all. He is a mighty musician; he lives and lets live; and credit me, did, as others do, before he was your age; Faustina Hasse could tell you many pretty stories thereof, if she placed not so much stress upon outward demeanor."

"He never played the hypocrite to his father!"

"Because it was not worth while to lie to the old dupe; and now, *mon ami*, do not flatter yourself you can mislead a page forty years old! To speak fairly and honestly, your repentance and your—*pour ainsi dire*—profligacy, have a cause very different from that you have chosen to assign. I tell you, between us, there is another secret, whose discovery you dread far more than the unmasking of your petty hypocrisy."

Friedemann reddened as he asked, "What do you mean, Von Scherbitz?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the page, "you need not look so gloomy, because I have guessed the truth. *Non, non, cher ami*, if you really wish to keep your secret, you must govern your eyes better, when the name, 'Natalia' is uttered. *Parbleu!* your last night's behavior opposite the minister's palace, was not necessary to convince me, that you have looked too deeply into the dark eyes of the little countess."

The flush on Friedemann's cheeks gave place to a deadly paleness; but mastering his emotions by a violent effort, he said, in a husky voice—

"You have discovered all; but you will be silent—will you not?"

"*O ma foi!* said I not, *mon enfant*, that I only warned you to be cautious before others? I will be silent, as a matter of course, and so, no more of it. Farewell! I am going to the guard-house, to see the happy waking of our noble chamberlain! You go to church, to edify the faithful with your organ-playing; come afterwards to Seconda's, where the groom shall give a splendid breakfast as his ransom. Courage! be not too philosophical! I hate the old Italian who made you so melancholy!"

The page departed, and Friedemann, having dressed himself, left his house to go to the church of Saint Sophia.

The service was at an end; the organ's last tones died tremulously along the vast arches, like the sighs of a suppliant angel. All was still again, and the worshippers departed from the sanctuary. Friedemann, too, arose, closed the instrument, and descended from the chair, more composed, if not more cheerful, than he had gone there. Just as he was going out, he felt himself clasped in a pair of vigorous arms; and looking up, with a joyful cry of—"Ah, my father!" flung himself on the bosom of Sebastian Bach.

"God's grace be with thee, on this new year's morn," cried Sebastian, clasping his son to his heart. "And my best blessing! Yea, a thousand, Friedemann! You made my heart leap, ere yet I saw you, with pure joy! Truly, you have bravely—*greatly* acquitted yourself, in this morning's work! Ay, you know, to make others skilful in our sacred art, was ever my pride; Heaven will not reckon with me for presumption! nor must you take it for such, when I say—that as you were always my dearest pupil, you have become my best! Now conduct me to your lodgings, Master Court-organist; Philip is already there, and unpacking; for eight days I purpose to tarry with my Friedemann. We have been long separated, and though you wrote me charming letters, that, as you know, between father and son, is not like discoursing face to face, with hand in hand!" So saying, he took Friedemann's arm with affectionate pleasure, and walked with him towards his dwelling, talking all the while.

A new surprize awaited Friedemann there; for his younger brother, Philip Emanuel, in the three years that had flown since his departure from Leipzig, had grown a stately youth, and, as his father testified, a ripe scholar in his art. He was a gay, light-hearted boy, "a little subtle upon the organ," as his father observed, with a smile, "and certainly more at home on the piano; but a true and pious spirit, that scorned disguise."

Friedemann suppressed a sigh at the last remark of Sebastian, and gave his brother a heartfelt welcome. A servant in a rich livery interrupted the conversation. He presented a note to Friedemann, and said he was ordered to wait for an answer. Friedemann colored as he took the billet, opened it, glanced at the contents, and said briefly, "I will be there at the appointed hour." The servant bowed and disappeared.

"Ha!" observed Sebastian, with a smile, "it seems our court-organist has to do with very distinguished people."

"It was the livery of the lord Premier," said, Philip.

Sebastian started, and asked, "Eh, Friedemann, is it so? A domestic of his excellency, the Count von Bruhl, comes to your house?"

"He was sent," replied Friedemann, with some embarrassment, "only by the niece of His Excellency, the Countess Natalia."

"Eh? you are acquainted with the young lady, then?"

"She is my pupil. This billet instructs me to come to her this afternoon, to arrange a concert she wishes to give, on her aunt's birth-day."

"Eh? how come you to such an honor? I thought those matters were under the jurisdiction of M. Hasse?"

"My dear father, as the young lady's music-master, I cannot well decline commissions of the sort, especially as they here promote one's reputation. With regard to

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M. Hasse, he departed hence early this morning; we shall no more have the pleasure of hearing new songs from him."

"Hasse gone hence?" repeated Sebastian, with astonishment—"the excellent, amiable Hasse? Eh? where is he gone? Tell me, Friedemann!"

"It is a long story," replied his son, with a meaning glance at his young brother.

The father understood the hint. "You may go 'till meal-time, Philip," he said, "and amuse yourself by seeing the city." Philip bowed obediently, gave his hand to his brother, and quitted the room. "Now, my son," said Sebastian, "we are alone; what has happened to M. Hasse?"

Friedemann gave him an account of Hasse's departure—of his contemplated journey to Italy, and the well known cause of his disquiet and exile. Bach listened attentively; when his son had ended, he said, confidentially—"It was right that Philip should not hear such a tale—and that you suggested it to me, to send him away. Hem! at court, indeed, all is not as it should be; there is much said in our Leipzig, as I could tell you, about it. Well, one must not listen to every thing; our most gracious elector and sovereign means well with his subjects, and whoever is a faithful subject, will acknowledge that, and speak not of things which he who commits them has to answer for. We will say no more about it; you will go this afternoon to her gracious ladyship, and I warrant me, know how to demean yourself. I have cared enough, methinks, for your manners." Friedemann pressed his father's hand, and looked fondly on the good old man. "Tell me, now, sir court-organist," continued the elder Bach, "what you have been doing of late. You have sent me but little for a long while; I hope you have not been idle."

"Surely not, my father! I have worked assiduously, but have done little that satisfied me; and what does not satisfy me, I would rather destroy, than venture before the world. In art, one should accomplish the best, or nothing at all."

"No, no!" cried Sebastian, interrupting his son; "that would be, indeed, a hard condition for many, for the greatest number among those who earnestly and honestly devote themselves to art, who find therein, often, the only consolation and happiness of their lives. The chosen are few—the called are many! And trust me, Friedemann, the called are not held in less esteem for the sake of the chosen, if they prove themselves true laborers! Art is like love. We all bear and cherish love in our hearts, and whether the bosom is covered by a regal mantle, or by a beggar's cloak, love, which dwells within, owns but *one* home—Heaven. Could the highest and the best alone avail in art, how should we and our equals stand? I can do little, but my will is honest, and vast is my reward! Yes! I am, as regards earthly good, like the poor man in the Evangelist; yet I would not exchange with a monarch! I rejoice in humility over my success, great or small, as it may be, and for the rest, I submit me to the will of God!"

"Oh, that all had your apprehension of Art, my dear Father; that all would strive to practise it as you do!"

"*You* will, my boy!" said Sebastian, tenderly. "I find much that is excellent in your *Fughetten*. Be not too severe with yourself; and remember that the fresh, free impulses of a young heart, are ever accordant with the dictates of justice and truth."

"They are, indeed!" murmured Friedemann, gloomily.

His father continued—"Since we are permitted, my boy, to meet on this new-year's morning, allow me to ask how it stands with you in other respects? Eh, Friedemann, will you not soon seek out a wife among the daughters of the land? I warrant me, the court-organist need not seek long, to find a comely and willing damsel. Eh? speak, boy!"

"Dear father! there is time enough!"

"Pah! pah! I was not as old as you are, when I espoused your mother, and by my faith! I would have married sooner, if I had had my place. So make haste, Friedemann! 'Early wooed, has none rued!'"

"It is a serious step, father."

"That is very certain, and I am sure you would not take it precipitately; but I pray you, dear son, do it speedily. How merry a grandfather I shall be! and if the child is a boy, he must be named after me; and I will teach him his first notes. Ay, 'tis very true, marriage is no child's play; I can tell you, son, I have toiled unweariedly, oft oppressed with care, to furnish you, my boys and girls, with your daily bread. Yet, has not the Almighty blessed my labors? Have I not brought you all up happily, to be brave men, and skilful musicians? It is singular, Friedemann, that from my great grandfather down, all the sons of the Bach family have had taste and talent for music. Friedemann, do me a favor, and take a wife with all speed; if your boys have the hereditary genius—ha! how delighted I shall be! Look you—as I wrote down my last fugue, I thought of my sons, and of you, particularly, and confessed myself happy! I used often to think I might write something, like the old masters, which, centuries hence, could edify and delight men—that they would love my memory. May I be forgiven if there was aught of worldly arrogance in the thought. Now, however, I have become less ambitious; but I have *one* vision, in which my fancy will revel as long as I live! It is this—how rapturous will it be—when all the Bachs meet together in the Kingdom of Heaven, and unite in singing to the glory of God—their 'hallelujahs' resounding for ever and ever in the presence of the Uncreate—who was, and is, and shall be! Friedemann! child of my heart! let me not miss you there!"

"Father!" cried the young man, and sank overpowered at Sebastian's feet.

The elder Bach, unacquainted with the wo that struggled in his son's breast, saw only, in his agitation, a burst of filial feeling. He laid both hands on the head of the kneeling youth, and said, devoutly, "God's peace be with you, my Friedemann, now and ever, amen!"

Friedemann arose, pale, but with a smile on his face. He kissed his father's hand, and slowly withdrew from the apartment; but scarcely was the door closed

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behind him, than he rushed impetuously through the hall, down the steps, and through the streets to the open space, where he threw himself on the frozen earth, hid his burning forehead, and cursed aloud his miserable being.

After the lapse of an hour, having collected and composed himself, he returned to his father, and conversed with apparent cheerfulness. The elder Bach, chatted at table with Philip, who was required to give him an account of all the magnificence he had seen in the capital. The splendor of Dresden had reached its utmost under the administration of the luxurious and prodigal Count von Bruhl; and no court, not even that of Vienna, rivalled the Polish Saxon in this respect.

After dinner, the father reminded his favorite that it was time to dress, so as to be in season at the minister's palace; and Friedemann hastened to do so. With a beating heart, with feelings that partook both of pleasure and despair, he found himself at the palace. As he entered the hall, a side door was suddenly thrown open, and a small man, with striking features, soft, clear blue eyes, richly dressed, and with a blazing star on his breast, came forth; it was the minister himself. As Friedemann stopped and bowed to him, he advanced, speaking in the gentlest and blandest tone imaginable—

"*Ah! bon jour*, Monsieur Bach! Much happiness with the new year! My niece has sent for you? I am pleased to see you so punctual; I see, with satisfaction, you are attached to our house, and shall remember your zeal when it will do you good. I shall improve the first opportunity to convince you by deeds, of my good will. Now, to the Countess!"

He nodded to the young man, smiled, and skipped out of the door, and down the steps to his carriage, which soon drove away with him.

Young Bach looked after him, and murmured to himself, "Can he have guessed my secret? The smile of that man ever bodes disaster! Well, come what may, what can make me more wretched than I am? On, reprobate!" He crossed the hall, and passed through one of the galleries towards the apartment of the Countess Natalia.

"This way," said the maid, who was waiting for him in the ante-room, and without further announcement, she opened the door of the cabinet, where Natalia, charmingly dressed, was reclining on a divian. Friedemann entered.

Natalia arose quickly, and stood a moment gazing earnestly on her visitor. She might have seen twenty summers; her figure was not tall, but perfectly symmetrical, and voluptuous in its rounded fullness; her head was beautiful, though not classical in its contour; a curved nose, and a pair of well defined, though delicately-pencilled eyebrows, gave an expression of decision and pride to her countenance, while the exquisite, rosy mouth, and the eyes shadowed by their long lashes, exhibited more the character of softness and tenderness. A profusion of dark hair floated unconfined over her neck, and relieved the outline of her somewhat pale, but lovely face.

She stood still a moment, before Friedemann, who cast down his eyes embarrassed; then approaching, she laid her small white hand lightly on his shoulder, and said, in a mild voice—"Tell me, Bach, what were you doing last night so late, opposite our house?"

Friedemann raised his dark, flashing eyes to hers, but dropped them the next instant. Natalia continued—"I saw you plainly, as I stepped a moment out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air—and I knew you at once. You were leaning against the castle wall; it seemed as if you were waiting for some one. Come—Bach, answer me!"

The young man struggled down his emotions, and after a pause, said coldly—"You sent for me, most gracious Countess, to honor me with your commands respecting the arrangement of a concert."

Natalia turned her back pettishly, and cried in an angry and disappointed tone—"Thus—haughty man! you thank me, too weak of heart! for my trust—for my concessions! Out on thee, ungrateful man!"

Friedemann's pale face became crimson, and in a subdued voice, which had something in it absolutely terrific, from the deep sorrow and the wild passion it expressed, he replied—"What shall I—what can I say to you? Look at me, and enjoy your triumph! You have made me wretched—but I conjure you, let me have the only consolation that remains—the conviction that I alone am to bear the wrath and curse of offended heaven!"

"Friedemann!" cried the maiden, shocked, and she turned again to him, her eyes suffused with tears—"spare me, master, this agitation, I entreat you!"

"I will *not!*" returned the young man, impetuously, "I will not spare you! you have yourself torn open, in cruel sport, the wounds of this heart! Look, how it bleeds! and yet, oh, fate, cannot cease to beat! I will not spare you! you are the only being on earth, to whom I dare unveil myself; I have purchased that right, with my happiness here and hereafter; and this only, last right, none shall tear from me! I gave you all! truth for falsehood—pure, undying love, for frivolous, heartless mockery!"

"I mocked you not!" protested Natalia, looking earnestly at him. "Believe me, I meant well."

"With *me?* Did you love me?"

"Ask me not."

"Natalia, answer! did you love me?"

"How can it help you, if I tell you I loved? Are we not parted for ever?"

"No! by my soul! *no!* If you love me, nothing on earth shall part us! For the sake of your love, mark me—I would not spare even the heart of my father, though it should cost his life! But I must know—if you have loved—if you yet love me! If you have not, if you do not, I will ask—woman! wherefore did you tempt the free-hearted youth, who lived but for his art, with encouraging looks and flattering words? Wherefore did you give—"

"Hold, unhappy man!"

"Wherefore?" repeated Friedemann, with a burst of passionate grief.

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"I honored your mind—your genius—your heart."

"And you loved me not?"

"You will madden me with these questions!"

"And you loved me *not?*"

"I could not see you suffer—I wished to restore your peace—to have you acquiesce—"

"All, that you gave without love, I *despise!* If you do love me, how can you bear to think of becoming the wife of another?"

"Ah! you know well, my station—the will of my uncle—"

"And *my* happiness, *my* peace is nothing to you?"

"Why can you not be calm—happy, when you know that my affection is still yours—that I can never love another!"

Friedemann's brow kindled, he stamped fiercely with his foot, and muttered—"Hypocrite, liar, coward! and all for the sake of a coquette!"

"Your passion makes you unjust and weak," said Natalia, with displeasure. "I am no coquette. Is not the story of my education familiar to you? My parents died early; they were poor, but descended from one of the oldest families in the land; my proud uncle, whose nobility was younger, surrounded me with all the state and splendor his power could command. I will not indulge in self commendation, for I early perceived the worthlessness of all this magnificence; but it is *something*, that I yielded not to temptation, which, in the midst of pomp and luxury, approached me in a thousand enticing shapes. It is much; I dare commend myself, therefore, and be proud; for I had no loving, careful mother, to teach me the lessons of virtue. I grew thus, to womanhood, flattered by puppets, by venal slaves, by smiling fools, for I had not yet seen *man*. I saw you—I *loved* you; must I excuse to you my too mighty love?"

"Ah! Natalia! what must I think? You love me, yet scorn to be my true and wedded wife! You love me, and will marry the creature of your uncle, whom you regard with indifference—with aversion! Must I never know what to make of you?"

"You must know that calculation impels me not to this step, but a sense of duty."

"Sense of duty?"

"Yes! and towards you. I feel that as your wife I could *never* make you happy—could never be happy myself. You are a great artist, can accomplish much; but you cannot rise beyond a certain sphere—and I—think you it would be so easy for a princely maiden to fulfil the duties of a quiet citizen's wife? And, were I willing to sacrifice all for you, where should we find a refuge from the pursuit of my incensed uncle? Nay—if we even found that, in some desert solitude, how long could the high-minded, ambitious artist, endure this inglorious concealment?" Friedemann looked mournfully on the ground, and was silent, the lady continued—"If I know you discontented, could I be happy? Or you, if you saw my grief? I will do all for you that a woman in my circumstances can do for her beloved; my uncle's minion can never obtain any portion of my heart. I will live for you alone! And you—live for your art and me!"

"And must I enjoy your affection as a dishonorable thief?" asked Friedemann, angrily.

"Our regard cannot remain concealed—yet, for your sake, I will bear the condemnation of the world!"

"And the world's scorn? No—you shall *not!* The woman whom I love—for whom I am miserable—for whose sake I have deceived father, brother, friends—that woman shall none dare to scorn! Farewell, Natalia! we never meet again! Be, what your future husband is not—be noble and true! And believe me, low as I am sunk, *all* virtuous resolution has not yet left my heart! I must be unhappy, but no longer utterly wretched, for you shall *esteem* me!"

"Friedemann!" cried the maiden, and threw herself weeping on his breast, "I honor, I admire you!"

Here the waiting maid entered hastily, and not without alarm, announced the minister's approach.

"Recollect yourself!" whispered Natalia, as she disengaged herself from the arms of her lover.

"The minister cried in a cordial tone as he entered—"Ha! Monsieur Bach, here still? I am delighted to see you again. Well, *ma chére nièce!*" turning to the blushing girl, "how goes it? Is all arranged for the concert—and will it suit?"

"I hope so, most gracious uncle!"

"That is charming, my love; my wife will be enchanted with this kind attention. You, my dear Monsieur Bach, will certainly arrange all for the best, of that I am assured. Come very often to my house! understand—very often! I place the highest value upon you and your talents."

The young man thanked him, somewhat bewildered, and took his leave.

"A strong head, and great, great talent," observed the minister, looking after him, while he took a pinch from his jewelled snuff-box. He said more in his praise, then passed to indifferent subjects, and at length retired from the apartment, after having pressed his lips to the white forehead of his niece, who dutifully kissed his hand.

As Friedemann left the palace, the Page rushed hastily from round a corner to him, and asked—"Whither?"

"Home!"

"Not there. Come with me instantly to Faustina's."

"Are you mad?"

"More reasonable than yourself, *mein engel!* Out on the blindness that cannot see the trap the wary bird-catcher has laid for the bird!"

"What mean you? What is the matter?"

"*Sacre-bleu!* Come to Faustina's with me, or you are to-night on the road to Konigstein! The Lord Minister knows all!" And he led him away.

—

Twilight had come on; Philip had called for lights, and placed himself beside his father, who, sitting at the table, was diligently perusing Friedemann's last exercises and compositions, giving what he had read to his son, for the same purpose. At last, looking up, he asked—"Well, Philip, what think you of our Friedemann?"

"Ah, father," replied the lad, "do not make sport of me! But, indeed I know not how to express what I

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think and feel. I am moved, rapt—I admire my brother. It seems to me often as if I were reading something of yours; and then all is again so strange to me—so different from yours—I feel troubled—I know not why. In short, I cannot feel undisturbed joy in these compositions."

Sebastian looked grave and thoughtful for a moment, then turning, with a smile, to his son, he said—

"Yes, Philip, there is to me also something strange and paradoxical in Friedemann's works; and this is more the case in his exercises and sketches, than in his finished pieces; yet I am not disturbed; yea, I deeply rejoice therein."

"Rejoice?" repeated Philip, and looked doubtingly on his father; the latter continued—

"I know what you mean by this question; your own light, glad spirit, accords not with the earnest, oft gloomy character displayed in Friedemann's works. Heaven knows, he inherits not the gloomy from me, though I have always dealt earnestly with art; but, observe, Friedemann's character is not yet fixed: All assures me there is something great in the man; but he is hardly yet determined how to develope it. He seeks the form, by which he shall represent what lives within him. I have examined closely and dispassionately; it is not a father's partiality that leads me to speak as I do. Friedemann seeks for himself a new path to the goal. Will he succeed? I hope so, when I reflect that every strong spirit has sought and discovered a new path, winning what his predecessor would have given up as impossible. I know not if I deserve so high a degree of praise as has been accorded to me; but this I know, Philip, and acknowledge, that from her origin, Art has ever advanced, and still advances, and that her temple is not yet completed. Will it ever be? I think *not;* for the perfect dwells not on earth; yet, therefore, is Art on earth so divine and eternal, that we may ever long for her fairest rewards, and strive after them with our best strength."

"It is so," said Philip, struck with his father's remark; "if one thinks he has accomplished something worthy, he soon finds there exists in his fantasy images far nobler and fairer, than with all his industry and taste he can produce."

The conversation was interrupted by a stout knock at the door. The elder Bach answered by a "Come in!" the door opened, and two tall men entered, and inquired for the court-organist.

"I expect my son every moment," answered Bach, and asked if the gentlemen had any message to leave. They replied that they were friends of the court-organist, and would wait for his coming. They seated themselves without farther ceremony; Sebastian also resumed his seat, and endeavored to introduce general conversation. But his politeness and his trouble were in vain; the two visitors only answered in monosyllables, and in a tone by no means encouraging, so that an awkward silence soon prevailed, and Sebastian, as well as Philip, wished, with all their hearts, for Friedemann's arrival. Still Friedemann came not; but after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the door was opened without a previous knock, and the page, von Scherbitz entered.

"*Bon soir!*" cried he, in a different tone, while he fixed a keen look on the two strangers, who rose from their seats as they perceived him.

"Whom have I the honor—" asked Sebastian, somewhat surprized at the unceremonious intrusion.

"Von Scherbitz," replied he, "page in the service of His Majesty, and a friend of your son, Friedemann, if so be that you are the Elder Bach."

"I am," returned Sebastian, smiling. "My son must be in soon; these gentlemen, also his friends, are waiting for him."

"Friends?" repeated von Scherbitz, "Friends of Friedemann? So, so!" He placed himself directly before the two men, who were visibly embarrassed, and looked down. The page stood awhile in silence; at length he said in a cold, ironical tone, "Messieurs! you are come too late, in spite of the haste with which His Excellency thought proper to send you, and indeed you are here quite unnecessarily. Go, messieurs! Carry your lord the compliments of the page, M. Scherbitz, and tell him the court-organist, Bach, is with the Signora Hasse; I myself took him there, informed his majesty of my doing, as in duty bound, and have already obtained my pardon!"

The two men started up and left the apartment, without answering a word; the page threw himself on a seat, and burst into loud laughter.

The elder Bach, who knew not what to make of the whole scene, stood in blank surprize in the middle of the room, looking inquiringly at Philip, who, with equally astonished and anxious looks, was gazing at the page.

At length von Scherbitz ceased laughing, arose, approached the old man, and said with earnestness and respect, "Pardon, Master Cantor, for my strange behavior; I will explain it to you; I have much to communicate, but to you alone. It concerns your son, Friedemann—"

"My son?"—'My brother?' cried Sebastian and Philip in the same breath. "Where is he?"

"As I told those men," replied the page, "at the house of Signora Hasse."

"And what does he there?" asked Sebastian.

"I must tell you alone."

"Go, Philip, to your chamber," said the father mildly; and as the boy lingered, he repeated with more earnestness—"go!" With a look of anxiety the youth retired.

Sebastian, full of serious misgiving, seated himself, and said, "Now, M. Scherbitz, we are alone; what have you to tell me of my Friedemann, whose friend you are pleased to call yourself?"

"I am his friend!" said the page, not without feeling; "and that I am, I have not first proved to-day!"

"And those two men, who marched off so quickly, when you told them my son was at Madame Hasse's?"

"Were in no way his friends—*tout au contraire,*

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mon ami! and on this account I wish to speak with you."

"Speak, then, M. Scherbitz!"

Scherbitz seemed at a loss in what manner to communicate to Bach the information he could no longer keep from him. For the first time in his life, in the presence of that worthy old man, his bold levity deserted him. Sebastian sat opposite with folded hands, his clear and searching eyes fixed steadily upon him. Recollecting himself, at last he began—

"Your son, Friedemann, my good sir, has told me how different, even when a child, he always was from his brothers and sisters, in that, with an earnestness far beyond his years, he apprehended and retained whatever moved his fancy."

"Yes, yes, it was so!" exclaimed Bach. "This peculiarity endeared the boy to me at first; but in later years it has made me anxious for him."

"You have brought him up strictly, sir."

"Very strictly, M. Scherbitz; in the fear of God, as is a parent's duty! yet I have constrained him to nothing—and only when he was convinced, have I led him strictly to follow his conviction. He who discerns the truth and the right, and obeys it not, is either a fool or a knave; not a man!"

"Ah! my dear sir, may not an excess of strength lead a well-meaning man out of the way; yea, even to his ruin?"

"That is possible; but he should reserve his strength to struggle, not weakly yield. He should either rouse himself, and atone for his faults, or perish like a man."

"Heaven grant the first!" murmured the page.

"Do you fear the last?" asked Sebastian, quickly, and alarmed.

"No, M. Cantor; I trust Friedemann's strength to rise again."

"To rise again? Monsieur, tell me, in few words—what of my son?"

"Well, then! you have brought up your son as a man of honor; but you, yourself, sir, are too little acquainted with the present ways of the world, to be able to shield him against the dangers that beset the path of youth, when, without a guide or counsellor, he enters the great arena of life. Your son, 'till then, had known nothing of the world, beyond his paternal dwelling, and your church of Saint Thomas. He was called to Dresden. He was received as the son—as the first disciple of the famous Sebastian Bach; it was soon found that he was himself a master in his art. Esteem, admiration, were his; the great treated him with favor, his inferiors flattered him as the favorite of the great. Is it surprizing that his head was somewhat turned, and that he forgot his place? Yet all would soon have been right again, when he learned to separate appearances from realities; but, as ill luck would have it, the young Countess de Bruhl employed him as her music-master. In a word, your son loves her!"

"Is the boy mad?" cried Bach, angrily, and rising from his chair.

"Gently, papa!" interrupted the page; "if you knew the young Countess, you would confess, that for a young man like your son, it would be impossible not to love her; particularly as she was resolved to be loved; and, in truth, she has excellently well managed it!"

Sebastian sank again on his seat, and his brow became clouded; the page continued—

"Friedemann struggles bravely against his passion, but the little Countess would not allow resistance."

"Poor Friedemann!" sighed the father.

"When the first violence of his passion was over, he thought upon his father. He would have torn himself from his beloved—but could he? ought he? Every thing was against their union. Was he to discover all to you, who had no misgiving? Disturb your peace, and that of your family? He resolved to bear all the anguish alone; the resolution was a noble one, but it made him so much the more wretched, since he, who so reverenced truth, had to dissemble with his father."

"Cease, M. Scherbitz!" said Sebastian, in a low, mournful voice.

"I have little more to say, M. Cantor. "Friedemann's conscience gave him no peace day or night; and he suffered much from the fear of discovery He fled to dissipation for relief; there were about him younger and older libertines. Thus I became acquainted with him; I, whose life has been an error! I would fain have aided him; but I saw then was not the time. His grief was too new; his passion reigned too fiercely in his breast; I looked to time for the cure, and sought only to keep him from too wild company. I was not always successful. He himself has broken off his connection with the Countess."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Sebastian with joy; the page continued—

"First hear me out, M. Cantor; the minister discovered their intimacy. He swore your son's destruction—there I have baffled him; but I cannot prevent the necessity of Friedemann's quitting this place."

"It needs not!" said Sebastian, with quickness. "My poor son shall go hence; he needs comfort, and he can find it only with me!"

"He may come to you, then?" asked Scherbitz."

"What a question! Where is the father who can repel his unhappy child? And I know, sir, how unhappy my poor Friedemann must be; for I know, better than any other, his fiery soul! Bring him to me. I know he has ever loved his father; he must learn, also, to trust me with filial confidence!"

"My good sir!" cried Scherbitz with emotion, taking Sebastian's hand, and pressing it to his bosom, "had I had such a father, I should have been something more than a page, in my fortieth year. Your Friedemann is saved!"

He left the apartment. Sebastian looked sadly after him, and murmured to himself, "Ah! you know not what is in my heart, and that I dare not speak the whole truth, if I would save my boy! My fairest dream is melted away—the dream I indulged, of finding in my first born a friend, pure and true—such as I have sought my life long in vain! Oh! now I acknowledge, the truest friend, the purest joy, is Art! Without her, where should I find comfort? All thanks and praise to

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Him who has given the children of earth such a companion through their pilgrimage of life!"

He passed from the room into an adjoining dark one, where a small but excellent work of Silbermann's was set up; he opened the piano, played a prelude, and began, with a full heart, the beautiful melody of an old song by Paul Gerhard, the first verse of which ran as follows:—

> "Commit thy ways, oh, pilgrim,
> And yield thy sick heart's sighs
> Unto the faithful caring
> Of him who rules the skies!"

More steady, more powerful rose the harmony; it filled the apartment, and was heard even in the streets, where it brought peace and consolation to more than one sick heart, as the passers by stopped to listen!

In a luxuriously decorated room, lighted by a splendid astral lamp, reclined on a rich ottoman, Faustina Hasse, the most beautiful woman, and the greatest dramatic singer, not only of her own, but perhaps of all times.

She wore a simple, white robe, of the finest material; a costly necklace of pearls was rivalled by the snow of her lovely neck; her lofty brow was somewhat paler than usual, and a touch of melancholy about her mouth softened the pride that generally ruled the expression of those exquisite features.

"Let him come in!" said she, carelessly, to the waiting-maid, who had just announced a visitor. The maid withdrew, and the minister, Count von Brühl entered, with a low and courtly bow. Faustina replied by a slight inclination of her head, and without changing her own easy position, motioned him to a seat. The minister sat down, and began smilingly—

"My late visit surprizes you, does it not, Signora?"

"I am not yet aware of its object."

"Oh, that is plain! I am a good spouse, as is known; in fourteen days comes my consort's birth-day, and I intend giving a fête, as handsome as my poor means will allow. But how will it surpass in splendor all other fêtes in the world, if Faustina Hasse will honor it with her presence! Will the Signora let me sue in vain?"

"I do not sing, my lord minister."

"How have I deserved, Signora, that you should so misinterpret my well meant petition?"

"Will His Majesty honor the feast with his presence?"

"He received graciously his most faithful servant's petition, and was pleased to promise me."

"Good—I will be there."

"Divine Faustina! My gratitude is unbounded!"

He kissed her hand, and was about to retire. Faustina started up hastily, and cried with flashing eyes—

"Hold—a word! The minister stood still. "Where is Friedemann Bach?" asked she.

The Count could not suppress a start of surprize, but he answered blandly—"This question, most honored lady, from you—"

"Where is Friedemann Bach?" repeated Faustina, with vehemence. "I *will* know!"

"Well, then; he is probably on the way to Koningstein."

Faustina smiled scornfully, and asked—"For what?"

"To save him from yet severer punishment. The whole parish is disgusted at the scandalous life their court-organist leads, who, if he edifies the devotional with his organ-playing on Sunday morning, celebrates the wildest orgies with his fellow rioters, at Seconda's, on Sunday night!"

"And what is done with his fellow rioters?"

The Count von Brühl shrugged his shoulders, and replied dejectedly—"They are of the first families."

"And therefore pass unpunished? Very fair, my lord minister! But you are mistaken; Bach is not on the road to Koningstein; he is here, in my house, and has seen his Majesty."

"How, signora!" cried the Count, really shocked—"what have you done?"

"Silence—I command you!"* said Faustina, haughtily. The minister was silent, and she continued—"His Majesty knows all; knows why you pursue the unhappy youth, and would bring unspeakable misery on the whole family—and such a family! Heartless courtier! You cannot comprehend the worth of such a man. Friedemann must leave this city, but he goes freely, and must not be unprovided for. Give him another place, one worthy of his genius. That is His Majesty's will!"

She left the apartment. The minister stepped, in much embarrassment, to a window, looked out into the darkness, and drummed with his fingers upon the pane. When he turned round, he saw Friedemann and the page, who had entered the room. There was a storm in his breast, but he suppressed all signs of agitation, and walking up to the young man, said in a gentle, though earnest tone, "Monsieur Bach, it grieves me much that you must leave us so suddenly; but since that cannot be helped, we must yield to what is unavoidable. You will go as soon as possible to Merseburg; the place of organist in that Cathedral is vacant, and I have appointed you to it. Adieu!" And he retired.

"*Bravissimo, mon comte!*" cried the page, laughing as he looked after him—"where is there a better actor? Roscius is a poor bungler to him! But now, *mon ami*"—he turned to Friedemann—"come with me to your father. Courage! he knows all."

"All!" repeated the poet, and with a look of despair he followed his friend. They passed out into the open air. It was a clear winter's night; the stars glittered in the deep blue firmament, recording, in burning lines, their hymn of praise to Infinite love; but in the heart of the young man dwelt hopeless anguish.

The pious melody Sebastian sang, was yet unfinished, when they arrived at the house. They entered. Philip, who saw them first, hastened to tell his father. Sebastian came into the room; as he approached his son, he said, "You come back to me—you are welcome!"

* Historical.

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"Can you forgive me, father?" murmured Friedemann, fixing his looks gloomily on the ground.

"You have deeply sinned against your first, your truest friend; but I trust you will have ability to amend and I *have* forgiven you!"

"And without a word of reproach?"

"Your own conscience has suggested more than I could say; it is now my part to console you. Come with me to our Leipzig, and if I alone cannot comfort you, why, the others shall help me!"

"No, by my life!" cried Friedemann, looking up boldy. "I pass not again the sacred threshold of my home, 'till I am worthy of you—or quite resigned to despair!"

"Is that your firm resolve?" asked Sebastian.

"It is, my father! Henceforward I will be true to you. I know not if I shall overcome this anguish, but I will struggle against it, for I have yet power! If victorious, more is won than lost! But if I am overcome—"

"Then come to my heart, Friedemann!"

"I will!"

Sebastian held out his hand to his son. Friedemann flung himself into his father's arms.

The next morning they parted. Sebastian returned to Leipzig, and Friedemann prepared for his journey to Merseburg.

To be continued.

Original.

THE SAILOR BOY.

God guard thee, sailor boy, when on the billow!
Keep thee from tempests, and from Ocean's bed!
Long be his smile a halo o'er thy pillow—
A crown of glory round thy youthful head!
Kneel thou when stars from forth the azure heaven,
Come slowly to be mirrored round thy bark!
Then in the solemn hush of holy even,
Pray, if thy heart be faint—thy "soul be dark!"
When from thy fevered dream in terror starting,
Thou shalt look forth to meet thy mother's smile,
May memory freely from its stores imparting,
Give hope anew thy sorrows to beguile!
Though waters girt thee by no haven bounded,
And thy tired vision wearies of the sea,
Think of thy home by pleasant scenes surrounded—
Of hearts whose anxious throbs are all for thee!
Thou who wert once with tenderest pity shielded—
Whose boyish sorrows never passed unshared—
These priceless blessings thou hast freely yielded,
Nor can their faded beauty be repaired!
Thou may'st return; but chains so rudely broken
Will ne'er again thy restless spirit bind!
Of untold love our prayers shall be the token—
Of wishes precious, and with tears resigned!
Through weary days may Israel's God direct thee;
In clouds that temper the too fervent ray!
By night the fiery pillow still protect thee,
A guide unerring 'mid thy trackless way.

IONE.

Original.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE GREEN LEAVES.

I dreamed that I was wandering in a garden, a very beautiful one, such as my waking vision hath never seen, and Fancy but seldom pictured to me. I had looked and admired, 'till, overcome with weariness, I sank down upon the green turf bank at my side, to collect, if possible, my scattered senses. Then there came over me a deep sense of the glory God has thrown over this lower world, and with it, such a feeling of my own physical and spiritual deformity, that I could but weep. "Ah! why," thought I, "why is it thus? why is such a keen perception of the bright and beautiful, given to those who have so little within themselves calculated to waken, or keep alive such susceptibilities? why, but to make them wretched, dissatisfied with themselves, and envious of all that is beautiful around them?" There was a low, sweet murmuring at my side, and I looked up. A flower of exquisite beauty was blooming near me; its colors were so pure, and so delicately blended, and in its form and position there was so much grace, that I could not refrain from audible admiration. Again I heard the same soft murmurs, and the Green Leaves—for from them the voice proceeded—replied, "Yes! so it is! they all admire the lovely Blossom, and bestow upon it every word of endearment and praise: but no one thinks of, or cares for the Green Leaves! Ah! why were we made? why live here from day to day to nourish and adorn and be despised for that proud beauty?"—and the Green Leaves drooped, for they were sad—and I thought how like my own were their feelings. Again I looked up; a fairy being stood over them; for she had heard their complainings, and hastened to comfort them. "Ah! my Green Leaves," she said, "why are you drooping? why are you envious of that fragile blossom? May you not be as happy as that? Reason with yourselves, sweet ones; would you all be Blossoms? How then would you exist? and if you could, where would the beauty be, without the variety you now afford? Mortals would then be weary of the Blossoms, and sigh again for a Green Leaf. And what matters it though they do lavish their praises upon it now, and forget *you?* Do not their praises injure it? Do they not rudely take it from its own sweet home, that it may minister, for an hour, to their enjoyment, and then throw it carelessly away to droop and die? Beside, my Green Leaves, do I not love you as well as I do Blossoms? And to you, mortal, I would say, receive instruction from this. I know what your thoughts have been—that, like the Green Leaves, you have been repining, because your Creator has denied to you that beauty which He has lavished upon Nature, and upon some of your fellow creatures. But mourn not; though God has made some as the sweet Blossoms, and some as the Green leaves, yet you are all equally beautiful in His sight, when you perform, with an humble heart, the duties he has assigned you." The fairy vanished, and I awoke. It was only a dream, but I often think now, when mingling with the world, that there are comparatively few Blossoms, while the Green Leaves are many but that God loves them all.

VIOLA.

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Original.

THE SPECTRE STEAMER;

OR, HUGH NORTHUP'S OATH.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

It was in the spring of 1839, that I left New-Orleans, in the splendid steamer Saint Louis, for Saint Louis. The morning was clear and brilliant, and the atmosphere of that agreeable elasticity which inspires the dullest with good spirits. We backed out slowly and majestically from our birth at the pier, and, gaining the mid-river, began to ascend the stream with rapid but stately motion. I stood upon the "hurricane-deck," with fifty other passengers, admiring the view of the city as we run swiftly past it. Street after street terminating in a strait line in the cypress swamp, appeared and disappeared, and turret, spire, and terrace receded rapidly in the distance. The half league of shipping lying "three deep" against the pier, and waiting for their freight of cotton, presented a grand and imposing spectacle. They were Americans and of all European nations, principally English and French; and as every ship wore her flag half-mast in honor of a captain of one of them who had died the day previous, their appearance was at once solemn (from association) and brilliant. Who that has ever visited New-Orleans in the winter season, can forget the fine effect of this wide-stretching crescent of shipping that enfolds the city at either extremity, like wings?

At length we left behind us the shipping and the huge cotton-presses lining the river shore abreast of it. The Capitol-like dome of the Saint Charles, the dark tower of the Cathedral, and the lofty roofs of hotels, sunk rapidly from the eye, or were lost in the smoke that overhung the city; and on either shore the eye was relieved by the agreeable substitute of sugar-fields, woodlands, and pretty villas. We shortly passed the picturesque village of Carrolton, with its handsome racing buildings and fine "course," and the remainder of the day, sailed between noble sugar-plantations, extending a league inland from the river. The eye never wearied gazing on the pleasant residences of the planters, with their steep dark roofs, light verandahs and vine-clad galleries, and upon the orangeries, gardens and groves of old trees, that thickly adorned the river banks for full thirty leagues above the city. The whole shore was, indeed, a continuous village of villas—a rural street, thronged with horsemen, private equipages, visiting from plantation to plantion, foot-travellers, lads and maidens, negroes and negresses! As we ran along close to the bank it was like driving through a village street; we could converse with the pedestrian on shore, peep upon the tea-table party in the open hall, and keep company with the bonnetless ladies, taking an airing, driving in their rapid barouches, on the levée. The whole scene was delightful and novel.

At length night came on, and the horizon on every side was illumined with vast flames rising from pyramids of dried sugar-cane, which the slaves take pleasure in kindling at night. From the upper-deck the sight was grand, and as the darkness deepened and the fires increased in number and size, it became truly sublime. Before us, half an hour after sun-set, the whole horizon seemed in a blaze, and the red glare glowed and flushed the sky to the zenith. It seemed as if Tartarus was ahead, and that we were rushing into its fiery caverns! and, with the streaming sparks pouring from our black chimnies, the roar of the escape-pipes, and the thunder of the dashing paddles, the "infernal" idea was, on reflection, by no means diminished in its force. The night was still, and the flames rose in vast columnar height, o'ertopped by clouds of murky smoke, that, rolling sluggishly onward, eclipsed half the stars. The river, reflecting on its breast so many fires, seemed itself a lurid lake. I had never before, nor have I since, beheld so singular and wonderful a spectacle! We remained on deck 'till near morning, deeply interested in the extraordinary scene. For the distance of one hundred miles, which we run in the night, the fires blazed on either shore 'till morning! We seemed to be sailing along in a sort of majestic triumph, our way illumined by bonfires! Conceive a river a mile in breadth lighted for a hundred, nay, two hundred and fifty miles, as it proved to be, by columns of flame half a mile from each other, on either bank of the river. Such was our first night on the Mississippi!

The next day we ascended between shores less highly cultivated and far less picturesque. We had exchanged the wide sugar fields and the noble villas of the planters for cotton plantations and their ruder habitations. Baton Rouge, with its French-looking edifices, its old church and handsome barracks, with its beautiful suburban lawns and green esplanade, wooed and won our passing admiration.

As the sun set, its last rays gilded the summit of the bold promontory on which Natchez is situated, and its effulgence was reflected back to us from its towers and domes and thousand windows. The next morning, we beheld the sun rise over the romantic city of Vicksburg, which is certainly one of the most imposing towns in the valley of the west, beheld from the water. On leaving this place, we began to enter the wild and vast region of that portion of the great valley, watered by the Mississippi, upon which the hand of cultivation has been but little bestowed. For hundred of miles this noble stream winds its majestic and tortuous way through an almost unbroken wilderness, save here and there, where an adventurous woodman has planted his hut, and at long intervals on some favorite site some new settlement. It was on the fourth day after our departure from New-Orleans, that our huge steamer entered the wildest portion of this dark and inhospitable region. The gigantic forests stood silent and vast on either shore, as they had stood for centuries. Evening approached and we entered a narrow *shute*, but little broader than to give room for the passage of the steamer, so that the shadows cast from either bank met mid-way in the channel, and, while twilight was yet in the sky, enveloped our course in the deepest gloom. Thus we went on, now winding

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our way between an island and the main, now stemming the broad current of the full river, now hugging the shore to take advantage of the eddy. I had gone below at ten o'clock to retire; but feeling wakeful I took up "Hoffman's Winter in the West," and read until the steward simultaneously pronounced over my head—"It is twelve o'clock, sir," and extinguished the cabin lamp. I then went to the deck to breathe a little fresh air before going to my state-room. On gaining the hurricane deck I was struck with the brilliancy and beauty of the night. The stars really sparkled and danced in the deep heavens, and the dark, still bosom of the river was as thick and dazzling with them as were the skies. How silent and dark reposed the walls of forests of cypresses on either hand! How black their shadows that seemed to descend below the very foundations of the river! We were, at the moment, in the very centre of the stream, crossing over from one point to another to enter the "cut off," across the peninsula of "Horse-Shoe Bend," the mouth of which was indicated by a break in the shadows in the water ahead of us, rather than visible in the shore itself, which was dark and impervious to the eye. I walked forward as we neared it, to the pilot's-house, within which he stood at the wheel. He was a fine old weather beaten man, about fifty-four or five years of age, with just gray enough sprinkled amid his black locks to bear testimony to the long service he had seen. Loitering by his wheel of nights, I had gradually formed an acquaintance with him, and found he possessed a noble frankness of manner, good common sense, though uneducated, and much general intelligence, united singularly enough, to a strong bias towards superstition. He had been a boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, before, said he, "Sich varmint as steamers was thought on." His name was Paul Fink, and he was cousin to the celebrated Mike Fink, whom the late lamented Morgan Neville has immortalized in one of the happiest American tales ever written.

I now approached him as he stood alone at his wheel, his head enveloped in a fox-skin cap, and his person wrapped in a white shaggy pea-jacket, (for we were now in a latitude many degrees higher than New-Orleans, where four days before we had worn straw hats and summer garments. Forward of the wheel-house, twenty feet from us on the part of the deck above the boilers, sat one of the passengers smoking a German pipe—a very extraordinary looking man—dark, silent, and mysterious, who had attracted much curious notice on board, both from the passengers and crew, otherwise we were alone on the vast and silent deck.

"A fine night, pilot," I observed in an indifferent tone, as I wrapped my cloak closer about me and leaned against the window of the wheel-house.

He made no reply at first, but fixing his eye steadily upon the boat's course as she approached the mouth of the "Horse Shoe cut-off," gave the wheel two or three rapid revolutions and shot into its narrow inlet with that skilful and unerring certainty for which the pilots of the Mississippi are so remarkable. We now seemed sailing, so dark and gloomy was this passage, through a forest cavern, with only a narrow opening to the stars overhead. The long, pendant branches of the willows and cypresses, swept our decks, and the deep roar of our escape-pipes penetrated the lofty avenues of the eternal forest, and echoing and re-echoing, filled the wood with a continuous resounding thunder. Onward we went, our only guide through the gloomy passage, the stars twinkling between the trees, that, towering from either bank, nearly met their tops midway the channel.

"Yes, sir, a pretty night," responded the pilot, after we had fairly entered the 'shute,' and casting a glance at the stars, he rolled his quid in his cheek, expectorated the superfluous juice, and gave his wheel a half turn to starboard.

"It surprizes me," I said, after a moment's silence, wishing to draw Paul into conversation, "that you can steer with such accuracy amid this deep darkness. The water and the forests are equally black to my eye—it is impossible for me to distinguish the bank and water-line of either side of the channel."

"It's all come o' practice, all practice," he said, carelessly, "and then there's somethin', too, in the boat's being used to the channel. Why this steamer knows every inch o' the way between Orleans as well as I do. She'd make the trip alone, if she on'y know'd how to keep her steam up herself! Her old nose is just as familiar with the mouth of every 'shute,' as you are with the way to your own mouth! I could go to sleep here at my wheel, if 'twant for the discredit o' the thing if the cap'n should come up and catch an old pilot at it, and she'd run herself! But, talking o' steam-boats running themselves," said Paul, ceasing his professional praise of his steamer, lowering his voice and speaking in an awed under tone; "there's a boat on this river, sir, that has been runnin' alone this last twelve-month, and never has yet got to her port."

"Ah, what is the story about her, Paul?" I inquired, seeing my superstitious friend was in the humor of talking.

"I'd tell it to you, especially as we are off agen Horse-Shoe Bend, if—" and here Paul cast a suspicious and uneasy look towards the silent passenger, who, at that instant, rose from his seat and wrapping himself in his long, black cloak, began to pace the deck athwart-ships; "I'd tell it you, sir, if that old hunks was out o' the way. There's somethin' about that varmint I don't much like! He's on deck always all my watch, and the other pilot swears he is all his'n. Now a man what sits up all night and no watch to stand, *is* queer! I give sich critters a wide berth as I would an ugly snag. Do you like the varmint's looks, stranger?" All this was spoken in a low tone close to my ear, as I leaned in the window of the pilot-house.

"I don't see any thing very suspicious in his loving the deck these fine nights," I said, laughing; "you always find me here, Paul, during the most of your trick at the wheel."

"That's true, and glad I am to have you on deck in

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my watch; but there's a mighty difference, I tell ye, stranger, between a man that comes and talks like a Christian man with the pilot when the boat is running steady and he can listen to him, and one who never opens his crackers to man or beast, but goes stalking about the decks like a shadow in black, or sittin' in the cap'n's chair there, smoking a German pipe as if his insides was a furnace. No, no," continued Paul, bringing his wheel *to* half a dozen spokes, and eying the passenger suspiciously; "I tell you there is no good in him, and you'll see before the trip is through." Here the old pilot shook his head ominously, renewed his quid, and brought the boat *to* a point and a half, which he had let her fall off while talking.

I watched for a few seconds, unconsciously, the movements of the mysterious passenger, against whom Paul had taken up so strong a prejudice, as he slowly paced the deck a few feet forward of the wheel-house, the fire in the bowl of his pipe glowing at every whiff and lighting up his thin, swarthy visage. I could see in him, however, no more than a tall, thin, bilious looking gentleman, either a Portegueese or an Italian, with dignified yet taciturn manners, one who loved the company of his pipe better than the companionship of his species. So turning from him I asked Paul to explain to me what he meant by his wandering steamer, that had never reached her port.

"Well, I'll tell it you, and there was never a better place to tell it than here in the Horse-Shoe-Bend, which God grant we were well out of."

"Is it a dangerous place?" I asked, struck by Paul's earnest manner.

"For one league above and one league below, I never go through it without the prayers my mother taught me on my tongue. God help me! did you hear that?"

"What?" I exclaimed, starting.

"That steamer ahead! Do you hear her blow?" he cried, in such real alarm, that I could not help sympathizing in it. After listening a moment, I could hear nothing but our own boat. He seemed also in a moment after to be convinced that he was mistaken, and was inclined to attribute the supposed noise of a coming boat to his fancy.

"By heaven, I could have sworn it!" he said, taking a relieved breath.

"Why should a boat coming down alarm you, Paul?" I inquired.

"Did you ever hear of an earthly steamer coming *down* a shute, stranger?" he asked, with something like slight contempt. "Don't every Christian boat in descending the river, take the broad open stream to have the full advantage of the current? You don't know every thing, stranger, yet!"

I acknowledged my ignorance of a great many things, and begged him to relate what he knew about the lost steamer. Paul gave a preliminary turn to the wheel, discharged half a gill of distilled tobacco into the huge spittoon at his feet, and casting a suspicious glance after the mysterious passenger, who had walked aft, and was now indistinctly seen a hundred feet distant from us, standing over the stern of the boat, gazing down into the boiling wake—he thus began—

"You must know, stranger, Saint Louis has the finest steamers that runs on the Mississippi river! She takes a pride, as she ought, in makin' 'em larger, handsomer, and faster than those of any other city. Louisville and Cincinnatti has more of 'em, but none of 'em can come up to the Saint Louis craft for prettiness from stem to stern and real race-horse speed. This here very identical animal we are now walking at ten knots through this 'shute,' is a specimen! Well, you see, the merchants vied with each other who should build the best boats, and the captain's who should make the shortest trip between Saint Louis and Orleans. This very Saint Louis, you are now on board, I saw built and launched, and a prettier varmint never swam than she was when she had got her engines and boilers aboard, and started from the pier on the first trip to Orleans, with sixty thousand dollars in freight! Was'nt she a beauty? I was the first man that took her wheel and stuck her nose down stream! She steered like a duck! and she had scarcely shaken off the smell of the nigger-tracks on her decks in Saint Louis, before she was along side o' the levee in Orleans! Three days and twenty-one hours runnin' eleven hundred miles! See her walk up stream now! Is'nt she a picture, stranger?"

I having assented to the truth of his panegyric upon his favorite boat, and Paul having brought the boat too from a yaw she had unkindly taken as he was warmly speaking in commendation of her, he thus continued—

"Well, you see, the trip we made was *a brag!* Not a captain in Saint Louis could hold up his head after we got back in *five days* against stream! There was living there then, one Captain Hugh Northup, who had always hated our captain, the two having commanded rival steamers. It was said he had been engaged in no honest livelihood before he came to Saint Louis, where he brought a great box of gold and silver with him and another of jewels. But somehow he grew in favor and invested money in steamboats, one of which he went captain of himself, and it was while running this boat he fell out with our captain for always beating him in his trips. So, you see, when he heard of our brag trip he swore like a pirate that he would beat it or be blown to the devil. Well, he sells out all his shares in other boats, gets together all his money and turns too to build with it a steamer that shall beat every boat on the river. Well, stranger, he was a year at work on her, and a power of money he laid out on her, and a pretty thing she was as ever two eyes looked upon. She was just the size and tonnage of this here boat, the Saint Louis—but her model! was'nt it a beauty to look at? Our captain could never see it as she lay upon the stocks, without swearing and spitting out his quid. Many a good quid o' old Virginny did that new boat make the cap'n lose. Well, stranger, this new boat was launched, and when she had got all her fixins aboard and lay along side the levee, she, a *leetle bit*, cut out in shine the Saint Louis, I tell ye. All her cabin works was mahogany and bird's-eye, touched off with gilding. Her furniture was rich enough for the President's house, and

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her carpets alone cost twenty-four hundred dollars! Her engine and boilers were the best that could be made in Ameriky. All Saint Louis came aboard to see her, and Captain Northup gave a ball to a thousand people in her cabins. Well, he got her ready for her voyage; nothing was lackin' to make her complete—not even a silver tooth-pick for the steward! The day she was to sail, Captain Northup invited all the masters of the steamers in port and some of the big merchants to a sort of a dinner-breakfast at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon. Every body went that was invited, because they knew the champaign would be spilled a few. And want it? I reckon it would take three schoolmasters to count the empty bottles! When the last bottle was brought on, and every toast had been drunk under the sun, Captain Northup got up on his feet, and with his champaign glass in his hand, said, in a loud tone so as to be heard by all—

"'Now, gentlemen, I'll give you a sentiment—THE LUCIFER!' (for so he had named his boat') *and her crew!*'

"'The Lucifer and her crew,' repeated fifty voices, and the toast was drank standing.

"'Thank you, gentlemen,' said Captain Northup, with a flushed cheek; 'now listen to me. There have been boasts of brag trips between Saint Louis and Orleans! Such boasters shall be for ever silenced by the Lucifer. I am her captain, and I've got the devil for my chief-engineer. I sail this day at four o'clock, for New-Orleans, and if she is one hour over three days on her trip, I'll up steam and drive her to hell! I here *swear to God, that, slow trip or quick trip, I will take but one meal between the two ports!*'

"This mad oath was received by the excited table with uproarious applause, to which every man gave the *coup*, by dashing his empty glass upon the board. Hugh Northup looked round with triumph.

"The company broke up, and that afternoon the Lucifer left Saint Louis, in the sight of ten thousand spectators. I saw her from this very deck, for we lay there as she got under headway. In ten minutes she was out of sight, beyond the southermost bend of the river! Never did I see a steamer walk out as she did! You'd have thought seventy devils were flying off with her down stream! Not a soul in Saint Louis but believed Hugh Northup would beat every other boat that ever floated!"

Here the "reach," opened a little, and Paul suspended his narration to bring the boat's stem more sharply to the current, and as he did so, he looked around and listened with apprehensive expectation of hearing or seeing something unpleasant.

"Hark! by my soul, that was the blow of a boat!" he suddenly cried, grasping his wheel with a firmer hold.

"I hear it," I said, after a moment's listening, "but it is a great distance off. Probably a steamer in Horse-Shoe-Bend, going down."

"No—the Bend is off to the south-east of us, five miles across, and this comes from the north and west—dead ahead! Do you hear it? It is coming nearer," he cried, with a voice husky with emotion and terror, if a stout old pilot like Paul Fink could feel terror.

True enough, I could hear, as if about two miles ahead of us, through the forests, the deep regular blowing of a large class steamer. I listened, after witnessing Paul's emotion, not without singular sensations as each booming note succeeding a louder and louder, reached my ear.

"Why should this coming boat alarm you, Paul?" I asked, on observing by the light of the wheel-house lantern that his face was rigid and pale, and that his lip muttered broken sentences of the Lord's prayer.

"It is the Lucifer, Captain Hugh Northup," he said, hoarsely, "from the day she left Saint Louis, she has never been heard off, in an honest and Christian way, and it is the seventh day of this month, a twelve-month, since she sailed. Lord have mercy on the souls of those who sailed with that captain!"

"She has been heard of then?" I asked, with much interest, as the regular blow of the still distant boat fell on our ears.

"She has been seen and passed by more than one boat since then—but ne'er a pilot who laid eyes on her lived seven days after it."

"Where and how was she seen?" I inquired with wonder.

"Here! in the neighborhood of Horse-Shoe-Bend, and only in the middle watch! It is said she is always seen coming down with a full head of steam on, with a skeleton figure at the wheel, who hails in an unearthly voice, and implores to be told the way to New-Orleans, saying in a most pitiable tone, that he has got lost among the shutes, and that it seems to him instead of going towards his port, that he is going round and round in a sort of Horse-Shoe-Bend, and for ever sailing in a circle. This, it is said, he utters with mingled groans and curses, enough to chill mortal blood; and when he can get no reply, he begs mournfully for something to eat, saying he has eaten but one meal for many, many a long month. There is nobody else to be seen on board, but a tall, black looking man, who acts as engineer."

"This is a strange story, Paul," I said, amused, yet seriously impressed by his superstition.

"If 'tis strange, 'tis true, sir," answered Paul, with solemnity. "God in mercy keep me from meeting the Lucifer with her skeleton captain and infernal engineer this night. I shall be glad when I'm well out o' the Horse-Shoe."

"But no boat could pass us in this narrow channel, Paul, not even the Lucifer, if she should be coming down."

Paul shook his head and sighed, while his lips audibly pronounced a short prayer.

"I don't hear the blow of the boat now, Paul," said I, listening; "it must have been some boat passing by in the main bend of the Horse-Shoe."

"The wind has changed," he said. The pilot then bent his head forward to listen, but the roar of our own escape-pipes prevented his hearing, and he pulled the

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little bell for the engineer to stop the boat. The signal was immediately obeyed, and for an instant we remained motionless and silent, save a low, suppressed respiration from the steam-pipes. The regular *blow* of a steamer, but a short distance above us, was now distinctly heard. A few moments suspense convinced us that it was descending the "shute" which we were ascending. Paul looked at me as much as to say, "Do you hear the Lucifer now?" and breathed hard and heavily. I was silent from an indefinable awe. The sound was heard also by the mate and his watch on the forecastle below us. He sprung up the ladder and leaped from the fly-wheel upon the hurricane deck.

"Mr. Fink, I do believe there is a boat ahead, in the 'shute,'" he cried, hastening to the wheel-house, and addressing the pilot.

"I know it," said Paul gravely, "and we shall all know it before long. It's Hugh Northup's boat."

"Then the devil will have his pick out of our crew before the week's out," said the mate, with a reckless manner to which sudden fear gave a kind of desperation. "I should'nt care myself," he added after a moment's silence, "if it were not for Anna and my little boy at home." He then folded his arms and leaned moodily against the wheel-house, with his head fallen upon his breast.

The descending steamer, of whatever character she might be, was now rapidly approaching us through the darkness of the forest-walled passage. Her *blow* echoed through the glades of the wood sharp and clear, and the dash of her paddles in the water could be plainly distinguished. Paul stood firmly at his wheel and kept the boat closely hugging the starboard shore, to give the stranger a birth, though there seemed to be only room for us alone in the confined and tortuous channel. He was pale as death, his lips set, and his eyes fixed upon the point where he expected to behold the boat appear. Louder and louder resounded the deep roar of her escape-pipes, and the dashing of the water, as her paddles strongly beat it. Suddenly through the gloom and intervening trees, her furnace-fires gleamed along the water! Above her prow was set her blood-red signal lantern, and on her stern a blue one! These lights plainly designated her character.

"It is the Lucifer, Mr. Fink. God help us!" groaned the mate.

"Amen!" responded Paul, with emotion, whirling his wheel like lightning to bring the head of his boat as close shoreward as possible, for the strange steamer was bearing directly down the middle of the "shute," under a full head of steam.

"She will sink us as true as heaven!" cried Paul, putting his helm hard down, 'till he almost forced the boat in among the trees.

"Never fear," said a deep voice close beside us, "for the Lucifer can find water where other boats would ground."

We turned with suspicion to where the words came from, and beheld the passenger in the black cloak. He immediately passed on to the forward part of the hurricane deck, and stood there, calmly surveying the alarming approach of the other steamer. Down she came upon us with fearful speed. She was but twice her length off and when I expected that the next breath we should come together with fearful collision, to our surprize and wonder, we beheld her turn from her straight course directly into the forests! The huge trees bent low with their tops of thick foliage before her path, and seemed to form a sea of green billows, lighted up by her furnace-fires, over which she rode proudly and majestically. Making a graceful sweep athwart our bow, we heard her bell ring to stop her engines, and our engineer in his terror, stopped his also. A thin, ghastly figure, attenuated to a skeleton, now sprung out of her wheel-house, with a trumpet in his hand, while a fearful looking being leaving the engine came upon the guard, and laughed mockingly as the other hailed us, in a shrill, horrible voice—

"What steamer is that?"

No one answered on board, though the whole of our crew of boatsmen and firemen, with the captain and numerous passengers, now crowded our decks, gazing with horror and suspicion upon the hellish steamer, as she rode on the billowy trees of the forest.

"For the love of——"

"Ha, ha, hah!" laughed the infernal engineer, and we could not hear whether the wicked and miserable being said "God," or not, but he continued in a most piteous tone—

"Tell me the route to New-Orleans! I have been sailing and sailing and sailing, 'till my crew have died one by one—my mates have died, my pilots grew mad and drowned themselves, my engineer is dead—"

"Ha, ha, hah!" laughed the fearful being beneath him on the deck, "ha, ha, hah! you lie, Hugh Northup!"

The poor wretch moaned and groaned enough to melt a stone; and walking aft as his boat drifted away on its green sea, he cried—

"Oh, then, for the love of—"

"Ha, ha, hah!" laughed his infernal engineer, and we could not hear his adjuration, but we could hear him continue—

"Give me some food, some food, some food! I perish with hunger. I have eaten but one meal for more than a year! Oh, give me food, if you will not show me the way to New-Orleans, that I may eat again!"

Not a word was spoken on board our boat—but a deep groan was emitted from every bosom. The poor wretch then clasped his hands, and seemed lost in hopeless despair, such as no mortal man could look upon without fear. At length he cried, imploringly—

"Send me then, I beg of you, good christians, a pilot for I am too ill to steer my own vessel longer—perhaps he would bring me to Orleans."

There was a dead silence for an instant, when the passenger, whom Paul had taken such a prejudice against, answered from the hurricane deck—

"Ay, ay, send your boat!"

The poor, miserable captain, at the sound of his voice, uttered a piercing shriek, and falling on his knees, he wrung his hands piteously, as if a fearful fate, more

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dreadful far than that he still endured, awaited him. The infernal engineer immediately sprung into the boat, and sculled towards our steamer. It was dry and leaky, and threatened to sink with him. The Lucifer, herself, was also old and tumbling to pieces; her chimneys were red with rust; her guards broken; her wheel-houses torn, and the paddles on the wheels half gone, and her whole appearance that of premature decay and neglect —a splendid wreck!

We watched in silent expectation the approach of the yawl. It came along side, and the passenger in the black cloak sprung into it. The next moment he stood beside Captain Hugh Northup, on the deck of the Lucifer.

"How do you, captain," he said, in a voice which we all distinctly heard; "you look ill, methinks. Well, you have been twelve months making your voyage, instead of '*three days*.' Slow sailing, captain, for a 'brag trip.' Well, it can't be helped. You know the alternative of your failing?"

The poor captain remembered his oath, and covered his face with his withered hands.

"As you may not be more fortunate in finding the way to the infernal regions, than you have been in finding that to New Orleans, I have come to pilot you.—Ho! sir engineer, up steam and drive to h—!"

Immediately the forcastle was thronged with a demon crew, who began to "fire-up" with appalling activity. The boilers and chimneys grew red hot with the intense fires, on which, with hellish cries, they never ceased piling wood. The engine was set in motion—our black cloaked passenger took the wheel, which at his touch, became a wheel of fire, and the accursed steamer got once more under full headway. The poor, miserable captain the while, paced his decks with looks of despair and speechless horror. Away flew the doomed boat, illumined from her red hot chimneys and enveloped in a veil of lurid light. We gazed in silent terror. Onward and *downward* went the doomed vessel. The forest yawned—the earth opened, and she entered a vast inclining cavern on a river of molten fire. Downward and onward she descended beneath the forests—beneath the water, and gradually disappeared in darkness and gloom from our horrified gaze. As she sunk from our sight a scream that made the blood curdle in our veins, mingled with demoniac laughter, reached our appalled and shrinking ears. Then all was still, and darkness and gloom took the place of the late fearful spectacle. The forests stood around us as before, in stern and silent mystery; the water wore its former placid look, reflecting the stars from its bosom, and all nature was as before.

For a few minutes not a word or sound escaped the breathless crowd upon our decks. Paul was the first to recover his presence of mind, and pulled the bell for the boat to proceed. I was gazing upon his face at the moment he did so, and saw that it wore a look of melancholy resignation—such as a condemned man shows when at last he has resigned himself to his fate.

In a short time, the throng, more or less affected by the terrible spectacle it had just witnessed, silently dispersed. I was left alone with Paul and the mate, who had all the while, from the first, remained immoveable moodily leaning against the wheel-house. We had by this time cleared the "shute," and were running at large in the open river, with the broad, bright skies open all around us.

"Well, Paul," I said, by way of an interjection, as an assent to the truth of all he had related to me in reference to the "Lucifer."

"Seeing is believing," he said, in the deep tone of subdued emotion. "Sir, I am a dead man!"

"Oh, no, Paul," I said, laughing, to cheer him in his gloomy forebodings.

"Sir, I shall not live a week."

"Why do you think so?" I inquired, touched with his serious manner. He made me no answer; and after addressing one or two more remarks to him, and receiving no further reply, I was about to leave the wheel-house and descend to the cabin, when the mate caught my hand as I was passing by him.

"Pardon me, sir; but if you will be so good as to give these little things to my wife—Paul will tell you where to find her—and tell her—" Here his voice choaked with emotion. "Tell her I died blessing and praying for her."

He grasped my hand warmly, pressed it hard, and then clasping his hands above his head, leaped into the deep river. A boat was lowered, but the doomed mate was never seen more!

When the steamer reached Saint Louis, the body of her pilot, Paul Fink, was borne on shore upon the shoulders of four men!

Reader, this story is no dream, like many of this marvellous and supernatural kind, which, when you get to the end, the writer very coolly tells you that he dreamed it all. It is a true and veracious story, all but the incredible part of it, which we will not insist too strongly on forcing upon the belief of the skeptical.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth," dear reader, "than are dreamed of in philosophy."

J. H. I.

Original.

A SUMMER'S NOON.

NATURE is faint, one hot continuous glare
Darts from the orb of fire—the concave blue
Boasts not one cooling cloudlet—and the air
Glows like volcanic vapor. Every where
Reigns silence—trees, shrubs of varied hue
In scentless beauty hang—the zephyr too,
Is dried up in the hot meridian flare.
Alone, the butterfly, an emblem, roves
That life is still in nature—and the peal
Of village-bells, from yonder clustering groves,
With lazy sound athwart the landscape moves,
While to the shade the languid cattle steal,
All's wrapped in lethargy 'till evening's wing,
Fans into life again each drooping thing.

H.

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Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE more our story returns to the room in which Queen Mary was in the habit of spending her mornings at Windsor Castle. It was the second day after Alice Copley's arrest, and since that interview of violence in her dressing-room, Mary had not seen her young husband. She had been informed that he returned from London late on the previous evening and had remained in his own apartments ever since. Weak in her affections as she was ruthless in her bigotry, she had no fortitude to wait for the usual hour of his visits, but immediately after entering her morning apartment, sent a messenger to request his presence. The royal emmissary found Philip ill at ease, and as anxious for a reconciliation, though from different motives, as his consort, still he made a show of reluctance, and it was more than an hour before he presented himself in answer to her pacific summons. When he did appear he was as usual attended by his favorite page, but the boy seemed still suffering from the indisposition that had so strangely seized him at the tower. There was no color in his cheek and the fire had entirely departed from his eyes, leaving them dim and full of suffering, but it would seem larger, and with a power of expression which made the heart yearn pityingly toward him.

The greeting which passed between the royal pair was stiff and constrained. Philip knew that his only hope of dominion in the realm, depended on the weak fondness of the woman whom he had outraged, he almost feared, beyond all hopes of forgiveness, and now that he had been so decidedly repulsed by Alice Copley, the passion which had led him to an extremity which he at first little contemplated, began to change to that sickening hate which the base counterfeit of love alone is capable of assuming, and he was ready to go hand in hand with his cruel consort in persecuting the unhappy girl, even to a death of torture. Mary, on her part, had been excited with fears that her young husband would, if opposed in any favorite desire, abandon her and return to Spain, as he had more than once threatened, and though her heart panted for revenge on her unwilling rival—though she had rudely refused to hear one word of expostulation in behalf of the prisoners from the good Cardinal Pole—had Philip made the release of John Copley and his daughter the price of a reconciliation with his Queen—she would probably have yielded them up. But the haughty Prince had been too severely humbled in his self-love, and without one sigh of compunction he abandoned the young creature whom his own evil passions had driven into the toils of death.

After a few constrained inquiries after his Queen's health, Philip requested the Page to bring his lute, more from a wish to relieve the disagreeable awkwardness of silence which followed, than from a desire for music. The boy went as desired, but with nothing of the alacrity or show of spirit which he had formerly displayed. He knelt at his master's feet and began to tune the instrument, but paused in his task, and with his eyes fixed upon the floor, fell into a fit of musing. When Mary supposing his strange conduct the effect of timidity, arising from her presence, graciously strove to re-assure him by commendations of his previous performances, he looked in her face with an abstracted air, as if utterly unconscious of what she was saying. He began to play, however, but languidly, and at last broke off in the middle of an air and placing his lute on a table, sat down as if forgetful of the royal presence.

"You forget in whose presence you are," said Philip, sternly.

The boy arose to his feet, and for a moment the old fire kindled his eyes.

"Your gentle favorite seems ill," said Mary, with some show of womanly sympathy, "methinks he has grown both pale and thin since he last accompanied your grace to our presence."

Philip looked keenly at the object of her remark, but his eye fell beneath the calm. mournful glance, which met his gaze. The boy seemed heart-broken.

"Our own leech shall attend him," resumed Mary, glad of any indifferent subject of conversation.

"It will do no good;" replied Philip, quickly; "he grieves for home—these cold skies are too chilling for his tender frame. He shall return to Spain in the next ship."

A smile of sorrowful meaning passed over the boy's face, but he did not speak.

The mention of Spain sent a cloud to Mary's brow and all three sat in silence—when Father Joseph entered the room. He seemed surprized at seeing Philip, and paused a moment at the door as if to conceal a folded parchment which he held in his hand. Mary arose hastily and approached the priest, as if she knew the subject of his visit and wished to avoid it. If Friar Joseph observed her anxiety he gave no evidence of it, but placing the parchment in her hand, informed her in a low voice, that a messenger had come express from Bishop Boner, in London, craving her royal signature to the warrants, which, according to her desire, he had caused to be made out for the execution of John Copley and his daughter. He also informed her that the secretary of Cardinal Pole had just arrived at the castle with a letter from the noble prelate, which he desired to deliver to the Queen in person.

Mary looked impatient and annoyed. "Let him wait," she said, "an hour or two hence we may grant him an audience. But, though we would not do aught to displeasure our good father the Cardinal, if this letter relates to the subject of our last interview, it can be of no avail that his messenger should see us."

"He did not say to what his message related," replied the priest. "Is it your grace's pleasure that he should wait?"

"Let the choice rest with him," replied Mary, turn-

* Continued from page 177.

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ing away, "we may be constrained to repeat our answer to the good Cardinal's petition, but it must still be the same," and moving toward a table, she placed the warrants which she had received upon it with an air of sullen constraint, for she felt, without seeing it, that Philip was keenly watching her movements.

The priest still hesitated. "The messenger from Bishop Boner also requests an audience regarding these troublesome heretics," he persisted.

"Let him also wait," replied the Queen, sharply.

"Nay, Sweetheart," said Philip, "I pray you that both these persons be admitted at once. Some information regarding this Copley and his heretic daughter was brought to my ear on the day of their arrest, which created in my mind some doubts of their guilt. But yesterday, availing myself of your grace's royal signet, I visited them in the Tower, and in person examined them touching the dangerous heresy with which they are charged. For—though it has pleased the good people of this realm to charge me with urging forward those proceedings against heretics which have been deemed necessary to the preservation of our blessed church, I would that none should be condemned unjustly. In my strict examination of these persons, whom it grieves me to think were so long near the sacred person of your grace, they seemed utterly contumacious. Yet, in our love for the good Cardinal Pole, it were better, perchance, that we listen to all he may urge in their behalf, before the signature be placed to that fatal parchment."

Never was astonishment more plainly betrayed by human features, than that which overwhelmed Queen Mary's at these words. Even Friar Joseph for a moment lost his almost immoveable composure, and looked keenly in Philip's face, as if doubtful of his sincerity. The page alone betrayed no symptoms of surprize, but a close observer might have remarked something in the expression of his face to wonder at. It was too mournful and serious for triumph, and yet there was a shade of stern resolution there which gave to his beautiful features a degree of dignity unnatural to them. Though he remained quiet, powerful thoughts were evidently at work within, and his apparently careless eye marked all that was passing.

"Be it as you desire, my lord," said Mary, most graciously, after she had recovered from the state of bewilderment into which Philip's words had thrown her. "We shall be most grateful for your aid and countenance in this troublesome matter," and turning to the priest, she gave orders that Cardinal Pole's secretary should first be admitted to her presence, and after him, the messenger sent by Bishop Boner.

When Francis Huntley presented himself before the Queen, he was received with a degree of kindness which almost awakened a feeling of hope within his bosom that she might yet be persuaded to deal less cruelly with her victims; and this faint delusion was even strengthened by her manner, as she perused the Cardinal's letter. He little knew that her seeming gentleness arose from the certainty of dealing vengeance on the head of her rival, unrestrained by a fear of the consequences which might follow from her vindictive lord. Her heart was exulting in its power, like a hound suddenly freed from the leash, and this feeling poor Huntley mistook for the triumph of womanly compassion over bigotry and wounded self-love. Her first words, after carefully perusing the letter, were calculated to continue his mistake.

"Our reverend cousin, the Cardinal, tells us here," she said, glancing again at the letter, "that he is ill in health, and sorely depressed in spirit. We trust that his ailment is of no serious character."

"My uncle has not been well since his visit to Windsor, yesterday. He has been much depressed in mind since then, and being too feeble for the effort himself, has sent me hither to plead with your majesty to reconsider his request. On my knees, lady, let me entreat you to grant his prayer; he has ever been a most faithful servant to your majesty and the Catholic church, but he holds the welfare of these prisoners near at heart, and pleads with you to show them mercy." Huntley had flung himself at Mary's feet, and with his soul in his words, continued to plead with her. "Mercy is a sweet attribute, lady," he said, "both sweet and natural to a woman's heart—oh, extend it—in my noble uncle's name I entreat—to those who have never sinned against your grace, save by the exercise of a right to think for themselves in—"

"Ha!" exclaimed Mary, drawing hastily back.

"I did but say," resumed the youth, thus admonished of his danger, "what the prisoners might themselves think an excuse for the unbelief which has placed them in such jeopardy. Nor did I intend my words to be understood as coming from the Cardinal."

"The Holy Virgin forbid!" exclaimed Mary, crossing herself. "But arise, good youth—retire to the closet of our holy confessor, while we again read this despatch from our beloved cousin, the Cardinal, and prepare a fitting answer. Retire and it shall be brought to thee anon."

Mary extended her hand as she spoke, and the youth, pressing his lips gratefully upon it, left the room with a lightness of heart which he had not known for days. Her gracious manner had completely deceived him.

After Huntley left the room, Mary sat down and with her own hand wrote a letter to the Cardinal Pole, for though resolute in pursuing her own vindictive wishes, she was anxious to preserve the good will of a man whom she had ever held in reverence. The answer to his petition was decisive in a refusal, but softened by expressions of personal regard. The writer urged a pious care for religion as an excuse for the proceedings which he deprecated, and with many protestations of undiminished favor, besought him to cast the subject from his mind as one utterly unworthy of the interest it had excited there. Before the letter was sealed she gave it to Philip for his approval, and then despatched it to the secretary by the confessor, when he returned, after conducting Boner's messenger to her presence.

This man was received graciously, as the secretary had been, for his errand was one very gratifying to the Queen.

"And how fares it with our true friend and trusty

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servant, the good Bishop Boner?" she inquired, as the man presented himself reverently before her.

"He was well in health when I saw him this morning, but sorely pressed with care and vexation, brought upon him by heresies which are daily ferreted out among your majesty's rebellious subjects; scarcely an hour passes that his pious soul is not grieved by some new case of apostacy. So zealous has been his labor in the cause of Holy Church and of your grace, which is in sooth one and the same thing, that those who hold his welfare at heart, suffer much with fears least his person and life, even, be in danger, so mighty has that monster heresy become in the land, and so loud is the popular outcry against him."

"He has been faithful in the holy cause and shall not lack his queen's protection—say this much to comfort him, good fellow, on thy return," replied Mary, betraying some slight indication of impatience at the fellow's long harangue. "And now say briefly what message he bade thee deliver with that document—we mean regarding the guilty persons sent to the tower two days since, from the castle here."

"The right worshipful bishop, may it please your grace, bade me draw out a warrant for the execution of these pestilent heretics—I pray your grace pardon me—but to the heart of a true catholic, heresy is no better than a pestilence—and when they were drawn neatly out, as your grace will doubtless observe, he ordered me to bring them down here and humbly crave that the royal signature be placed to them immediately. But he said farther, that such was his fear of the popular fury which has become much excited by divers late executions, in which many obstinate souls have been sent down to purgatory, witnesses to his worshipful zeal and your grace's most holy care of the true church—that, owing to this popular fury, he deems it advisable that some slight show of trial should be held on the prisoners in question, the more especially as Cardinal Pole had sent to him demanding such trial, and avowing a determination to examine the acused persons himself in open court—"

"Indeed," muttered the Queen, "we love our cousin, the good Cardinal, right well, but he had better not meddle farther in this matter." These words were spoken in a low tone, and the messenger went on without the least pause.

"Now, may it please your grace, this Cardinal Pole, though a good catholic at the bottom, is as chicken-hearted as a girl, when it comes to the burning of a heretic, and when one is trusted to his keeping he always contrives to let him slip loosely through some loop-hole of the law and escape. a thing which I take it upon me to say the worshipful Bishop Boner was never known to be guilty of. Well, your grace, his worship bade me say, that as some sort of a trial does seem to be necessary, in order to stop the clamorous tongues of the people and to appease the milky-hearted Cardinal Pole as well, he requires permission to bring these persons to his house in London, to-morrow at twelve o'clock, for examination, when he will advise Cardinal Pole of the fact, knowing the old prelate to be confined to his house by illness and unable to attend; or if he should by a miracle, get there, the worthy bishop directed me to say that he had little fear but the prisoners would sufficiently criminate themselves to justify him in sending them directly to the stake, if certain that your grace will protect him in so doing. To this end he prays your grace to draw him an order under your own hand, by which he or any person whom he may appoint, may claim the prisoners for examination, from the Lieutenant of the Tower, for as they were placed in his charge by an order bearing the royal signature, he may cavil at giving them up unless we can produce like authority. This order, may it please your grace, is the grist of the worshipful bishop's message."

"And a clear headed fellow has he entrusted it to," muttered Philip, sneeringly, "by the mass—if her grace listen to another such medley this twelve-months, she has more patience than I give her credit for."

Philip spoke in an undertone not loud enough to arouse Mary from the train of deep thought into which she had fallen as the messenger ceased speaking. Her intellect, at no time quick or powerful, was somewhat confused by the tiresome explanations with which the man had delivered his message, and it was not 'till a favorite spaniel which had been playing about the room, began pulling mischievously at her train, that she aroused herself sufficiently to answer him.

"We will prepare the order, that thou mayest set forth to London at once," she said, stooping down to rescue her train from the dog; "our trusty friend, the bishop, shall find no impediment in the way of his duty."

With these words, Mary seated herself and began to write. She signed the order and left it on the table while she walked across the room to a window where Philip was standing, and in a low voice seemed asking his advice on what had passed. The spaniel thus abandoned, began frolicing around the messenger, and while the attention of all in the room was thus occupied, the Page arose quietly and moving toward the table, stood trifling with the strings of his lute, which lay upon it. As he sauntered idly to his place again, the dog, in bounding about the room, leaped playfully on the table, scattering the parchment about in every direction. Both Philip and the Queen came angrily forward, but with a quick instinct of danger, the troublesome animal secured a mouthful of the loose parchment and ran behind the tapestry, whence he escaped through an open door.

It took several minutes to collect the scattered documents, and when they were at length placed upon the table, the order which Mary had written was no where to be found. After some farther delay occasioned by a fruitless search for the lost order, Mary wrote another, and giving it to the man, bade him depart instantly with it for London. The messenger was leaving the room, when Philip bade him remain a few moments, and taking up the death warrant for John and Alice Copley, which had been sent down for her signature, he requested Mary to sign it, observing that it would save Bishop Boner the trouble of another messenger to Windsor.

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The Queen took up the parchment and calmly traced the required signature.

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After receiving the Queen's letter from Friar Joseph, Francis Huntley prepared to leave Windsor, a more hopeful man than he had been for days. But there was some delay in collecting his followers, and it was nearly an hour after his interview with Mary, before he was ready to quit the castle. As he was passing through a passage leading from Friar Joseph's closet, the Spanish Page, who had been a witness to that interview, came from a side door so abruptly that it startled him.

"Do not go yet," said the boy, in a sharp whisper. "Let your followers revel awhile longer in the palace kitchen and go you down to the promontory by the little lake, I will meet you there."

Before Huntley could speak the boy had disappeared. At first the youth was inclined to think this an idle way of alarming his fancy, but there was something in the earnest manner of this strange address which contradicted the suspicion, and he resolved to go down to the promontory as requested; so leaving orders for his scant retinue to wait for him in the town, he went down into the park, and striking through where the trees were thickest, walked briskly toward the place of appointment. But rapid as had been his pace, he found the page waiting for him beneath the clump of oaks which crested the little point of land we have described in a previous chapter. Here, for the first time, he remarked the extraordinary change which had fallen upon the person of his strange companion, and he was about to express some apprehension about his health, when the boy interrupted him, and said in a manner both impressive and abrupt—

"You are deceived—the letter in your bosom but repeats Queen Mary's determination that Alice Copley and her father shall die. Were Cardinal Pole to lay his heart at her feet, it would not save them. You may well turn pale, for it is not half an hour since myself witnessed that hard-hearted woman sign the death warrant, yet their trial comes on to-morrow—does not this look like determination? Nay, you have no time for words—listen—how many followers have you at Windsor?"

Huntley replied that he had four.

"With horses?" was the next question.

"Certainly."

"Send one of them to London in advance; bring his horse here and fasten him in yonder thicket, where he will be safe from suspicion; this done, ride quickly to London, go to an old man whom you will find in a street near—but stay, we have no time to loose, go bring the horse here as I have directed, and I will write what is necessary, on this blank leaf—"

Huntley started, for the book which the boy drew from his bosom, was a small ritual which he recognized as Alice Copley's. The strange being seemed to understand his look of astonishment, for he said, very quietly—

"It was her's, but I took it from her room that it might not be brought up in evidence against her. Now leave me and return as speedily as possible, for time is very precious."

"First tell me," said the bewildered young man, "to what all this tends."

"We have no time for explanation now," replied the boy, earnestly, "but while you go for the horse I will explain all. I have forgotten pen and ink and must go to the castle, if you return before me wait here." As the last words left his lips the boy sprang forward and the next instant was lost among the trees.

All at once Huntley remembered that this was the first time he had ever known the King's Page to speak English, and the reflection only bewildered him the more, but amid all the confusion and conjecture which his singular manner had created, the youth could not find it in his heart to suspect him of treachery toward himself or the unfortunate object of his love. What his intention might prove he could not conjecture, but he believed it to be honest, and resolved to be guided by the strange being, young and frail as he seemed. A train of thought when once entered upon flashes rapidly through an active mind. Not more than five minutes had passed since the boy had left him and Huntley had formed his resolution. He walked rapidly from the lake, and in no longer time than was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of his object, secured a strong fresh horse in the thicket which had been pointed out to him. This task was scarcely accomplished when the Page again made his appearance, and placing the book in his hand, went away without speaking a word. Huntley opened the book—its blank pages were filled with writing delicately traced but very imperfect in the construction of its language. With all his faculties rendered keen by anxiety it was a long time before he could comprehend it, but at last he thrust the book in his bosom with a kindling eye, and walked rapidly towards the town. His followers were ready mounted, and springing to his saddle, he rode toward London at a pace which, with their inferior horses, they found it difficult to keep up with.

Huntley dismounted at his uncle's door, but instead of seeking the good prelate, he went hastily to his own room, and taking a purse of gold from his escritoir, descended to the street again. Through narrow and winding passages, he made his way, toward a portion of the city which he had seldom visited before, and at length paused before a low, poverty-stricken warehouse. The windows and the door posts were hung with second hand garments exposed for sale. These garments seemed to be objects of peculiar interest to the young man; he examined them all very attentively and at last entered the ware-room. After remaining within for the space of half an hour, he once more appeared in the street followed by an old man bending beneath a huge bundle. Huntley led the way to his uncle's residence, still followed by the old man, whom he conducted with as much secrecy as possible to his own chamber. When there, he helped to disencumber the tradesman of his load, and counting some gold pieces into his hand, bade him depart and remain silent regarding the purchase which had just been made. After this he summoned

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one of the men who had accompanied him from Windsor, an attached and trustworthy servant, with whom he remained in earnest conversation 'till the sun was scarcely an hour high.

We have before observed that there was a spacious garden attached to Cardinal Pole's residence, which sloped gently down to the Thames. This garden was separated from the water by a broad parapet of stone. A flight of steps had been cut through the parapet, leading down from the principal walk to the water, secured from trespassers, however, by a heavy iron gate, which was usually locked at suntet. On the evening which succeeded to the one so eventful to the persons of our little history, a soft twilight had crept over the scene, and a new moon was launched, like a pearly skiff, high over the waters, and this gate, though slightly closed, still remained unfastened, a circumstance which had not happened for years before. About nine o'clock the moon went down, and a barge, which had been lying in the deep shadow thrown from the parapet, drew caustiously up to the steps where it remained stationary again. A little time elapsed, and then four persons came from the mansion, moving noiselessly and with great caution toward the river. They were dressed like officers of the law, out on duty, and as persons accustomed to silence and secrecy descended to the barge one after another, without the least noise and mute as death. These persons had been seated perhaps ten minutes, when a boat cut swiftly by in its way down the river. It was occupied, besides the oarsman, by a single person, who turned his head and looking keenly at the barge as his own boat swept by, inquired, in a sweet voice—what o'clock it was.

"Scarcely nine," was the prompt reply from a person in the barge.

The stranger boat cut its way down the stream 'till it was almost out of sight, then with a gradual curve it swept round again, and skimming along close to the lower portion of the garden wall, shot alongside the barge, while its occupants were yet looking for it on the bosom of the river.

After giving a piece of silver to the oarsman, the Spanish Page stepped on board the barge, and placing himself by a person seated alone in the stern, whispered,

"Give no orders 'till the man puts off—he is a strange boatman."

In accordance with the caution, they remained silent 'till the stranger disappeared in his passage up the shore, then Francis Huntley grasped the boy's hand in silent gratitude, and bending forward, uttered the single word—"Now!"

The men bent to their oars, and the barge swept out from its mooring, and made a rapid progress down the river.

"Are your men prepared?" whispered the Page to Huntley.

"All know their duty," was the reply.

"Which of them has most coolness and self-possession?" he again inquired.

"The man before you. He has my instructions and will not fail me."

"Let *him* go with me," replied the boy.

The barge moved on, and all within it remained silent, 'till their passage ended at the Tower stairs.

"I cannot stay behind," said Huntley, as the Page sprang up the stairs, "the suspense will be too dreadful. Let Hugh remain, and I will go in his place."

"Not so," rejoined the Page, earnestly, "your agitation would betray us; besides, your face might be recognized and the good Cardinal endangered thereby."

Without waiting for farther parley, the Page sprang up the steps, followed by two of the men. He paused a moment to give some hasty directions and ended by placing a slip of parchment in the hands of the man whom Huntley had pointed out as most capable for the business in hand.

"Be cool and resolute," said the boy, "now cast a dash of insolence in your manner and follow me."

A little after this brief conversation, the Lieutenant of the Tower was surprized by the appearance of two constables accompanied by a youth wearing King Philip's livery, who presented an order from the Queen, requiring that the persons of John Copley and Alice, his daughter, should be consigned to their custody. The Lieutenant examined the order with some appearance of suspicion, and fixed his eyes upon the bearer with a degree of scrutiny, that would have abashed a person less carefully prepared for it, but the constable stood firm beneath his keen eye, and even grumbled somewhat roughly that so much time was lost in the guard room.

There could be no mistake in the authority thus conveyed to the Lieutenant, he was familiar with Mary's writing and could not doubt that the order was regularly drawn and signed by her own hand. Still, the constable was one whom he could not recognize as having seen before, but the presence of King Philip's Page seemed sufficient guarantee for his honesty, and without more delay than was absolutely necessary to prepare the prisoners for their departure, they were presented in the guard room.

John Copley and has daughter had not met since the first day of their imprisonment. He had been in the guard room a few moments when the gentle girl was brought in. She was pale as death, for she believed herself summoned to the stake. When she saw her father a faint ray of pleasure came to her eyes, and moving gently toward him, she clung to his hand and looked pleadingly in the faces that surrounded them, as if that mute eloquence could win their hearts to compassion.

"Father," she murmured, lifting those soft, troubled eyes to his face, "*do* plead with them. Perhaps they will let us die together."

John Copley cast a look of yearning affection on the sweet face uplifted to his, and then turned his head away. He could not bear to gaze upon her and think of the tortures which were soon to crush her gentle frame.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" exclaimed the constable, roughly approaching the prisoners. "Come, come, my pretty whimperer, don't keep the Queen's officers waiting in this manner. It is little better than rank treason, I tell you. Why, the worshipful Bishop

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Boner has despatched a half-dozen heretics to-day, I warrant me, without granting so much time as you are wasting. So come along."

With these words, the man pushed Alice towards the Page, and securing John Copley by the arm, beckoned his companion to walk on the other side, and thus conducted them from the room. One of the keepers followed them with a torch, and stood brandishing it on the Tower steps, 'till the constable called out from the barge that his prisoners were safely bestowed.

"Not yet," said the Page, in an imperative whisper as Francis Huntley started forward to receive Alice from his supporting arm. These were the only words spoken 'till the barge lay, as it had done a few hours before, by the steps which led to Cardinal Pole's garden. Alice believed that they were taking her to a death pyre, but amid the solemn thoughts which pervaded her mind, she knew that the man who lifted her from the boat, panted for breath and trembled with emotion. It bespoke human sympathy, and amid all its sufferings, her heart felt grateful. The man did not set her down when they had ascended the stairs, and she could feel the tumultuous beating of his heart becoming more powerful each step as he bore her onward. All at once a sweet intuitive feeling of safety swelled her heart, the panting breath which rushed over her cheek seemed familiar, and as if yielding to a sort of dreamy delusion, she articulated the name of Francis Huntley.

Instantly she felt the arms that supported her, tighten, then clasp on her form. The bosom beneath it heaved with a rush of feeling and a voice which made her heart leap, filled her ear.

"You are safe, my Alice! Thank God, you are safe!"

A thrill ran through her frame, so full of joy, that it seemed almost like pain, then came a sweet gush of tears, and she murmured—

"My father, Francis, I know that he is with us, but let me hear from your lips that he too is safe."

"Safe as yourself, my beloved, replied Huntley, still bearing her rapidly through the garden.

Alice was content with this assurance, and in a dream of happy bewilderment, her head fell upon the shoulder of her betrothed. Huntley remembered that there might be danger of pursuit, and folding her still in his arms, strode after his companions. He entered the mansion and leading the way to his uncle's library, placed his gentle burthen in the ebony chair, very carefully, for happiness had deprived her of all strength. Then turning his bright face to John Copley, he wrung his hand in eloquent silence, and left the room.

It was now midnight, but regardless of the hour, Huntley strode through a suit of sumptuous rooms which lay between the library and his uncle's bedchamber. Several attendants lay in an ante-room next the chamber, but, though some of them should have been watchers, his quick footsteps did not arouse them, and he passed unchallenged to the Cardinal's bed side. The old man was not well, and at another time his nephew might have feared to disturb the tranquil sleep into which he had fallen; even then there was something in the holy quiet of the place which made him pause and look wistfully round before he lifted the cloud of purple velvet which fell over the bed. How beautiful was that old man's slumber! His gray hairs lay scattered upon the pillow like a handful of spun silver; a smile, placid and calm as an angel's beamed over his face, and from his look he might have been dreaming of Paradise. Even in the tumult of feeling which had brought him to the room, Huntley could not awake the reverend sleeper abruptly, but sinking to his knees by the bed-side, he took up the hand which lay upon the counterpane, and pressed it to his lips, but this failing to arouse the sleeper, he spoke in a subdued, but distinct voice—

"Uncle, dear uncle, awake, I beseech you."

The old man unclosed his eyes, and when he saw who it was leaning over his bed, he smiled kindly upon him, and asked if it were morning.

"Uncle," said the youth, earnestly, "I have done that which may cost me your love for ever. I have acted without your council. As heaven is my judge, not wilfully, but from a fear of endangering your safety, by the knowledge of a doubtful enterprize. Oh, uncle do not look upon me thus, hear what I have to say and then condemn me if you must."

The old Cardinal had indeed looked startled by his nephew's abrupt address, but he arose to his elbow, and calmly bade him explain its meaning. Huntley, in a few brief sentences related the events of the previous day and evening, and ended by informing his attentive auditor that the fugitives were already in his dwelling, where he prayed that they might find shelter 'till some opportunity of escape to foreign parts presented itself. With all the eloquence of a man whose dearest hope rested on the decision of a moment, he urged every argument that could work upon the benevolence or justice of the Cardinal, but little persuasion was required when the good man was once convinced of the treachery that had been practised by the Queen in offering the prisoners a fair trial after their death-warrants had received her signature. Though reluctant to judge harshly of a mistress who had ever proved herself generous and bountiful to him, he could not close his eye to the iniquitous persecution which had driven two persons who had in reality committed no crime, to seek shelter beneath his roof. They might be heretics, but they were fellow-beings hunted to death, he believed, unjustly, so with a degree of moral courage worthy of his character, Cardinal Pole resolved to protect them even at the risk of his favor with Queen Mary.

With Huntley's assistance, the old man arose, and after hastily robing himself, went to the library. He found John Copley bending over the chair in which his child was resting, with a look of such pious gratitude as only a christian could feel; it was a language which went to the Cardinal's heart, and awoke a glow of sympathy there.

Alice still reclined in the ebony chair, exhausted and passive as a child. A cushion had been placed beneath her head, and its purple glow threw a rich tinge over her face like that which one sometimes meets with in an old picture. Her golden hair swept brightly over half its surface, and happy tears lay like crushed jewels beneath

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her closed eye-lids. There was something touching and helpless in her beauty, and as the good prelate gazed upon it, he felt how sweet was the power of protection granted to him.

"Let the poor maiden be duly cared for, and see that a discreet person of her own sex be provided to attend her," said the good man to his nephew; "do thou take Master Copley to thy own chamber, we will protect them as we best may 'till the search be over, and there is little danger that they will be sought for here. But if I consent thus to interfere with the will of our gracious Queen, it is that I deem gentle measures better to win the erring soul back to its faith, than faggots and flame. It is a grievous sight," continued the old man, looking complacently upon Alice, "that of a creature so young and in good sooth, so fair, as a deserter from the Holy Church! That she may be restored by gentle measures, I bethink me of a reverend sister, the lady abbess of a convent near the city, with whom we will place her in charge 'till the too keen anger of Her Majesty be appeased. In the same neighborhood is a community of monks, with whom Master Copley can also remain in safety, and the holy fathers will have leisure to bring his heart into subjection through the argument and prayers of the holy brotherhood; or, if that may not be, if his soul has become stubborn in its heresy, he will at least receive protection from the death which might have been dealt inadvisedly upon him, by those whom I can but think somewhat over zealous in the cause of our religion. Go to thy friends, my son, and inquire if this arrangement will meet with their wishes."

Huntley conversed with his rescued friends a few moments apart, and then returning to his uncle, informed him that Master Copley and his daughter would most thankfully accept the protection so kindly offered, whenever he should deem it advisable, and though they would willingly listen to all that could be urged against their present religious belief, yet as it remained unshaken by his present kindness, it would not be likely to yield to arguments drawn from the tomes of a monastic library.

When the destination of his friends was settled, Huntley bethought himself of the Page, and of the extraordinary part which he had taken in the escape. He looked round to express all the gratitude he felt toward the strange being, but the boy had disappeared.

Concluded in our next.

Original.

CHARADE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

My *second* on a couch of pride
In mournful mood was laid,
And oh! how fully occupied
My *whole* his aching head!
For worn was he by carking care
And many a knotty cause,
And all remarked who saw him there,
How *first* that *second* was!

Original.

THE MOTHER SUMMONED.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"The feast of life is sweet—
I am no weary guest—
Loving friends my presence greet,
And all that charms the eye or ear
Taste to please—or heart to cheer,
Earth, sky, and ocean gather here—
God's care be blest.

"'Tis scarce the hour of prime,
Yet how the sands of time
Steal fast away!
'Till the cool evening falls
With lamplight on the walls—
I fain would stay.

"Yet if that be too late,
Oh! Thou! who mark'st our date,
'Till twilight's ray,
I'd love to linger here,
Guiding my children dear
Their pilgrim way,
Watching their minds unfold
Rich with unrusting gold
Of knowledge stor'd,
'Till each his manly seat
Shall take in concord sweet,
Around life's board."

The Master call'd. The Mother heard.
"*Come hither!*"—was the solemn word.
Bright shone the noon-day sun,
The undrained cup still glow'd with sparkling zest,
She clasped her pure hand o'er her breast—
"*Thy will be done!*"

In the fresh summer of her years,
She kissed away her nursling's tears,
And laid him, lull'd to quiet rest,
Upon her blooming daughter's breast.

Pain prob'd her nerves with torture's pang,
The fibrous heart-strings rent, and rang,
Yet peace, that of her soul was part,
Look'd thro' her eye, and foil'd the dart,
That rankled there,
And faith the Saviour's image drew,
Wiping away the deathful dew,
With words of prayer.

On a high arm, and strong,
The soul its burden cast,
While soaring, soaring high,
The weakness of mortality,
Fell like a dried leaf on the blast,
And with a conqueror's song,
Heaven's gate she passed.

We are come too late by several thousand years, to say any thing new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners, have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us, but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenius of the moderns.—*Bruyere.*

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Original.

PIERRE FRANC; OR, THE ORPHAN.*

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

In the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, in an old and miserable dwelling near the church of Saint Francis, in the sixth story, resided an old hussar, who had served in the army of the Loire with considerable distinction, receiving the cross of honor from the hands of Napoleon himself, and which, on every occasion, he took particular care to exhibit. He had likewise been the farrier of his company, and now that he had retired from the dangers of war, continued to exercise his calling at a veterinary surgeon's in the capital, where, by his steady and upright conduct, he had won the confidence and respect of his employers, as well as of their numerous customers. He was naturally of a lively disposition, and delighted in recounting the various scenes he had passed through in his military career; in short, he was the very picture, in looks and nature, of a brave soldier, frank, obliging, and courageous, and no one ever listened to him once, but ever after was sure to remember and respect him.

In the same house, and immediately opposite his lodging, on the same floor, in a little apartment, dwelt a young female by the name of Clementine, whose handsome figure, sweet face, and modest demeanor, had, more than once, attracted the attention of the hussar. She was a sempstress by profession, lived solely by herself, went no where, saw no one, and was totally unacquainted with the lodgers of the mansion; nevertheless, it began to appear that she had not always lived in this secluded manner, for that soon the poor creature would become a mother. As it may be supposed, scandal was busy respecting her, among the lodgers, but our honest friend, Pierre, would not give ear to suspicious reports, or prejudge her rashly, and each time that he chanced to encounter her upon the stairs, he would politely make way for her, raise his hat, and follow her with his eyes, 'till out of sight.

Pierre Franc, who had never known the tender passion, some how or other, now began to feel in a most indiscribable state of mind. The image of his interesting neighbor was ever in his thoughts; he became silent and melancholy, and a vague terror, as it were, completely possessed him. At night, when returning from his employment, he would stop to light his lamp at that of the porter, and would find a hundred excuses to hold him in conversation, so that he might gaze upon the taper which glimmered in the window of Clementine, in the hope that she might, by accident, present herself, and he be thus gratified, ere he retired to his solitary pillow.

"What have I done to suffer all this?" he would occasionally exclaim. "Why should I think of her?" —and then again he would indulge in the thought that perhaps her husband was dead, and if so, by attention and kindness, his suit, in time, might prosper. Thus did the poor fellow drag on a miserable existence, 'till, at last, tortured beyond endurance, he resolved to bid adieu to the scene and cause of his sufferings. "Yes!" he exclaimed, "It is time to beat a retreat—to quit a position too near the enemy; along, Pierre, my boy; it is the first time in your life, that you have feared to face danger, but in this battle, thou art vanquished, and must retreat like a raw recruit."

With this determination, Pierre one evening retired to his couch, intending, in the morning, to pay his arrears of rent, and remove to another tenement. It was then the month of December; the wind howled with extreme violence, and the rain and hailstones rattled against the roof and panes of the windows, while the mewing of some half dozen cats in a neighboring garret, mingled in diabolical harmony with the tempest. Racked with his feelings, and having gained a temporary relief from his resolution to depart in the morning, despite of the war of the elements, he had fallen into a profound slumber. About one in the morning, a terrific peal of thunder was heard, while its precursor, a bolt of lightning, struck the chimney into a thousand fragments, partly unroofed the dwelling, and otherwise did severe damage. The hussar started up, exclaiming, half stupified from sleep, "plague take it, the *great commander* is in a very queer humor to-night; he is levelling his artillery against my very barracks; no matter, no damage is done, and it's an ill wind that blows no good; it will put something in the pockets of the carpenter and mason, and as it cannot yet be near daybreak, I will endeavor to doze away three or four hours longer. Good night. This is better than bivouacing in the field of battle."

Saying this, Pierre turned himself in bed, and was again falling into a tranquil slumber, when suddenly deep groans fell upon his ear. He darted up, and listening, heard a voice exclaiming in agony—"Oh! kind Heaven, have pity on me. Oh! God, will no one come to my assistance." He knew not Clementine at that very moment was about to become a mother, and thought that perhaps some robbers had entered her apartment. "Poor girl," cried he, "I will assist thee," and leaping from his bed, seized his sabre, and slightly habiting himself, made his way to her room. Finding the bolt secure, and the screams increasing, with one stroke of his hand he burst open the door of the apartment. The faint glimmering of a rush-light scarcely dispelled the darkness, and Clementine beholding Pierre so singularly attired, with sword in hand, uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the couch. The plaintive wailing of a babe, however, announced that the moment of labor was past. Never had our friend been placed in a like situation; he stood in a state of nervous excitement; how to act he knew not. At length recovering himself, he determined to call the porter, and despatch him for the proper assistance. He therefore leaped, or rather tumbled down stairs to the lodge, knocked at the door, and imparted to him his business. The Cerberus, however, only growled, and talked about remuneration, which Pierre was most willing to award, but so long was the mercenary guardian in making his toilet, that the impatient Pierre de-

* After M. Jean May.

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sired he should unbar the gate, and that he would himself execute the commission. The porter, who preferred his snug quarters even above reward needed not a repetition of the demand, and withdrawing the bolt, Pierre rushed into the street in quest of a surgeon. The first to whom he applied thought him a maniac escaped from his keepers, from the singular appearance he presented, being almost half naked, with his sabre in hand, and without listening to his request, shut the door abruptly in his face. The poor fellow, however, was not to be discouraged, and proceeding farther, by the light of a lamp, discovered the sign of a female accoucheur. He knocked, and the matron appearing, he at once revealed his business, promising to reward her liberally, if she would come with him immediately.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before they reached the chamber of Clementine. On entering it, the female looked around, doubting, from its humble character, the ability of Pierre to fulfil his promise. He at once comprehended her suspicions, and placing in her hand four five franc pieces, said, "I have never yet deceived any one; there is proof that I mean truly what I promised; attend to the mother and child as if they were those of an Emperor. Let nothing be neglected or wanting, that money can procure."

"Certainly," replied the female, "but my services are not required; the danger is past; that which is necessary is a nurse to attend upon the mother. I can only prescribe the proper regimen and medicines."

"Well, well, procure me one, madam; let no expense be spared; I am able and willing to pay for every thing," cried the worthy fellow, "and let a fire be kindled; the air of the apartment feels chilly; and pray prescribe quickly the proper medicines. I will go for them myself."

"Assuredly, sir," answered the woman, "your will is law," and she proceeded to write the prescription.

The poor mother, who had listened to the conversa tion, seized the hand of Pierre, and covered it with her tears and kisses. She could not speak, so exhausted was she, but long and deep sobbings burst from her bosom. "Come, come," said Pierre, "I am like yourself, desolate in the world, but, thank Heaven, I have still a heart to feel for, and succor the distressed."

"Oh! generous man, how shall I ever repay you? but God will if ever my prayers reach the throne of mercy;" and she wept bitterly.

"Nay, nay, compose yourself," cried he, the big tears starting into his eyes. "Be tranquil, my good child—you require rest; bright days are yet in store for you and your little picture, and neither of you shall ever want while Pierre has one sou in his pocket;" then turning to the female, said, "well, have you finished, madam?"

"Yes, sir," replied she. "If you will be kind enough to carry this prescription to the apothecary's, you will procure the necessary medicines, and, at the same time, order home some fuel for a fire. I will attend to the lady in your absence, and on your return, will, myself, proceed in quest of a nurse."

"It is well," said the kind fellow; "do all for the best, and you will have no cause to repent it."

He left the apartment, and hastened to the apothecary's, where, having procured the medicines, he called at the woodman's, and on his own shoulders, carried home a heavy load of wood. A bright fire was soon crackling on the hearth, sending its cheerful warmth through the dreary apartment, while the doctress departed to procure a nurse for the exhausted Clementine.

Pierre, on being left alone with the poor mother, began to apologize for alarming her by his abrupt entrance into her chamber, and taking from his pocket a purse containing six hundred francs, advanced towards her. "Behold this purse," said he; "it contains nearly all that I possess—it is yours—take it without ceremony—without thanks, and you will make me happy, because I shall then know that you have nothing to fear from immediate want."

"Oh, no," cried Clementine, "I will not—cannot abuse your bounty."

"You do not abuse it, my good girl. I know that you are industrious—that you toil hard from morning 'till night, to support yourself, but now that you have a double charge, your labor will not prove sufficient for both; but be of good heart; I will take care of the little one myself; I will be a faithful father to it."

"Oh! never, my generous sir. I know your heart—I can confide in it firmly; but never can I part from my babe; it is enough that it has been deserted by its true father;" and she wept, and pressed the innocent to her bosom."

"Deserted by its father?" cried Pierre; "horrible! It cannot be; there surely lives not such a wretch upon earth."

"There does," faintly ejaculated Clementine.

"And his name?" asked Pierre.

"Firman."

"I shall go to him immediately," shouted the honest soldier, and he seized up his hat and sword. "Where does he reside?"

"No matter; it is useless now, Monsieur Pierre. I have written to him frequently to solicit his aid, not for myself, but the babe to whom I have given birth, yet has he never deigned to reply."

"Infamous!" said Pierre, and he walked up and down the chamber, handling his sabre, and muttering to himself. "But why has he forsaken you?"

"Because I am poor!"

"And is *he* rich?"

"No!"

"Pray what does he follow?"

"He is, by trade, a jeweller."

"A jeweller. Bah! a popinjay—false metal—or he would never have abandoned you. Where does he reside?"

"In Mail Street, number twenty-one."

"Enough. I shall go to him, and inquire his reasons—hark! I hear some one on the stairs; perhaps it is the nurse. If so, I shall leave you with her, and go in quest of Firman." The door opened, and the nurse, with

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the female accoucheur entered. "Adieu, madam," he said, and departed.

Clementine, what from excitement and suffering, was now in a raging fever. One moment she would fix her eyes upon her babe and weep bitterly; the next, would vacantly rest them upon some object, while indignation would flash from them, and the name of Firman occasionally escape from her lips. A strange and ghastly change came over her features, her respiration became difficult, and it was plain that the angel of death was hovering above her pillow.

But to return to our soldier. At a principal café—the hotel Montmatre—he and Firman were seated together at breakfast. The morning was cold, and Pierre, from old associations and habits, thought it no crime in indulging in an early and extra glass. In this Firman was not slow to follow his example, and the contents of half a dozen bottles soon disappeared. As yet, Pierre had not hinted at his business, and Firman began to be uneasy and anxious, to know what had sent an old soldier to him at such an untimely hour of the morning. At length he made bold to demand explicitly the nature of his errand, and accordingly said—

"Now that I have partaken of your hospitality, will you be obliging enough to favor me with your business? I believe this is the first time we have ever encountered each other, my veteran."

"Yes!" answered Pierre, "but I hope it will not be the last."

"Well, and what is your commission? I have relations in Lorraine; perhaps you have come to announce to me their death, and that I am their heir; if so, speak out, and do not keep me struggling in the depths of susponse."

"I am not from Lorraine, thank Heaven," cried the soldier, twisting his mustachoes, and placing his hand on his heart—"I am from Besancon. I quitted the army of the Loire some four months since, came to Paris, and now dwell in the street of Perche, opposite the church of Saint Francis, and I am now here to announce, not a *death*, but a *birth*; you understand me, young gentleman."

"Scarcely!" replied Firman, his countenance altering most visibly, "of what speak you?"

"You shall hear. Listen. I am aware that you have deeply injured a young female, and I have come hither to inquire if you will repair your error, and which, if you are a man of honor, as I am willing to believe, you will not hesitate one moment to do."

"Indeed! methinks you are wonderfully interested in her cause."

"No more, my young sir," said the hussar, the blood tinging his withered cheek, and the fire of indignation kindling in his eye—"no more than a man who can feel for insulted innocence. Have you not promised to make her your wife?"

"Promise—oh! yes, as I have promised a dozen others, but surely you do not expect that I should espouse them all."

"I am not inclined to jest, young man, on a subject too sacred for fooling. She, fondly confiding in your word, has yielded up her honor, and now to desert her, is infamous."

"Infamous?"

"Yes, most infamous, I repeat."

"Speak more respectfully, my friend, or you may chance to repent it," said Firman, walking up threateningly to Pierre.

"Pshaw! I am too old a soldier to fear the bravado of a popinjay."

"Leave me!" said Firman, finding that his heartless assurance would avail him nothing, and assuming an air of insulted feeling. "Leave me, sir; it is plain that you have come here to insult me."

"By no means," answered Pierre. "I have come respectfully but firmly, to *demand* that you will make some reparation to the poor girl you have so deeply wronged—"

"And which you imagine, no doubt, your curled mustachoes, big looks and menaces, will frighten me to do."

"I menace not. I only *pray* you to do an act of justice; I speak to you amicably; I beseech you to send me back to your poor Clementine with at least a word of comfort, if not with assistance;" and a big tear glistened in the eyes of the noble-hearted fellow.

"It is impossible, I tell you. She and I can never again meet. I am already too poor to support myself; besides, the world is wide enough for so pretty a girl as Clementine to find plenty of wealthy protectors."

Pierre struggled with his feelings; he was on the eve of levelling the callous-hearted villain to the floor, but prudence overcame passion, and he calmly continued—"What would induce you to marry her?"

"A fortune!" answered Firman, laughingly.

"And of what amount?"

"Why, as it is not likely that I ever will receive one in that quarter, I will be moderate in my demand. If Clementine will bring me ten thousand francs, I will make no difficulty in espousing her."

"So, then, it is only her poverty that deters you from marrying her?"

"Nothing more; but what is the use of words. The poor devil, I verily believe, has not, at this moment, a hundred sous, let alone ten thousand francs."

"And you say this gaily, without feeling in your pocket, to send her *some* aid to lighten her load of poverty and sorrow."

"Pshaw! she needs nothing from me, as long as she has so generous an advocate in the gentleman before me."

"Miserable rascal!" cried Pierre, seizing Firman by the throat, "I have a good mind to strangle you as I would a viper."

Firman finding himself so roughly handled, attempted to extricate himself, but Pierre held him like a vice. In the scuffle the table was upset, and the bottles and glasses shivered into a thousand fragments. The landlord and his servants rushed in, and not without some difficulty, separated the combatants, but Firman, who was highly excited, insisted that the affair should not

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here terminate, but that he would have satisfaction for the outrage on his person. The landlord vainly endeavored to call the attention of the angry parties to his remonstrances. In one hand he held the bill, and with the other, most emphatically pointed to the broken furniture, dishes and glasses. At length Pierre gave heed to his demands, and discharging the amount, desired Firman to follow him.

"What are your weapons?" said he, as they reached the street.

"The short sword," answered Firman.

"Be it so; hast thou a pair in thy possession?"

"No; but at the first tavern we will find them, as well as seconds, who will serve to see justice done."

The two enemies walked silently and quickly on, until they gained the outskirts of the Temple. There, luckily, they encountered three or four soldiers, who agreed to procure weapons, and act as seconds to the parties. Pierre, with the red riband of the Legion of honor at his button-hole, and his veteran appearance, prepossessed them at once in his favor, convincing them he had justice on his side. They hired a hackney coach, and desiring the driver to proceed speedily to the park of Saint Fargeau; in a short time they reached it, where, alighting, in three minutes they had exchanged the formal salutations, and crossed their weapons.

It was soon apparent that Firman began to fear the issue of the combat. At the commencement, he had attacked his adversary with great fierceness, thinking that he would soon fatigue the old hussar, and obtain the victory; but the steady and cool manner in which his assaults were received and parried, soon convinced him that he had found an opponent it would not be easy to conquer. His strength began to fail him, and in a short time he was almost at the mercy of his enemy. Pierre saw this, and disdaining to acquire a victory with so little glory, generously tendered him the hand of conciliation. "Thou tremblest!" said he to Firman; "it is plain thy conscience is ill at ease. I desire not the death of a sinner; follow my advice—repair the wrong thou hast done, and we may still be friends!" In saying this he dropped his weapon by his side, and stood completely unguarded, which, Firman observing, cowardly thrust at the breast of Pierre, inflicting, luckily, only a simple wound. The hussar's kindly feeling vanished in a moment; his rage knew no bounds, and swifter than lightning, with a well directed and powerful blow, he severed the hand of the dastard Firman from the wrist, which fell quivering and bleeding to the earth.

"Miserable wretch!" he exclaimed. "Thou didst refuse bread to the unhappy, who had a right to demand it of thee. Now thou wilt have to beg for thine own."

At the sight of his mutilated person, Firman was horror stricken, and fell unconscious into the arms of his seconds, who, after stopping the effusion of blood, bore him to the carriage, and ordered the driver to convey him to the hospital of Saint Louis, where prompt assistance could be obtained. Pierre and the seconds adjourned to the nearest tavern, where, calling for wine, he pledged them to the memory of the Emperor, then bidding them farewell, hastened back to Clementine, who had begun to be greatly alarmed at his absence. On his entering the apartment, her first question was "if he had seen Firman, and been successful in his mission." Pierre knew not how to answer, and it was only on her repeating the question, that he bluntly replied, "I have!"

"And have you obtained aught from his bounty?"

"Not a sou, the miserable!" said Pierre. "Clementine, you must forget this man; a greater villain walks not the earth; he is unworthy of you—"

"Ah! is he not the father of my child?"

"The father of your child. A pretty father, indeed. Give him not such a title, Clementine; he denies all aid to you or your babe; forget him; hate him, if you can."

"Oh! impossible, Monsieur Pierre. I cannot, will not believe him to be so callous."

"And I swear to you on this emblem of honor," cried Pierre, placing his hand upon the riband attached to his breast, "that a more vile or dissolute rascal does not exist."

"Oh! gracious Heaven!" screamed Clementine, seeing the blood trickle from his breast, from the pressure of his hand upon the wound which he had received from his treacherous foe, and which, in his hurry to return to Clementine he had quite forgotten. "Oh! gracious Heaven! you are bleeding—you have been fighting."

"Nothing, nothing, my dear child—a scratch that I gave myself by accident—so simple, that I had quite forgotten it."

"Ah, you are deceiving me. It is as I conjectured; you have been engaged in a duel with Firman;" and she fell back upon her pillow, and mourned bitterly.

"No, no, I tell you; calm your fears; nothing has taken place."

"Say you so upon your honor?"

Pierre, who could not bear to dissemble, knew not how to reply. At last he said, "To-morrow, Clementine, I will tell you all; in the meantime, compose your troubled heart. Think of your babe, who, if it lose you, will have no parent to protect it. Place your trust in that power who never deserts the injured and unfortunate."

Clementine was silent; she spoke not again to Pierre, and soon after fell into a strong fever, accompanied by delirium. A hundred times the name of Firman escaped from her lips, sometimes in a voice of anger, at others, in the greatest tenderness, 'till, at last, the state of the poor creature became truly alarming. All that skill could effect, was bestowed upon her, but in vain; her sufferings continued to increase, and when, at last, the doctor pronounced her irrecoverable, poor Pierre gave himself up to the deepest sorrow, and hung affectionately over her. "Clementine, dear Clementine!" he would kindly exclaim, but she was insensible to his voice, and it was with difficulty he was led from her couch, not to disturb her parting moments.

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At last, mustering up courage, he cried, "It is proper that some one should be a parent to the child. I will be so. Nurse, convey to the hospital of Saint Mary's, the babe, and I will follow with two inhabitants of the district as witnesses to the act." His wish was complied with, and they soon were in the lodge of the hospital.

"Where is the father?" asked the clerk, preparing to draw out the register.

"Here!" replied Pierre.

"Your name—surname—residence—age—place of birth, and profession?"

"Pierre Franc! living in Paris—fifty-eight years old—born at Besancon—an ancient hussar—farrier and chevalier of the Legion of honor."

"The mother?"

"Clementine Duval—nineteen years—native of—hold, let me look at the paper—"

"What surname do you give the child?" asked the clerk.

"Frederic, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon," shouted Pierre. The clerk smiled, and writing as Pierre had dictated, the register was signed by all present.

On their return, Clementine was dead. Alas! she knew not, ere her spirit departed, of the noble action Pierre had performed. "Unfortunate creature," he cried, bending over, and kissing her yet warm lips, "repose in peace. Be thy spirit happy; thy babe has found a father who never will desert him."

The appointments of the funeral were attended to by Pierre, but his strength, in this last trial, almost forsook him. Pale and emaciated, he looked a fitting companion to descend to the tomb with the corpse of Clementine.

Only one person accompanied the hearse to the Cemetery; *who* that one was, it is needless to say. The body was consigned to its last resting-place, and Pierre returned alone to the chamber of the departed Clementine.

Against the wall was fastened her portrait, painted by an inferior artist, yet retaining enough of the features of the original, to constitute a tolerable likeness. This was a precious gem in the eyes of Pierre, and he resolved to possess himself of it. He accordingly began to remove the canvass from the wall, when a sound like that proceeding from a heap of coin fell upon his ear. He tried again, and the same sound was again heard. He removed the picture, and detaching a fragment of paper which apparently was pasted over some aperture, to his surprize, discovered a little door. "What is here?" said he—"a treasure in the home of misery? Let us see;" and shattering the door with his hammer, beheld a huge quantity of six franc pieces, intermixed with fragments of rag, eaten by the rats and moths. "Poor Clementine! how hast thou been suffering, and yet so near to plenty. What a change would this have made in thy destiny. For want of this wast thou despised, but God is just—his will be done."

Frederic secretly conveyed the money to his chamber, paid his own rent and that of Clementine, and quitted the dwelling of sorrow and adventure. Eighteen thousand francs was the amount of the discovered treasure, ten thousand of which he placed in the name of the child, and the other eight, at the disposal of Madame Duval, the nurse, for the benefit of herself and her charge, 'till such time as he gained his majority; the remainder then to return to the young man, but a suitable provision to be made for madame, should she at that period survive.

Upon inquiry, it appeared that an old priest of great avarice, had inhabited the apartment before Clementine, where he had died without friend, relation, or will, to lead to a discovery of the wealth to which the worthy Pierre had so singularly come in possession of.

When Firman left the hospital, he verified the remark of Pierre. He had completely to depend upon the bounty of the charitable, and perhaps some of my readers may even have bestowed their mite upon the unfortunate being, if they have ever passed through the street of *Choisseul* in Paris.

Original.

A REMONSTRANCE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

What, here! where the soul feels an angel's elation,
Where the balm of the breeze is worth all the world's wealth,
Oh! profane not the place, by so low a libation,
While pure from the rock, springs the fountain of health!

What, here! where the wood, its warble subduing,
Keeps holy our Sabbath with music and love,
And Earth, her wild blossoms, for ever renewing,
Sends up, in their perfume, her praises above!

Where the skies seem to bend, in their luminous beauty,
So loving and low, o'er the green mountain-sod,
That the spirit, attuned to devotion and duty,
Sees Nature embracing her Father and God!

No temple can match, with a glory so solemn,
The forest-cathedral, that rises around;
The pine's stately shaft, for the fair, marble column,
All veined with the sunlight, and gracefully crowned;

Its dome—the unlimited arch, glowing o'er us;
Its censer—yon budding spray, swung by the breeze;
Its music—the hymn of the fountain before us;
Its light—Heaven's smile—stealing soft through the trees:

And oh! the bright treasures around and below us,
The buds of the wild mountain-laurel, behold!
So perfect, so gem-like! where, where will you show us
A richer mosaic in temple of old?

Profane not the spot with so base a libation!
Look around ye—look upward! and drink if ye dare!
Away with the wine-cup, the curse of creation!
Yon fount has enough for us all, and to spare.

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Original.

THE RASH ENGAGEMENT;
OR, A BACHELOR'S REMINISCENCE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

CHAPTER I.

"The passions of our youth! like lava floods,
They desolate life's green and flowery path,
Leaving but ashes 'neath our weary feet—
The ashes of our hopes."

"THEN you will not accompany me to Niagara, uncle?"

"No; I will go any where else with you, Charles, but I cannot visit Niagara with other feelings than those of pain."

"Your favorite, Lucy Lisburne, is to be of the party; will not that inducement tempt you?"

"For your sake, boy, I am glad she is going, for she is one who well deserves the love of a noble heart, but do not ask me to revisit a scene so full of sorrowful recollections. I could not bear to look upon the wonders of the mighty cataract now. Years have passed since last I trod its rocky barriers, and the gentle being who then was my companion, has long since faded from the earth, but the remembrance of her bright face haunts me still—a lovely and yet fearful spectre of the past. Listen to the tale of my early folly, Harry, and you will learn how deeply the events of a single moment may influence one's whole existence.

"I had just completed my collegiate studies, and the severe struggle by which alone I was enabled to secure the highest prizes in my class, had exhausted both mental and bodily strength. I determined, therefore, to spend a month or two in vagabondizing, previous to devoting myself to the acquisition of my future profession, and taking with me the smallest possible quantity of baggage, I went on board a North River steamboat, intending to be governed entirely by my own truant inclination in my future course. The excitement which I had undergone, had left me suffering under such extreme lassitude of spirits, that I preferred travelling quite alone, and, on looking round among my fellow passengers, was rejoiced to find myself an isolated individual, surrounded by entire strangers. After amusing myself for some time, with quiet speculations upon the character and manners of my travelling companions, I was fast lapsing into one of those delicious reveries which abstract the mind so completely from the common things of earth, when my eye accidentally fell upon my opposite neighbor, and, for once, reality seemed to me more beautiful than fancy. I never saw a lovelier face than her's. The features, when in repose, might have served a painter as a model for a Madonna, so soft was the outline, so perfect the symmetry. Her complexion, pale, but so delicate, that the branching of the thread-like veins was distinctly visible on her fair brow—eyes of that hazel hue, which is ever so full of tenderness—lips like the inner leaves of a rose-bud, and long, light-brown curls, flinging over the whole countenance just the proper degree of shadow—all combined to form a picture which, in perfection of form, and richness of coloring, was unrivalled. Absorbed in placid thought, the young girl sat looking out upon the water, and it was long before a change in her position compelled me to withdraw my gaze from her beauty. When I did so, however, I was almost as much struck with the appearance of her travelling companion. He was an old man, with a countenance of singular mildness and benignity. His features were eminently handsome, and his high bald forehead added a very intellectual character to his face, while the thick curling locks of silvered black, which fell on his shoulders in a manner *then* rarely seen, gave him an almost apostolic air. The strong similitude between the two, suggested the idea of the relationship which existed between them, and notwithstanding the deep lines with which time had marred the elder face, it was evident that they were father and daughter.

"My close observation of them, soon enabled me to discover that they did not belong to the higher orders of society. There was little in the young girl's manner to betray a want of refined breeding, but still a few trifling circumstances, taken in connection with her father's mode of address, convinced me of the fact. A young collegian is rarely destitute of that kind of moral courage which wiser folks term impudence, and I determined to make use of my peculiar endowments of that nature, in order to form an acquaintance with the strangers. Chance favored my design. The father had forgotten to procure a newspaper; I offered him mine, and this little courtesy on my part, I took care should be repaid by a prolonged discussion of the politics of the day. We had some very agreeable conversation, and while I could not help noticing that the old man's language was that of one whose early education had been very defective, I was greatly struck with the raciness of his remarks, and his keen insight into human nature. The daughter sat, a silent, but attentive listener, and, as she smiled at our occasional jests, I thought her face even lovelier in its mirthful, than in its pensive, expression. At the tea-table, I had an opportunity of devoting myself particularly to the daughter, for the old man seemed to have little idea of waiting upon a lady, and I found my civilities by no means ill-received. Indeed, by the time the hurried meal was finished, we had become quite familiar, and, as I handed the beautiful girl up to the promenade deck, I ventured to take a seat beside her, without meeting any repulse. My suspicions of their entire ignorance of the observances of good society, were now confirmed by the imprudent frankness with which she allowed herself to be drawn into conversation by me. As the boat glided rapidly through the majestic Highlands, we talked of the beauty of the scenery, until the moon rose high above the verdant hills, and then 'the hour, the place, the scene,' led us into poetry, romance and sentiment. Among my college-mates, I could have laughed to scorn such vague fancies, such crude ideas, such wild visions of future life, as seemed to fill the mind and heart of my artless companion. But there was something sacred from ridicule in her earnestness and simplicity; her very guilelessness was her security, and as I listened to her youthful feelings, uttered by

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such bright lips, and with such sweet looks, I felt that the pleasantest of all studies was the study of a young and pure heart. The time passed like a dream. The old man, who had been pacing the deck, occasionally stopping to exchange a word with us, now grew weary, and desired his daughter to retire. She obeyed with evident reluctance, and left me musing on the singular contradiction between her evident cultivation of mind, and her entire ignorance of the decorum and etiquette which society has prescribed as rules of conduct to its subjects. The witchery of her exceeding beauty, her modest bearing, her delicacy of sentiment, and her innocent frankness, were irresistible attractions to a young and ardent boy, as I then was. That she belonged to a respectable class of society, I could not doubt; and I came to the conclusion that her father was one of that large portion of our citizens who are '*in transitu*'—persons yet in the *chrysalis*, or rather spinning the web of their future splendors. I imagined he would be found to be some petty shopkeeper, who, in anticipation of wealth, had bestowed on his daughter all the advantages which could be derived from a good education, while I considered her manners as evincing a continual struggle between early habitual associations, and acquired knowledge. However, the adventure promised amusement, and I determined to continue in their company, at least, until the novelty of the affair was past.

"The next morning I managed to discover that a visit to Niagara and Canada, formed part of their projected tour, and, consequently, that also became the course which I designed to pursue. The girl did not attempt to conceal her satisfaction, when she found that I was still to continue with them, and although her father looked grave, and fixed on me a searching glance, yet, as soon as he learned my name, (of which I took an early opportunity to inform him,) his scruples, whatever they were, seemed to vanish. In this point, he had a decided advantage over me, for although my family was so well known, that the simple announcement of our name was a guarantee for our rank in society, yet, when he reciprocated my confidence, I only learned that he was "*Charles Grayson.*" I was, therefore, little wiser respecting them, than I had been when I first met him, but, however, I was in pleasant company, and with the thoughtlessness of a boy, I determined to enjoy it.

CHAPTER II.

"In a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and the blight
Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come, with hues of night."
CHILDE HAROLD.

"I will not lead you step by step, along the perilous path of passion which I then pursued. I learned that Juliet, (her very name was enough to awaken the susceptible nature of a Shakspeare-worshipper,) had just returned from the Moravian school at Bethlehem, where she had spent the last five years, in the completion of her education. She was tolerably well skilled in music, spoke a little German, was thoroughly versed in all *useful* knowledge, and, in fact, had acquired all that she could learn among that simple and practical sect of Christians. But she was as ignorant as a babe of the ways of the world; and the guilelessness of her nature, while it added new charms to her loveliness, rendered her position in society one of difficulty and danger. Enthusiastic and affectionate—her heart filled with undeveloped passion, and her head teeming with the romantic visions, fostered by many a stealthily-read novel and poem—beautiful as a painter's dream, and artless as an infant, she was, altogether the most fascinating creature I ever knew. She was certainly superior to her station in society—superior in manners, in taste, and in feeling, for though all her father's good sense and quick wit was perceptible, a taint of vulgarity, which clearly showed that he had learned more from men than from books, and that his studies had not lain among the polished and *characterless* denizens of high life.

"Juliet was keenly alive to the beauties of nature. Brought up on the banks of the romantic Lehigh, she had learned to appreciate the charms of fine scenery, and it was truly delightful to witness her enthusiasm for the picturesque. As we climbed the cliffs at Trenton Falls, beholding one after another of the succession of pictures which meet the eye, as one ascends the rocky valley, I watched the varying expression of her exquisite countenance, and felt that of all the beauties of nature, the loveliest is the 'human face divine.' Her eyes would dilate, her cheeks glow, and throwing aside her bonnet, she would bound along the rough path, with her long silken curls tossed by the breeze, seeming to forget every thing in the enjoyment of the moment. It was perfect rapture to me, then to draw her aside into some shady nook, and while she was thus excited, to listen to the fresh and pure feelings which seemed to gush spontaneously from the heart. By the time we reached Niagara, our intimacy had so increased, that in all our little excursions, though her father generally accompanied her, yet she became my especial charge, and, at length, the old man, unable to keep pace with our activity, contented himself to remain at the hotel, while we wandered, as we would, amid the wonders of the cataract.

"Who ever visited Niagara *for the first time*, without being sensible of an elation and elevation of spirit, which almost seemed like a species of mental intoxication? I look back with wonder to the excitement of that period. I remember how coolly and rationally I managed all my daily affairs—I ate and drank and slept—I looked and acted just like the hundreds of people whom I saw around me, and yet I verily believe that I was then on the very verge of insanity. I forgot every thing except the wonders by which I was surrounded, and the beautiful companion who beheld them with me. Hour after hour we wandered together amid the secluded shades of Goat Island, our steps haunted by the deep music of the rushing waters, and threading our devious way even back to the fearful brink of the cataract, to find new excitement and bewilderment in the oft-seen view. What a strong toil was woven about me then! The greatest marvel of the universe was

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before my eyes—the melody of woods and waters was mingling in my ears with the sweet voice of one of the fairest of God's creatures—and a lovely being of almost unearthly loveliness was at my side, bending on me such looks of innocent tenderness as might have thrilled the soul of an anchorite. I was fascinated—spell-bound—maddened.

"One morning—it was the crisis of my destiny—we crossed to the Canada side, and instead of taking the usual route to the Aqueduct house, on the brink of the cataract, we climbed the hill along the path generally used by the soldiers of the garrison. It was a difficult and, in some places, a dangerous ascent, but it rendered Juliet so dependent upon my strong arm, that I scarcely felt its fatigue. We reached the top, flushed and heated with the toilsome way, and were rejoiced to find that the throng of visitors had all dispersed ere we arrived at the house. Juliet gaily proposed, that, as there were no idle spectators to behold us, we should refresh ourselves by going *under the fall;* and without a moment's reflection, I immediately summoned the guide to lead us amid the 'Phlegethon of waters.' We retired to array ourselves in proper costume for the enterprize, and when we met again at the foot of Table Rock, we enjoyed a merry laugh at the sudden transformation which each had undergone. Our dress was of the rudest kind, and I might have served as a model for a young smuggler, while Juliet was attired in the coarse but picturesque garb of a fish-wife. But no change of garment could conceal her exquisite beauty, and as she flung back her long curls beneath the coarse straw hat, which had been tied on to protect her from the dashing spray, her face was that of a youthful Hebe. The little guide—he was but a boy—fastened one hand in the rope girdle which bound her waist, and led the way, while I followed close behind. The path was steep and slippery, and a deluge of water, which nearly blinded us, met us at the very entrance of the pass. But as we proceeded, the overhanging cliff became broader, and at length we reached a point, where we were so far sheltered from the pouring stream, that we could raise our heads and look around us. The light which struggled faintly through the mighty mass of tumbling waters, was like that of the pale grey dawn; and as we leaned against the rock, and looked into the terrific liquid arch which spanned our narrow pathway, we almost fancied that we could feel the vibration of the very stones beneath our feet. It was like standing on the threshold of eternity, for the ever sounding waters, rushing on and on and on, disturbed the mind like the vague image of infinity, and we felt that it needed but one plunge to discover to us the mysteries of another world. Juliet drew close to my side, awe-struck and overwhelmed with emotion, but the guide urged us onward, and we followed him until our feet touched the last step between life and death. As we were returning, the guide lost his hat; you smile at my mentioning so trivial a circumstance, Charles, but you have not yet learned how 'trifles light as air' often decide our future fate. The little fellow saw it on the rock below, and, too familiar with danger to fear, he begged us to remain beneath the shelter of the impending rock, until he should regain it. How many are there in the world whose whole lives have been colored by the events of a single moment! I drew Juliet towards me—my arm encircled her slender waist—the impulses of youthful passion overpowered the religious awe which the solemn beauty of the scene had awakened—I whispered in her ear those burning words which trace themselves upon the heart of the listener in characters never to be effaced, and even amid the roar of the eternal cataract, those words were *heard* and *answered*. Her head rested on my shoulder—her lips met mine, and that kiss, thrilling like a heartquake through every nerve, sealed the fate of both. The guide returned—speechless from excess of feeling, we silently followed him, and as we once more looked into each other's face, beneath the unclouded light of a summer sky, the past moment seemed like a delicious dream.

CHAPTER III.

"When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love first pales his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone—
Of fire long passed away."—*Moore.*

"I now looked upon Juliet as my affianced wife, but my delirium of passion did not blind me to the consequences of my rashness. My father, an old Virginian, was one of the proudest men I ever knew. Notwithstanding all the changes of fashion, he still displayed in the drawing-room, a widely-branching genealogical tree, emblazoned with many curious devices, and he often pointed out with no small degree of complacency, the name of Sir Aylmar de Vavasour, who first planted its root in merry England, in the time of the Norman Conqueror. Indeed, he carried his pride of descent to an almost ludicrous excess, and while his great wealth rendered him perfectly indifferent to the dowry of a bride for his son, he was especially fastidious respecting the family of those with whom my sister and myself associated. This was an idle and foolish prejudice in our land of equality, but it had been the besetting sin of my grandfather even when he chose America as the home of his adoption, and perhaps *I* am not quite free from it, although at that time passion silenced all other feelings. In despite of my fervent love for Juliet, I had many secret misgivings of heart. I dared not think of the future; the images of an angry parent, and a sneering world, were ever before me, when I contemplated the moment that was to bind me to her by the irrevocable bonds of marriage. I possessed a small estate, bequeathed to me by an uncle, and as this secured me a present competence, I determined to gain the consent of Juliet and her father, to a private union. The idea of breaking off our engagement never once occurred to me, for if I had been fascinated by her charms when I first beheld her, how much more was I under her influence now, when the spell of her innocent tenderness was added to the witchery of her beauty. My nature was impetuous, but frank and generous. I told Mr. Grayson of my love for his daughter, without attempting

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to conceal my consciousness of my father's displeasure. He listened to me with quiet satisfaction, and while he candidly acknowledged that he would gladly bestow on me her hand, he counselled me to keep our engagement a secret, until I could ascertain my father's sentiments. This exactly suited my own views of the matter, and after an absence of two months, we returned to our native city, with feelings very different from those which actuated us when we bade it adieu.

"I cannot describe the mingled feelings with which I prepared to visit Juliet for the first time in her own house, for I feared lest I should meet something offensive to my refined habits of life. But I was mistaken. Every thing about the house was plain and neat, without making any pretension to elegance. Juliet's piano was the only ornament of the little parlor, and when the fair creature met me at the door with a blush and a smile, I felt that for such a home and such a companion, I could willingly resign the appliances of wealth. But my feelings underwent a sudden and painful revulsion at the sight of Mrs. Grayson. Large, and unwieldy in person, yet bearing traces of the coarse beauty which must have characterized her in youth—with a voice like a parrot, and manners marked by a kind of boisterous good humor, it seemed scarcely possible that such a being could be the mother of my gentle Juliet. Her unmitigated vulgarity seemed to reflect itself on every thing around her, and even her daughter appeared to lose a portion of her delicate grace, when she appeared beside her mother. I began now to scrutinize the habits and pursuits of the father also. His character was, to me, a perfect riddle. There was, at times, a jeering tone of sceptical philosophy in his remarks, which seemed quite inconsistent with the careful performance of all social duties for which he was so remarkable. He acted like a man of virtue and honor, as far as I could judge, but he often uttered sentiments worthy of a consummate scoundrel. He held the opinion that men were only honest when their interests led them to be so, and he seemed to delight in the expression of startling paradoxes or painful truths, in the history of human nature. Nothing could be more ill suited to the unsuspicious and confiding character of an impetuous youth, than the cold, sarcastic, sneering philosophy of one who had grown grey in worldly wisdom. Yet the calm, benevolent countenance of the old man, seemed to belie his own experience, and but for an occasional sinister expression in his deep set eyes, and a scornful smile which sometimes flitted over his handsome mouth, his face was that of one who had drank only from the sweet waters of truth and goodness.

"I was sensible, too, of a singular change in my feelings towards Juliet. I still loved her with the most impassioned tenderness, but from the moment that I had pledged my faith to her, I became sensitive to every thing that could detract from her charms. I watched her every movement, and her ignorance of conventional forms, which had once seemed to me so captivating, now kept me in constant dread lest she should, in some unguarded moment, expose herself to ridicule. I became a critic of her dress, her manners and her language. She was now mine—destined to be my future wife, and I grew morbidly alive to the minute defects of her character. At first, I had compared her *naiveté* and freshness of feeling with the cold manners and rigid decorum of the daughters of fashion; but now I found myself contrasting the elegant self-possession and refined conversation of those very persons, with the occasional errors in language, and the blushing timidity of my future bride. I believe Juliet felt the change, but she uttered no complaints. She studied to adapt herself to my wishes in every respect. She withdrew from all intercourse with her former associates; she dressed with the most scrupulous simplicity, and she applied herself diligently to the study of the books I had recommended.

"Alas! the first phase of passion had already past! Imagination had robed her as a divinity, and set her on high as an object of worship, but the illusion was rapidly vanishing. She was still as beautiful, still as gentle, still as fond as when I first looked upon her exquisite loveliness; why, then, did I feel such a void in the heart once filled by her image? It was because mine was a passion born of the excited senses, and not the deep and enduring love which springs from an appreciation of moral and intellectual, as well as physical beauty. Well might he, whose life was but a succession of passionate dreams, exclaim:

> "Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
> Is better still, as charm by charm unwinds,
> Which robed our idols."

CHAPTER IV.

> "The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
> To those who walk in darkness."—*Childe Harold.*

"The very repugnance to complete my engagement with Juliet, which I felt growing up within my heart, determined me to hasten its fulfilment. I feared my own weakness of purpose, and actually began to experience a sort of dread, lest I should hereafter be tempted to break my troth. I therefore determined to make her my wife in secret, and then to bury ourselves in Paris until I should be able to add the polish of society to her native charms. I hoped that, in the course of a few years I should be able to return to my native land, and present to my friends a wife whose loveliness and elegance would remove all suspicion of a lowly origin, while I trusted to my own tact, and her father's shrewd worldliness for aiding me to preserve the secret. It was a romantic scheme, but to a boy of nineteen, it seemed a perfectly feasible one, and I accordingly communicated as much of it to Mr. Grayson as I deemed necessary to ensure his acquiescence. He assented to my plans more readily than I had expected, and even exhibited a degree of eagerness for its accomplishment, which almost disgusted me. Having announced, therefore, to my father, my intention of visiting Europe, I prepared to put my designs in execution. I had never met with much affection at home, since the death of my mother, and therefore I felt little remorse at the undutiful course of conduct which I was about to pursue, but it did seem to me a most singular state of affairs, when

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I found myself on the very verge of a clandestine marriage, while my feelings, in spite of myself, revolted against it. There was a fearful struggle in my bosom between a sense of honor and a consciousness of declining passion, but I determined that though my life might be an unhappy one, it should never be burdened with the weight of a broken vow.

"A state-room in one of the Havre packet-ships had been engaged for 'Mr. Vavasour and *friend*;' our baggage was already on board; the time appointed for our marriage, was the evening preceding the day on which the ship intended to sail, and we had made our arrangements for Juliet to take possession of her state-room at an early hour in the morning so as to avoid coming into collision with any of my friends. The marriage was to be solemnized in the strictest privacy. Juliet's parents, and one or two of their friends, sworn to secrecy, were all that I would allow to be present, and I had engaged a young friend, who had just entered the church, to perform the ceremony.

"It was the evening of a close and sultry day in August. The atmosphere had been excessively heated, and at nightfall, commenced one of the severest tempests I ever witnessed. Peal after peal of thunder shook the vaulted roof of heaven, and blinding flashes of livid lightning lighted up the pitchy darkness of the clouded sky; the rain fell in torrents, and the force of the wind was absolutely terrific. The hour appointed for the solemnization of our marriage, came and passed, but our friend, the clergyman, dared not face the fury of the storm, and we were obliged to await his coming. It was a state of suspense perfectly intolerable to me, for I felt like one who had nerved himself to the performance of some deed of heroism, and longs for the trial to be past. Juliet never looked more lovely. Her simple dress of spotless white—the single band of pearls—my bridal gift—which encircled her bright ringlets—the soft flush of maiden modesty upon her smooth cheek—the tender emotion which suffused her dove-like eyes with liquid lustre—all added to the wonderful beauty of her countenance.

"Two hours passed away in this state of expectancy, when, suddenly, the door-bell rung, and the well known voice of my friend was heard in the hall. Taking the hand of my trembling bride, after the delay of a few moments, I descended to the little parlor where I supposed we were now awaited; but ere I reached the door, a strange tumult arose within the apartment. Two men, roughly garbed, and dripping with rain, had followed the clergyman into the hall, and, as I entered the room, I beheld one of them on each side of Mr. Grayson, holding him with a grasp as strong as death, while the old man, pale, trembling, and affrighted, stood in perfect silence between them. My first impulse was to rush forward and release him, but one of them waving me off with one hand, exclaimed: 'Beware, young man, how you interfere in the administration of justice.'

'What does all this mean?' I asked; 'if you want bail, I am ready.'

'Not so fast, sir,' was the cool reply. 'We have arrested this man on a *criminal* charge.'

"At these words the terrified Juliet uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into my arms. The scene which ensued, defies description. All was confusion and terror, and Mr. Grayson yielding passively to the officers, allowed them to hurry him away ere one of us could recover presence of mind enough to ascertain the nature of the charge against him. My friend, the clergyman, however, volunteered to follow them, and I was left to listen to the loud bewailings of the unhappy wife, and to watch over the successive fainting-fits which had now seized the wretched Juliet.

"It was daylight ere Mr. ——— returned with his terrible tidings. His tale was almost incredible. Mr. Grayson, whose ostensible business was that of keeping a seamen's clothing warehouse, had been, for many years, engaged in the traffic of *counterfeit money*. He had long kept up a regular communication with Canada, where was the principal establishment for the manufacture of spurious bills of the various banks, and he regularly received from thence certain sums, which he sold to all who were disposed to share the risk and the profit. But even this was not the worst feature of the fearful story. The police had long known of his nefarious transactions, but his safety had been purchased by the sacrifice of others. He had been employed as a sort of *decoy* to criminals less wily than himself, and as, year after year, he fed the insatiate appetite of justice with the victims whom he had himself enticed into this lawless traffic, he had been allowed to pursue his evil calling unmolested. He had become rich, and the impunity with which he had escaped for so many years, rendered him less cautious in his mode of proceeding. He had been tracked in his visit to the Havre packet, and the ministers of the law, fearing lest he meditated an escape from their hands, determined to grant him no further immunity from punishment. The story was almost beyond belief. Here was a man who appeared a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good neighbor, a respectable member of society, and yet his daily business had been to entrap and ruin those who were too young or too miserable to resist temptation. He had educated his own child at a distance from all contact with evil, had imbued her with the strictest principles of honor and rectitude, yet the greater part of his life had been spent in seducing the children of others from the paths of honesty, for many were the youth of both sexes, who, after being induced by him to pass the false bills (which he *sold*, but never *issued himself*,) were now expiating in a prison, the guilt which he had first instigated, and then denounced.

"I cannot narrate the sickening detail of all that occurred during the next few weeks. Juliet clung to the belief of her father's innocence, but anguish of mind had confined her to a bed of sickness, and a few pencilled words which were exchanged between us every evening, limited our intercourse. I suppose I might have asserted the privileges of a betrothed lover, and been allowed to watch beside her couch of suffering, bu

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the tumult of my feelings was such, that I rather dreaded such painful interviews. In one of her notes, written just before the trial, she begged me to attend it, and bring her the first tidings of his acquittal, for of that result she did not permit herself to doubt. I obeyed her wishes only in part. I was present in court—I heard the terrible words which pronounced him *guilty!* and sentenced him to imprisonment at *hard* labor for *fourteen years!* It was a frightful scene. The old man, with his silvery hair and mild countenance, was a study for an artist, as he looked sorrowfully upon his judges. He listened to his fearful doom in silence—a bitter smile crossed his quivering lip, and bowing to the court, he said in a low, clear voice, 'I thank you, gentlemen; I did not think, 'till now, that I had so many years to live.' A murmur ran through the apartment as he was led away, and even those who looked on him as a hardened sinner, could not choose but pity the grey haired criminal.

"I had promised to bear the tidings to Juliet, but though I knew the anxiety with which she was awaiting me, I dared not enter the abode of such unutterable wretchedness. The next morning I received a note from her:

'Come to me,' she said, 'come, and let me find justice at your hand, since it is banished from the hearts of men. Tell me only that you are convinced of the integrity of my beloved father, and I will become your wife—even in the midst of all my agony I will become your own true and loving wife, and we will flee far from this cruel land, to some place where peace may yet abide.'

"I obeyed her summons, but all of human suffering and grief was concentred in that dreadful meeting. Fully convinced of her father's innocence, Juliet had never dreamed that the mere suspicion of such a stain upon his name had raised an insuperable barrier between us. Overwhelmed with grief for his cruel fate, she had never reflected how deeply her own was involved in it. She seemed to consider our union only *deferred* until the first violence of her sorrow should have subsided. Gradually the truth broke upon her mind. In the trustfulness of her guileless and loving nature, she was long insensible to my vague intimations of a future fraught with still deeper anguish. Her head was resting on my bosom, her arms were about my neck at the very moment when my lips revealed to her the fatal necessity of a final separation between us. Kindly—tenderly as the truth was communicated to her, it yet came upon her like a thunderbolt. She rose from my embrace, and looked in my face with such an expression of pleading sorrow in her eyes, that my heart was wrung; but she uttered not a word as she slowly turned from me, and entered an adjoining room. She closed the door behind her, but I could hear the agonized sobs, and convulsive breathing, which told of the overpowering emotion which she was suffering. She was deaf to all my entreaties to be permitted to speak one moment with her, and bidding me leave the house if I valued her future peace, I dared not disobey. On the following morning I received this letter from her:

'This is the last, Henry—you will never receive another letter from me. Why did you come to trouble the calm current of my life? Yours has been a vain, selfish, wicked love, Henry; you know nothing of such deep affection as lives within my heart. I could follow you through shame and through sorrow, strong in my own purity and integrity, but you—you cannot take to your bosom the daughter of misfortune—the victim of man's injustice. Go, Henry—forget me if you can; yet no—I will not pass like a shadow from your thoughts; you shall remember me while life remains to you, but I will be not like the one dark cloud upon your sunny path. When I am dead, you will think of me with mournful tenderness. What have I to live for? my father I shall never see again; he will go down to a felon's grave, and I am alone—alone upon the earth. Yet I am so young—I am not yet eighteen, Henry, and but a few weeks ago I was so happy! I do not mean to reproach you, my beloved, but you shall never forget me—mark me, Henry Vavasour, you shall never forget me. Farewell—farewell; come to me when you read this, and you will see me for the last time; come.'

"In a paroxysm of terror I flew to the abode of the Grayson's as soon as I read this wild and incoherent letter. It was early in the morning, but the windows were closed, and I heard the voice of loud weeping as I stood upon the threshold. I rushed into the house—I have a dim recollection of forcing my way through a dense crowd in the narrow hall, but I saw nothing until I found myself at the door of the inner apartment, into which I had seen Juliet enter. A group of women were gathered in the middle of the room—grave, cold, stern-looking men, stood around the bed which had been decked in snow white draperies for our bridal—but I saw only the extended form of my beautiful, my beloved Juliet. She looked like one who had lain down to sleep after the fatigues of a merry dance. Her face was full of placid sweetness, her attitude was that of graceful repose, and I sprang to her side in utter bewilderment at the strange scene which surrounded us. Alas! it was the sleep of death. I bent forward to kiss her pale brow, and its touch shot like an icebolt through my blood. At the same instant, some one lifted her pillow, and while the long curls fell back from her forehead, a vial was drawn from its concealment beneath the clustering mass of ringlets. I heard a confused murmur of many voices—the word '*poison*' reached my ears, and I remembered nothing more!

"When I recovered my senses, I had been for months the tenant of a private mad-house, and the doom of the wretched felon, as well as the untimely fate of the lovely but misguided Juliet, had long ceased to be the topic of daily interest. Both were forgotten by the world, but Grayson still lives within his narrow cell, and though the glorious beauty which excited my fatal passion has long since mouldered beneath the coffin-lid, yet her form still lives in my remembrance, a bright but terrific spectre of the past.

"The denunciations of scripture have been literally fulfilled. The sin of the father has been visited heavily upon her who knew no sin, and I have learned the bitter lesson which all must know who 'reap the whirlwind from the oft-sown wind.' The passions of our youth become the severest stings of our late life, our errors often assume the awful character of crimes; and this one folly of my boyhood has compelled me to bear unto my grave a weight of unutterable remorse; that worst 'burden of the heart—the heart whose sweat is gore.'"

Brooklyn, L. I.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD, *by Miss Sedgwick: Harper & Brothers.*—This is just such a work as might have been expected from the pen of Miss Sedgwick, characterised by liberal opinions and sound judgment. With an honorable pride for the institutions of her own country, she is neither so blinded by prejudice nor swayed by enthusiasm, as not to give "honor to whom honor is due." She looks upon humanity with the eye of a philanthropist—condemning not whole countries from the faults of private individuals, nor judging of society solely from her own impressions of social intercourse. We know of no traveller who has ever written a more graphic, just and intellectual work upon Europeans and their institutions, than this gifted lady; a work which we would be inclined to regard as more sound on matters of vital interest to both countries, than the selfish and prejudiced opinions of travelling speculatists or the sophistical reasoning of political diplomatists. Did our columns permit, we would cheerfully have transferred many of her pages to them, but must content ourselves in quoting the following passages as illustrative of the good feeling, which, among the well informed classes of society exists in England towards the continuation of friendly intercourse and relations between the two countries. She says—"To-morrow we leave England, having seen nothing but a drop in the ocean of things worthy to be examined. We are now to plunge into a foreign country, with a foreign language, and foreign customs. It seems like leaving home a second time. If any thing could make us forget we are travellers, it would be such unstinted kindness as we have received here. You cannot see the English in their homes without reverencing and loving them; nor, I think, can an Anglo-American come to this, his ancestral home, without a pride in his relationship to it, and an extended sense, of the obligations imposed by his derivation from the English stock. A war between the two countries, in the present state of their relations and intercourse, would be fratricidal, and this sentiment I have heard expressed on all sides."

THE ANCIENT REGIME, *by G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—With a delight and satisfaction seldom to be derived from the present class of modern novels, we have perused this excellent work, which contains some of the finest passages and natural drawn characters of this celebrated writer. The heroine, Annette de Saint Morin, is certainly one of the loveliest drawn pictures which, have for years, appeared in the gallery of fiction. The Abbé Count de Castleneau, is likewise one of these rich and graphic sketches so ably dashed off by the pencil of a master. The interest of the tale is highly exciting, yet withal natural, and, in many places, based upon recorded matters of fact—a high moral tone pervades the whole of the story, and adopting the words of the author, "nothing will be found in it which can offend the most delicate mind; and which, he is certain that not a word can be discovered which has a tendency directly or indirectly to encourage vice, or which has, for its object, any thing but the promotion of that high and holy philosophy which came from God, and leads man to Him."

THE SECRET FOE, *by Ellen Pickering: Carvill & Co.*—The time of this novel is laid in that of the protectorate of England, and is fraught with strong character and stirring incident. This authoress certainly improves in every fresh effort, and considering the prolific character of her pen, she is at least entitled to the lenity of criticism whenever an error in either composition or character presents itself, which we are happy to say is seldom. Some of her former writings were remarkable for their tediousness, but this fault in the present work she has entirely eschewed, for a more exciting plot has not appeared among our modern novelists for years. We predict that its popularity will be great, and we think it is deserving of it.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR: *J. Dillon Smith.*—This work is got up in a very tasteful manner, and the names of the editors, Felix Varela, D. D., and Charles Constantine Pise, D. D., are guarantee of the excellence of its contents.

SCOTTISH MELODIES, *by John Graham: Charles T. Geslain.* This work is, in every respect, a delightful one. The author, in a modest preface, attributes the cause of its appearance to untoward circumstances: this, we regret to learn, yet at the same time, rejoice to find that "out of evil cometh good," as in this instance it assuredly has, as also to know that he has so sweet a comforter as his muse in his calamity. Many of the lyrics breathe the highest bursts of patriotism, an ardent love of liberty, attempered with the spirit of virtue. The more delicate ones are remarkable for beautiful imagery and deep pathos, worthy, in some instances, of ranking with the ballads of Burns, Hogg, and Motherwell. When we say this, we can bestow no higher praise on Mr. Graham, and sincerely recommend his work as a delightful one, to every lover of poetry and music.

PEASANT AND PRINCE, *by Harriet Martineau: D. Appleton & Co.*—The various tales in this neat little volume are worthy of the authoress. They are full of interest and most delightfully related. Although not at any time particular admirers of this lady's writings, yet we are in this instance compelled to allow that we have derived much pleasure and moral instruction from the present volume.

THE HANNAHS, *by Robert Philips: Appleton & Co.*—The object of this volume is to show the strength of maternal influence upon sons, and is exemplified in the lives of several of the most conspicuous personages in scripture. The author is very popular in England, where his works have acquired a most extended circulation, and which we desire to see followed here, as they are calculated to minister much to the religious instruction of our rising generation.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS, *by Frances S. Osgood. J. C. Riker.*—This elegant volume, edited by our gifted correspondent, and containing some of the brightest gems of her genius, is a most suitable and pleasing present at this season of flowers. The engravings are beautifully executed, and colored in the most tasteful manner. The chapter on botany is, in itself, a complete compendium of that delightful science, and to the amateur as well as proficient, will be found useful and instructive.

CHARLES LINN: *Dayton & Saxton.*—A pleasing series of moral tales, designed for the amusement and instruction of youth.

THE POETS OF AMERICA: *S. Coleman.*—The success which has attended the publication of this volume, has induced its enterprizing publishers to issue a second, similar in size to the first, but infinitely superior to it in literary excellence, typography and pictorial embellishments. Various works of a kindred character have, of late, been given to the public, and although all of them have been marked by taste and judgment, yet, in honesty of opinion, we are compelled to avow that "the Poets of America" is, by far, the best, as well as the most elegant volume of the kind which has ever emanated from the press of America."

THE IDLER IN FRANCE, *by the Countess of Blessington: Carey & Hart.*—When we took up these volumes, we were inclined to believe we should meet with nothing original or interesting in them, the same field having been so often trodden by travellers of all characters and countries; but before we had waded through half a dozen of chapters, we were agreeably surprized to find the accomplished authoress introducing us to an acquaintance with the *elite* and intellectual of the most fashionable city in the world, with all that delightful vivacity of style and graphic description by which her literary efforts are so peculiarly distinguished. In the present work will be found not the mere notices and superficial opinions and gossip of the flying tourist, but the shrewd and sound observation of an intellectual and high minded female, whose associations and talents so well adapt her to the subject. A better description of fashionable life, and at the same time displaying a profound knowledge of humanity, has not, among the numerous works of this class, appeared for years. We recommend it as the most pleasing book of the season.

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IT WAS A DREAM OF PERFECT BLISS.

A BALLAD.

WORDS BY T. HAYNES BAYLY—MUSIC BY EDWARD J. LODER.

MODERATO E CON ESPRESSIONE.

S va.....

CRES.

f *p*

S va.....

It was a dream of per - fect Too bliss,

f p

p

beau-ti-ful to last . . . I seem'd to wel-come back a-gain the days of the bright

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past! I was a boy-- My mi-mic ship sail'd down the village stream, And

mf p CRES. p

I was gay and in-no-cent But ah! it was a dream, But

pp mf pp

RALL.

ah! it was a dream. 8 va.

COLLA VOCE. f p fp

8 va.

SECOND VERSE.

And soon I left the childish toy
For those of manhood's choice,
The beauty of a woman's form,
The sweetness of her voice.
I thought she gave me blameless love,
The nursling of esteem--
And that such love I merited,
But ah! it was a dream.

THIRD VERSE.

I saw my falsehood wound her heart,
I saw her cheek grow pale;
But o'er her fate the vision threw
A bright delusive veil--
I thought she liv'd, and that I saw
Our bridal torches gleam;
And I was happy with my bride,
But ah! it was a dream.

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THEATRICALS.

We have little to say this month on the subject of theatricals, the Chatham having been the only theatre which has kept its doors open during a portion of July and August, where that inimitable actor, Browne, has been delighting the audience with his personation of Robert Macaire and several other of his performances. J. R. Scott in tragedy, Rice in negro character, and Mrs. Blake in chamber-maids, have been also contributing to the amusement of the Chathamites. Mr. Hamblin during the recess of his theatre, has been performing a splendid engagement at Providence, and the Bowery has again opened under most favorable auspices. Several new dramas, from the pen of J. S. Jones, Esq., of Boston, where they have met with great success, have been produced under the direction of the author. Among them, we may instance especially the Surgeon of Paris, a drama, abounding in strong effects. Mr. Hield has been added to the company, and many other engagements entered into by the enterprizing manager. Determined also to suit the taste of all classes, he has brought forward a tribe of Indians, who, by an exhibition of their native customs and habits, have assisted greatly in augmenting the receipts of the treasury. A host of other novelties are in preparation, and the prospect of a spirited season is at least apparent. The Park will also have opened by the time the "Companion" appears, but who are to be the stars destined to throw light upon its fortunes, has not yet transpired. Lady Rumor says the Ellsler will again appear. Mrs. Fitzwilliams will play a short engagement. Sheridan Knowles, it is said, intends once more to give us a taste of his quality. The Vandenhoffs, it is hinted, may again return; of this, however, we are doubtful, as it is currently reported, Miss Vandenhoff is about to be allied to Captain Miller, late commander of the British Steamer Acadia, should this prove true, we think the attraction of this talented family would be so greatly diminished as to render their trip unprofitable both to themselves and the managers. A new theatre is talked about being erected on the site of the late National. We hope not. The parties who are bold enough, or rather foolish enough to venture on such an undertaking, deserve no encouragement, or even compassion, should it prove, as it ever has done, a total failure. Experience has shown that the situation is not adapted for a theatre, and that hitherto, save to the proprietors of the ground, it has always proved an unsuccessful speculation. The different managers who have here attempted to guide the helm of theatrical matters, have ever more or less, placed themselves and performers in difficulty, and heaven knows there are theatres enough in the city of New-York. All increase, therefore, of theatrical property, is only a waste of capital and an entailment of calamity upon the members of the profession. Such we believe is a brief summary of theatrical matters as they at this time exist in New-York, and we regret to say, that in almost every other section of the Union they present the same melancholy aspect. How long this will continue we cannot pretend to say, but one thing is plain, both from ocular and practical demonstration, that in theatrical, as well as in every other profession, a rash speculation has been the destruction of the drama; and, as in a former number we remarked, that some years since a set of individuals whose sole object was the accumulation of wealth at the sacrifice of the interests of the stage, so to a certain extent do like parties continue their unprincipled operations all over the Union. Theatres, which are now to be had for little or nothing, are seized hold of by individuals without one cent of capital, but who possessing a dashing exterior and suavity of manners, contrive to wheedle themselves into the good graces of the community—engage a company of performers, who, in these times of severity are glad to catch at even the shadow of an existence, and when the speculation proves, as such affairs nine times out of ten do, a ruinous matter, the unfortunate actors have to suffer for the folly, nay, we may almost say dishonesty of the manager. We honor sincerely the stage as a rational and instructive school of amusement, but when its purposes are thus perverted by designing men, we are of opinion that the public authorities would confer a benefit upon the stage, by permitting none to assume the reins of management but persons of talent and character.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The viands of our table this month, must, from necessity, be of a very moderate quality, owing to the total absence of all that is worthy of being placed before our readers. Concerts, lectures, and the various other novelties which contribute to the furnishing of our editorial banquet having been forsaken for the more delightful and healthful enjoyments of the country. There is hardly, we rejoice to say it, a village in the vicinity of New-York, but what is teeming with our inhabitants. The man of business has closed his leger and forgets his thirst for gain in the seclusion of rural life. The young and neglected wife has now the full enjoyment of her husband's society—not condemned to her solitary city home wearying for the hour to terminate the day and bring him perhaps moody and melancholy to her arms. Bargains, speculations, and interest, are here forgotten, in the sweet walk, the deep glen, shady grove, or by the silver streamlet, recalling again the moments of their first hopes and affections. Her fairy form perhaps has changed for that of the mother, and around them sport in the innocence of childhood, a beautiful family, bursting rose-buds from the parent stem. Unseen by every eye but that of nature, in "the dim sweet melancholy" of some wood, wander a pair of youthful beings, who seek no society but their own, who dwell in a world of happiness, and look on the prospective as never to be clouded with speck or stain—joyous moments, while yet the heart is fresh and the blight of age or mistrust has not fallen on them. Or wandering by the shore of the boundless ocean, whose trump of eternal thunder never ceases, in whose depths lie the spoils of nations, for which the strong and the fearless have struggled, toiled, and staked life and eternal happiness, what must the rich man then think and feel when he reflects that he, like those who have there perished, is at the mercy of Him "who holds the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand." Of what does wealth avail him? Nothing—comparatively nothing; giving him an elevation, perhaps, above his fellow mortals in the sphere of fashion and its luxuries, but in no way cannot it secure for him a higher seat in heaven above the poorest of his fellow men. Apart, therefore, from mere enjoyment, is the participation in scenes of nature in her beauty and simplicity, calculated to soothe the distracted mind, to minister to the enlargement of our better feelings, and to humble the haughty spirit, which, in the plentitude of power and the exuberance of riches, forgets that there is a being in whose eye he is but one of the innumerable links in the illimitable chain of creation.

Castle Garden.—Among all our summer resorts, commend us to this charming place, where the languid and fevered frame can enjoy the bland and cooling breezes of our magnificent bay. Here you are not mocked by gaudy imitations of nature, stifled in a heated atmosphere or jostled by all classes and characters, but with ample room for promenading, delightful music, and respectable society, the visitor can agreeably while away an hour in healthful recreation.

Mrs. Maeder.—It is resolved among the higher classes of our lady community, to present this excellent woman and actress, with a testimony of their respect for her private worth and professional abilities, in the form of a complimentary benefit. We rejoice at this, as no actress had ever a higher claim to the regard of every friend of the drama, and certain we are that every gallant heart will aid the fair committee in their laudable undertaking.

Fashions for September.—*Walking Negligee.*—Robe of grey silk; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with three white tucks; silk apron fringed with lace; fancy sleeves; cloak of white gros de Naples; bonnet of clear muslin, with bands of fancy straw, ornamented with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Silk skirt, very full, with a flowing band from the waist. Sleeves short and full, bare arms, long lace gloves. Hair parted plainly in front and falling in full ringlets.

Walking Full Dress.—Robe of *tentalane*, with full puffed flounce; scarf of embroidered crape, with rich deep fringe; hat of rice straw with flowers or feathers; embroidered handkerchief; fan parasol; blue morocco slippers; hair plain.

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DALKEITH

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1841.

CALDWELL—LAKE GEORGE.

This beautiful sheet of water lies in the State of New-York, and communicates with Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga. High mountains completely encompass it, which are, for the most part, clothed from their summits to the water's edge with trees of many-tinted foliage. The deep seclusion in which it is buried, adds greatly to its romantic character, and even now, when the spirit of enterprize has, by the introduction of steamboats, afforded the traveller access to its beauties, if we except here and there a few marks of civilization, it yet retains all its primitive aspect. Three hundred and sixty islands, it is said, stud the bosom of the lake, some of them thickly wooded—others covered with moss and wild-flowers, and reflected in the pellucid depths. So remarkable are the waters of Lake George for their purity, that, in former times, they were carried to distant places to fill the fonts of the Roman Catholic churches, and even now it is known among the professors of that faith, by the name of Lake Sacrament. The tranquillity of its surface is seldom ruffled, owing to the shelter afforded by the mountains which surround it. In former times, its shores were noted for innumerable herds of deer, and the few settlers in the neighborhood depended as much for support on the chase, as on their agricultural pursuits. The following description of that race by Dr. Dwight, will serve to convey some idea of the wild simplicity in which they lived, as recently as 1800. He was then on a visit to Lake George, and in one of his rambles, encountered a huntsman with a dead buck lying beside him. "Before our departure," he says, "we heard the hounds advancing near to us. Our new companion instantly took fire at the sound. His eye kindled, his voice assumed a loftier tone; his stride became haughty; his style swelled into pomp, and his sentiments were changed rapidly from mildness to ardor, to vehemence, and to rage. I was forcibly struck with the sameness of the emotions produced by hunting and by war. The ardor of battle, the glitter of arms, and the shock of conflict, could scarcely have produced, in a single moment, more violent or fierce agitations than were roused in this man by the approach of the hounds, the confident expectation of a victim, and the brilliant prospect of a venatory triumph. To him who has been a witness of both objects, it will cease to be a wonder that the savage should make the chase a substitute for war, and a source of glory, second only to that acquired in battle. Our hunter was not exempt, however, from the common lot of man. His partner came up with the hounds, but without a deer! The magnificence of our companion dwindled in a moment. The fire vanished from his eye: his voice fell to its natural key, and the hero shrank into a plain farmer." Lake George is nearly two hundred feet above Lake Champlain, and its outlet is partly composed of three steps or falls, which, when the snows of winter are dissolving, present a series of magnificent cataracts, while in summer they appear merely like little streamlets dashing and brawling over the rugged rocks. The poetry of Scott is most applicable in illustration of some portions of the scene.

"Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep,
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face,
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girded with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
'Till each, retiring, claims to be,
An islet in an inland sea."

R. H.

Original.

THE CASTANET.

An answer to the Charade in the August number.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

I.

When sunlight flashes on the waves
Of "Biscay's stormy bay,"
And gilds the beach his current laves—
With morning's earliest ray,
From off the strand, a swarthy band—
The fishermen of Spain—
Launch their light boats with skilful hand,
And proudly ride the main!

II.

Now shoot they forth with arrowy speed,
And leave the sparkling shore;
The dashing waves they little heed,
For strength is at the oar;
With laugh and song they swiftly glide—
'Till far from home they've passed,
Then in the deep and teeming tide,
The treacherous *net* they *cast*.

III.

When daylight fades, their laden boats
With weary arm they urge,
Back to the shore, whence cheerful notes
Come wafted o'er the surge:
Lo! on the beach the maidens stand,
With eyes of sparkling jet;
And sing to welcome them to land—
The merry Castanet!

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Original.

SEBASTIAN BACH AND HIS FAMILY.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART II.

"If the lessons were only over!" cried, impatiently, Lina, the youngest daughter of Sebastian Bach.

"They will soon be over," said her mother, "it has already struck twelve."

"Ah! what with the beating and blowing above there, my father often does not hear the hour strike. He is too zealous with his pupils."

Madam Anna Bach smiled good humoredly at the impatience of her favorite, and replied—"Take care only that your father does not hear you talk so. He would interpret it ill. He regrets often enough, already, that his daughters have no gift for music, while his sons have been skilled on the piano and the organ from their earliest childhood."

Lina fixed her beautiful hazel eyes earnestly on her mother, and said, with some petulance—"Yet my father, if he would be just, must acknowledge that we three girls give him more pleasure, than all his sons, skilful musicians as they are!"

"Silence!" said her mother, gravely, "it does not become you to boast of your father's regard, nor to accuse your brothers. Go to your sisters, and to work."

Lina obeyed; but when at the door, she turned suddenly round, ran back to her mother, seized her hand, kissed it affectionately, and said—"Be friends with me, mamma! I meant no harm by what I said."

"That I well know," replied Madam Bach, "you are a good girl; but you have not the quiet manners of your other sisters. You are hasty and vehement, like the brother you resemble in outward features—whom you always blame, because he has grieved your father, and yet whom you love better than all the rest."

"Friedemann!" cried Lina, and threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms. Then recovering herself, with a "I will be good, mamma!" she left the apartment.

Madam Bach, after speaking a moment with her youngest son, Christian, was about to follow, when the door opened and her excellent husband, Johann Sebastian, entered. He was still a stately and handsome man, of steady carriage, and eyes that beamed with the brilliancy of youth; but, thirteen years had considerably changed him; deep furrows were in the once open and smooth forehead; his cheeks were fallen in, and their color betrayed disease.

"Is your lesson over?" asked his wife.

Sebastian held out his hand affectionately, and answered—"Yes, for to-day." He placed himself in his arm-chair, and Madam Bach continued—

"You are glad of it, for you seem to-day very much exhausted."

"Ay; old age will have its claims satisfied, and rest does me good now and then; but glad—no! I am not glad, that the hours are at an end, in which I must do my duty. I can impart instruction yet—I have strength to make good scholars, and so long as I can work, none shall find me remiss."

"You will do much good yet!"

"That is in God's hand, Anna! My will indeed is to do—you look so pleasant—what have you there?"

"A letter for you from Philip."

"Ho, ho!" cried Sebastian, while he joyfully rose; "has the scapegrace at last found time to write to his old father? By my faith, I have doubted whether he has ever learned letter writing, since he has been concert-master in the service of His Majesty of Prussia! Well—what says he?" and he opened the letter, and read—

"My dear and honored father—

"You will pardon your most dutiful son, that he has not written in so long a time to his beloved and honored parent, and will impute this neglect of duty by no means to any lack of filial affection, or of dutiful esteem, since it is solely and entirely owing to the pressing business of my situation. This fair and magnificent capital is all life, as far as music is concerned. At court there is a great concert two or three times a week, without numbering the private entertainments, which his Majesty has every evening in his cabinet, where I accompany him, on the pretty Silbermann's piano, on which my beloved father played before His Majesty.

"His Majesty plays on the flute quite surprizingly; and I think his tone fuller and better than Herr Quantz can produce But, as respects time, I am obliged to give good heed to keep with him, for His Majesty is capricious, and troubles himself little with the notes—going forward and backward and stopping at his own will and pleasure. This is pleasant enough when he plays alone, but in concerts, occasions much confusion.

"His Majesty has always been very well pleased with my accompaniment; and after every piece we have executed together, His Majesty has been pleased to say—'You have done this well.'

"His Majesty always inquires in a friendly manner after my esteemed father, and often asks me—'Will not your papa come once more to Berlin?' This I would propose, with proper discretion; and I can promise beforehand, if my dear and esteemed father will visit us, he will be received with joy and honors by all. Be pleased to pardon my hasty writing; convey my best love and duty to my most honored mother, my beloved brothers and sisters, and make happy with a speedy answer.

"Your dutiful son,

"*Berlin, July 18th*, 1750. "PHILIP EMANUEL BACH."

Sebastian folded the letter again, and said, with a good humored smile—"His *hasty* writing I must indeed pardon, for this once, for he has never written to me otherwise."

"What think you of his proposition to visit Berlin once again?" asked Madam Bach, "the journey, I think, would do you good."

"It would indeed!" replied Sebastian, cheerfully, "I would gladly see Berlin and His Majesty once more! Ay! twice in my life have I been wrought to believe there was something good in me; the first time was in the year seventeen, when Monsieur Marchand took himself quietly off, the evening before our appointed contest, so that I held the field alone in Dresden—ha! ha! ha! The second time, was three years ago, when the great King of Prussia came into the ante-chamber to meet me and give me welcome; and when some rude chamberlains began to laugh at my expressions of duty and homage, His Majesty chid them with—'*Messieurs! voyez vous, c' est le vieux Bach!*' That pleased me wonderfully, and Friedemann, too!"

"You will go, then?"

"Yes—if they will give me leave here—and there be a small overplus of money in the purse, I should be

* A tale from the German. Concluded from page 230.

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glad. Ha! it is strange, that in my old days I should be seized with a roving propensity, of which I had little or nothing when I was young. Enough for this time; let us go to dinner."

—

The day was near its close, and Sebastian sat before the door of his dwelling, by the side of his wife, and surrounded by his family, his two eldest sons only, Friedemann and Philip, were wanting. The mother and daughters were employed in sewing and knitting work, and whispered now and then to each other. The sons listened to what the elder Bach was telling them, of his youthful studies, particularly under the century-old organist, Reinecken, in Hamburg.

The setting sun threw his last rays upon the quiet group, under the green and stately linden, which shaded the entrance to the old Thomas school. A picture was presented, which in its true keeping might have inspired the genius of the greatest painter of that day.

In the midst of Sebastian's story, Caroline, who had been looking towards the corner where Cloister street runs into Thomas' church-yard, sprang to her feet with a cry of surprize.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother, alarmed while the others all rose, leaving the venerable father alone, sitting on the bench. Before the maiden could answer, the tall figure of a man was seen hastily crossing the churchyard towards the house, and now Sebastian rose too, for he recognized his son, Friedemann.

"*Salve!*" cried the old man, "do you come to stay?"

"I have kept my word!" answered Friedemann, "and if you think right, I will stay!"

Sebastian, nodding a pleased assent, held out his hands to his son, and embraced him with transport. His mother and the rest crowded round him, all but Caroline, who stood in her place, looking inquiringly at her brother. After he had returned the greeting of his family, he turned and addressed her. Then her eyes sparkling, her lovely face suffused with the flush of joy, she cried—

"I also bid you welcome!"

After the first surprize was over, Sebastian led his son into his chamber, and with gentle earnestness repeated his question.

"Come as you will, you are welcome," said he, "yet what brings you here so suddenly?"

"That it is not the old story, my father," replied Friedemann, "you will believe upon my assurance. Ah! thirteen years are enough to blunt *one* sorrow—the more certainly, the greater it is! But a thousand new ones are born to me, and one among them yields not in bitterness to the first!"

"And what is that, Friedemann?"

"I despair of ever doing any thing truly great in my art! I have only pride, not power, to support me against daily vexations. I have purposed well—true! I have purposed well. I wished to strike out a new path, without neglecting the excellent old school. I might err—ay! I *have* erred! the result proves it; but, the motive of my exertions was pure; what I strove after was great and noble. But I have been slandered—insulted! my aim ridiculed—my endeavors themselves maliciously criticised—descried!—"

"And by whom, Friedemann?"

Friedemann started at this question; at length he said—"I am wrong, I know, to permit the judgment, or rather the silly prating of a malignant fool to destroy the pleasure arising from my exertions; and yet it is so. There is a certain schoolmaster Kniff, in Halle, who, though all he accomplishes himself is contemptible, yet passes for a luminary in the musical horizon; I think they call his works reviews."

"Ay," cried Sebastian, "I know them to be ridiculous. I think the schoolmaster must be the cause of some sport in Halle."

"You are mistaken, father," replied Friedemann, "he is not derided, but feared on account of his malice, and those who fear him not, are pleased at the base libels by which he strives to bring down others to his own level."

"And can that disturb you?" asked Sebastian, "notwithstanding your knowledge that only the base and the evil array themselves against the good? Methinks I have ever taught you, there is no more certain proof of elevated worth, than the impotent rage and opposition of the vicious. I never taught you to look with pride or arrogance on your equals or inferiors, but to be calm, self-possessed, and to maintain your ground, even against the great, much more against the rich! That is man's first duty; practise it, Friedemann, and no schoolmaster Kniff, or any one else, can make you dissatisfied with yourself or your efforts."

Caroline here interrupted the conversation, announcing a stranger, who wished to speak with her father.

"Who is it?" asked Sebastian.

"He will not tell his name, but says he is a friend of yours."

"Bring him in, then," answered the old man, and Caroline left the chamber.

"*Bon soir!*" cried the stranger, as he entered, in a sharp voice, while he hastened towards Sebastian, and held out his hand; "*bon soir, mon cher papa!* Do you not know me?"

Sebastian could not immediately recollect the face, Friedemann recognized him at once, and said—

"Ah! Monsieur Scherbitz! good evening.

"Ha! ha!" cried Scherbitz, laughing, "is not this our ex-court organist? Exactly! there is the same ill-boding from between the brows as in 1737. You are but little changed, my friend, with being thirteen years older. I am still the same, except that at fifty-three I am grown to be First Lieutenant."

"You proved yourself a friend to my son in time of misfortune," said Sebastian, "and are therefore ever welcome to me and mine. To what lucky chance am I indebted for the pleasure of welcoming you in my quiet home?"

"To the most unlucky, my good sir! I was so careless, at the Prime Minister's last court, as to tread on the left fore-paw of his lady-consort's lap-dog. The beast cried out; the Countess demanded satisfaction; and in punishment for my misdeed I am marched as

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First Lieutenant to Poland, in the body-guard of His Excellency."

Friedemann laughed. Sebastian, who felt a horror creep over him at his sarcastic, misanthropic wit, sought to change the conversation; but in vain, Scherbitz went on, jesting in his bitter way, about his tragical destiny. He concluded his account with the information—"that he had come over to Leipzig simply and solely to see Papa Bach once more in his life, for, on the word of a First Lieutenant, he had ever loved and honored him since the first time he beheld him, thirteen years ago."

The next morning, Von Scherbitz was walking in the little garden behind Thomas school, which afforded but a narrow view, being bounded by the high wall on one side, when he saw at the other end, Caroline, occupied in fastening the branches of a vine to an espalier. He approached and saluted the young lady; she turned and replied with the same cordiality.

"You are very early at work, Mademoiselle Bach," said Scherbitz, after a pause, during which she was arranging her vines.

"My father takes great pleasure in cultivating vines," answered Caroline.

"Do they flourish here?"

"Oh, yes! sometimes."

"I heard some charming singing, early this morning; it was a woman's voice. *Parbleu!* Faustina never sang clearer! Were you the singer, Mademoiselle Bach?"

Caroline blushed, and said—"Not I—it was my mother."

"Your mamma! *C'est vrai!* Friedemann told me she sings admirably. But, you sing too, mademoiselle?"

"I hum a little, sometimes, like all girls when they are cheerful—but none of my father's daughters are musical—and he says we have neither taste nor talent, to learn it properly."

"Perhaps you understand it by intuition, already."

Caroline looked at the Lieutenant, and replied with a smile—"you are a good guesser, M. Scherbitz."

"No great guessing is required; there are many young ladies, who do not sing or play according to rules, yet who, nevertheless, are by no means unmusical."

"Oh! I love music—I love it dearly! Brother Friedemann knows that—and it is therefore we are so dear to each other. But it is a very peculiar kind of music that I mean."

"You mean church music?"

"No!"

"Or concert music?"

"Nor that."

"Or dancing music?"

"No—no!"

"*Eh bien!* then you are fond of the Opera?"

"Not I—indeed!"

"What sort of music then will you have?"

Caroline laughed, but immediately after replied with a gentle sigh—"The music that I mean is not to be had here in Leipzig."

"What does that mean? Leipzig is the musical capital of all Europe!"

"Yes—it is very strange—but quite true! I find little or nothing of it here, admirably as my father, my brothers and their scholars execute their parts. Something is still wanting."

"Mademoiselle Bach, you must have studied in Professor Gottsched's college, since you are not satisfied even with your father and your brothers!"

"Ah! you must understand me!" cried Caroline, eagerly. "Observe, sir—if I would enjoy my music in perfection, all around me must harmonize, and that is not possible here. But in a wood, surrounded by high mountains, the summits glowing in the morning or evening light, while it is yet twilight below; or when only a ray here and there streams down upon the foliage; while above, in the deep blue heaven, clouds are moving, white, rosy and golden—that is a charming accord. And the tops of the trees, waving and whispering—the bushes answering in sighs—the brook singing its constant, yet ever new melody—the flowers moving like magic bells—the wild bird trilling his song! And when the sun is set, and the moon climbs the rocky verge and pours her soft silvery light on the scene, —or when dark clouds gather in the heavens, and hissing lightnings dart through them, and echo reverberates the thunder, and the swollen stream roars, and foams over the rocks and the crushed trees—all is to me, music!"

Scherbitz looked a moment in astonishment at the young lady, then answered—"Mademoiselle, it is possible you are not a singer, but you are a *poet!*" And he left her, to communicate his discovery to his friend.

Friedemann, with a bitter smile, replied—"It is as you say, Von Scherbitz, and that it is so, is reason enough to drive me mad, if there were none other! I love this child, as my own soul. I have seen her grow up, and ripen into bloom—I shall see her die—for the fairest gifts of heaven are only lent to poor unhappy man, that their loss may add to his misery."

"True, and false, *mon ami!* as we take it. Do you know in what lies your fault and mine? We philosophize too much! Do not laugh; *parole d'honneur*—I speak in earnest! It is true, each of us in his way; we should have done better by acting, instead of thinking so deeply; instead of mocking at, and saying all possible evil of this miserable world—we should have acted. Not the will, but action, removes mountains. There lies a parodox in the truth that the greatest thinker, when it comes to the deed, can do absolutely nothing; a paradox, but it manifests at the same time the wisdom of the Creator; for wo to the system of the world, if the mightiest thoughts and designs were deeds! Satan, who revolted, cannot be dangerous to heaven. Man, whom the Maker created after his own image, could, if he possessed the power to do, what he imagines in the moments of his exstacy—"

"Cease, Von Scherbitz!" cried Friedemann; "I see the abyss before me!"

"*Va!* we are safe, *cher ami!* for as I said, we are but philosophers. Had not the minister played the

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spy on you and his pretty niece, had not I, *malheureusement*, stepped upon the foot of the Countess' lap dog, we should be perhaps at this moment, both sitting quietly in Dresden—you as Natalia's fireside friend, bewitching her, yourself, and the world—I, as a merry page of fifty-three, jesting and enduring—and, *morbleu!* am I not enduring even now?"

"Do you know," asked Friedemann, and as he spoke his countenance assumed a strange expression—"do you know I have often fervently prayed that I might be mad—for a time—not for ever!" in a quick and vehement tone—"no, no! for all the world, not for ever! but for a time I would be mad, that I might forget; and again, I feel the memory of what I have experiened, *would*, even then, cling to me." He pressed his hand with a wild gesture before his eyes.

The lieutenant started, and said, soothingly—"Give not so much heed to my idle talk, my friend! I am *old*, melancholy—have no hope of a brighter future; but you, you are young, can yet do much—so much—"

"What can I do?" cried Friedemann, with harrowing laughter. "Nothing—nothing—nothing! With me at five and thirty, all is dead! All—more than with you at fifty! Ha! mark you not, where *madness* lurks yonder, behind the door, and makes ready to spring upon my neck, as I go out? He dares not seize on me when my father is near; but shrinks up, 'till he is little, very little, then hides himself in an old spider's web over the window. But he shall not get hold of me so easily! ha, ha, ha! I am cunning! I will not leave the chamber without my father! Look you, old page, I understand a feint as well as you!"

"*Mon ami! mon ami!* what *is* the matter?" cried the lieutenant, and seizing his friend by the shoulders, he shook him vehemently. "Friedemann Bach, do you not hear me?"

Friedemann stared at him vacantly a moment. At length his face lost its unnatural expression, his eyes looked like living eyes again, and he asked softly—"What would M. Scherbitz?"

"What would I? man! what makes you such an idiot? Recollect yourself."

"Eh!" said Friedemann, smiling; "Eh, M. Scherbitz, who takes a jest so deeply? And you really believe, that I am sometimes mad? Ah! not yet; I am rational, more rational than ever!"

"Well, well! *mon ami*, it was your jest, but one should not paint Satan on the wall. Pry'thee, sit you down, and play me something, that I may recover myself, you acted your part so naturally."

Friedemann sat down in silence to the instrument and began to play.

"I dreamed not of this!" muttered the lieutenant, while Friedemann, after having played half an hour, suddenly let his hands drop down, sank back, and fell fast asleep.

On the morning of the 21st of July, 1750, the church-bells rung a solemn, yet cheerful peal, inviting the pious inhabitants of the city to the house of God. The sky was perfectly cloudless; the glad Sabbath sun shone brightly, and the pious heart felt strengthened anew in faith and devotion. Into Friedemann's heart also, this day penetrated a beam of comfort, of joy, of love. He had spent a part of the preceding night in studying a masterpiece of his father's—the Great Passions Music. Full of the grandeur of the work, his face animated with serene delight, he was walking to and fro in the chamber of the old man, pondering in his mind a similar work, which he had thought of undertaking.

Sebastian sat in his arm-chair, with folded arms, dressed ready for church, and followed with his eyes, smiling affectionately, the movements of his son. After a while he said—

"I am glad the Passions Music pleases you so well; I have a work, of quite another kind finished, the first idea of which I got from your *Fughetton*. And you are the first after me, that shall see it."

He went to his desk, opened it, took out a sealed packet and gave it to his son. It bore the inscription—"To my son, Friedemann."

"In case I had died without seeing you again," observed the old man, "I am rejoiced it has happened otherwise; you may break the seal."

Friedemann did so, and on opening the package, his eyes fell on that nobly conceived, that admirably executed work, which, from the day of its first appearance to the latest time, has commanded the admiration and reverence of all the initiated—"*The Art of Fugues, by Johann Sebastian Bach.*"

Friedemann looked over the manuscript with sparkling eyes, and said—"Then I have not lived in vain! *my* poor attempt has suggested a work which, or I must be deceived, is destined to immortalize the name of its author! Receive my thanks, father, you have given me *much* to-day!"

"I know, Friedemann, that you at least appreciate and honor my design, so that I receive much from you, for such appreciation is most gratifying to us from those we love, and is the highest reward earth can bestow."

"And you, father, have understood me?"

"Yes—grieve not over the judgment of others; yet while you endeavor to deserve the appreciation, the regard of your equals, labor to instruct those who cannot repay you thus. Will man assume more than higher powers—and only show to the best, that he belongs to the best! Are you skilful and faithful, let your light shine, else you degrade yourself and rebel against the Being who gave you power and inclination to do so."

Here, the chime of the bells, which had ceased for some time, began anew; the door opened, and Madam Bach, her three daughters, the boy Christian, and Von Scherbitz, entered, all ready for church. Madam Bach gave her husband a prayer-book and a bunch of flowers; Caroline handed him his hat.

Sebastian rose, gave his arm to his wife, and walked to the door, accompanied by his children and his friend. Turning back an instant, he glanced at the window, shaded with vine-leaves, on which the sunlight glistened, and said—

"What a lovely morning!"

He was about quitting the room, when he stopped suddenly! prayer-book and flowers fell from his hands;

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the females shrieked; he struggled to regain his strength a moment, then sank back lifeless into the arms of his son.

Thus died Johann Sebastian Bach, by a stroke of apoplexy, the 21st of July, 1750.

—

Three years after, Baron von Globig was celebrating the feast of the vintage, at his splendid villa at Loschwitz, some distance from Dresden. Richly gilded gondolas, with long, and many colored penants, were gliding to and fro over the bosom of the Elbe, landing the distinguished guests invited by the proprietor of the villa. The splendor, nay, profusion, that marked all the preparations, was not unworthy of the favorite and confidant of the Count von Brühl. Nothing was wanting which the most refined and fastidious taste could suggest.

The host fatigued himself by exuberant efforts to do the honors suitably; this appeared the more singular, as no one took particular notice of him; all observation being directed to his lady, who, though dignified and courteous in her demeanor, manifested little interest in any thing that passed.

As twilight came on, colored lamps were lighted in the garden walks, and gorgeous illuminations were displayed before the entrance. Bands of musicians alternated with each other, and joined in full bursts of harmony; brilliant and stately figures whirled through the merry mazes of the dance; all was hilarity and joy; and care was banished.

When the company re-assembled in the saloon, the Prussian ambassador presented to the lady of the house a young but distinguished-looking man, as Philip Emanuel, the second son of the great Sebastian Bach.

The Baroness blushed slightly, and after a few words of salutation had passed, asked—"Where is your elder brother, now?"

"We do not know," replied Philip, sadly; "Friedemann disappeared from Leipzig the day of our father's death, and none of us have seen him since."

The Baroness turned away without speaking again. The Baron came up and said in his bland tone—"Will you have the kindness, most honored sir, to let us hear before supper a little, if but a little piece from you? My guests will be delighted to listen to the celebrated Monsieur Bach; and to enhance the effect of your divine playing, I have, by way of fun, permitted a poor half crazy musician from the Prague choir, who plays dances in the villages, to give us a tune in the antechamber. The doors may be opened, but he must not come into the light, for his dress is soiled and disordered."

Meanwhile a full accord sounded from the ante-room; a servant threw open the doors, and in the imperfect light the guests had a glimpse of a meanly dressed man, sitting at the piano, with his back turned towards the door.

The company had anticipated a joke, for the Baron had privately informed every body of his purpose: but it was quite otherwise, when they heard the wonderful, entrancing harmony, now towering into passion, now sinking to a melodious plaint, which the poor unknown musician drew from the instrument. All were touched; but the Baroness and Philip stood, pale as death, and looked inquiringly, yet doubtingly, upon each other. Suddenly, at a bold turn in the music, the Baroness whispered—"'Tis he!"—and Philip cried aloud—"'Tis he! 'tis my brother—Friedemann!"

The musician turned round, sprang up, and rushed into Philip's arms. But at sight of the Baroness, he started back with the exclamation—"Natalia!"

The Baroness fell back in a swoon. Friedemann, forcing himself a way through the crowd, rushed from the house.

Original.

THREE CONCEITS.

"Didst speak to me, mother?" "Yes, my child"—
And her bright eye beamed, and her words were mild—
"Array thee a dress for thine ebon hair;
Choose thou for thyself from my wardrobe there."
"Mother, the dress shall be simple and neat,
A plain little cap unassuming and sweet,
With a border snow white, and the trimming in hue
Shall be sable, in mem'ry of those we loved true,
And I'll wear no bright gems in these dark locks of mine.
This is my fancy, mother—oh! say, is it thine?"
"Thou hast chosen discreet, and I love thee full well
My own stricken one," and her bosom did swell.
"Thy prayer shall be heard in the haven of love,
Thou wilt meet with our chosen and lost ones *above*."
"Didst call *me*, my mother dear?" "Yes, my child,
Thy sister has chosen, choose *thou*," and she smiled.
"Mother, the dress shall be lofty and rare,
For my clustering tresses of dark brown hair;
A turban of gauze of a silvery hue,
And high on my forehead a signet of blue,
And a sapphire of beauty encircled with pearls
Half disclosed, half concealed by my *natural* curls;
And my brow be unclouded, my eye shall be clear;
Meets it thy liking and praise, mother dear?"
"Thy taste is most perfect. The sapphire shall be
An emblem of beauty engendered in thee.
Be thy leading star Virtue, and Wisdom thy guide,
'Till thou, my dear child, art to Heaven allied."
"I am coming, dear mother, I know 'tis thy call,
And thy voice on my ear like music doth fall."
"Choose thou a tiara, my youngest one dear."
"My dress is all ready, see, mother, 'tis here—
My bright glossy locks simply braided this morn,
I have culled from the rose-tree a gem to adorn,
And the buds are half open, the leaflets are green;
A lovelier garland I never have seen;
And I'll gather a wreath to encircle my brow;
Tell me, dear mother, art pleased with me now?
And the mother was silent—her eye was intent—
And its high speaking glance toward Heaven was sent;
"Oh! guard *through* this world!" she low whispered a prayer,
"And protect my *pure* child from its treacherous snare."

S. J. D.

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Original.

THE FIRST DOUBT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Of all pangs inflicted on the sensitive heart, that which is the most insupportable, and which disenchants for ever the bright illusions of life, is the first doubt, which intrudes itself of the idol of our soul's affection. The sweet outpouring of entire confidence and perfect trust, vanishes never to return, and the warm and trusting heart feels crushed in its most holy feelings. This intense suffering is further aggravated by the consciousness that it is unmerited; the evil increases; we are no longer guided by reason, and incapable of consolation, the victim sinks, and the heart is broken.

The imagination in woman being more vivid than with us, renders them more frequently the victims of their unguarded attachment. They endow the idols of their fancy with perfections which they seldom possess; they torment themselves with groundless fears, and imagine that all covet the same treasure. They are ingenious in creating phantoms of infidelity, and the most tried constancy is sacrificed to a crime. A calm exterior hides the secret suffering; a constrained smile suppresses the rising reproach, and the fever of the heart withers like the hot breath of the Sirocco, the delicate garland woven by the hand of Hymen.

Caroline Armigny, an orphan of noble extraction, had been, some months, united to Léon de Saint-Far, an officer in the French navy, in whom, to the brilliant advantages of person, were added a mind of the highest order. His bearing was frank and manly; his countenance open and expressive, and his eloquence captivated the heart, while it charmed the ear. These attractions, joined to a cultivated understanding, might well justify the thrill of gratified vanity which agitated the heart of Caroline when she distinguished him in the crowd of adorers, drawn around her by beauty, her rank and her large fortune. In the last, she was far superior to her lover, whose family had been ruined by political reverses; but it was her pride and pleasure to bestow, with her hand, that worldly wealth, which was her least attraction in his eyes. His unbounded gratitude expanded itself in constant endeavors to contribute to her happiness, and to vary her pleasures and occupations. Their hotel at Paris was the resort of all the most distinguished persons. All of birth, rank or talent, sought admission to their society, where taste and refinement heightened the éclat of wealth.

The first three months of their marriage flew away on wings of enchantment. The unwearying exertions of Léon to increase the pleasures of his adored wife, blinded him to the possible consequences of so much dissipation; until a slight cold, acting on an impaired constitution, produced an inflammation of the lungs, of which the progress was so rapid, that, in a week, she was on the brink of the grave. What a contrast! the brightest ornament of the Parisian fêtes—she who had eclipsed all others, where all are graceful, was now insensible to the assiduities, and to the despair of her unhappy husband. He never left her; he listened with a pulseless heart to her incoherent murmurings, and executed, himself, all the prescriptions of her physicians. During her intervals of consciousness, her first look found the anxious eye of Léon bent on hers, and her hand fondly clasped in his; and, for a moment, a languid smile of gratitude and love would contend in her angelic face, with the shades of death which were fast gathering around it. It was but a moment, for the fever returned with such violence, that hope was abandoned, and the physicians confessed that the resources of their art were exhausted. Her youth was her only chance for recovery, and that night would determine her fate. Their friends endeavored to persuade Léon to retire from the distressing scene, but his determined answer that "he had received her first avowal of love, and would receive her last sigh," silenced their importunity. Regarding her altered features, and listening to her fluttering breath, he desired them to leave him alone with the poor sufferer, whose last hour seemed fast approaching. Then, fastening the door, he threw himself beside her, and gave full vent to the anguish of despair. He pressed her to his throbbing heart, and wildly supplicated Providence to spare an existence in which all his hopes of happiness were enrapped. His loved voice found an echo in the heart of the dying wife, and as his scalding tears fell on her face, he perceived a faint color displace the paleness of death. His prayer was heard! and a faint pressure of his hand accompanied the soft murmur of her voice as she said, Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part." Frantic with joy, he pressed her again and again to his breast, exclaiming, "No, beloved! nothing *shall* separate us! live, live to love me, to make happy a life that without thee would be a long agony."

When the physician returned, he declared the crisis past, and that her recovery might be hoped for. Soon afterwards, she again revived, and turning towards her husband, repeated with a sweet smile, "Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part." From this time her recovery was rapid, and the increasing care of her happy husband was directed against every possibility of relapse. He carefully guarded her from the danger of exhausting visits of congratulation, and providing such slight amusements as her weak frame could bear. The variety of his talents, which had charmed crowds, was now devoted to such tender exertion of them as would relieve but not fatigue, the attention she could give them. He read, he sang to her, and when his love was rewarded by her perfect restoration, he formed plans for the future more consistent with the care her delicate health would require. They determined to abandon those irregular hours and large assemblies to which they owed all their late suffering.

"Why should we," said Léon, "risk the loss of your precious health for the delight it gives me to see you shine above all others in society? Are we not all to each other, and where can we be so happy as in our own home?"

"And, my beloved Léon, whose admiration is valued

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by me like thine—how I glory in my choice, and how happy I am to call myself thine!"

"And, sweet wife, how has the agony of the moment when I thought I was losing thee, strengthened the tie that binds us, and how grateful am I to the beneficent Being who heard my prayer, wrung from the torture of a heart whose life was bound up in thine."

"'Twas thy voice, my Léon, thy prayer, which penetrated my heart and awoke me from the sleep of death, and nothing can add to my felicity, since I owe my life to thee."

"Should I, in my turn, be on the borders of the tomb, thou, beloved Caroline, canst call me thence by repeating thy dear assurance."

"Léon, dear Léon! we shall not part!"

It was in such delightful converse that those happy beings passed every moment not devoted to the necessary claims of society, and they felt how little, in comparison, were the tumultuous pleasures of the gay world, to the perfect union, the delicious effusion of united hearts and congeniality of thoughts, taste, and disposition. Happy epoch of life, in which we realize a paradise on earth; blest spring of Hymen, when the path is strewn with flowers and whose sun shines beneficent and pure. Ah, why is your duration so short; why can the smallest cloud so often obscure your horizon, and create tempests, when all before was so serene?

The spring approached and Saint-Far was recalled to his ship; he left his restored treasure with pain, and though her courage sank at the idea of separation, she was yet to taste the bitterness of absence. She possessed, at some distance from Paris, a fine chateau, to which she resolved to retire, and she formed a plan of rigid seclusion, to which she strictly adhered. Reading, music, and drawing, alternately, with acts of benevolence, filled up all her time that was not devoted to a constant correspondence with her husband. The time passed more rapidly than she dared hope for, and her heart was sustained by the aliment of his tender expressions of unchanging affection. So true is it, that, in the words of a true painter of nature, speaking of parted lovers—"as soon as one is alone, they are together."

Saint-Far returned at the close of autumn, after visiting the southern shores of France, and distinguishing himself in an expedition to the isle of Cyprus. Caroline was ready to receive him at Paris, and the joy of meeting repaid her for the pain of separation. Again, under his protection, she appeared to ornament society, but carefully avoiding the vortex of which she had nearly been the victim, she devoted an evening in each week to the reception of the most celebrated of both sexes, and, at these assemblies, Saint-Far, whose disposition was very gallant, shone conspicuously in the fair circles of which they were composed.

At first this occasioned Caroline no uneasiness; to her he was uniformly so tender and so kind; she was so sure of reigning supreme in his heart, where all was open to view, that suspicion could find no place in her bosom. But there were not wanting those who would willingly have received his vows, and who would not have scrupled to triumph in the violation of that fidelity to his wife, of which she was so justly proud. They could not conceive the possibility of its continuation. Many a bright eye shed its softest ray at his approach, many a smothered sigh met his ear, many a sentimental revery was assumed in his presence, and all the artillery of coquetry was called forth and aimed at poor Saint-Far. His amusing descriptions of these incidents, to Caroline, furnished them with many a gay hour, but, as yet, no doubt disturbed her full security, though her indisposition to general society was thereby much increased, though she scarcely was conscious of the cause. She took care not to lose sight of her husband, who, however, unconscious of his danger, abandoned himself to the full vortex of coquetry, in which many a more experiened mariner has suffered shipwreck.

A few days after his arrival, a party at tennis-ball was formed, and many ladies invited to witness the skill of the players. Saint-Far shone conspicuous for grace and agility; bets ran high in his favor, and encouraged by the applause of the spectators and the tender interest depicted in the eyes of Caroline, he grew animated, until, throwing up in his eagerness the sleeves of the dimity vest, worn at the games, he disclosed a bracelet of hair, of a dark color, to the alarmed gaze of the poor Caroline. A mortal agony seemed to chill her whole frame. She could not believe her senses, and when the mist cleared from her sight, she stole another glance, and saw too clearly that a braided tress, with a rich clasp, was there.

"From whom," thought she, "could he have received this love token? I have never given him one like that, and the hair is not light like mine. Léon, dear Léon, canst thou have deceived me?" Then trying to rally herself and to conceal her agitation, she recalled his increased tenderness since his return, the perfect openness of his communications to her, the enthusiasm of his gratitude for her selection of him, and his almost idolatrous love. She thought of his brilliancy, of the eagerness with which his society was sought for by the most fascinating women, and again exclaimed—"Léon, dear Léon, canst thou have deceived me?"

But the conflict was too great, and while her imagination thus led her from conjecture to suspicion, a burning fever succeeded the chill which had benumbed her, and when Saint-Far turned to seek his reward in her sweet face, which, to him, was more dear than the rapturous plaudits bestowed on his success, he was shocked to perceive her pale, and nearly fainting. He eagerly demanded what was the matter, while she tried in vain to dissipate his fears.

"But *something* must have caused this trembling—tell me what it is, my love?" he persisted, and Caroline, whose pride forbade her to tell the truth, said, that—"She had been foolishly alarmed at the near approach of the tennis-ball to his breast, and that she thought she saw him wounded and overthrown; and," added she, "I also felt the blow strike my heart."

Touched at her anxiety, he tried to laugh at her fears, declaring that she must accustom herself to see him attack and defend his adversary at the game. "I must make a heroine of you, at this mimic war, which is so

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attractive to me, dearest, and after you have seen it a few times, and know that with skill and practice there is no danger."

"No, no, no, one trial like this is too much. I could not bear another." So saying, she turned tremblingly away, and, supported by his arm, she could scarcely gain her carriage. She was unable to appear at the splendid collation which succeeded this memorable contest of tennis players, and was confined to her apartment many days.

Her confidence was now shaken, and she could scarcely endure the caresses her husband lavished on her. She replied to his endearing language by looks which sought to read the bottom of his soul, and she shrunk from his embraces as from the deceitful folds of a serpent. In his looks she read treachery and infidelity, and the idea of the concealed bracelet never left her thoughts. If pride had not restrained her, she would have avowed her anguish, and by disclosing her knowledge of his secret, have confounded, at once, the author of her misery. But, in spite of his faults, she still loved too tenderly to willingly cause him a moment's mortification.

It was not only in their moments of domestic privacy that the unhappy Caroline endured a torture, which it is useless to attempt to describe. Her sufferings were aggravated in the gay circles where she again suffered herself to be led. While others participated in the pursuits which called them together, and Saint-Far was again the life and attraction of all their parties, Caroline, under the pretext of indisposition, seated herself in a retired corner, and with restless eyes and heart, endeavored to discover the object of her gnawing jealousy. She examined the color of each one's hair, that bore any resemblance to that of the bracelet, and watched every action and motion which could unravel the mystery which attended it. Ashamed, at last, at the meanness of espionage, and wearied by the inutility of her endeavors to find a rival on whom certainty could fix, she resolved to seize a moment to examine the bracelet itself, and discover the name of her rival. Fortune soon favored her wishes. Saint-Far, returning fatigued from a game at tennis, threw himself on a sofa in the little music-room which overlooked the gardens of the hotel; and Caroline encouraged the drowsiness which oppressed him, by the loftiest strains of her harp. In a few moments she perceived that a soft slumber had possessed his faculties, and that the execution of her design was made easy, by the light morning undress which he still wore; his head was supported by his right hand, while the left, on which was the bracelet, hung negligently by his side. Caroline approached softly, but at the moment of discovery, she hesitated, from the fear of confirming her misery. "Alas," said she, "what am I about to do? if doubt be insupportable, how shall I bear to *know* that another rivals me in his heart; and am I not seeking to penetrate what he wishes to keep secret? But no! let me, at least, know my rival; perhaps it is my dearest friend, one whom I have cherished, and shall I let pass this opportunity of unveiling treachery and ingratitude; to hesitate is a weakness. If this chance be lost, I may not find another! No, to know the worst is better than this dreadful suspense." Softly kneeling at his side, she gently raised the arm which had so often encircled her, and cautiously lifting the sleeve, saw the fatal bracelet, which, however, appeared, on a nearer view, much brighter than before. With eager eyes she sought the inscription, and read the words, in golden letters, "Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part!" Below was inscribed the date in Roman characters, "Midnight of the 9th and1 0th February."

Shall we attempt to describe the sudden revulsion from fear to joy? "Ah, Heaven!" said she, "how well I remember that night! when the earnest invocation of a despairing husband resuscitated my fluttering breath. This must be my hair darkened by the braiding! whose else would be ornamented with this inscription? I could gaze for ever—'Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part!'" Her husband's light slumber was broken by the joyful tones of Caroline, and amazed at her humble position, he attempted to raise her in his arms. "No," said she, "let me expiate at thy feet, my shame and remorse for having doubted thee! Ah, could my scalding tears efface from my remembrance the injustice I have done. Could you but know all I have suffered!" She then disclosed the fatal discovery of the bracelet at the game of tennis, the circumstances which gave weight to her suspicions, the anguish, the conflicts between her love and pride, between her love and confidence.

"And Caroline could doubt my love?" said he, pressing her to his heart; "but her sufferings have expiated her fault." Then recurring to the memorable night of her illness, he avowed that, believing her expiring, he had cut off a tress of her beautiful hair as a memorial of their short-lived felicity. He had not mentioned it from the pain of recalling the scene, but wishing to preserve a remembrance of it, he had the bracelet made at Toulon, and the clasp so secured, that it could not be removed.

"And thus have I compensated you for so much constancy, fidelity and consideration! Blind that I was, to even, for a moment, suspect you of deceit!"

"And, what misery may arise from misapprehension and concealment with those we love, my Caroline; let us here enter into a sacred engagement to allow no appearances to disturb our happiness. Should one of us have cause to complain of the other, let us clear the doubt before it oppresses one heart; otherwise, our union, which is the sweetest of earthly blessings, will become a tedious slavery, and the hymeneal chain will become heavy and insupportable, and all for the indulgence of The First Doubt!"

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—*Cowley.*

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Original.

THE JEWESS OF CAIRO.

BY S. B. BECKETT.

THE increased activity that pervaded the narrow streets of Cairo, would have informed the weary denizen that the cool of the evening was at hand, even had not the last rays of the sun, setting in a fiery haze beyond the dim desert, illumined the tops of the countless minarets, and glanced along the lone and solemn pyramids of Gizeh, in the distance. All day had a silence like that of the tombs reigned throughout the city, for it was a time of disease and death, and none had dared to venture abroad in the pestilent glare of the sun; but now the streets were thronged with the gay multitude—a motley throng—exhibiting every variety of habilament, from the full turban and flowing trowsers of the Turk, to the wan jackets and sugar-loaf *golgotha* of the western adventurer.

Among the many idlers that the *fraicheur* of evening had called out, was a young man, whose broad-brimmed Panama hat, linen frock, and the look of restless curiosity and nonchalant humor with which he regarded every object, to the experienced citizen marked him as one of different origin from those who usually tenanted or frequented the city. Such indeed was the case. The young man was a wanderer from the far transatlantic Republic. He was accompanied by a person in the dress of a sailor, who, although he might have been nothing more than a servant, seemed to enjoy almost the familiar footing of an equal with his master. They were busily engaged in conversation.

"Well, master Frank," said the servant, "you may have your own opinion about these matters, but for my part, I am glad to get back to a place where I can see something in the shape of a white man, even if they be a beggarly set of cut-throat butchers."

"Tut! tut! Roderick. Prithee put a bridle on your tongue, if you wish to retain it in your mouth. You are not rolling along the streets of New-York, where one may talk as he pleases. For my part, I would far rather be away amongst those glorious old ruins than pent up in this pestiferous place, where every beam of the sun is impregnated with fever, and every breath of wind smacks of the plague. I shall be away for Palmyra to-morrow."

"Palmyra; where is that? I dont know any such port on the Mediterranean."

"No more do I, Roderick. The place to which I allude was built by King Solomon, and is called in the Bible, Tadmar in the Wilderness. Its ruins are superior to any we have yet visited."

"Ruins! more ruins! Well now, master Frank, it goes beyond my fathom-line to know why a man wants to be for ever roaming about among old tomb-stones and frightening the owls and jackals from their quarters in those tumbled down meeting houses, or whatsomedever them same big hills of stone may be. I would as soon think of knocking about an old-rotten hulk that might be found cast away on some desolate island."

"And would'nt such an object be worth examining—an old weather-beaten craft half buried in sand and shells, on some far uninhabited coast, with wild weeds and flowers springing in the seams and rents of her decks, and the wren-birds perchance building their nests in her scupper holes. Would there not be, at least, a melancholy satisfaction in thinking of the time when she was wont to ride the waves, a brave ship—of the tempests that tore away her masts, destroyed her gallant tars, and finally beached her on the unknown coast. Would it not be worth while to endeavor to find out some relic by which to learn the port she hailed from, whither she was bound, and how she came there?"

Thus they continued their conversation, as they rambled on, 'till they arrived at the Jewish quarter of the city, where a few date and palm trees imparted a look of comparative freshness to the surrounding objects. Suddenly they were interrupted by the voice of a female crying for assistance, and in a moment a young Jewess rushed out of one of the neighboring houses, pursued by a Moslem soldier, and ran directly towards the young American.

"Save me, save me!" cried she, in a tone of agony.

Without stopping to consider the consequences, the young man motioned his attendant to take charge of the lady, and turned to confront her pursuer.

"Away! dog of a christian!" thundered the Moslem, "'tis the order of the Pacha—let me pass!"

"You pass over my dead body, if you do! Neither Pacha nor Padisha can have any business with my sister," returned the American, drawing his sword, which he wore according to the usage of the place.

"Infidel! dost thou count life so cheaply? The Pacha's eye never slumbers—his scimitar is keen—his bowstring is always ready! Let me pass, unless you wish to become food for the dogs and jackals."

"Talk not to me of bowstrings and scimitars. Think you I will compromise the honor of my sister for my life?"

"Infidel dog! thou liest. She is the daughter of the Jew, Absolom—thy fate is sealed!" and with this comforting assurance, the soldier turned hastily away, his small eyes glittering with passion.

The young American deliberately sheathed his sword, and turned towards the demoiselle. "Now, my pretty one," said he, "let me see you to your home, and then I must away, for I suppose yonder turbaned rascal will be down upon me with a whole legion of the Pacha's myrmidons."

"Alas!" replied the maiden, "It would have been better had I submitted to my fate, cruel as it would have been, than to bring ruin on others. Think not of me. Fly this moment—your life hangs on a thread. The Pacha's vengeance is as swift as it is certain. Fly, oh, fly instantly!"

"Not so, pretty one; let me first see you to a place of safety, and then trust me but I'll contrive some way to escape the old tyrant, with the aid of my trusty Roderick here."

The young lady no longer objected. He took her arm in his, and they hastened towards the dwelling from

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which she had issued. An old man came hurrying towards them, with a flushed face and outstretched arms.

"My daughter! my daughter!" cried he, "do I see you again—has the Pacha relented?"

The young American explained in as few words as possible, the state of the case.

"What!" exclaimed the old Jew, "withstand the orders of the Pacha! you are a dead man!"

"Not exactly defunct yet," replied the other, surveying his own well made and muscular frame; "and I trust that many a happy year will go by, ere a *hic jacet* will be raised to my memory."

"Young man, you know not your peril. Let me beseech you to conceal yourself; every moment is precious. Hasten, and may the God of Abraham protect you. Yet stay! to whom am I indebted for this timely aid?"

"I acknowledge to the name of Wingate—Francis Wingate, at your service."

"Mr. Wingate," replied the old man, "I owe you a heavy debt of gratitude. If you escape pursuit, disguise yourself and meet at the base of the Pyramid of Cephenus, four hours hence—it is the only safe place that I can think of. You will find my boat opposite the Bulac bazaar in which to cross the river to Gizeh. Remember, the Pyramid of Cephenus—there you shall hear of something that will be of service to you."

Wingate assented, and relinquishing the arm of the maiden, and kissing the fair hand which had been detained a willing prisoner in his own, he hurried away and was soon lost in the turn of the narrow street.

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It was verging towards midnight, and the city was once more given up to the silent revels of Death, and the sinister deeds of the robber. Within one of the rooms of an old storm-blackened caravansera, kept by a French *emigrè*, our friend and his attendant were busy in donning their disguises, which were the close jacket, flowing trowsers, and broad turban of the Turk.

Every thing being ready, they sallied forth, and took their way towards that part of the city called Bulac, where, on their arrival at the place designated, they found a boat, and were soon silently pulling across the river for Gizeh. It was a glorious night. The bright moon-beam slept on city, rock, and river, revealing the magnificent buildings that lined the banks, the bold outlines of the Pacha's castle, and in the distance the pyramids, towering on high, like an array of embattled giants.

They were not long in rowing to the opposite bank, and after half-an-hour's tramp, they arrived at the pyramid designated by the Jew. Neither sight nor sound of human being could they discover.

"By Jove! the old Israelite has played us false," said Wingate; "well, it is only an adventure, Roderick, and all that remains for us is to tramp back to Cairo."

Sensibly spoken," exclaimed a turbaned worthy, starting up, sword in hand, from behind a mass of rock, followed immediately by half a dozen others. "We'll bear you company!"

Wingate at once recognized in him the emissary of the Pacha, from whom he had rescued the Jewess; but trusting to his disguise, he demanded their business with him, taking the precaution to speak in French.

"The Pacha's vengeance is swift and sure!" replied the leader of the party, grinning with exultation.

"What has the Pacha's vengeance to do with me? I am not conscious of ever having offended His Highness, except that to reconnoitre the pyramids by moonlight be a sufficient cause for displeasure."

"Yes! yes!" replied the Mussulman, "and having seen the pyramids, perhaps you would like to see some of the antiquities about the Pacha's castle—the dungeons under the palace, for instance, are rare excavations!"

Wingate saw that he was recognized, and submitted in silence; not so his trusty squire.

"*Scrimining voux, portex voo?*" exclaimed he, trying to imitate his master in speaking French, as he tore away from his captors. "*Scrimining voux, portex voo*, and be damned to you! What are you boarding me for?"

"Surrender!" said one of the soldiers, aiming the point of his scimitar at the old tar's breast; "your disguise is of no use."

"Disguise! *je voo ramercy*—shiver my timbers! if I aint as good a Christian Turk as any of you!"

Here Wingate interfered, and persuaded Roderick to submit peaceably, else had the facetious tar gone to keep company with the dead, and Wingate might have had to explore the Pacha's dungeons without an attendant.

In the course of an hour and a half they arrived at the city, and were ushered into a deep and dark apartment beneath the castle, whose grated windows and massy walls precluded all hope of escape, and were there left to their own reflections. Slowly the hours passed away and when the jailor appeared with food, Wingate tried to prevail upon him to give them some information as to their fate; but he only shook his head. Gold was tried, but with no better effect.

"Well, Roderick," said our hero, sinking back in despair as soon as the jailor had departed, "unless we can contrive some method of sending a notice of our situation to the French consul, our doom is sealed—the bowstring will be called into operation. And all owing to my accursed folly in trying to rescue the daughter of a worthless Israelite, who doubtless has shielded himself by betraying us."

"That's as the case may be, Master Frank. But, there's no use in browsing up the dunnage of one's memory, in that way. We are whole and taut as yet, and I have known many a craft live out the gale, when all hands had given her up."

"Yes, but your ship had good sea-room. Here we better resemble a craft surrounded by ice-bergs, with the dull shores of death rising gloomy and dread over the frozen wastes, where the least breeze may set them in motion only to crush us. And to be smothered in a pent up hole like this, with none but our murderers being aware of our fate, this is what saps the manhood from me. I could meet death under the blaze of the sun and not flinch, as no one knows better than you, but —my poor mother, my matchless sister! how will their

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hearts be wrung by suspense, when years shall have flown, and the absent son and brother's fate still be veiled in mystery."

"Gadzo! master Frank, you're getting water-logged without an effort to save yourself. Keep a good look out, we may yet discover some glim in the horizon, some opening in these ice-bergs."

Thus they continued to converse, 'till overcome with weariness, the dreary prison and their critical situation were forgotten in slumber, and the bright scenes and smiling companions of his boyhood were in the dreams of the young American. Among those companions was a gentle and confiding creature, lovely as a Hebe—it was the young Jewess—she had conferred her heart's affections on him, and a world of sunshine and flowers was open before him. "A change came over the spirit of his dream;" again he was contending with that fierce Moslem, for the rescue of his beloved. In the height of the strife, his foot tripped, he fell, and the sword of the Egyptian janizary was aimed at his heart! Twisting aside to avoid the blow, he awoke. Was it a hallucination of his overwrought brain, or did he in reality behold a face of seraphic loveliness bending over him? He started—the beauteous vision vanished; yet the anxious concern radiant in a pair of great black eyes was uppermost in his confused ideas. He raised himself on his pallet, and listened—the heavy, sonorous breathing of Roderick, who slept as calmly as though he occupied a hammock on board of a stout frigate—alone disturbed the silence; but the door of his prison was ajar, a faint light streamed into the apartment, and as he gazed he fancied he saw a white dress glance by the opening. He stole hastily to the aperture, and at the end of the long passage, a sylph-like figure, in the flowing dress of the ladies of Cairo, met his view. The liquid brilliancy of the black eye that peered out from beneath a veil of silver tissue, was the same with those which had beamed upon him when he awoke; and the stature, or that nameless something by which we recognize those we know, even when their faces are concealed, bore resemblance to the young Jewess. He trembled at the conviction, for the only way in which her presence could be accounted for was that she had sacrificed her happiness to the Pacha to rescue him, and he felt that he would almost rather have been left to his fate than that such should be the case. She stood with her foot raised on one of the steps of the stone stair-case as if only waiting for him to follow, at the same time holding up her finger, which blazed with many a brilliant, in token of silence.

Wingate turned back a moment to arouse his trusty servant, but it was only with considerable ado that he could wake the old sea worthy from his deep sleep.

"Blame my blinkers! if it is'nt *all hands ahoy*, the moment a man gets into his hammock," growled Roderick, evidently fancying himself on board-ship; "it's an impossible thing for a man to get his eight bells' good rest now-a-days! Ay! ay! sir, I'm there!"

At the sound of Roderick's voice, the light vanished. It was sometime before Wingate could get the old sailor to comprehend his situation and what had just transpired; but it now appeared of no utility that he had effected this, for the light appeared not again. However they groped along the passage and ascended the stairs, but here they were at fault, neither door nor bolt could they discover, and in despair, they were about returning to their prison, when a door swung away from their feet, being hung by hinges at the top, and they were in the presence of the beautiful stranger. She started on perceiving them so near, but again held up her finger to enjoin silence, and motioned them to follow. They passed two or three lone and lofty rooms, whose immense mirrors, glittering chandeliers, and gilded furniture, were but imperfectly revealed by the glancing light, and at length emerged from a long passage into the open air, not having met with any interruption or heard the least noise in the passages. The thick shrubbery around them, and the grateful perfume of dewy flowers, informed them that they were in the garden of the Pacha's palace. The lady still hurried on, through an embowered walk, until they came to a secret door in the wall. She now, for the first time, spoke.

"You are the first that ever issued forth from this quarter, save the doomed to meet their death. A vessel bound for Jaffa, lies waiting for you at Bulac,* at the end of the French pier. Your lives hang as by a hair, 'till you are on board and Cairo is far behind." Farewell! remember the Jewess, Naomi."

Wingate, in whose breast the low musical tones of that voice thrilled like the strains of an Æolian harp upon the senses of a wanderer in a strange land, turned to make a reply, but the port closed—she was gone. He lingered there, as if entranced, 'till Roderick, who cared not a second time to breathe the air of a dungeon, by absolute force dragged him away, and conducted him to the vessel which their deliverer had named.

They were expected, and no sooner had they set foot on board than the vessel was underway. She was a trim craft of small dimensions. The wind was a couple of points free, and with every sail set she soon cleared the river and was darting along the waves of the Mediterranean, with the speed of the antelope.

"Now let them overhaul us if they can!" said the captain, rubbing his hands.

"Who employed you in this affair?" demanded Wingate.

"You should know that better than I," replied the old man, surprized at the question, "but if you do not, there must be some urgent reason why, and I shall drop the subject. Discretion is a jewel of price—it has earned me many a gold beyzant!"

Wingate found all his attempts to gain information with regard to the Jew, ineffectual. The sum of the information obtained from the captain after all his pumping was, that the owner of the craft had been employed to transport them to Jaffa, and that when there, his duty was accomplished.

The next evening at sundown, they arrived at their destined port, and Wingate, wearying of the squallidness

* Grand Cairo consists of three towns, about a mile apart—Old Cairo, New Cairo, and the port called Bulac.

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and poverty of the town of Jaffa, hired a party of Arabs to conduct him to the ruins of Palmyra. Once more mounted on a fleet Arabian, and bounding along the plains of Syria, he so far forgot the dark eyed Jewess as to exhibit a portion of his naturally exuberant spirits. The route which they pursued gradually became desert and solitary, consisting of barren hills and rocks, parched levels, and wastes of arid sand, here and there interspersed with clumps of wild figs or sycamore trees, and in the fierce ardor of the summer sun, the streams were dried up, or if they continued to flow, their stagnant aspect was any thing but tempting, even to the thirsty traveller.

Towards the evening of the second day, they came in sight of the far stretching silent ruins of Palmyra. At their approach a troop of jackals started up from behind a fallen column, and galloped away among the surrounding rocks and stunted undergrowth.

The Arabs soon set about preparing supper; and after having partaken of the frugal repast, Wingate wandered away to commune with himself in the solitude. The evening shades had fallen—the moon was aloft in the heavens, round and bright. The far waste was streaked with the shadows of the crumbling fabrics. Temple after temple, colonade after colonade, pillar after pillar stretching away in the dim distance, told the magnificence that once characterized the place. Where now were the vast multitudes that whilom thronged its gates? where the gay revellers that sat long at the flowing board, and met nightly to mingle strong drinks? where the frail but beauteous beings whose blandishments whiled away the tedious hours of the royal princes and dissipated nobles? where the prancing steeds and gay equipages, the swift chariots, that "raged in the streets and jostled one against another in the broad way?" where the thousands of wretched slaves, that wore out the prime of life in heaping up these monuments of the vain man's vanity? Ages since pulverized by the hand of Time into dust—the quintessence of the sovereign, the sycophant, and the slave, perchance, blowing about in the dust that the wind whirls up from the ruins, or springing in the stunted vegitation that struggles for life against the fiery beams of the desert sun—and their works are fast following them. How strange the contrast! The song of the voluptuous courtesan is changed for the hoot of the owl as he sits in the shadow of the crumbling wall. The stealthy step of the jackal has taken the place of the roar of tramping myriads—

> "And happily in the palaces of Kings,
> Some gaunt hyena laughing all alone;"

is the only representative of the wassail of the gay and dissipated!

Wingate continued to saunter on 'till he found himself opposite a vast pile, whose mighty columns, towering in the moonlight, and exquisite architecture, drove every other thought from his mind. The better to examine the ruin he kept moving to and fro, until he got within the area of the walls. A slight rustling caused him to turn about, and he found himself opposite the muzzles of two long Turkish pistols, whose butts were grasped by one of the most savage looking beings his eyes had ever rested on. A party of six or eight worthies, male and female, in disguises equally grotesque and uncouth, stood at a little distance looking as though they had been interrupted most unexpectedly in their evening meal. Wingate leaped aside, and a cold sweat began to steal from his pores.

"What seek you here?" demanded his opponent, in a voice that sounded like the growling of a grizzly bear.

"My object in coming was merely to survey the ruins," was the reply.

"If you seek your own ruin, you have come to the likeliest place in the world to find it!"

"As to that, I am not particularly emulous to be classed with the far-famed remains of Tadmar," replied Wingate, assuming a composed tone, well knowing the effect that bravado will sometimes have upon a ruffian. "Besides, my ruin might involve that of all these *bon comarades* here, which would be repugnant to my feelings, utterly!"

Here one of the females sprang forward. "Hold, father! for the love of God! hold!" exclaimed she. "It is he—it is my preserver!"

The old man dropped the muzzles of his weapons, and eyed Wingate closely.

"Holy father Abraham be praised!" exclaimed he. "It is no other than the kind hearted stranger;" and he caught our hero in his arms, and hugged him with as much endearment as though he had found a long lost child. "My dear young sir," he continued, "you must learn to be less venturesome, if you would preserve that head upon your shoulders. Don't be in such a hurry to get away," (Wingate's eyes were wandering in search of the beauteous Naomi,) "I have a character to clear up;" and he took him aside and explained the reason of his not keeping his appointment at the pyramid.

While on his way thither he had fallen in with a party of soldiers—they were chatting so busily that they did not notice his approach. From the tenor of their conversation he discovered that the agreement between himself and Wingate to meet at the pyramid, had been, by some means, discovered—probably it had been overheard by some one in the pay of the tyrant. No sooner had the Jew gained this information than he hastened away to the spot where he had informed Wingate a boat would be in readiness to convey him across the Nile; but upon his arrival there, the boat was already gone. The Jew was now utterly at a loss what course to pursue, and after wandering up and down for half an hour, trying to fix upon some project for the rescue of his young friend, should he have fallen into the Pacha's hands, he returned home despairing of success. But the quick wit of Naomi was more fertile in expedients. The Jew had a relation at the palace, who figured in the capacity of overseer or chamberlain. It was known that the Pacha was absent, and Naomi proposed that she should be sent thither, under the pretence that her father had persuaded her to submit to the Pacha. Once in the palace, she trusted, with the aid of this kinsman, to be able to free her friends, and to escape herself before the Pacha's return. The kinsman was sent for—the capture of the young man was ascertained

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and a *douceur* of a thousand dollars, secured, in the chamberlain, a coadjutor. Naomi accordingly went with him to the palace, where means were found to effect the liberation, as we have already shown. As soon as this was accomplished, they donned disguises, and escaped to Absolom's house, where they found some six or eight of her father's friends, armed and equipped to conduct them to a place of safety. Jerusalem had been pitched upon as their place of retreat, and an untravelled route across the desert had been determined on, the better to avoid detection. It was by this route that they had arrived at Palmyra.

During this recital, Wingate's eyes were frequently wandering in search of the young Jewess, and no sooner had the old man finished, than he hastened towards her.

"Naomi," said he, taking her hand, and leading her apart from her companions, "I owe you my life! How shall I pay the debt—how shall I express my gratitude towards you?"

In the brightness of the round moon, the desert was almost as light as at meridian day, and when, for the first time, she drew aside her veil, and discovered her features, he trembled before the earnest expression of those large, dark eyes—all the deep fountains of the affections in his too susceptible heart were broken up.

"Gratitude! debt!" exclaimed she. "On my side lies the indebtedness—the gratitude. You, a stranger, voluntarily risked your life in my behalf, and, by so doing brought yourself to a dungeon. I aided in setting you at liberty, but you are still under the displeasure of the Pacha, and might meet with a sudden end if you should fall again into his power, which, may Heaven avert. Yes, the weight of gratitude is on my side, and I trust my father may yet find some means of expressing our sense of indebtedness to you."

"Say no more about it," said Wingate, gazing with admiration at the thoughtful countenance of the Jewess as she stood facing the moonlight, than which, that of the Florentine Venus could not have been more regular or lovely. "To have had the satisfaction of assisting one so noble and generous, is sufficient compensation in itself!"

Naomi could but notice the look of passionate admiration with which he regarded her, and as she felt his trembling hand tighten its clasp in hers, her eyes lowered, and her face became suffused with crimson.

"Lady," continued her companion, "can you pardon me when I tell you that from the moment we parted at the gate of the Pacha's garden, you have been in my thoughts—on the sea, in the crowd of the city, in the desert, among those lonely ruins. Our limited intercourse will hardly warrant it, yet time presses—I must express my sentiments; you have awakened in me—"

"To horse! to horse!" cried the stentorian voice of the look-out—"we are pursued!"

The old Jew came hurrying towards his daughter. "Naomi! Naomi!" said he, "our trials are not yet over; you must into the saddle! Perhaps, by hastening away in the shadow of the ruins we may yet escape detection."

"But what will become of my preserver?" exclaimed the weeping girl, still allowing Wingate to retain her hand. "You would not leave him to the mercy of the Pacha's soldiers?"

"I have a passport from the French consul, endorsed by the Pacha's minister, and they can but respect it," said Wingate.

"At least, your chance of safety is better with it, than in flying with us," said the old man.

Wingate helped the lady to mount her horse—a noble Arabian—kissed her hand, and waving an adieu away she was borne with the speed of the wind, and soon disappeared from view over a neighboring eminence. He was aroused from the spell into which these events had thrown him, by the peculiar voice of Roderick.

"Holloa! Master Frank, whereaway are you cruising? Captain Wingate, ahoy!"

Wingate joined his trusty squire.

"Whereaway now have you been cruising, Master Frank? Gadzo! if I haven't struck every rock and reef that obstructs this damnable passage, 'till my shins are barked like a pealed ingin! I did'n't know but that you had been boarded by some rough customer, who might prove too much for you. Our mouse-colored Arabs have stowed themselves away, and I think it would be as well for us to be looking up some snug berth."

"'Tis no time for sleep now; look yonder," replied Wingate, pointing to the advancing horsemen, as their dark forms were seen on an eminence in the distance, relieved in the moonlight.

"The murdering, robbing villains of the desert! It's my mind that we cut our cables, make sail, and drop this place astern as fast as possible!"

"No! no! If they turn out to be the Pacha's soldiers, as I suspect they will, I have a passport, and they dare not but respect it!"

"Pacha's soldiers! Shiver my timbers! if I hadn't rather take my chance with a whole squadron of the desert imps, than trust me in the keeping of those same-turbaned rascals. See you here, Master Frank, if we remain here, that passport of yourn will most likely be a passport back to those infernal cockpits we escaped from by the help of that pretty Jewess—God bless her! It's my mind that we loose stud'n-sails alow and aloft, and show them our heels."

"In that case, we should certainly be overtaken; and our flight, in their eyes, would be only a proof of our culpability. No! no! our only course will be to wait 'till they come up."

Wingate was the more strenuous in remaining, because he trusted to be able to mislead the soldiers in regard to the Jew and his daughter, of whom, he doubted not, they were in pursuit. Silencing Roderick's remonstrances, therefore, he sought their companions, and aroused them up for the coming interview. In the course of a quarter of an hour, the horsemen reined in at their encampment.

"Who are you, and where from?" demanded the leader.

Wingate tendered him the passport which stated the purposes for which they were travelling.

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The Mussulman read the paper, and eyed them closely. "Is this your whole party—are there none absent?" inquired he.

"None—we are all here!"

"Were there no other people encamped here when you came up?"

"Not a soul! We have been examining the ruins; their only tenants are the owls and jackals."

"I was persuaded," said the Moslem soldier, turning to one of his companions, "that we were on the wrong route. An idea strikes me. By the beard of Mahomet! I would wager a beyzant, that the old beggar that directed us astray, was the Jew himself in disguise!"

So the others seemed to think, and after consulting among themselves some time, the leader returned the passport, bowed haughtily, and departed in the same direction in which they had come up, much to the relief of the whole party.

"Shiver my timbers! we've weathered the villains this time," said Roderick, rubbing his hands with a deal of satisfaction. "That same passport is as good as a ship's papers in a foreign port, Master Frank."

With the hope of overtaking Naomi, Wingate now gave orders for the immediate departure of his party, assigning, as a reason, that the soldiers might change their minds, and return. The Arabs had the utmost terror of the Pacha's emissaries, and Roderick's sentiments towards them were any thing but those inculcated in the good book—"love all men"—so that they wanted no spurring. But although they travelled at a rapid rate, they finally arrived at Jerusalem without having discovered the least traces of the Jew's cavalcade. Our hero immediately commenced a search for their retreat, but two days passed by, and he had learned nothing of them. On the third day after his arrival at the holy city, he rose early, and strolled forth from the monastery where he had found lodgings, to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the morning. He turned up the first street he came to, and sauntering along, found himself at length at the east gate of the city. There was a balmy mildness in the breeze, as it swept from the heights of Mount Olivet, fragrant with the exhalations of dewy flowers, which, combined with the quiet beauty of the prospect before him, induced him to continue his ramble beyond the city's walls. Kedron was before him, sparkling in the hazy sunbeam, as it laughed along its pebbly bed, beneath the spreading palms that waved by its banks. Wingate was soon far away in the vista of the shadowy past. The pomp and glory which characterized this lone scene in Judah's palmy days, when David was King, passed in review before his mind's eye. But his revery was cut short by a touch on the shoulder, and turning round, he was confronted by one of the mendicant pilgrims that visit the holy city in search of relicts, from 'far countries.' The beard of the old man was grey, his brow wrinkled—he was apparently bowed down by the infirmities of many years. Wingate would perhaps have taken no notice of this strange-looking being, further than to consider him an object of charity, but he had twice encountered him before during his morning's walk, and he began to suspect that the beggar garb was assumed to hide some sinister intent, for Jerusalem was, at that time, as it now is, little else than "a den of thieves."

"What would you with me, old man?" exclaimed he, fiercely.

"Tush! the very trees and rocks have ears!" said the pilgrim, casting a glance of distrust towards several Arabs who were filling their skins with water, near at hand, "follow me!"

"Wingate hesitated, when the old man came nearer, and whispered a word in his ear, which seemed to have a magical effect upon him. He no longer hesitated to follow.

Street after street was passed, and the pilgrim at length stopped before a huge weather-stained fabric, which seemed only waiting a heavy gust of wind for an excuse to topple down in ruins! He entered the portal, Wingate followed after, and found himself in a dim lighted and damp apartment, well suited to deeds of darkness; however, all distrust, if he had any, was immediately removed, when his conductor threw aside his soiled cloak and pilgrim-bonnet, and discovered the noble countenance of the Jew of Cairo.

"To such disguises and secrecy are we reduced," said the old man, "for our Ottoman rulers are jealous tyrants, who take notice of a wink. But danger is now over, for, thank Heaven, they see little in this old ruinous pile to excite their cupidity."

He then led the midshipman through a long gallery, where the sunbeam stole down through broken and vine-trelliced casements with a quivering, uncertain light, and whose only tenants, to all appearance, for many a year—perhaps from the days of the great Queen Helena—had been the vampire or the owl. This communicated by a door to a labyrinth of dark and damp passages, through which the Jew conducted our hero, occasionally ascending and descending flights of stone steps, so that Wingate was at a loss to know whether he was above or below ground. They at length came to a door, before which the Jew paused, and listened; all seemed quiet. He opened it, and a blaze of splendor burst upon the gaze of the young adventurer, which made him start back in utter surprize.

"Welcome to the beggar pilgrim's residence," said the old man with a smile, "and be seated while I look up some little refreshments, for you must feel the want of such, after your long walk in the invigorating atmosphere of morning."

Wingate seated himself on a velvet ottoman, and while the Jew was absent, had an opportunity to examine the apartment. He could hardly help fancying himself in fairy land. The light came down, rosy and rich, from a large sky-light of painted glass in the ceiling. The figured tapestry, the golden chandeliers, from whose *cisclure*, in sweeping festoons, glittered the beryl, the ruby, the aqua-marine, and other precious stones, the costly paintings, the vases of agate and porphyry, the silken carpet, the gilded ottomans and sofa couches, and the immense mirrors, which reached almost from the floor to the ceiling, multiplying every

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object, formed a *tout ensemble* of magnificence, such as had never before met his gaze.

The old man soon returned, followed by a servitor with coffee, wheat bread, dates, honey, and pistachio-nuts.

"There must have been some enchantment in bringing about this metamorphosis," said Wingate, looking around.

"The enchantment of wealth," observed the Jew. "Although belonging to a race from whom God has for a long time averted his face—who are scattered and oppressed in every land on the face of the earth, still the Jew has wealth—he can imitate something of the royal magnificence of his forefathers, and that, too, in the very haunt of the lion!"

"This does indeed savor of the days of Solomon. Methinks the Queen of Sheba could not have beheld the royal sage's imperial splendor with more surprize, than I experienced upon being introduced to the sumptuousness of this old moth-eaten caravansera."

"Now you jest. Nevertheless, he who sits beside you, claims lineal descent from the mighty Kings of Judah! and the day may come, the day will come—it is now at hand—when he can display such splendor openly as becomes the memory of his ancestors; but forgive me; my feelings, on this subject, are apt to carry me away. I have not yet inquired how you got rid of the Pacha's soldiers at Tadmar, and how you fared on your journey hither."

Wingate related the manner in which he had foiled the Moslem leader, and the incidents that had occurred to him on the journey.

"You have added another obligation to the many which I am already under to you. I trust to be able to repay you in some sort. Your name I have already learnt; it needs but a glance to tell me that you are an American. It is but five years since I myself left that great and happy country. I was many years a resident of Charleston, in South Carolina."

"And Naomi is an American, too!" exclaimed Wingate, his face lighting up with an emotion of pleasure.

"Born and educated there!" was the reply.

"By Jupiter! I thought so—or, at least, that she had been educated either in England or America, from the purity with which she speaks our language. Her manners, too, are not those of the Jews of Cairo. As to my own history, I have only to add to what you have already surmised, that, 'till lately, I have held a midshipman's berth on board the frigate United States—that, owing to an accession of fortune, I have quited the service, which I entered, merely from a desire to see foreign countries, and have lately been on a tour up the Nile, to examine the ruins of Dendara and Thebes. May I claim the privilege of knowing the name, and something further of the history of him whom I address?"

"I acknowledge to the name of Absolom Henlitt, in America—here, my brethren simply call me Absolom. Believing that the Jews were on the eve of being restored to their former greatness, five years ago I came to Cairo, to await the event. I have little to add—you know the sequel."

"Your daughter, Naomi—"

"Is present, and ought before this, to have expressed her sense of gratitude to you for the risk you have run in her behalf. Excuse me," and the old man left the apartment.

In a few moments the door was re-opened, and the beautiful Jewess appeared—the matchless Naomi—but so altered in appearance, from the richness of her dress, that Wingate could hardly identify her with the person in the garb of an Albanian peasant that he had made love to, among the ruins of Palmyra. Yet those dark expressive eyes, those ruby lips, those aquiline features, and that *démarche légere et gracieuse* could belong to no other. If he thought her lovely then, how much more so did she now appear, with her fair proportions and classic beauty, set off by that queenly dress—beaming full on his sight. Your poets and mad romancers may talk about love, in a cottage, or simplicity in attire, and all such nonsense, as setting off grace and loveliness, but we, who eschew fiction and romance in every shape, are opposed to such a perversion of taste! No, there is nothing like the pomp and circumstance of riches, to give zest to the effects of symmetry of form and faultless features!

Naomi wore a blue satin boddice, fitting close to the bust, and a robe of white linen cambric, so full, that when she sat down upon the low ottoman, it lay in snowy heaps on the carpet. Her waist was encircled by a galaxy of costly gems—her full round arms, bare nearly to the shoulder, and almost as snowy as the muslin of her robe, were encircled with wristlets of pliant gold, clasped with diamonds of immense size. The awkwardness of her immense turban—the only ungainly article in the dress of the Oriental Jews—was relieved by a spray of brilliants that blazed like the rays of the sun, over her right temple. A pair of silver-bronzed slippers set off her small foot and exquisitely turned ankle to perfection.

You must know, unbeliever, that this is no fiction. The rich Jews of Syria surpass all other people in the costliness of their apparel. The profusion and splendor described in the Tales of the Arabian Nights, may still find a parallel in Damascus, Bagdad, and Aleppo.

Naomi advanced to meet the midshipman with a faltering gait, and a countenance wherein—

"The pale contended with the crimson rose"—

and where each alternately got the mastery. He led her to a seat. For a moment both were abashed. Perhaps the lady was thinking of the midshipman's passionate words at Palmyra. Wingate was thinking of his temerity in addressing such language to the magnificent creature before him. But our hero was not a person to remain long at fault; he drew an ottoman beside that of the lady.

"Naomi, I may not tell you the pleasure it gives me to see you again in safety," said he taking her hand in his.

"And I were ungrateful," replied she, "did I not

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feel a heavy weight removed from my heart at again meeting you, knowing that for our preservation, you waited the issue of a meeting with the Pacha's soldiers at Palmyra. Yes, Mr. Wingate, again am I under priceless obligations to you, and have no way in which to test my gratitude."

Wingate was silent—he obtained possession of her other hand, and gazed upon that lovely countenance—on those ruby lips, scarcely knowing what he did. Strange thoughts were in his heart—he was in dream land. A world of beauty was before him, more inviting than ever blessed Mahomedan in his visions of houries. There was adoration in his look. The blush on the maiden's cheek deepened—a tear quivered on her silken eye-lash, perhaps from a sense of the peril that surrounded her, perchance from a more tender cause. Wingate saw it, and was himself again. But he resolved to make the most of his present opportunity.

"Naomi," said he, "I was interrupted at Palmyra, when about to inform you of the sentiments which your nobleness and beauty had awakened in my heart. Forgive my abruptness—time presses, Naomi—my future happiness depends upon you—every action of yours, every new trait revealed in your character, raises you higher in my estimation! I love you—I adore you! Tell me at once my fate. Tell me that I may hope, or say the word, and I go forth to seek forgetfulness among the relics of other days—the desolate amidst desolation!"

"Mr. Wingate—my preserver"—she commenced, but for a while her feelings choked her utterance. Again she essayed to speak. "Oh! why am I surrounded with such difficulties? I cannot repay the debt of gratitude I owe you—I—"

"Say nought of gratitude, Naomi—utter your unbiased sentiments. Perhaps it is my country that is the bar, or my religious belief. If so, one word from you, and I will forsake both for ever!"

"Oh, no! no! these are not the causes. As for America, from amidst the perils that surround me, I sometimes wish that I had wings, that I might fly away over the far Atlantic, and be among the loved scenes of my childhood—as for your belief, in my heart it is but my own; but—"

"A previous affection?"

"Oh, no! not that!" replied she, hiding her face on his shoulder, "I were ungrateful if I could have any sentiments towards one who has done me so many services, but love, unbounded love. I should consider this the happiest moment of my existence, if—if—but my father! He has ambitious projects—wild schemes that beset his path with perils. I am afraid that he will never consent that I should become your wife."

While Naomi uttered these words, the midshipman, although he could not see that crimson face, could feel the burning feverishness of the blood that suffused it, as she lay on his shoulder.

"Bless you, bless you, Naomi, for this! You have made me a new man—you have opened a world of happiness before me. Trust me, but I will bring forward such reasons why you should leave the dangers that surround you here, as will induce your father to consent. We will leave this hapless country, where the iron heel of the oppressor crushes all the manlier feelings of our natures in the dust, and in the far land of freedom, find a home of peace, of domestic tranquillity."

Naomi looked up with a confiding smile at the picture which the impassioned young man drew. As he gazed on her almost seraphic beauty, a sickening sense of the uncertainty of every thing, in that oppressed land, came over him, and he trembled lest there should arise some bar to his happiness. He swore inwardly, that whatever obstacles might oppose, he would never give up the pursuit. He would forego country, kindred—Heaven—if it were necessary, to make her his wife.

It was settled, at Naomi's request, that Wingate should call on the morrow upon her father, to make a formal proposal, and that she, in the mean time, should sound him on the subject, and prepare the way for success. Hardly had they settled this point, when the old man re-entered the apartment.

"I did not intend to be absent so long, but I have been detained in making out these instruments," said he, placing sundry papers in Wingate's hands.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Wingate, glancing his eyes over the papers—which proved to be certificates of the transfer of sundry shares in an American Railroad.

"Young man, you have done me signal service. I believe I am not ungrateful."

"This will never do," exclaimed Wingate. "I have already sufficient wealth. I cannot rob you in this way."

"Rob me! would it be robbing the sea to draw a bucket of water thence? You know not the wealth of the Jew Absolom!"

Wingate still continued to raise objections, and the old man was as strenuous in urging the gift upon him. At length our hero succeeded in obtaining an armistice of twenty-four hours, to consider the matter. Soon after he took his leave.

The next morning, burning with high hope, the midshipman was on his way betimes to the residence of the Jew. He arrived at the port of the old caravansera—it was fastened! He knocked—no one answered; a cold sweat began to creep from every pore in his body. He became desperate—he thumped and thundered away 'till the solitary corridors within rang again, but no approaching footstep quieted his apprehensions. In a state of mind bordering on madness, he returned to the monastery for Roderick, determined on forcing an entrance. He found his trusty squire amusing two or three of the monks with an account of some of his adventures, over a flask of Syrian wine, but the old tar was ready to wind up his yarns at the beck of Wingate.

"See you here, Master Frank," said he, upon being told the purpose for which he was wanted, "it's my opinion, begging your pardon, that you have a dam'd easy knack of getting into scrapes, as a young gentleman should, to be sure; but I 'ud like to know if you have taken the bearings of this affair—this making an attack upon a fortress, without first declaring war, may be

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logged as piracy! Not that I 'ud care as to myself, for I go in for obeying orders, any how!"

Wingate was too much wrapped up in his chill forebodings to heed the garrulity of his attendant; he hurried along without making a reply.

"Well! well!" muttered Roderick to himself, "if he will be wilful—if he wont hearken to an old cruiser who knew what *salt water* was before he was born, there is no help for it! Howsomedever, I 'ud like to fathom the drift of this same attack. It's the oddest freak I have ever yet known in the youngster!"

Meanwhile they hurried along, and soon arrived in front of the old ruin.

"Is this the fortress we have come to storm?" exclaimed the old sailor in surprize. "Gadzo! it would not take a *trible* banker to batter it down! it looks as though it had not been garrisoned since the flood!"

"I want your help in forcing the door," said Wingate, moodily, as he stooped to raise a block of marble that had fallen from the walls.

Roderick lent his aid, and they commenced swinging the mass against the oaken pannels. The ponderous frame at length yielded to their efforts—the door burst open! Roderick was in the act of giving three cheers for victory, when a monster of an owl that had been frightened by the thunderous din, flew out, and bewildered by the light, struck him plump in the face, with such violence, as to knock him backwards, headlong! The brave old tar thought his time was come, but he held out game to the last.

"Pitch it into 'em!" shouted he. "Down with the piratical heathens! Don't give up the ship!"

But the midshipman was already hurrying along the intricate passages of the ruin.

Finding himself less hurt than he had at first imagined, although his eye began to exhibit evidences of a severe blow, and the red fountain of life was gushing from his nasal organ, Roderick essayed to rise. There lay the owl, fluttering on the ground, having been worse hurt by the concussion even than the seaman; no other living object was near. The old tar advanced toward the frightened bird with a look of incredulous astonishment.

"A screech-owl!—floored by a screech-owl, as I am a sinner!" exclaimed he. "Shiver my timbers! though, if he wasn't good game! He boarded me handsomely! But where is that mad youngster—Master Frank? Who would of thought of his charging on a garrison of screech-owls?"

Wingate, in the meantime, was hurrying along towards the habitable part of the building. He came to the door of the apartment where he had been entertained by the Jew on the previous day; he listened; all was silent! He burst it open; the room was empty; pictures, furniture, mirrors—every thing, even to the silver tissue-paper that had adorned its walls, were gone; the room was as cheerless as though it had not been inhabited for years. He called on Naomi, the long corridors re-echoed his call. The fortitude of the young man was completely overcome. In the bitterness of his disappointment, he flung himself on the floor and cursed his evil fate! But list! whence that noise—the blood flashes over his countenance—hope springs again to his bosom! Disappointment treads hard upon her footsteps—it is only the voice of his trusty attendant, who, fancying from the clamor, that his master is hard beset, is hurrying to the rescue.

"Whoorah! here we come! pitch it into the murthering rascals, Master Frank—blaze away! I'm with you!" and the generous old tar sprung into the room with a cocked pistol in each hand.

"What's all this, Master Frank?" exclaimed he, gazing round the apartment in utter astonishment; "another screech-owl! May I be triced up to the fore yard arm, if I didn't think you was squaring away against a dozen of the beggarly, turbaned, opium-eating marines."

"Oh, Naomi! my beautiful Naomi!" murmured the stupified midshipman. "But why do I lie here, and she, perhaps, in the hands of the tyrant's myrmidons!" and he rushed from the apartment.

"Cracked in the upper story! clean gone mad, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed the worthy fellow, looking the picture of astonishment. (Indeed, this was almost the case.) "Crazy as a bed bug! But he must be seen to," and he hurried after him, but owing to the intricacy and darkness of the passages, before he arrived at the outer gate, Wingate was far on his way towards the quarters of the Mussulman soldiery.

Wingate met the moslem aga—or leader—walking to and fro in the shadow of the building where his company were quartered, quietly smoking his cheboque.

"What have you done with the Jew Absolom and his daughter?" exclaimed he fiercely.

The Turk calmly drew the pipe from his mouth, and gazed at his interrogator with a look of mingled wonder and derision—then as calmly replaced it.

"Do you mock me?" shouted the enraged midshipman, springing upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, and hurling him to the ground, while his pipe and turban flew into the middle of the street. "Villain! where is Naomi?"

A desperate struggle now took place; the lithe mussulman so far obtained the mastery, as to roll Wingate under, and had just drawn his ataghan, when Roderick hove in sight.

"Belay! belay there!" cried the trusty tar; "hold on, you turbaned heathen—you would not kill a crazy man! he is stark mad—his wits have all passed off to the leeward, like a cloud after a thunder-squall!"

The moslem, seeing that such was most probably the case, relinquished his grasp, and with the aid of Roderick, succeeded in shaking off his infuriated antagonist. Wingate had received a slight wound in the affray; he was borne off to the convent, where, owing to the loss of blood, and the violence of his feelings, he became seriously indisposed, and did not recover for a fortnight. During his indisposition—the first he had ever experienced—he had time for thought, and he walked forth from his confinement, a wiser, a more prudent man. But he had by no means forgotten Naomi; no sooner was he able to travel, than he set forward for Cairo, in

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hopes of discovering some trace of the beautiful Jewess. He arrived at the chief city of the Egyptian pachalic, and immediately set about his researches. Day after day saw him strolling through the Jew's quarter of the city, about their synagogues, their bazaars, and wherever else Absolom or his daughter would be likely to visit, but not the least clue as to the whereabouts of the lovely Naomi could be obtained. In addition to the plague which was raging in Cairo, the cholera had broken out, and triumphant death tramped side by side with our hero, hurling his fatal shaft at random, among the crowd. Hundreds were borne away daily. They fell down in the streets, they were gasping their lives out in the bazaars and market stalls. Old and young, grave and gay, the lovely and the loveless, were alike the victims. They fled to their houses—they fortified themselves in their cool mansions, but in vain! Still, heedless of inroads of the destroyer, the midshipman went his rounds; and amidst all the misery and suffering of the great solitary city, as if, by a special providence, he and his single-hearted follower escaped.

Wingate, as I have before intimated, was naturally of a volatile temperament; and frequent contact with the misery and despair of the wretched denizens of Cairo, at length led him to look upon his own troubles as light—his own regret as unmanly. In his thoughtful moments, a far land beyond the wave, the home of his youth, where an anxious mother and an affectionate sister had long bewailed his absence, would come up before him; scenes green and beautiful, endeared by a thousand vague remonstrances. An unexpected letter from that mother, conjuring him to return from his wanderings, determined him. There was, at the time, a fine ship at Bulac, bound direct for New-York; he took passage for himself and Roderick.

Once more upon the bounding wave, in a brave ship, and his spirits regained all their wonted buoyancy. By Jupiter! it is a life-giving spectacle, one well calculated to arouse the dormant energies of the heart—a ship under full sail, with a free wind and a clear heaven above, dashing on and afar like a wild horse, a snow-drift of sparkling foam rolling up before her, a rainbow under her lee bow, and the translucent billows, blue and beautiful, jostling one against another, and wagging their heads astern! Fair winds prevailed—never ship had a better run, and rapidly they neared the coast of his own free and happy country. If he thought of Naomi, it was as of one in a dream. Indeed, at times, he began to look upon his whole intercourse with her as a dream. He was told that he had been deranged, and that all his adventures in the old caravansera were but the hallucinations of a disordered brain. The desolate state of the ruin, as witnessed by Roderick, was adduced as a proof of this. But Wingate was not to be laughed out of his senses; he knew that the vivid impressions that remained on his heart, of the splendor of that room, of the peerless jewess in her imperial attire, and of the dignity of the old Jew, were not the effects of a diseased mind.

At length the cry of "*land-oh!*" caused the pulses of the wanderers to quicken, and the blue heights of Neversink, resting like a slumberous cloud on the verge of the ocean, hove up to view. As she neared the shore, the ship seemed to dart onward with accelerated speed. Green and fair the land arose. The entrance of the bay was made, the beautiful residences on Staten Island and the forts were passed, and the flame and thunder of a heavy cannon rumbling amidst the walled labyrinths of the city, announced that the good ship Trenton had finished her voyage.

Wingate's mother and sister resided but a short distance from the city, at Harlaem, and scarcely an hour had passed before he had been clasped to the fond mother's bosom and had received the congratulations of the exulting sister. Fêtes, parties and routes awaited him, for his accession to a large estate had marvellously endeared him to his former acquaintances. Bright eyes, rosy lips, wavy locks, sylph-like forms, and well-turned ankles were arrayed in their potency about him; but the shafts of Cupid rapped harmlessly against the mail of proof in which his heart was encased—his intercourse with Naomi had been of too recent a date.

A few days after his arrival home, he went into the city to settle his account with his banker. After informing him that something over two thousand dollars still remained unexpended of the interest of his stock, the teller continued—

"Besides this there is the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars—the dividend on your Providence Rail Road stock—which has been credited to your account. You were fortunate in obtaining that stock—there is none in the Union that pays better."

"What?" exclaimed Wingate, "you are mistaken in the individual. I have no stock in the Providence Rail road!"

"That cannot well be," replied the broker, with an incredulous smile. "At any rate, whether you have such stock or not, there are certificates of twenty-five hundred shares, deposited to your name here, for safe keeping. The attorney of the rich Jew, Absolom Hewlitt—"

"Who?" exclaimed Wingate; "the Jew Absolom—is he here?"

"I did not say so," replied the matter-of-fact banker, "I said, or was about to say, that his attorney came here with the certificates, stating that you had purchased them of his client at Cairo."

"Is the Jew in this country, do you know?"

"I believe not; it was rumored that he died of the plague in some port of Syria. The stock—"

"And his attorney?"

"Resides in Charleston, South Carolina, where the bulk of the old man's property is situated. As to the stock—"

"Do you know aught of the Jew's family?"

"Nothing—but as I was saying, the stock—"

"Damn the stock!—that is, I will call another time about it—good day!"

Wingate pondered the matter thoughtfully—a gleam of sunshine began to break in upon his brain. The old man had not been captured by the Pacha's emissaries, as he had at first supposed. Counting sanguinely on

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one day becoming sovereign Prince of Palestine, and dreading least a marriage of his daugther with the young midshipman might baulk his schemes, he had doubtless left his residence in the old caravansera voluntarily. So much did Wingate deduce from the fact of the Rail Road shares having been placed to his credit by the generosity of Absolom.

And where now was Naomi? The thought made him tremble. Perhaps she might have fallen a victim to the rapacity of the Egyptian Pacha; or she might still be a wanderer in Syria, surrounded by perils, unprotected by a father's love. He must ascertain this. He would away to Charleston, *instanter*, to seek the old man's attorney—fly on the wings of the wind—or, on the great Southern Rail-Road and steamboat line of conveyance, which is much the same thing. Full of this matter, he left his accounts at the Bank unsettled, and hurried home to announce his intention to his mother and sister.

His good mother received the announcement with sorrow, but she had seen too many of the vicissitudes of life to give herself up to unavailing regret. Caroline—such was his sister's name—was in the garden with a couple of her young companions. Thither Wingate proceeded, and after threading several of the embowered walks, he was attracted by the sound of their voices, to a little arbor overrun with the coral honeysuckles. He stepped to the entrance.

"Cally," he commenced—but, why stands he there like a statue—has palsy stricken his frame? has his tongue lost the power of speaking? if such be the case, his eyes have not! They are fixed with a stare of bewildered amazement on one of his sister's companions. "Naomi! By heavens it is Naomi!" at length burst from his lips, and he sprang forward and caught the pale, trembling girl in his arms.

His sister and her other companion, hardly knew whether to be most astonished or alarmed. However, burning words were on the young man's lips, and Naomi—for it was none other than the Jewess—was almost overwhelmed with confusion; and the two girls thought it time to beat a retreat, which they did as hastily as ever untrained militia flew before a charge of regular soldiers.

"Well, if ever!" exclaimed Caroline's companion.

"Sure enough!" returned Caroline, smiling abstractedly. "I invited Naomi here on purpose that I might see what effect her looks might have on *his* stoical indifference, and all the time the little gipsy was smiling in her sleeve. But I am so glad!" and the lively girl burst into a fit of laughter at her own joyous thoughts.

"Where could they have become acquainted?" said her companion.

"I don't know—some magic about it! Isn't it a good one, that meek, retiring, unsophisticated minx, who seemed as afraid of a man as I would be of a snake in the grass—there's some similarity between the two, though, Bess—has been practising upon us all the while!"

"I thought she acted strangely this afternoon," said the other. "Do you remember how abstracted she appeared—and every time the door-bell was rung, every time an approaching footstep was heard, how she would start and turn pale, as if she was expecting the arrival of some beloved friend?"

Thus the young ladies continued their speculations, and in the end arrived as near to a definite conclusion as when they commenced.

In the meantime Wingate and Naomi were not idle. What the tenor of their conversation was the reader may surmise as well as I. However, like all lovers—if such be a general truism—they were unconscious of the lapse of time, for an hour and a half passed—the embowered walks of the garden began to grow dusky in the coming evening, and they still remained in the arbor although they might have known that Caroline and her friend were dying with curiosity. But lovers are so selfish.

At length the supper bell aroused them—*pardonnez moi* for mentioning so unsentimental a subject at this moment—not that they were particularly *hungry*, though it has been said that love cannot provide sufficient nutriment to sustain nature, but appearances required their presence at the supper table. Wingate entered the room with the *nonchalant* air of one who cares not a fig what others may opine, so long as he himself is conscious of integrity and uprightness of purpose, but Naomi, suffused with blushes, hung her head, like a wild flower that has been removed from the breezy hills to the shades of the garden enclosure.

"I caught this young miss trespassing in the garden," said he.

"And she has had punishment in a two hours lecture, and is no doubt very repentant," said Caroline, archly.

"You have found an old acquaintance in Miss Hewlitt it appears, and an intimate one, since she has had the power to make you forget your urgent hurry to be off to Carolina," observed his mother, with a smile of complacency.

"And an inducement to forego the journey altogether, you may add," replied Wingate. "But I hate parables—I might as well enlighten you at once, for I see curiosity depicted on every countenance;" and he went on to relate how, when and where he had become acquainted with Naomi, suppressing only those parts that it did not concern them to know. He further detailed, the which, gentle reader, you have not yet learned, that, as he had surmised, the old man, upon learning the intimacy which had sprung up between the midshipman and his daughter, determined on leaving Jerusalem immediately. He fled from thence to Aleppo. Soon after his arrival there, he was stricken with the plague and died, leaving his daughter to the guardianship of a distant relative. This relative, tiring of the East, took passage from Aleppo for the United States, and on their arrival, Naomi was consigned to the charge of an aunt, who resided in the neighborhood of Wingate's mother.

Naomi, by her gentle temper, had already won upon the good will of the mother, and the kind old lady was secretly rejoiced that her son had fixed his affections on one so well calculated to soften the harsher features of his nature, and to turn his attention to the pleasures of domestic life.

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It was an evening in autumn, that season of the year when the metropolis of the empire state is in its glory. The devotees of fashion had gathered in from the mountains of New-Hampshire, from the billow-beaten shores of Maine, from the Canadas, from Niagara, from Saratoga, and from the rivers beyond *Gotham*. Broadway was rushing and roaring with its stream of life—the smaller channels that debauched into the great thoroughfare, were chaffing with bubbling humanity, and where the Battery had dammed up the main current, the concourse of loungers, lovers, 'heroes, beggars and women,' was immense.

But why sets the tide of fashion towards Washington Square, to-night? One of the most noble mansions on that noble square—once the "Potter's-Field to bury strangers in," now the nucleus of the vivant and joyous—is in a blaze of light from basement story to attic; and there they are gathering, the young, the lively, the glittering—every carriage drops at the door a bevy of beautifuls, whose countenances, bright and happy, would indicate that they deemed themselves arrived at the gate of Paradise!

Frank Wingate was about to espouse the millionaire, the beautiful Jewess Naomi. Every thing had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties—a happier couple never approached the altar of Hymen. Naomi, at her lover's request, had adopted the Jewish costume which she wore when he found her in the old caravansera at Jerusalem, except that her long glossy hair was smoothly plaited over her brow, and a few curls depended from her left temple, surmounted by a priceless sprig of brilliants, instead of the awkward turban fashionable in Syria. Naomi was not unimpressed with the duties of the vow she was about taking upon herself. Still her countenance was expressive of serenity and repose, such as some glassy stream evinces after storms have ceased to darken it with their terrors, and glad sunshine sheds its benign influence on the wave.

One of the greatest lions among the glittering throng present, was our old acquaintance, Roderick. He was dressed after the sailor fashion, in a blue jacket, (thickly studded with ten cent pieces instead of buttons) and a pair of blue pantaloons, cut so large at the bottom that they left but the toes of his kid pumps visible. A superabundance of shirt-collar, the corners of which were embellished with blue anchors, almost hid the collar of his jacket, and something less than half a yard of swinging ruffle protruded from his bosom. His unabashed manner and quaint expressions kept a continual crowd of the laughter-loving misses about him. When the ceremony was over, he shuffled up to the married couple, bowing at every step, like a ship in a head sea.

"A long life and a happy one to you, mistress Naomi," said he, "and may you meet with fair weather and prosperous gales on the cruise of life. Gadzo! who would have thought when we overhauled that beggarly Turk who was pursuing you at Cairo, that it would lead to such a circumstance as this? But that's the way matters fall in with each other in one's voyages, and mishaps often turn out to be fortunate. All Providence! I have known many a good ship, on account of storms, hurricanes, and such like brushes, to be driven out of her course and to be detained for weeks from entering port, and yet after all, arrive at a time when their cargos brought the highest price. Davy Crocket had got the ground tackle of his mind in good order, when he said, 'the course of true love never did run smooth!' It's a rough and foul channel, that true love, filled with coral reefs, sunken ledges, and obstructed by sand-bars, but when once you have filled away on the broad sea of matrimony, you may crack on sail, and no fear of such things. Master Frank, here, is a first rate convoy barrin' he is sometimes a little too much in a hurry like to get into port, and is apt to run for land without throwing the lead or making allowance for currents and undertoes, and on that score he has more than once got among the breakers."

"And is rather given to storming fortresses garrisoned with screech-owls, *and such-like*," chimed in Wingate, with a smile.

"Oh, I'll say nothing more about that affair, since I have found out that there was such rare booty there," returned the old sailor, casting a sly glance at Naomi.

Here the dancing commenced, and Roderick being urged to join a set, led to the floor a roguish young miss who wished for no better amusement than to keep him in play. Roderick professed that his education in the dancing line had been obtained on board-ship, and that all the veering and hawling, backing and filling of these new arrangements, were gammon to him. However, he succeeded in getting through the dance, with the aid of his merry partner, and he has often been heard to say, that he considered that young lady the triggest and tighest little craft that he ever fell in with, and that, had he seen her before he saw Elizabeth Spriggs, Liz might have had to whistle for a beau!

The evening passed off happily—the supper varied the amusements, when—may I be denounced for a proser, if this "midnight-taper" of mine is'nt flickering in the socket, so I must bid you adieu, dear reader, if I am ever so fortunate to get one, which to me matters but little, since this *long yarn* has fulfilled the purpose for which it was commenced, that of whiling away a few tedious hours in a strange town.

Original.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SETTING SUN.

Oh, Sun! who on the glowing verge of day
  Pausest awhile thy wearied steeds to rest,
Ere they precipitate their headlong way
  Down to the shadows of the boundless West;

Hear evening's chorus breathing from the hills,
  And swelling down through low-land and through vale,
"Praise God, whose glory all creation fills,
  Before whose face thy burning car turns pale!"

But a faint emblem of His Light art thou:
  He yoked thy fiery coursers—and he guides
The wheeling axles of thy chariot now,
  And by His *fiat* Day from Night divides.

From the beginning He hath marked thy route
  Through realms interminable—and His might
Shall, in the end, thy dazzling track blot out,
  When He rolls up the Heavens.—*He is Eternal Light!*

C. CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

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Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER VI.

"He wept for her—ah! who would not have wept,
To see that white face in its stillness there,
Proving how much she suffered ere she slept
The dreadful sleep of crime and of despair.
For once that man, so cruel, stern and proud,
In keen remorse before his victim bow'd."

In the suburbs of London, close to the margin of the Thames, stood a small public house, seldom frequented by a higher order of customers than the petty trades-people of the neighborhood, and the boatmen, who gained a livelihood on the river.

Late at night, or rather very early in the morning, after the escape related in our last chapter, a boy came up from a landing-place near the inn, and moved wearily towards the stable yard, where a drowsy man stood holding a newly fed horse by the bit.

"It is a full hour beyond the time," grumbled the hostler, moving from the wall against which he had been leaning, and arousing himself with a shake, as he resigned the bridle to the lad. "It has been a long watch, and a dull one, and a man's natural sleep is worth its price."

The boy drew his small, pale hand back from the bridle which it had almost grasped, and taking out his purse, with a sad smile, placed a piece of gold in the broad palm extended towards him.

The man opened his eyes wide, and still kept his hand extended. "What is the use of mocking a poor man with the sight of gold," he said, gruffly, eying the money with the look of a hungry but honest cur. "I have no silver to give in change; pay my earnings in coin that will get a breakfast for my children, it will all be turned to bread before the morning is three hours older."

"Keep it all; it will help you to many a breakfast," said the boy, gently putting aside the still resolutely extended hand. "I shall soon have little need of gold," he added, in a low tone, as if communing with his own sad thoughts. "Put up the money, good man, put it up; now I bethink me of it," he continued, lifting his voice, as if to shake off the desponding feelings that filled it with sadness, and looking earnestly in the man's face, "now I bethink me—you have children—girls, perhaps."

"Yes, one—a rosy-cheeked little thing, that has just begun to toddle about, holding by her mother's gown, and three boys, each one of them stout enough to carry a dainty little body like thine, on his back, and yet I'll warrant me, thou hast the advantage of them by two or three years and more."

"A girl," murmured the page, in the same sad tones and broken language, which seemed more like thinking aloud, than conversation. "A girl. Pray for that girl, man! She is innocent and feeble—temptations and soft words, that lead to ruin, are for such, therefore pray for her! It is a sad thing when young creatures, who spring up like blossoms around the poor man's hearth-stone, are gathered by strange hands to be trampled beneath strange feet when their bloom is gone; yet such things are. I knew an old man, good hostler, older than you are, and as honest, with a touch of pride, too, for gentle blood, was in his veins. Well, he had a daughter, but no son, so like a single star she filled his home with light. It was a pleasant time when that proud old man sat amid the orange-trees of his garden—for it was in a far and bright land that they lived. It was a happy time, I say, when that laughing child would sit upon the grass at her father's feet, beneath the fragrant trees, and charm him to rest with the touch of her guitar and the song, he loved so well. You should have seen that father and child at such times. His wife, and her mother, were dead, and so she was all the world to him. But she left him."

"What, left her old father—how could she—where did she go?" exclaimed the hostler, with honest warmth.

"Like one in a dream she left her father's bosom, and crept a guilty thing, fostered by her own shame, to the home of a stranger. The hearthstone where she had sat so many years, was darkened, and she Queened it in a palace."

"But her father—what became of the old man?" inquired the rude listener, whose honest heart had become deeply interested in the story.

"He went to a grave," was the brief reply.

"Poor man. It killed him, then?"

"He was left alone, and so died," said the page, in a voice that became fainter at each word.

"Miserable old man," muttered the hostler.

"Is it misery to die?" said the boy, again lifting his sad eyes to the man's face. "No, no, her's was the misery! He went down to the grave sorrowing, but innocent. He did not feel the peaceful worms as they crept through the dust which was once a heart. The long grass, and the fragrant orange-boughs, waved over him tranquilly, and sweet as ever. He died broken-hearted, yet it was a calm sleep that followed. But her heart was alive, and the worm that quickened in its core, grew, and stung and writhed about each nerve and string, 'till it seemed full of eternal vitality. It slept sometimes, for guilt has its hours of repose, as serpents are made drowsy by a warm sunshine. But she was given up to one who would not let it sleep. His heart was marble, and he could not feel, so with fitful love, sneers, and cold words, he barbed its sting 'till life became a torture, and his victim would have crept—ah, how gladly! to her father's grave, as a refuge. To live, and yet wish to die—to see the bright and beautiful things of earth, as if you saw them not—to feel that you have madly lavished the sweet affections of youth and innocence—heart and mind, on a being incapable of understanding the pain of such sacrifice—treacherous and cruel—to have no future, no hope or trust in human goodness—this, old man, is misery, misery, misery!"

* Concluded from page 243.

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As if bowed forward by a weight of bitter humility, the page bent his head as he ceased speaking, covered his face with both hands, and seemed struggling for tears, but no drop of sorrow could be wrung from that worn bosom. When the boy lifted his head again, his eyes were still without moisture, but heavy with anguish. The keen eyes of the hostler were fixed wonderingly upon him. He drew his cap forward, and shook the plumes over his face, as if to conceal its whiteness he tried to smile even, but it was a painful gloom that shot across that pale restless mouth, and but increased the expression of wretchedness which dwelt there.

The hostler was rude and illiterate, and the boy's language was broken, and often above his comprehension, but he had a heart, and that could feel, though it might not understand the force of human suffering, such as he now witnessed. He had no real idea of sorrow, save that connected with privation and poverty, but he wished to give comfort, and manifested the desire after his own fashion. Balancing the gold coin irresolutely on his finger a moment, he extended it again.

"Here, take the gold, and give it to the poor girl you tell me of. My boys can do without a breakfast—ay, and a dinner, too, at a pinch. She may want it more than we do."

The honest fellow spoke feelingly, and his face was bright with a hearty expression of benevolence. Again the boy smiled that calm mournful smile, and this time tears started to his eyes; his lips trembled with a rush of unspoken feelings, and putting the gold hastily away, he made an effort to mount his horse. He hesitated a moment, and looked around, as if for something to stand upon, but the hostler took him up, as if he had been a babe, and placed him in the saddle. The page bowed his head in acknowledgment, and rode away, gathering up the bridle as he went. He had almost passed from the yard, when he seemed suddenly aware that the purse still incumbered his hand. He rode slowly back, dropped it at the hostler's feet, and wheeling his horse again, dashed through the gate, and along the Windsor road.

It was a gloomy ride which the poor boy took—gloomy and fitful—sometimes his horse was urged forward at the top of his speed, and again he was permitted to creep along the high-way at a snail pace, while the relaxed bridle dangled about his neck, and the delicate and ungloved hand of his rider lay half buried in his black mane, listless, and with a heavy pressure, for, at such times, the page had sunk into a train of intense and bitter thought, which almost took the appearace of physical stupor. Like some wandering shadow, they glided—horse and rider—through the darkness which gathers so densely around the closing night. There was no moon; the stars were lost in a cloud of vapor that spread over, and seemed to extinguish them. The thickets and trees on either hand, looked like uncouth objects, grouped in fantastic confusion, shapeless, and more palpably dark than the atmosphere. The sky, the trees, and the earth, with its garment of shadows, were in unison with the thoughts which crowded the heart of that wretched boy. Within and without, all was desolate.

A soft grey light was struggling with the darkness in Windsor park, when the solitary page halted beneath the thickest of its trees, and dismounted from his tired horse. The poor animal was chafed and restless from the unequal manner in which he had been ridden, and his back was hurt by the heavy saddle. With the quick sympathy which sorrow often gives us for suffering, even in the meanest object, the page sought to unfasten the girth, before he abandoned the tired beast. But the buckles were too massive for his slender fingers, and though he exerted their utmost strength, it seemed impossible that he could undo them. His kind impulse was powerful, however, and after looking about as if for some object to aid his purpose, he drew a small poniard from his bosom, and with this he cut the straps, and freed the horse from his cumbrous trappings. The relieved animal gave a delighted shake, and flinging himself on the ground, with his hoofs in the air, rolled luxuriously in the rich grass. The page gazed upon his rude gambols, as one unconsciously tranquillized by giving pleasure even to a creature so humble. When the horse arose, and moved away, cropping the thrifty herbage in his path, he drew a deep breath, as if relieved by a consciousness of entire solitude, and began to toy with the poniard, running his finger slowly along the blade, and pressing the keen point with his thumb, 'till the blood started. All at once a strange, wild gleam shot across his face, his fingers gradually tightened around, and clutched the slender handle of the poniard, and though he did not raise it, for one moment it shivered in his grasp, as to the quick leaping of a pulse. It was but a moment. His fingers relaxed their gripe, and he placed the naked blade among the folds of his dress, muttering, "Not yet, nor here."

With these words he moved towards Windsor Castle. It was yet scarcely day-break, and every thing in the grounds and near the palace was still as midnight. The boy took out a private key and let himself through a gate opening to the terraces, and walking quickly forward entered the castle by a door which led to a gallery connected with King Philip's apartments. He threaded this gallery, paused a moment before he turned the latch, and then softly entered the little apartment which has been described as forming a tasteful anteroom to the King's bed-chamber. How still was that room! What a happy, tranquil atmosphere slumbered around each precious object it contained. The musical chime of water-drops disturbed the repose with a liquid sound, sweet and musical. The sun had not yet risen, but the coast was broken with waves of crimson and pale gold, and a tinge of this rich light fell through the stained window, and interwove itself with the tender green leaves which draped it, with a silvered brightness, rich as noon and tranquil as starlight. The page stood in the middle of this apartment, pale and quiet, but with a sad regretful smile wavering about his lips, which was—oh, how much more sorrowful than tears. How terribly a trifling thing may smite upon a heart that has loved and is hopeless! even as affection gives value to trifles, so

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do those trifles magnify themselves into serpents to sting us with a memory when love is no more. Let the heart struggle for ever, it cannot throw off the bitter weight of ashes left by a passion that has consumed itself or has been ruthlessly extinguished. The fire may go out, the incense smoulder away, but dust and cinders will still encumber the altar where a sacrifice has been consummated. The page remained in the centre of the room, motionless, like an idol hurled from his high estate, and surrounded by offerings that had been lavished on a shrine torn down and trampled to the earth. He looked sorrowfully around. Each object had its association, painful but still precious, with power to wring a heart already full of anguish, and breaking beneath the force of each new struggle. The rush of memory became too powerful, and with a strong effort he entered the bed-chamber.

The page had doubtless expected to find the room occupied, for he stopped short and drew a quick breath, as if the stillness oppressed him with a feeling of desolation. A huge bed, canopied with masses of gorgeous velvet, stood in a corner of the chamber; but it was untenanted, and the down lay heaped beneath the sumptuous counterpane as it had been smoothed the day before. When the boy saw this a bright red spot sprang like a living coal to his cheek and was quenched as suddenly, for the next instant he was even paler than before.

"Fool that I am—is it not better thus?" he murmured; "I shall not waver now!" and taking off his cap, he went to a silver ewer that stood on a table near the bed, and bathed his face and hands in it. After arranging his soiled and matted ringlets, he went to an antique and richly carved chest from which he took a female garment, such as we have already described to the reader. His male attire was then slowly taken off and flung into the chest. A few moments after, that singular being stood in the dim apartment, a pale, slight, but very beautiful female, robed in velvet and gold, as we have once before described her—but how changed from the eager and agitated being who had so long been the prison bird of those apartment! The same robe, the same slippers, and scarf of gold-spotted purple, adorned her, but then they added to the loveliness of flushed and agitated beauty—now, they seemed sweeping around a marble statue. Her face was the same, but the despair which filled her heart had forced itself out upon the features, they were fixed and full of painful expression. She was about to draw the fillet through her ringlets, but, after holding it a moment in her hand, she dropped it on the floor and opened the chest again. Her face was white as marble as she bent down and touched the spring of a secret drawer. It flew open, and she took out a casket. Again she bent down, and this time a small vial, carefully sealed, was grasped in her pale hand. No human being was near, yet she turned her white face and peered keenly around, as if apprehensive that some person might observe her. The chest lid fell from her hold and the lock closed with a noise that made her spring backward. She looked wildly about, and a slight nervous cry broke from her lips. Yet, with all this terror, the room was tranquil, and no eye, save that of the Omnipotent, looked upon that wronged and guilty creature. She leaned against the bed-post a moment with the vial and casket grasped with both hands against her heart, for it beat and struggled with a violence that made her tremble, as she stood. A little time, and she was calm again. With a firm but very slow and noiseless footstep she moved across the room and entered the boudoir. Without lifting her eyes to any object there, she sat down upon the pile of cushions and opened the casket. Scarcely was the lid unclosed, when a faint odor filled the room, for it contained nothing but a quantity of withered orange blossoms, some of them still bound in a wreath and others lying a fragrant mass loosely in the casket. She laid them in her lap, and tearing the seal from off the vial, emptied a few drops of its ruby contents over the flowers. Instantly the scent of orange-blossoms was lost in a sweet subtle odor that seemed to enrich the very light and air that filled the apartment. With eager and quivering fingers, as if she feared that her strength would give way, the strange girl took up the withered wreath and twisted it in her hair. With the motion a drop fell from it to her temple and rested there like a blood spot upon marble. It seemed to give her some slight pain, and the strength, for a moment, deserted her hands as they knotted the wreath together by a riband, which had faded like the flowers. Taking up the casket once more, she emptied the remaining blossoms over one of the cushions, and placing it beneath her head, stretched herself languidly upon the pile, as if about to fall asleep. She had not rested thus long when all pain deserted her; a delicious shiver ran through her frame; a soft rose tinge stole over the ashy cheek which rested on the flowers, and gradually suffused the whole face. The red again died her lips with unnatural brilliancy, and once or twice, when her languid eyelids unclosed, the dark orbs beneath were revealed, misty and passionless; the odor which floated about her head, seemed to have extinguished their force by its subtle potency. She slept or seemed to sleep awhile, and then turned drowsily on the cushions murmuring broken sentences in Spanish. Snatches of song died on her smiling lips, and she moved her hand about in the air with a monotonous wave 'till it fell listless and without motion over the edge of the cushion. Still her eyes were closed, and she seemed like one talking over the fancies of a sweet dream. All at once the flush left her face—she drew her limbs together, stretched them with a faint shudder, and turning on her side, never moved again.

Hours went by and at length King Philip entered his bed-chamber, by the private door leading to the Queen's apartments. He glanced hastily about the room, and a frown lowered on his forehead on observing its undisturbed state.

"Up and watching all night again," he muttered, angrily. "Will the girl never be at rest? By the Holy Mass, if I detect her moping as she was yesterday, I could find it in my heart to—"

Before the sentence was finished, Philip strode angrily

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across the room and entered the boudoir. Again he frowned darkly on seeing the form which lay upon the cushions, as if lulled to rest by the sweet music of the fountain drops. The face was turned from him and rested on her left arm, which fell over the edge of the cushions half buried in a mass of ringlets, dishevelled, and matted together with a wreath of withered blossoms. Philip strode forward, and bending over the form, seemed about to arouse it by some angry taunt. But, as he laid his hand heavily on the arm, a change came over his face. He started, and with a kind of desperate energy, grasped the pale hand which fell almost to his feet. It was cold and hard. Still he did not undo his clasp, but sat mutely gazing upon that still, white face, while his own betrayed the horror and bitter remorse that had at last found its way to his conscience. The sight of those frail, dead flowers, smote his heart like a weapon. How well he remembered the happy days when his early passion had selected them as the purest offering which he could give a creature as pure as they. How vividly came back the time when he had woven those white buds and fragrant leaves amid the black and glossy hair which now lay scattered at his feet. How beautiful, how innocent she was then. How changed and still she lay. Could that cold cheek be the same which had glowed so often to his slightest notice in innocence, and again in her passionate and guilty devotion, for ever changing his glance. He bent down and touched it with his lips, but the warm blood that had so often leaped to their slightest pressure, lay congealed and icy, even to his touch. The chill struck to his inmost heart—it brought to him a sense of all that she had been—all that she was to him. He felt that no human being would ever love him as she had done, and that he had never cherished her, had never loved her 'till she was dead. Then he *did* love her. Remorse, tenderness, regret, a thousand strong feelings rushed upon his heart—*and this was his punishment, for it was all too late!*

Philip was a cruel, wicked man, and he had terribly wronged the unhappy being whom he had tempted into evil, and then by neglect and unkindness, goaded on from one step of misery to another, 'till she sought refuge in the last fearful act of guilt which humanity can perpetrate. Now was *his* turn to suffer! His heart was hard, but it could not fling off a consciousness that he was the murderer of one whose sin had been heavy indeed, but not equal to that which stained and wrung his own soul. He threw himself beside his victim with a burst of self-reproof and abject humiliation, as if the dead could feel, and forgive. He lamented over her, reviled his own cruel conduct, execrated himself with truth and passionate bitterness. His face was convulsed, big drops gathered upon his forehead, and if agony could atone for wrong, his suffering might have cancelled his guilt How cold and passionless she lay! how keenly he felt that to the living we can seldom atone for suffering once inflicted—to the dead, never!

At length, the poison which had been so fatal to his victim, made itself felt upon the prince; a faintness and enervating stupor crept over him, and but for a wild impulse at self-preservation, that overwhelmed all other feelings, he would have perished at the feet of his victim. He started up with a desperate effort, and gathering up the poisoned flowers, crowded them into the casket. It was long before his trembling fingers could unweave the wreath from the tangled tresses where it had performed a work of death, but at last it was disengaged and crushed in with the rest. He closed the casket and dashed it, as he supposed, through the window, but it lodged in an ornament of the fountain and there remained. A gush of cool air soon purified the little room, and Philip once more turned in bitterness of heart and cast himself beside the dead.

That night two of King Philip's most trusty attendants, both natives of Spain, might have been seen threading the gallery so often mentioned, which led to their master's chamber. They were encumbered by some heavy burthen, and when their footsteps drew near the boudoir, the door was cautiously unclosed and a pale face peered out. So changed was that face that his men paused and looked terrified, for at first they did not recognize their master. The door was swung slowly open and they entered, bearing a leaden coffin between them. Obeying the motion of Philip's hand, for he did not speak, they placed it by the cushions and withdrew.

King Philip grew pale as death when the door closed after them, but with a fearful effort he removed the mantle which had been flung over his victim, and raising the lifeless form in his arms laid it in the coffin. As he smoothed the ringlets back from her forehead, and composed the limbs beneath the purple vestments which she had worn, the heaving sobs, wrung from that hardened heart, were heard by his attendants in the gallery, while tears gushed to his eyes and fell like heavy rain-drops into the coffin.

The two men had been waiting a full hour, when the door was again opened and the Prince motioned them to enter. In a low husky voice he gave directions that the coffin should be brought into the bed-chamber, where he retired as if unable to witness the performance of his commands. When the attendants entered the chamber bearing the body between them, they found their master standing pale and silent by the huge carved chest which we have before mentioned. He opened it, and held back the lid with a trembling hand, while the men lifted the coffin and placed it in the bottom. A pile of rich female garments, mingled with those of a Page, had been taken from the chest and heaped upon the floor. When the men had withdrawn, Philip took up these garments and laid them over the coffin. He would have locked the chest, but his hand shook and had no power to turn the bolt. After several vain efforts he recollected the men, and while they performed the task he went to a table and with a hand still so unsteady that his writing was almost illegible, traced a few brief directions on a strip of parchment. The men took the parchment, lifted the chest between them, and slowly bore it from his sight.

Philip stood in the centre of his chamber, motionless and pale, listening to the heavy tread of his attendants as they passed through the boudoir. There was a moment's pause—then a dull gloomy sound, as their

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burthen grated against the frame work of the door, and again that heavy funeral tread sounding along the gallery fainter and fainter 'till lost in the various noises that now filled the castle. When the last footfall died upon his ear, Philip drew a deep breath and began to pace up and down the room, as if action could shake off the pain fastened on his heart. It was all in vain, the chamber had a voice that spoke of the murdered being who had so long been its light. The ornaments, the furniture, all that she had shared with him, seemed palpable and living witnesses, rising up to condemn and torture him. For the first time a sense of bereavement and utter solitude entered his heart, with a force that was not to be resisted. He cast himself upon the floor and wept like a child—no, not like a child, but mournfully, bitterly, —the agony of such tears was never yet known to sweet innocent childhood.

Another day and the English court was thrown into confusion—King Philip suddenly and without apparent reason, announced his determination to return immediately to his native land. Mary was overwhelmed with grief, but entreaties and tears were all in vain, Philip remained sullen and resolute; her importunity only served to hasten his departure. The very day after his intentions were first made known, he left Windsor Castle, and with a small portion of his retinue, set forth for London. Those who looked upon his face as he left the royal home of his consort for ever, were surprized by the intensity of grief betrayed there. No one until then had supposed that he regarded their Queen with a strength of affection capable of working the change they witnessed. A gloom like that of the grave hung about him; and though still haughty and reserved in his grief, concealment only made his wretchedness more bitterly felt.

Philip had taken abrupt leave of his Queen, and was mounting the horse which was about to bear him from her presence for ever, when a gentleman of the household observed that the Page who had so long been a close attendant on his master, was missing from his side. He mentioned this to Philip, and inquired if the boy should be summoned. The Prince attempted to speak, but the words seemed choking him, and turning away his face. he answered huskily, that the boy had been sent forward. His questioner remarked the difficulty with which this was spoken, but remembering that Philip had just bade his royal wife farewell, drew back from respect to feelings which had a power to subdue and agitate a man usually supposed to be devoid of all generous emotions.

When Philip stood for the last time on the soil of England, waiting for the barge which was to convey him on ship-board, some one again inquired for the Page. At the moment, two men were engaged lowering a large covered chest into a boat which was just putting off to the vessel, laden with his effects. Philip gazed gloomily upon the chest, and replied in the same husky voice as before—"*That the boy had been sent forward!*"

It was a miserable day for Queen Mary when her husband thus suddenly deserted her to the lonely magnificence of her birthright. She abandoned herself to selfish repining, refusing to be seen even by her most trusty counsellors, and for once the persecuted Protestants had a moment's respite. She was too much absorbed by her own afflictions for a thought of them. Philip had left England three days before his Queen was made acquainted with the escape of Alice Copley and her father. Then, the malice of her character burst forth with a violence that threatened even her own life. She believed the cause of Philip's desertion now explained, and that Alice Copley had escaped by his assistance and was the companion of his homeward voyage. It was to this belief, perhaps, that the fugitives owed their safety for while Mary was inflicting tortures on herself, painful almost as those she would gladly have visited on her rival, that rival was concealed in a convent some few miles from London. Through the introduction of Cardinal Pole, she had been admitted unquestioned by the sisterhood, and under another name, with cautious concealment of her religious belief, remained in tranquil security. Her father also had been cared for and his safety secured after the plan proposed by the good prelate, and thus while Mary believed them to be on the ocean, culprit and treacherous, they enjoyed a degree of repose which fortunately remained unmolested through her blind conviction of their guilt.

A few weeks of conflicting passions, evil and violent, wrought their effect upon the Queen. Her health gradually gave way beneath the continual struggle of angry and humiliating feelings which followed the first shock of her husband's departure, and, as if to revenge herself upon the nation for wrongs done by the Prince, who had ever been a burthen and a curse to it, she became cruel and unrelenting to a degree that, with all her bigotry, she had never reached before. The scaffold and the death pyre were erected and kindled to light the homeward track of King Philip.

At last Mary was ill, but even then, the work of death went on, and the act of each new day only added a deeper crimson to the name which she had left to posterity. Some hearts are made pure by trial and gain much beneath the pressure of affliction; such hearts know that honey may be wrung from the most bitter flower, and that it is far less painful to suffer than to inflict wrong. To others, sorrow comes like a whirlwind, tearing each good property from the soul, and sheding nothing but mildew and evil upon it. To the Queen of England a whirlwind came, and the fearful passions aroused in her bosom, scattered their fiery seeds over the whole kingdom. Her own death-bed was lighted up by the flame of a thousand funeral pyres. In her disappointment and wrath she trod upon the necks of her people, and was heralded to the grave by groans and imprecations. Their echo has not yet died away.

Windsor Castle became one of the most gloomy places in Old England, as its royal inmate gradually yielded to the stern power which overshadowed her. One habit after another was repiningly sacrificed to the disease which her own evil spirit had confirmed, and at last she sunk a confirmed invalid, helpless and miserable amid the magnificence of her regal state. Then she learned the bitter mockery of station. A keen desire for care

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and affection awoke in her heart, and it could not be satisfied. Amid pain of body and loneliness of heart, she had no true bosom to lean upon—no kind hand to smooth her pillow, from a loving and grateful impulse. Yes, there was one! The firm friend of her girlhood—the faithful and good man whom she had sent from her presence but a few months before, wounded and heart-sore by her unkindness. Cardinal Pole was ever at hand to soothe her irritability, to comfort and to counsel. To him she was yet a Queen, and what appealed more powerfully to his generosity a—suffering woman. He could forget her failings, in her wretchedness, for the absence of evil in his own nature only made him forgiving and charitable when obliged to acknowledge its existence in another.

There was yet hope that Mary might recover, and but for constant repining and anxiety, arising from the desertion of her husband, there was nothing which predicted a fatal termination to her disease. She still walked from her bed-chamber to the dressing-room adjoining, and took some interest in the affairs of her kingdom, though even to her counsellor she was often captious and fretful. With Friar Joseph she held frequent discourses, and the mild persuasion of Cardinal Pole was beginning to make itself felt in her mind. She had never been beloved by her female attendants, and now that half England was making court to her successor, Mary often found herself neglected even by the members of her household. She was often left for hours in solitary possession of her chamber, and at such times her mind was for ever repining over the past and exhausting its strength with regrets that were worse than useless. It was a pitiable sight—so much loneliness, surrounded by pomp and magnificence of royalty. But death has a sure footstep, though the sound of its approach may be muffled with crimson and gold.

One night Mary sat in her dressing-room, solitary and wretched. She had fallen asleep in her chair, and during that painful slumber, the last of her attendants had stolen from the room. Her repose was brief, and after opening her eyes and gazing sadly around the apartment she closed them again and heavy tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. The picture was indeed a desolate one. Two wax lights stood in their massive candlesticks, burning dimly, with long unsnuffed wicks, that flared to a current of air which swept through the partially closed casement, filling the gloomy tapestry and all the corners with broken shadows. On the same table with the lights, were a few medicine bottles, crowded together, with a small silver cup from which the invalid drank her potions; a dull, disagreeable smell of drugs hung about the table. Altogether, the late hour and the gloom which clung to each object, were every way calculated to sadden the heart of a suffering person. The Queen was indeed lonely, and her dejected mind naturally turned to the great cause of her illness—the absent Prince. She pondered upon this theme 'till a strong desire to visit his chamber took possession of her mind. She had attempted this once before, soon after the departure of Philip, but he had locked the suite of rooms with his own hands, and purposely took away the keys. It was just possible that the door leading to her own chamber might have been forgotten. Mary arose as this thought came to her, and taking one of the candles, entered the private passage. The door had indeed been left open, and she found her way into the bed-chamber without difficulty. The Queen panted for breath both from weakness and the dense air that filled the apartment. Every thing she looked upon was arranged and in its place, save a large chest which had stood there for ages, it was gone, but why Philip had removed that alone, she could not conjecture. As she crossed the room, her foot became entangled with some object on the floor. It was a fillet of purple silk, interwoven with gold; a female ornament to be worn about the head or neck. Mary held it to the light and for a moment her worn features relapsed into a bitter smile. It passed away, however, for she had become too feeble for strong or lasting emotions, and with the fillet in her hand, she entered the boudoir. There too the atmosphere was close and stifling. No breath of air came through the arched window. The water had dried away from the little fountain, and its snowy basin was choked up with leaves that had dropped from the withered plants when perishing for lack of moisture. The earth lay dry and hard in the pure white vases where they had taken root, and dead branches hung in tangled masses over the stained glass. It was a dreary change from the fairy nook of former days. The room itself bore an aspect of splendid desolation. The lute which she had so often seen in possession of the Spanish Page, lay upon the floor, with the strings broken, as by the desperate sweep of a hand across them. The cushions also were heaped roughly together, and the glow of their rich velvet was dimmed with the dust which had gathered upon them. Mary was very feeble, and there was something in the atmosphere of this little room singular and enervating. A faint sickly perfume seemed hanging about the cushions, as if the breath of the dead plants in the window had been poisoned there. This thought came to her mind as she placed the light upon the floor and sat down upon them, with her face to the window. Pain and the fatigue of walking had exhausted her strength, or she would gladly have returned to her chamber, for there was something about the place that made her shudder and grow faint. She thought it was regret for the man who had so long inhabited it, but another and more fatal cause brought on the faintness that oppressed her. She seemed indeed the presiding genius of a spot at once sumptuous and desolate, when she folded the dressing-gown of gorgeous damask over her enfeebled person and crouched helplessly among the cushions. Her face, never handsome, had grown sharp and haggard with suffering. A knot of neglected hair had broken from beneath her night coif and hung down her neck. There the three last months had woven its record in a host of silver threads, which she felt no desire to conceal, so completely had all feminine pride deserted her heart. As she sat upon the cushions occasionally making some restless movement, for she was still in pain, the glitter of some bright substance in the window drew her attention. She arose with some difficulty, and found a small

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casket which had lodged among the ornaments of the fountain. It was valuable from its material and workmanship, but it had a more precious quality. The royal arms of Spain were embossed upon the lid, and she knew that it was one which had belonged to King Philip. Mary went back to the cushions, carefully grasping the prize between her thin hands; but they trembled so, that she could scarcely force open the lid. There was nothing to reward the exertion, a few dried flowers was all it contained. They seemed like orange-blossoms, but the perfume that rose from them, though very pleasant, was far more powerful than such blossoms ever possessed. Mary was not aware of this, she only knew that it fell upon her senses with a soothing effect, and bending her face over the casket, inhaled the rich scent 'till a drowsy languor stole over her and she sunk slowly back upon the cushions.

During the illness of his Sovereign, the royal physician had visited her sick chamber at least once a night, and on this evening he was in attendance rather earlier than usual. To his surprize he found the chamber untenanted, and no attendants in waiting to account for a circumstance so singular. On entering the dressing-room, he observed that one of the lights had disappeared, and a current of air swelling out the tapestry, drew his attention to the open door and the passage which it concealed. He took the remaining candle, and flinging aside the tapestry, hurried forward, full of anxiety for his patient. He entered Philip's chamber and was guided to the boudoir by the sound of a human voice, muttering wild broken sentences, interspersed with low bursts of laughter.—The physician rushed forward, and found his royal mistress lying upon the cushions, waving her restless hands in the air, and talking deliriouly, but with closed eyes and a deep feverish crimson burning over her thin cheeks. The kind man was terrified by her strange situation, and hurrying through the passage again, he entered the ante-room where her faithless attendants were sleeping. Without giving himself time to upbraid them, he had the suffering Queen carried to her own chamber, where her delirium took a quieter form, and she soon fell asleep, but from that hour her disease assumed a character which baffled the skill of her physician—his medicines failed of the ordinary effect, and before daybreak the next morning, it was known to the people of England, that their Sovereign was on her death-bed.

It was true—Mary, the first reigning Queen of England, lay trembling upon the verge of that eternity to which she had sent so many human souls. After that fatal visit to her husband's chamber, she was never aroused to consciousness, but lay upon her crimson bed in a profound, and it would seem, painless sleep. Now and then, some imperfect murmur broke from her lips, and her eyelids were strained as if she would gladly have unclosed them. In this state, the good Cardinal Pole, assisted by Friar Joseph, administered the last solemn rites of religion, and shortly after she rendered up her name to the judgment of after ages, and her soul to the Most High God!

Cardinal Pole departed from the death-bed of his Royal mistress, but to seek his own place of eternal rest. Sixteen hours after she breathed her last, and while her body was lying in state, surrounded by a pomp of mourning and in the light of consecrated tapers, the good old man was extended upon his couch, still sensible, but tranquilly passing away to the home prepared for him in Heaven. Anxiety and constant watching had done their work, on a frame already enfeebled by disease and infirm from weight of years. In the ante-room of his chamber the retainers of his household were gathered mournfully together, some of them pale and stern with anxious grief, others weeping bitterly, and comfortless as children threatened with a sudden bereavement which they had no strength to endure. The chamber where the dying prelate lay, had little of death-gloom in its appearance. All the narrow casements were flung open, and a gush of bright air floated freely around the dying man, for the curtains were drawn back and twisted in gorgeous masses around the heavy bed-posts; the light fell cheerfully among their folds, while the breeze played and rustled there with a pleasant sound, as if to lull the spirit to its last earthly sleep, with the softest music in nature. The dying christian lay upon his couch, pallid and breathing fainter each moment; his long hair fell as a web of scattered silver over the pillow, and his pale hands were folded helplessly on the glowing counterpane—he lay motionless, as if his mind were tranquil in its faith, even beyond the need of prayer.

There was a sound of suppressed grief in the room. It was the quick heaving sobs of a female, who leaned weeping, against one of the muffled bed-posts, with her face buried in the golden ringlets which fell profusely over the mass of velvet enwreathed about them. There, by the dying man's pillow, knelt Arthur Huntly, his nephew and heir; he was pale and sorrow-stricken. His eyes were full of grief, and he bent them continually on the mild face which had never turned to his but with looks of kindness.

The same physician who had attended Mary in her last moments, was calmly mixing a potion at a table near the bed, and John Copley knelt in a remote corner of the room; his hands were clasped and his face uplifted to heaven in earnest prayer. Large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks and fell with a continued dripping to the floor, while the fullness of his heart occasionally broke forth in smothered and burning words, which he struggled in vain to subdue, for the awful presence of death seemed to reproach even the outbreak of a christian's prayer. There was a slight bustle in the ante-chamber, an attendant came in and softly drawing down the window curtains, stole back through the dim light noiselessly and on tiptoe. Then, with a slow, and in spite of himself, tremulous step, Father Joseph, the Queen's confessor, entered the chamber of death. He drew close to the dying prelate and looked upon his face steadily and with a calm eye. But the footsteps of the great destroyer sounds fearfully when he treads in high places, and as he gazed, the lips of that rigid priest grew white with a sense of his awful presence. His person was not yet relieved from the vestments in which he had administered the last sacred rites at the death-bed of his Sovereign, and now he stood ready to perform the same

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solemn duty to another, scarcely less exalted in station, and far above her in all that constitutes true greatness.

Not a sob or a murmur disturbed the solemn stillness of that death-chamber, while the last consolations of his religion were administered to the dying Cardinal. The priest scarcely breathed as he bent his ear to receive the whispered confession, and the very life seemed hushed upon the mourner's lips. How little of human frailty that good man had to confess, the calm light which lay upon his moving lip might bear holy witness. When the ceremonials were over, he seemed inclined to rest, and Father Joseph glided softly to a window where he stood with folded arms and his face bent as if to conceal the emotion which he could no longer force back to his heart. After a few moments the Cardinal opened his eyes again and motioned feebly with his hand that the Confessor should draw near. Father Joseph approached, bent down, and once more the Cardinal murmured a few words in his ear, but his eyes were turned on his nephew all the time. The priest stepped back, and darting a quick glance at the weeping female, exclaimed, in a voice that broke harshly upon the silence:

"Is she not a heretic?"

The dying man lifted his eyes and they were filled with a mild expression of charity.

"These names have little value to me now," he said in a weak but unbroken voice; "I am going where God trieth the soul and questioneth not whether it be Catholic or Protestant, so that it be pure."

The Confessor seemed about to expostulate, but with the smile that stole over that dying man's face came a grey shadow, that spoke of dissolution. His hand moved on the counterpane as if it sought that of his nephew, and closing his eyes, he said, very faintly—

"Let it be even as I have said, brother."

There was something holy in that look, which even religious bigotry had no courage to combat. The priest bent his head and spoke in a low voice to Arthur Huntly. The young man arose, like one in a dream, and moving toward the female, who remained almost concealed by the bed-drapery, took her hand. Alice Copley lifted her head and looked earnestly at her lover, as he whispered a few agitated words. Her face had been flushed with weeping, but it turned suddenly pale, and like one bewildered, she suffered herself to be led before the priest. The voice of Father Joseph as he uttered the marriage service, aroused John Copley from his devotions. He arose from his knees and approached the bed just in time to hear his daughter pronounced a wife.

As the newly married pair sunk on their knees by that solemn death-bed, the Cardinal opened his eyes and looked upon them, while a sweeter expression of benevolence stole over his features. The young bridegroom had bent his lips to one pale hand and was weeping upon it. Those dim eyes dwelt upon him for a moment, while the other hand was feebly raised and laid upon the head of the young wife. Minute after minute went by; then John Copley reverently lifted that cold hand from where it rested among the golden tresses of his child, and laid it gently upon the counterpane.

Original.

THE PROPHECY AND DEATH OF CALANUS.*

In the vale of Hind, where the Ganges flows,
Bringing pure white foam from its fountain snows,
With the sparkling gem, and golden sand,
From diamond-caves of a mountain land,
Did the sage, Calanus, wander on,
With the wild young chief of Macedon,
For he loved to trace that fated star,
In his orbit-march through the clouds of war.

But weak was his step in the Indian dance,
And his nerveless arm forsook the lance,
For his eye grew dim, and a prophet-dream,
Led his way to the shore of the holy stream;
'Twas a lovely spot, by the river's side,
Where falling flowers, like light barques, glide,
And mournful nymphs of the zephyr rove,
Through the bowers of palm and spicy grove.

The halberd gleamed by the soldier's side,
And the war-horse pranced in his martial pride,
The battle-song of the Greeks was sung,
And his shield o'er his breast the warrior hung,
But unheeded the satrap hurried by,
'Mid the clarion-shout and the foeman's cry,
For a seraph-train from their spheres had come,
To bear him away to the spirit-home.

"Go, Philip's son, where the orient sea,
Bounds the pathless flight of men," said he,
"And plant thy foot on the richest gem
That Porus wears in his diadem—
There are visions yon, of a dark eclipse,
And the signet-stamp that shall press thy lips—
Thy death-steed waits with a charger's rein,
Farewell! I shall meet thee soon again!"

Fresh fruits were brought to the funeral-pile,
And the old man gazed with a vacant smile,
As the reeds of his bamboo couch were spread
With garlands to pillow his weary head,
And amid sweet flowers, in the angry fire,
Unmoved he sank on the fragrant pyre,
For the legend taught him thus to die,
For the myrtle bowers of a lovelier sky.

* * * * * *

But mark the sleep of the mighty one,
On his bannered couch at Babylon!
Ah! strange, in his dream, seems the pictured group,
Of his war-worn chiefs and mounted troop,
Bringing each the gift of a soldier's tear,
To the flowret-pall of a warrior's bier!
'Twas the spell of death—and the Monarch knew,
That the words of his prophet-sire were true.

H. W. N.

* Calanus was a celebrated Indian philosopher, who followed Alexander, the Great, in his expedition to India. Being sick, in his eighty-third year, he ordered a pile to be raised, upon which he mounted, decked with flowers and garlands, to the astonishment of the King and his army. When the pile was fired, Alexander asked him whether he had any thing to say. "No," said he, "I shall meet you again, in a very short time!" Alexander died three months after, in Babylon.—*Lempriere.*

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Original.

AN OPERATION;

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK, CALLED THE "ROMANCE OF ANATOMY."

BY J. S. JONES.

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession."

"To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice, I admit; but that any thing positively romantic, as the word is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny."

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your segar, and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events narrated here occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows: 'During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 183–, I was on board a steamboat, crowded with passengers. The state of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined. Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters;—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey—the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse; the earnest manner of the elder of the ladies prevented any other result, I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

'There is no danger, father,' said she. 'I would not wish to live, if I am ever to be the slave of fear.'

For the first time, I had become interested in her character, and a silent prayer went forth from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her soul to despise. I left the deck as her father ending a fresh caution with, 'Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care'—led the younger sister to the cabin below.

A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to the signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing-boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing-boat passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left and who subsequently became an object of intense interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there were enough to apply the remedies usual on such occasions. After the lapse of a few minutes, from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld reclining upon a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearance, dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her white hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsiding in floods of tears. Messengers had been despatched to the different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers, a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck; the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing-boat passed, caused the steamer to careen, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head upon a corner of the chain-box. A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination, it was found that the skull of the young lady was fractured, and every symptom indicated compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to the unhappy parent of the girl, with the candid acknowledgment that her situation was one of imminent peril. 'Can nothing be done to save her?' said the weeping father; the sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin, and was in the care of some of the ladies. The physician replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skilfully and speedily performed. 'What operation?' said the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

'Trepanning,' quietly responded the physician, and briefly explained his meaning. A silence of some duration ensued.

'When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?' gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm.

'That must depend upon circumstances,' was his reply.

'Save her life. Ellen, my child—my child. Poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for Heaven's sake lose no time.'

'I have no instruments fit for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never even saw it done. From the books only I know its nature and manner of proceeding.'

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purposes he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician, had been carefully examining the injury,

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and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician—'Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state, she must die, unless some aid be promptly given. I will assist you.'

'Are you a physician?'

'No, I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation, though easily performed.'

'I shall not undertake it. I could not summon resolution. I do not profess surgery.'

'We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in any attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you?'

The captain returned. The case was opened, and proved, upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments, and, fortunately, the trepan and its necessary apparatus accompanying them. The father revived from an apparent stupor. The sight of the knives made him shudder. 'Well,' said he, in a whisper, 'what is to be done?'

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together for a moment. 'No, sir,' replied the physician. 'Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I should succeed.'

'If you were not on board the boat, under the circumstances, and at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. Be it understood that you refuse, and if her father will trust me, I will save her if I can. Captain, you know me. I can have none but good motives.'

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, who still seemed in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar breathing sound, attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand and said, 'Do what you think best. Save her if you can; God help you.' He kissed her, and walked away, checking the emotion, and repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for all those whose aid was not necessary, to retire from the cabin, which was, of course, complied with. The physician, to his credit be it spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not be a principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and every thing that prudence could suggest, attended to, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo this fearful operation. There was, to her, no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation, to her, was a lost faculty. But the loss of self-possession in the operator—a lack of knowledge and judgment in the critical moment, might make of the instrument used to save a life, a weapon of sure destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments. 'Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not, his eye quailed not. In a moment a part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw about to do its work. Such silence—a frightful wound appeared, and though inflicted upon one who felt not the edge of the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through its covering membrane. Her father had walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheek, and covering, in its course, the loose locks that had been spared. 'Is she alive? do not answer me—still I must ask—Ellen, Ellen.'

Expressions like these escaped from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart, as if the instruments were acting upon marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands, raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—'Father! I am safe! I'm better!' The transition from apparent death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed 'till the proper dressings were applied, and the operation pronounced complete. The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended spending some days, and with the young surgeon, I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. Is there not something romantic in this?"

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose."

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady, was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair-haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend ———, who, you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him, with her, a fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in the broach you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's

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head, previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that encompass it. Now what say you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the junior M. D., "why, that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?"

"He is, in all but the name, possessing the qualities necessary to excel in the practice of the healing art, an honor to society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"

Boston, 1841.

Original.

LOVE'S VISIONS FADE.

BY J. G. CUMMING.

Alas! thou'st gane awa', Mary,
Thou'st gane awa' frae me;
The rose has left thy mossy cheek,
The love-light's left thine e'e.

Thy hinny mou has ceased to breathe
Its loved notes in my ear;
And all around with silent tongue,
Proclaims that thou'rt not here.

Ah! who could tell the joyous hopes
That swelled my grateful heart,
When all I loved on earth was mine,
And mine—no more to part.

For fancy could not breathe the thought
That we could severed be;
That death's cold finger could allure,
Thy fairy form from me.

But ah, alas! Time tells sad tales,
He lures us o'er life's path,
Strewing wild flowers along our way—
Flowers that no fragrance hath.

The blossoms which we cherish now,
A poisoned chalice bear;
The blessings which we value now,
Ere night bring grief or care.

My Mary loved, and I, too, loved,
But ah, these visions fled;
She, like a snow-wreath, left my gaze;
Love gave a tear instead.

So end the dreams of life; then why
After its pleasures thirst?
The brightest flowers the soonest fade,
The fairest forms die first.

Original.

POOR RELATIONS; OR, '36 AND '40.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Drive to Mrs. Grantham's," said Mrs. Harley, as she issued from one of the fashionable Broadway stores, and entered her splendid carriage. In a few minutes the velvet-covered steps were again let down, and she stood at the door of her friend, with her card-case already half opened in her hand, well knowing that it would be in requisition, as she had just seen Mrs. Grantham amid a group of ladies in the crowded promenade. "Wait here 'till I return; I am going to pay another visit," said she, as the footman threw open the carriage door. With stately step she walked onward until she reached the nearest intersecting street, then drawing her veil closely over her face, and quickening her pace, she turned the corner, and was lost to the view of her watchful servants.

"I thought so," said the liveried coachman with a knowing leer; "where do you think Mrs. Harley has gone, Wilson?"

"How should I know?" was the careless reply.

"She's gone to see her old aunt who keeps school in one of these up-town streets."

"Oh, ho! is that the game? *poor relations!* Well, I am glad that she has too much regard for her horses to let them stand at the door of a beggarly school-madam."

Quite unconscious of the remarks of her saucy domestics, who assumed the privilege of conjecturing the truth at most inconvenient seasons, Mrs. Harley hurried on, and, after several turns and windings, taken to avoid publicity, found the place she sought. Her loud knock having procured her instant admission, she was ushered into an apartment, which could scarcely fail to awaken some early associations in the heart of the woman of fashion, for every article of its simple furniture had been familiar to her childhood. The tall thin china jars which adorned the narrow chimneypiece—the still taller silver candlesticks beside them—the cumbrous mahogany chairs, with the clean but faded chintz covers—the strait-backed sofa—the spider-legged tea-table, all were old friends. Even the worsted-worked tea-kettle holder, its original colors now blended in one dusky tint, held its accustomed place on one side of the fire; while a fly-brush of peacock's feathers, an exact counterpart of the one whose hundred eyes had been the wonder of her childhood, still hung in the corner. Many a happy hour had Mrs. Harley spent in the very room where she now stood as a stranger, and in spite of herself, her feelings softened as memory retraced her by-past life. The entrance of the mistress of this old-fashioned mansion, only served to revive with still greater vividness her recollections of the past, for in the mild countenance of Mrs. Wilkinson, she beheld the same kind expression which had won her childish affection. The years that had stolen the bloom from the cheek of the votary of fashion, and had robbed her form of its pliant grace, had left scarcely a trace of

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their progress on the elder lady. Her tall thin figure still retained its perpendicularity, and time had only deepened the furrows which grief had early traced upon her brow. Her closely-cut black silk dress—the square of thin muslin pinned with so much precision over her bosom—her high-crowned cap, with its neatly-crimped border, and the smooth braids of silver-sprinkled hair which crossed her high forehead, all were in exact resemblance to the picture traced upon Mrs. Harley's memory some twenty years earlier.

"I have come to ask you to pass the day with me, aunt," said Mrs. Harley, assuming her blandest tone in answer to Mrs. Wilkinson's polite but cold salutation. "Your duties, and my constant engagements, prevent us from meeting as often as we ought, but I am determined, for the future, to arrange some plan by which we can have more of your society."

"Your determination comes too late, madam," said the old lady, while a slight flush crossed her pale cheek; "had my duties and your engagements been the only barriers between us, they might have been easily removed. The true obstacles have been somewhat more insurmountable, and yet methinks even the distinction between poverty and riches might have been overlooked in favor of your few surviving relatives."

"Nay, aunt, you wrong me," said Mrs. Harley. "I am sure I have never failed in respect towards you."

"No; you have managed to treat me with total neglect, and yet, to be perfectly respectful, if, by any chance, we accidentally met. However, I wish not to reproach you, Caroline; your way through life has not been as my way, and though both of us were nurtured in the same home, we have sought very different roads to our journey's end. When your mother—my only sister—named you by my name, and gave you into my arms as another claimant upon my affections, I received you as a precious gift from her hands; and when, two years later, she was borne to her early grave, you can testify to the manner in which I fulfilled my duties to the little orphan. But times have altered; I was then prosperous and happy, the wife of a man eminent in his profession, and the mother of a lovely family. I am now a lonely widow, compelled to eke out my diminished means of support by keeping school, and I ought not be surprized to find friends changed as well as fortune."

"My dear madam, can you suppose your altered circumstances have had any influence upon my feelings?" exclaimed Mrs. Harley, in well-dissembled surprize.

"I do not speak from vague supposition only, Caroline; I *know* what I say. When my daughter and myself undertook the charge of a private boarding-school, you gradually dropped all intimacy with us, for you had grown rich, as we had declined in fortunes, and you began to feel that the presence of '*poor relations*' might be rather inconvenient. When your daughter left the nursery, she was transferred to one of those pests of modern society, a *fashionable* boarding-school, not so much on account of my antiquated method of imparting real knowledge, instead of superficial accomplishments, as because the relationship between us would seem degrading in the eyes of the world. Nay, you have even denied that relationship when questioned on the subject, and I therefore can have no confidence in professions of regard."

The self-possession of Mrs. Harley quite failed her as she listened to these bitter truths. Her brow crimsoned, and she bit her lips as she replied, "Well, aunt, you have chosen to misunderstand my motives, and reject my good will."

"No, Caroline, I do not reject your good will, but I cannot consent to accept your civilities; if I can serve you in any way, I am ready, but do not come to me with hollow professions. You have doubtless visited me on business, this morning; let us therefore discuss it as strangers, or, at least, mere acquaintances."

Nothing but Mrs. Harley's strong desire to acquire some information on a subject which nearly interested her, could have induced her to bear her aunt's severe remarks. She, however, repressed the angry feelings which rose within her breast, and with the bland courtesy for which she was remarkable, replied, "It shall be as you wish, madam; I will no longer proffer any claim of kindred, but if it be not contrary to your ideas of propriety, will you be so good as to afford me some information respecting the character and temper of a young lady now under your charge? I mean Miss Eveline Morris."

Mrs. Wilkinson looked surprized. Mrs. Harley continued, "I did intend to include her in the invitation which I just had the pleasure of offering to you, and the pain of hearing you reject; of course I wish my questions concerning her to be considered in the light of a confidential communication, and I should be unwilling to have the interest I take in her made public."

"Will you oblige me by making known the reasons for such inquiry?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Why, to tell you the truth, it is on my daughter's account that I feel interested in the child. Major Morris visits us very frequently, and I think is strongly disposed to admire my beautiful Mary."

"Major Morris?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson; "pardon my surprize, Caroline, but if I retain my recollection of the very lovely little girl whom I once saw with you, she can scarcely be more than eighteen years of age, while the major is certainly past forty."

"You are quite right, aunt," replied Mrs. Harley, in her most dulcet tones. "Mary is just eighteen, but the major is a very young-looking man, and possesses many advantages."

"He is rich and fashionable, you mean, Caroline."

"It would certainly be a brilliant match for Mary; he is very distinguished in society."

"He is more than that, or I am much mistaken in him," said Mrs. Wilkinson, warmly. "He is a man of high-toned feelings, of elevated character, and of fine talents. I am not surprized that he should seek a second marriage, for I doubt whether his first was a very happy one, but it is strange he should choose so young a wife."

"Mary is very beautiful, aunt, and I have taken great pains to destroy in her mind those youthful illusions

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which so often interfere with the prudent calculations of parents."

"What do you mean by youthful illusions?"

"Oh, those romantic ideas of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection, which generally fill a girl's head when she first enters society, and often induce her to throw herself away upon some penniless fellow with black whiskers and a sentimental smile. Mary, though so young, has as much discretion as if she was thirty. She never reads novels, and her knowledge of the world is derived entirely from my experience. It has been my object to make her understand society as it actually exists. My own preconceived fancies of worldly happiness have given me some bitter hours, and I wished to save her from the pain which we all suffer, when our early dreams fade into reality."

There was a touch of feeling in Mrs. Harley's manner which softened the stern old lady. "Take care, Caroline," said she, "lest in destroying the romance which grows up in the heart of every woman, you do not root up the generous impulses which are ever entwined with it. She who enters upon life endowed with warm and enthusiastic feelings, must necessarily encounter many sorrows, but that very discipline of grief renders her more capable of bearing her burden meekly; of sympathizing with the afflicted, of practising the disinterested kindness which is a peculiar privilege, and, in a word, of performing those feminine duties which are designed to make her a help, meet for man. I do not admire a calculating spirit in youth. It is so unnatural, so unsuited to the unsuspecting innocence which ought always to characterize that bright season of life, that, schoolmistress as I am, I would rather see the errors of a generous mind, than the undeviating propriety of a perfectly selfish one, which is always correct from motives of interest."

"Well, aunt, for my part, I think those happiest who allow their affections to run in the freeest channels."

"Those are happiest who, *having the greatest number of duties to do, perform them best.* A woman is blest in proportion as she ministers to the happiness of others; she may have more sorrows, more calls upon her sympathy, but she has also more sources of enjoyment; for she thus exercises all her faculties—all her affections—and in this exercise consists the secret of woman's happiness."

"I dare say you are right, madam," said Mrs. Harley, politely, suppressing a yawn, "but now let us talk of Eveline Morris. If Mary is to be her stepmother, as I hope she is, I should like to know how the young lady may be best managed."

"*Managéd!* how I detest the word," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, warmly; a child should never be managed. Management implies finesse, and trickery, and concealment, neither of which are necessary in the guidance of children. I have taught school for twenty years, and have never found one who could not comprehend and appreciate plain, honest dealing. Teach young persons with candor, kindness and resolution, and you will never study the art of management."

"Is Miss Eveline accustomed to the exercise of her own will?"

"Yes, when she wills to do right, and when she is wrong, a word of remonstrance is sufficient to subdue her. Eveline Morris must be governed only by the gentle influence of the affections, for although to kindness she is as docile as a lamb, she would be utterly untameable by harsh and severe treatment. But are you sure Major Morris is in love with your daughter?"

"I wish I *was* certain of that fact, my dear madam; but I do not despair of seeing him so; he admires the fresh and youthful beauty for which she is remarkable, he is charmed with the simplicity of manners which I have taken such pains to teach her, and I think, with proper discretion on our parts, he may be led on to form a serious attachment. Excuse me for trespassing so long upon your valuable time," continued Mrs. Harley, looking at her watch. "So you will not be persuaded to bring your young pupil to dine with me to-morrow?" The old lady coldly answered in the negative. "Well, good morning! the next time I call, I will bring Mary with me, to make the acquaintance of Miss Morris."

Mrs. Harley hurried away, and as she regained her carriage, she threw herself back upon the silken cushions with a feeling of discomfort such as she did not often experience. "Thank Heaven," thought she, "that long lecture is at an end; the old lady has passed away an hour, and yet contrived to give me no actual information about this Eveline Morris; I dare say Mary will have trouble enough with her, unless her father can be persuaded to keep her at school."

Perhaps the manœuvreing mamma would have felt less sanguine in her schemes if she could have taken a peep into a certain back parlor, where sat the handsome and stately Major Morris, holding the hand of a delicate and graceful woman, in whose intellectual countenance the 'freshness of youthful beauty' had long since given place to more lasting charms. He admired the beautiful Mary Harley, as he would have done a fine picture, but if he thought of her at all, it was only as a child, in comparison with himself. He was the friend of her father, without having the slightest idea of becoming the lover of the daughter, for his good sense taught him, that in making a second choice, his age, and the future welfare of his child should be taken into consideration. This he had done; and even while Mrs. Harley was condescending to visit her *poor relations*, in order to further her plans with regard to the rich widower, he had taken the liberty of calling upon one of those humble relatives, with the offer of his heart and hand. In less than three months after the double interview, the fashionable world were all surprized by the announcement of the major's marriage He had learned to estimate the true character of women, and despising the allurements of fashion, he had chosen the modest, unpretending daughter of Mrs. Wilkinson —the *poor relation* of the aspiring Mrs. Harley. The close of the memorable year of —36, *the year of bubbles*, as it may emphatically be called, found the major and his pleasant family circle enjoying the rational pleasures of Parisian life, while it left Mrs. Harley

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planning new schemes for the advancement of her daughter, and vainly regretting her neglect of her '*poor relations.*'

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It was in the spring of 1840 when Major Morris returned to his native land. His daughter had grown up into an elegant and graceful girl, his wife had realized all his anticipations of domestic happiness, and he had learned to love old Mrs. Wilkinson with almost filial affection. They formed a united and affectionate family, studying the comfort of each other, and thus contributing most effectually to their own. They returned to take up their residence in the city of their birth, and the major's first care was to select such a dwelling as might become his permanent place of abode. He found no difficulty in procuring such. Many a splendid mansion, which, at his departure, was filled with aspiring and wealthy families, now stood untenanted and lonely in their magnificence. The spirit of speculation had proved itself but a juggling fiend—the gold which men had fancied within their grasp, like fairy treasure, had returned to its original worthlessness, and the millionaire of —'36, was the bankrupt of —'40.

Among others who had put in the sickle at harvest-time, and reaped only tares, was Mr. Harley. Tempted by the opportunity of making a fortune in a night, he forgot that things of such *gourdlike* growth may wither even as quickly. Neglecting the business which was gradually heaping up wealth within his coffers, he threw himself into the midst of stock and land speculations, entering heart and hand into all the gambling schemes of the wildest projectors. We smile at the credulity of those who, in the olden time, ruined themselves, and beggared their children, by their insane quest of the philosopher's stone; but will not posterity regard with the same contemptuous pity the mad and headlong career which the men of our own time have followed, in their pursuit of wealth? We were smitten with avarice as with a pestilence—the strong and the weak—the wise and the ignorant—the virtuous and the depraved—all fell victims to the plague, and many an untimely grave—many a broken heart, which 'brokenly lives on,' remains to attest the fearful ravages of the disease.

Mr. Harley had *risked all*, and *lost*. From a condition of affluence and splendor, he was cast headlong into beggary. Every thing was gone—his money—his credit—even his character, as a man of honor, was lost, in his vain attempt to sustain himself, and in the very crisis of his misfortunes, he was found lying dead on the floor of his counting-room. He had died in a fit of apoplexy, produced by intense mental distress, but the good natured world, of course, suggested that an event so judiciously timed, could scarcely be a natural one, and thus the cloud of suspicion rested even upon the grave of the unhappy bankrupt. Major Morris sought in vain to discover the retreat of the bereaved family. Whether from pride, or some accidental cause, they had left no trace of their course after the final sale of all their furniture and effects, and Mrs. Wilkinson, whose sense of past wrongs had long since been forgotten in sympathy for their misfortunes, in vain lamented her ignorance of their condition.

Some months had passed away, when Mrs. Wilkinson, having occasion to employ a sempstress, received information from a person who kept a sort of haberdashery store, that she could not perform a greater act of charity, than by giving her work to a lady who lodged in the upper part of her house. Upon further inquiry, Mrs. Wilkinson ascertained that the person whom she was required to employ, lived alone, in great seclusion, and that her name was never mentioned to the ladies who gave her work. "The work is left with me, ma'am," said the woman," and I am responsible for it; but the lady does not want to be known; I believe she was once very rich, and she is afraid some of her acquaintances will remember her."

"Has she a daughter?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson.

"She has, ma'am, but the unnatural creature has left her mother, and gone off with a young Frenchman, who took a fancy to her pretty face."

"Was she very handsome."

"Yes, ma'am, but she was no better than a beautiful wax figure—she did not seem to care for any body, and all she did was to dress herself in all the little finery she could get, and sit by the window to attract the attention of the gentlemen. Her mother was almost killed by her desertion, but it did not destroy the poor lady's pride; I believe she has gone without a dinner many a time, because she was too proud to let any one know her poverty."

Mrs. Wilkinson's interest was excited, and she insisted on being allowed to visit the nameless lady. In spite of the remonstrances of the kind-hearted shop-keeper, she made her way up the narrow stairs, and in the miserable apartment, found, as she had expected, her bereaved and impoverished niece.

Mrs. Morris did not insult her unhappy cousin by calling to see her in her carriage, nor yet did she make her way by stealth to the abode of poverty. A comfortable home, a competent provision for her comfort were provided, and then Mrs. Wilkinson conducted her daughter to the presence of her relative, whose claims to kindred were not now disavowed. Doubtless, of all the parties, Mrs. Harley felt, with the most acuteness, the difference between *poor relations* in '36 and '40.

ABUSE OF POWER.

Wherever men have been intrusted with an unlimited power, they have never failed to abuse it; pride, which increases in proportion to the homage it receives, ignorance and sensuality give them the idea that they are a superior order of beings, and fill them with absurd notions of their high dignity and importance. Whatever may be the civil or military talents of the first monarchs, their descendants have ceased to be either wise or brave, as soon as their subjects were sufficiently bended to the yoke, and accustomed to admit the claim, without *insisting upon the condition.—Thomas Day.*

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Original.

SKELETON ESSAYS;

OR, LACONICS ON LITERATURE, LAW, MORALS, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'KINSMAN,' ETC., ETC.

Government Tinkers.—The world is full of Government makers, as if the making of governments were a less difficult matter, requiring less genius and thought, than the invention of machinery. Philosophers—so called—in their closets; and politicians along the highways, are continually concocting; and yet there is no success—no stability! But here lies the grand point of difficulty. The statesman who expects stability in his forms of government, while the people themselves are daily advancing to new conquests in mind, morals, and machinery, might as well be an antediluvian. He certainly is no statesman for his day. Hence the absurdity, which we daily witness, of self-complacent politicians, who are continually insisting upon their superior pretensions to govern the present, because of their superior familiarity with the past. The true governor for the present is one who has gone beyond it in its own tendencies. The essential properties of a government are those which accord with the habits, the necessities and the conditions of the people—which refer not to the stock from which they sprung, nor to the labors which they have already achieved; but to those, of which, under the stimulating presence of their peculiar genius, they are still capable of achieving. It is because of the stationary character of their governments that nations decline and finally perish. It is a law of nature that we should retrograde the moment we cease to go forward. We should always beware of that fatal delusion which makes us fancy we are perfect. There is no progress, no improvement after that! There is, or should be, a daily revolution going on in all human affairs, or the wheels of a nation become choked, and the body-politic stagnates; at the same time, caution must be taken that, in avoiding one, we do not fall into the other extreme. There is such a thing as firing one's vehicle by the too rapid motion of its wheels.

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Popular Institutions.—The laws and institutions of a people, while they contemplate the probable destinies of that people, and the performances of which they are capable, must, at the same time, suit and address themselves to their existing condition. No government can be durable, the people of which are not prosperous! We hold this to be inevitable. It does not absolutely need, in order that this result should be reached, that the government, *per se*, should be in any respect defective. It may be, in all respects, a very perfect and symmetrical machine. Its grand defect lies in its want of fitness. It is enough that it does not suit the people. A benevolent government may be a curse, while a tyranny in turn may be a blessing. These terms are simply conditional. In a certain condition of the Hebrews, God gave them rulers who scourged their vices by the exercise of others more atrocious. The sins of many were chastised by the superior despotism of the one! At another period, when they were better prepared for the advent of a higher truth, and a more lovely civilization, he vouchsafed them Christ! I suspect that Cornelius Sylla knew, much better than the historians, what sort of laws suited the Roman people in the turbulent days of the Marian faction. In those days, Tarquin would be a more suitable ruler than Numa Pompilius. Such a man as Caius Marius would have been spurned from the Comitia in the primitive times of the Republic—when the public virtues were yet in the full vigor of their youth, and the popular mind had not been corrupted by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the capricious despotism of standing armies. Yet, Marius and Sylla, monsters of cruelty though they were, had, respectively, their beneficial uses. Tyranny, in fact, wherever it successfully establishes itself, is the necessary growth of a rank moral condition of the people; and, even where it does not establish itself, but merely starts up at periods to provoke uproar and to be cut down without struggle, it is yet beneficently provided, that it may keep the people constantly watchful of their virtues and constantly solicitous in their protection. The rank weeds that poison the fields of the farmer, having no obvious uses, may be, in like manner, put there, in order that he may be compelled to industry, and kept from flagging over his daily tasks. The cases are strict moral parallels, and of most valuable counsel. The histories of nations present us with the same corresponding truths; and we must conclude, therefore, among other things, that we make our own tyrannies—we are, substantially, our own tyrants.

> "Thus are we slaves and victims. Thus we make
> The Tyrant who o'ercomes us. He is but
> The creature of our want—growing at need—
> The scourge that whips us for decaying virtue,
> And chastens to reform us!"

It will be difficult to find, in the history of any nation, where the people are moved by the virtues of thrift and industry, the case of a successful tyranny, even for the briefest period. If this be the fact, what follows from it? Many things, indeed, each valuable in its place to know—but one thing in particular—which is—that the overthrow of the individual tyrant, does, by no means, imply the overthrow of the tyranny. There is a succession, as regular as it is certain, so long as the people themselves remain the same. The tyrant is but the representative form of the tyranny—an embodiment to the eye of that rank despotism which was foul and festering in each man's heart. Until that be purged out, the tyranny runs on and must prevail. We have a great deal of the patriotism of Brutus in the murder of Cæsar! Yet, of what avail to Roman freedom was that death-blow which Brutus struck in the Capital?—a death-blow not to the oppression but to its simple and natural agent! The answer to this question is a wholesome commentary. It is furnished by the long and ghastly line of the Cæsars—none half so noble as the original whom they had slain—which followed, with the certainty of upward-flying sparks—an armed and bloody host, more awful than that which gloomed and glared upon the seared eye-balls of Macbeth! That very blow of Brutus helped

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to perpetuate the tyranny. The work had to be done by meaner workmen—mere butchers—bad men—stocks and stones, but they had a will and passions of their own which kept them busy. The death of Julius Cæsar facilitated the progress of tyranny—at least, deprived it of all its grace and nobleness, and, still more decidedly, of its humanities!

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Money, and the Working-Man.—The working-man is the only substantial citizen. The nation is strong in proportion to the number of its working-men. Every institution which tends to diminish the amount of positive performance in a nation—which goes to lessen the grand result of human labor—is an evil institution! Such are, necessarily, all stock companies, which, from being agents of social industry, become primary conditions; and divert, from their legitimate tasks, the minds and energies of a population which it thence renders superfluous. There is in our country a very prevalent distaste for labor. We loathe and despise the severer tasks of that industry which removes mountains and fills the desert with fruits and blossoms. Our people prefer to be lawyers, doctors, divines, and tradesmen; and hence the enormous disproportion between the number that we have, and the number that we require, of those agents of the producer, who contribute nothing to the national stock. Society is very much like a bee-hive. If the drones are allowed to remain, even if they do not propagate, the hive will very quickly become empty. Perhaps, the most fearful sign to the patriot in our times, is the singular dependance which we exhibit upon foreign labor. There is a morbid vanity at work among us, which seems indeed, to be the only thing that does work to its utmost—which makes us revolt at those necessary tasks of the fields and highways, without duly grappling with which, society must continue to lose, day by day, more and more, of its wholesome characteristics. In our day, the cry is—"want of money." The proper subject of complaint is a want of industry. We have money enough in proportion to our need, in proportion to our industry; but not enough in proportion to our profligacy and vain pretence! Perhaps, it is owing to our having so much money, or so much that had the look of money, and was believed to be money, that we are now suffering and complaining. Money is one of the most dangerous of all social possessions! There are very few people who know properly how to make use of it. Most persons not accustomed to its use, become gamblers with it; and the Americans, being a new and consequently a poor people, were, of all others, least prepared to use it judiciously. In many respects the Spaniards were the richest people in the world. They are now among the most degraded. The one condition came from the other. By the discovery and conquest of South America, they had suddenly come into possession of a power, gigantic almost beyond all others, which they knew not how to manage. Take the youthful heir of an old miser—one, whom the sordid stinginess of the sire has, while he lived, kept in the most contracted limits of a slavish economy. Let him be free among the hoards of which he has only dreamed before, and mark with what studious industry he dissipates them. It is, indeed, a subject of boast with him, that he does so—as expensive living, in our days, has become a subject of boast with us. "May be I did'nt *kum it* while it lasted!" was the chuckling reply of a profligate, born to fortune, when one of his friends condoled with him upon its loss. This miserable creature fancied, while he spoke, that he was an object of admiration to all by-standers. A people may become profligate, even as an individual, for excesses are periodically epidemic. The American people have been profligate even in this fashion. For the last ten years we have presented the spectacle of an entire nation, "kumming it," in like manner with the silly heir, and with like consequences. It is something, however, which encourages us hopefully for the future, that our "kumming" is no longer a subject, with us, of congratulatory chuckle. We shall cease to "kum it," I suspect, for some ten years to come—but the periodical return of the epidemic is tolerably certain, unless we learn to respect money less and labor more. Meanwhile, our moralists will be eloquent from the house-tops. We shall have prate enough against speculation, until the rabid fit comes on; and then, "hey, presto, for the world in a string again!" Seriously, our levity of character is a great evil in our moral constitution. It cannot be otherwise, until labor becomes more a native than it is. We must shut up our shops—six in every seven at least—the seventh is adequate to all the traffic necessary—and go back to the deserted fields, and make our own potatoes and learn to dig them for ourselves. How many good farmers have the last ten years converted into bankrupt tradesmen and bad men!

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Moral Courage.—All virtue, to have any real value, must be coupled with a certain degree of courage. We must be bold and resolute, to do what we think necessary to be done. Nay, more—we must be bold enough to admit that we are only what we are! This calls for no small share of moral courage. Very few men, in modern times, possess it. There are very few honest enough to admit that they cannot afford to do whatever may be done by their neighbors. How seldom do we hear one confess his inabilty to buy this or indulge in that luxury. This miserable cowardice, the sole progeny of vanity, runs through the whole circle of society. The miserable trinkets which decorate our persons; the riotous and lavish modes of living; the constant changes of dress and furniture; the costliness of the materials used for both; these, with a thousand other heads of expenditure, are almost universal sins! The conceited husband operates upon 'change, and fancies that he is about to become the recipient of untold floods of treasure, simply because he has nodded his head, or raised his finger at the happy moments! The poor moral butterfly, his wife, assumes that the flood is already pouring in upon her; the son immediately rates himself as the heir of a millionaire; the daughter is proverbial as the favorite of another; and what shall set a limit to the money-follies, and world-follies, and social-follies, of all these parties? Nothing but the blight—as certain as frost at the usual season—which nips the root of all these pre-

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cocious mushrooms, and consigns them to a bankruptcy which brings with it no shame, and to a poverty which finds them without any preparation. The whole life of such people is a lie—and must continue a hopeless lie, until they can recover sufficient moral courage to act out the truth and to appear the truth only. But all these evils, the very evils of vanity, arise from exaggerations of trade; the illusions of which, like those of oriental fable, beguile and bewilder, until all the standards of comparison, are utterly lost; and the poor dreamer, like some painted vessel, with flags flying, and all sails spread, rushes on, unconscious, careering, proud, headlong into the dismal maëlstrom, which is a real vortex to be found in every human sea.

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Moral Standards.—While we shall not insist upon perfectibility, we are yet satisfied that it is always best to consider the human heart as capable of the highest policy; as sufficiently comprehensive in its design, and sufficiently strong in its original energies, to become, after a season, all that which the good wish it may become. Human nature not unfrequently suffers from the low, and too little friendly estimate which we place upon it. Its powers are more frequently underrated than overrated; and, which is worse, the course of education obtaining in general, is calculated rather to keep the mind what it has been hitherto, than what, with the daily increasing means of improvement, furnished by its own untiring exertions, it might readily and with moderate diligence, become. The ages should build one above another, as *we* walk above the heads of *our* fathers, until, progress upon progress being considered, without seeking to appear impious, we rise with lifted foreheads above the vallies, and become in the sight thereof, as Gods!

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Times and Souls.—Our customary phrase, speaking of the Revolution, describes it as "the time that tried men's souls." Perhaps we should better describe it as the time when souls were to be tried—when there were souls—souls of might, and stern purpose, and unbending courage. All times are calculated to try men's souls. Life, itself, is a sort of moral revolution; full of transitions, strifes, exactions, trials; and we only remark periods in history by the presence of such superior souls as give character to events, and make the trials of times subservient to the moral purposes of man. If we look at the history of the United States, its moral rather than its political history, we shall see that the souls which were tried by the American Revolution were the unwonted growth of successive centuries. Such souls do not spring up, annually, into existence, under those regularly recurring laws upon which we build in the production of ordinary crops. They are the representatives of all that the human mind has been realizing, in the struggles and toils of long periods before, periods in which, from the general stagnation of moral purpose, there would seem to have been no souls at all. They seem to be the aggregation of the social strength, the social intellect, the wisdom and the resolution, which, scattered in small particles throughout a nation, are nothing, and produce nothing, until brought together, for sight and performance, in the person of some one strong-souled individual. It was not until four hundred years had elapsed of Egyptian bondage, of brick-making without straw, that the wondrous great soul, which, in human language, we call Moses, came to the rescue of the Hebrews. He was the genius of the nation. He collected into himself its scattered truths. He digested its feeble, striving, powerless, and hitherto ineffective strengths! He showed himself able to govern and to lead them forth, and from the moment of that discovery, his people could no longer be enslaved. And so, with our Revolutionary souls—our prophets—the men-gods who were to guide, and govern, and lead us out of bondage. The moment that the colonists could produce, from their own scattered population, intellects which could contend with those of the oppressor—even as Moses contended with the Egyptian priesthood—from that moment they were free! Proud are we—proud we should be—of those stern, brave, fearless old souls—our Moses', our Aaron's, our Joshua's, sons of Nun; ay, and our Miriam's too—high-brow'd, dark-eyed Prophetesses, who could sing for us songs of triumph, which were also songs of encouragement and progress—when our eventide came on, and we stood, doubtful of our course. Even burdened with our new freedom—drinking of the bitter waters of our Marah! Times for trying souls, indeed; but better phrase were, "souls for trying times" —for all times—for, does it matter that those times are past—that the men themselves, the prophets, are dead and gone? The souls are still with us, they cannot pass, we could not loose them if we would! We too have our times of trial. God sends us souls again; souls that will meet the trial, and overcome it, in stern, long, conflict! The conflict, itself, shall be a seasoning for souls; in which men-children suck milk of might, and grow at length, after repeated seasonings, to be souls like those that have vanquished the enemy before. It is a miserable spectacle that we sometimes still see, of a weak, vast nation, feeble, faint, striving—crying aloud because of famine in the wilderness; having no soul to guide, no soul to bring them out from bondage, to show them the land of promise, to coerce them to the performances by which alone it can be won! Such were, and are, the great nations of this our western continent —as we call them, the aboriginal nations! They lived, and perished, and never had a soul! What a dreadful destiny! And Africa, with her thousand scattered nations—will her soul ever arise for her? will she ever see the truth, and feel the truth, and work out the truth by the only process—work, work, work! It is a solemn inquiry, but we have one like it that more immediately concerns ourselves. Even now, America is crying out for succor from some strong, appointed soul, who can come to her rescue. America, north and south, though in different perhaps, both need the succor of some necessary prophet. It is the season of false prophets in both countries. False prophets are numerous enough in these times, who promise all things and perform nothing. There is little hope from the toils of such souls as the Saint Anna's, the Bustamenti's, the Guerrero's, the

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Houston's and the Davy Crockett's—and when we ask for the Washington's, the Franklin's, the Henry's, the Madison's, the Rutledge's—methinks, there is a vast, deep blush of crimson over the whole face of our struggling country. Times, indeed, that need souls! Let our prayer be, to Heaven, that souls may come in time!

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Patriotism.—There are in the world, at least, two kinds of patriotism, and though they occupy the antagonist extremes of morals, it is very hard for the ordinary man to distinguish between them. The one is true and genuine; the other, false and counterfeit. The one may be seen; the other is always to be heard. The one carries his public love in his heart, and shows it in his actions; the other carries his upon his tongue, and discovers it in his speech. The one is something solid, and works without ceasing; the other is delicate and shadowy, and is always too busy to do any thing. The one is crabbed, perhaps, and usually unpromising; the other is the sweetest spoken person, and promises every thing. The one thinks; the other speaks. The one has no family but his country; the other has no country but his family. The one sits late in council; the other gets late to council. The one asks, in what better way to appropriate the public money for the good of the public; the other, for his own good. The one waits for the necessity to spend it; the other looks for the necessity, and, failing to find, makes it. The one makes the government, in order to make the people; the other unmakes the people, in making the government. The one contents him, though the public treasury be empty, if the people feel no want; the other makes the people poor, that he may fill the treasury. The one leaves the public service a beggar;—when the other retires, which is never in a hurry, he still carries with him as much of its goods and chattels as will save him from any such humiliating imputation. Last, not least, the former, though a patriot, is always a private man—an individual—still private, even when most busy in public affairs;—the latter, though no patriot—nay, the foe to all patriots, has yet no private existence whatever. He is a public man, only—never a citizen! He is the representative of the people—how should he be one of them?

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Judicial Combat—Popular Faith.—It is a great mistake, though a very common one, to ascribe the origin of duelling to the middle ages. The practice is quite as old as the passions of man—belongs to his sense of injustice, and will always follow the unmeasured ebullitions of his anger. We find it in scripture history at the earliest periods. It is the very soul, and forms the substantial interest in one half the books of Homer; was practiced among the Romans, when they were yet young as a people; was not discontinued when they grew older; and was employed for the redress of grievances—whether effectual or otherwise—and in greater or less degree, among all the known nations of the earth. Duelling, by those who ascribe its origin to the middle ages, is evidently confounded with the judicial combats of those periods. A consequence is mistaken for a cause. The judicial combat was, in fact, suggested by the duel; and nothing, indeed, was more natural, than the adoption of this mode of deciding a bewildering doubt, where no evidence but that of the parties could be procured, and at a period when physical valor was the first of social virtues. A man wronged, or professing to be wronged, naturally enough referred to his right of fight, as well to prove his truth, as to assert his sense of injustice. What more natural, then, than that public opinion, and the existing authorities, should refer to this mode of arriving at the truth, where none obviously better was presented. Besides, however brutal, however erroneous, it proved the large religious faith of a people—this mode of arbitration; and "God defend the right," was at once the cry of the heralds, and the conviction of the nation. Shakspeare illustrates this conviction, in the language of King Henry VI., at the close of the scene where the 'prentice kills his master, whom he has accused of high treason:—

King Henry.

"Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt;
And God, *in justice*, hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully, etc."

The 'prentice, himself, does not seem to have had that confidence in the result, which, had his faith been that of the nation, he must have had. He was, as the reader will remember, monstrous apprehensive of the issue. "Oh, Lord, bless me, I pray, God! for I am never able to deal with my master." It is a reasonable inference, *en passant*, that the theatre, in Shakspeare's days, was much better attended by the 'prentices than their masters, else the combat might have been otherwise decided—let Heaven decide it, as it would. But, to return. Even as a judicial combat, duelling had its birth long before the middle ages. Mark Anthony challenged Octavius to single combat, in order to determine the right to the empire; and what was the duel between David and Goliath, but a question of strength between the respective deities of Israel and Philistia. The practice—to descend to its very roots—may be found in every school-ground or college campus, where a question of veracity, resting simply on the assertion of the tongues of the parties themselves, is finally determined by the preponderating weight of their fists. I am disposed to think that the judicial combat was never resorted to where the testimony of any credible third person could be obtained; and, do we not see, in every case where it was not, that the heat of blood in the opponents would naturally bring them to blows, even though no judgment of the disputed truth between them, was likely to follow from their strife. We smile at the simplicity of those ages by which this irrational court was established; but one thing must be admitted, and for one thing, at least, their very error, in this respect, must be treated with veneration. What a confidence they must have had that the truth would manifest itself! what a faith they possessed, not simply in the justice of God, but in His presence—in His sympathy—in His constant interfe-

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rence in their concerns. They had faith, we have reason! We are wiser than they, but more worldly. They believed, too, in those days, in ghosts and witches, phantasms and fantasies; but were these more so than many of those wondrous speculations of stock and steam which rage and madden through our days. In losing our speculations, we have lost our veneration. We believe in nothing spiritual. I can forgive and respect the mesmerite—the *clairvoyancer*, who can see through stone walls, and across lakes and mountains, if he honestly believes that he sees. He is, simply, a soul, which, struggling in darkness, is yet struggling after new light. Nay, I am not sure that there are not some of the Mormonites, who are really blind; and who really have a sort of monkey faith in their Joseph of Ohio, otherwise named Smith. There is no saying what strange tricks human credulity will play upon poor, struggling, human judgment. It is a condition to be pitied, this of the Mormons; who do seem honestly busied only in setting themselves apart to wait the Millenium, which they have imagined for themselves, out of their own erring, but earnest fancies. But the knaves who build earthly palaces and worldly fortunes, by reason of the faith and confidence which is in their neighbors—who preach falsehoods equally great with those of Mormon and Mesmer, only that they may riot in their fleshpots—who laugh at the holy simplicity of the child of faith, and mock delusions which are yet the fruit of a child-like sincerity. Where should these stand in the regard of men and angels? These, who have no faith, unless in the cunning of their own right hands! These, too, we may pity—yea, we should, for, of a certainty, with more of the wisdom which secures worldly wealth and worldly pleasures, they are yet made of feebler and fouler clay than enters into the creation of these poor idol-worshippers. We should pity them, true, but not forget to punish them, also.

—

Human Glory.—It is the erroneous belief and doctrine of many of our statesmen and philosophers, that the world is, at all times, in profound ignorance of its own resources. "The world," says Mr. Taylor, in his Philip Van Artevilde—

"The world has never known its greatest men."

This is a very consoling doctrine for that innumerable crowd of illustrious obscures, who would be thought great, without acting greatness—who would receive the wages, without doing the work. Now, there could be nothing so startling—perhaps nothing half so untrue, in the line, were it written—

"The *time* has *seldom* known its greatest men."

A great man is one, who, in some sense or other, adds to the world's possession; be it in government, in poverty, or in philosophy, he is a bringer into life—a builder, a creator, a planter, an inventor;—in some sort, a doer of that which nobody else has done before him, and which nobody, then, besides himself, seems willing or prepared to do. Now, it is very certain that the world loses none of its possessions. A truth once known, is known for ever. It is an immortality, as well as a property; and he who makes it known, is known with it—perhaps, gives it his name! It does not alter the case very materially, to show that the name is sometimes mistaken, misapplied, confounded with another. The *supposed* discoverer receives the prize of the discovery, and whether we call him Columbus or Americus, it matters little in affecting the universal acknowledgment, but it is obviously the intention of the world to make to his memory. But it is very seldom, indeed, that the mere time is ignorant of the merits of its great men. These may be baffled, denied, not successful in what would seem to be the aim in their endeavor; but the very fact that their lives are struggles—that there is opposition—earnest, angry opposition, perhaps persecution, and a bloody death—these are sufficient proofs that the world acknowledges the greatness—which provokes its fear, its jealousy, its various passions of envy, or hostility, or suspicious apprehension. No truth ever yet failed because of the martyrdom of its teacher; and the life of the teacher, and his glory, lie in the ultimate success of the truth which he taught, and not within the miserable limit of his seventy years of earthly allotment. It is one quality of true greatness, to be always at work; pushing its truth forward; never sleeping; never doubting; always pressing on to the consummation of its final object! A man may die before his work is utterly done! Some truths require the lives of successive generations of great men, before they are perfected, so as to become clear and useful to the inferior understandings of the million; each of these workers have their share in the glory; not, perhaps, when the structure is completed, but during the several stages of its progress—though that glory be, itself, nothing greater, and nothing less, than the opposition and reproach, the persecution and misrepresentation, which they encounter in the world-fight for ever going on between the subjects of routine-tyranny and the prophets of the better faith. The world knows all these great men, preserves their labors, and thus consecrates their fame. The time, itself, though unbelieving, is never improvident; for it preserves the history of its own unbelief; the penalties which it inflicted; and the constancy, firm faith, and unflagging resolution of the martyr; and from these comes the human glory in other generations. There is in man an inherent sentiment of justice. This will work out its way. I conscientiously believe that man never yet toiled for man—that he did not ultimately receive his acknowledgments; and thus working for our race, constitutes the only sure claim upon which we may reasonably expect the gratitude either of our fellows or of the future!

—

The Widow.—A voice was heard crying from the wilderness, and it came, saying:—"My name is Wo! Fain would I make my home among the rocks! There would I find fellowship—there, by the lonely, ever sounding sea—in the deep tracts of the wasted desert! But a will beyond my own, sends me abroad among the habitations of men. I traverse the high-ways—I pass into the cities—I must still seek the dwellings of man—I must dog his footsteps."

And the people of the cities strove in terror when

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they heard the accents of that hollow-sounding voice. A deep fear fell upon all hearts. Some crossed the seas in flight, some fled up into the mountains where the grey bird, among the sharp bald cliffs, builds his eyry, and fancies himself secure. Others again took shelter among the caves, where the adder hides and hisses. But the voice went with them into the caves, and upon the mountains, and it followed the fugitives upon the great high-way of the seas!

And thus, once more, the voice was heard to complain:—"Sorrowful and sleepless is this toil! Fain would I return to the wilderness; fain would I rest me beside the ever sounding shore—on the sharp crags of the black icy mountain—hearkening to mournful winds that traverse the grey desert without rest; I would dwell only in dark and silent places! I am of the brood of the unlovely and the unloving! I seek the cloudy and the sad! Give me voices from the storm and from the starless night! These better suit me than the crowd and the laughing city!"

Then, another voice was heard, feebler and sadder than his own. It rose sudden beside him, even where he sat, crouching by a hearth where the fire had gone out in ashes, and there was no more heat. The voice was human like his own! and she who spoke, rose;—a woman, gaunt and wretched;—and she crawled from beneath the grey folds of his mantle, where she had lain unseen; and she stood up before the shape, looking him boldly in his blank visage. These were her words:—"And wherefore should'st thou yearn for the loneliest of rocks and seas; the pathless desert, and the many-sounding shore! Thou hast brought hither a deeper loneliness. Thou hast made the city a likeness unto them. From sea, rock, and desert, the desolation all fled when thou didst take thy departure. The loneliness belongs only to thee. Would'st thou fly from thyself? Thou canst not fly from me! Thou hast made me thine. Thou hast wedded me with a fearful sign; the earth bears proof of our bridal! Henceforth, thou art mine for ever. Thou hast left me none other than thee. Thou shalt never leave me more!"

And she crawled once more beneath the grey folds of his heavy mantle; and, in silence, with his iron staff, We stirred the dull ashes upon the hearth; and he no longer yearned for the loneliness of the sounding sea, the bald rock, and the pathless desert, for he felt that a greater loneliness was there! W. G. S.

Original.

"SHE LOVES HIM YET!"

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

She loves him yet!
I know by the blush, that rises,
Beneath the curls,
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Thro' all Love's sweet disguises,
We timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Whenever his name is heard;—
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse, with hope, is stirred.

She loves him yet!
The flower, the false one gave her,
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Thro' grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds—no other;
With all her wrongs,
Her life on his love is set.
Oh! doubt no more!
She never can wed another:
'Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

Original.

CONTRASTS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

Pale, but most fair, the flowers of spring—
Faint-hued but fraught with rich perfume—
Tints such as on an angel's wing
May well be thought to shed their bloom,
Sky-caught from Morn's rose-tinted sea,
Or yellow eve, or soft blue noon,
And sweet as angels' breath must be—
Such are the lovely gems of June.

II.

Brilliant and bright are autumn's flowers,
Deep-hued, and dressed in gaudy dye,
Star-like they flash amid the bowers,
And claim the homage of the eye;
But this is all. Earth's second race
Sheds no rich odors on the air,
To bid us linger near their place,
And oft repeat our visits there.

III.

Has life to this no parallel?
The maiden fair, not fair alone,
In whom deep sense and feeling dwell
With grace, without their aid unknown;
And she, whose dazzling beauty woos,
(Brilliant, though soulless, bright but cold)
The eye, but not the heart subdues—
Conquers, but victory cannot hold.

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Original.

USAGES, MANNERS, ETC. OF THE NORTHERN GERMANS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

THERE is, perhaps, no entertainment where so much tediousness and enjoyment, so much vivacity and dullness, are incongruously mingled as at a German dinner-party of the present day. *Enjoyment*, because sufficient wit and humor are congregated to speed Time on the wings of pleasure—*tediousness*, because even pleasure tires at length of using her wings, and leaves Time to hang heavily about the shoulders of those she forsakes. Four—even *five* hours passed at the table is considered no unusual sitting, and charmed must the voice be, if its tones sink not into the monotony of heaviness, and bright the wit, if its flashes, tested through this weary ordeal, lose none of their brilliancy.

The name of each invited guest, written on a slip of paper, is found on the plate designed for his use; and in this manner the hostess reserves the privilege of joining those whose characters and fancies assimilate, and separating such as are at variance, or of uncongenial temperaments; thus, with the ever needful assistance of the peace-maker, Tact, ensuring the harmony of her entertainment.

When dinner is announced, each gentleman promenades a lady round the table, until her name is discovered, then leaves her, to seek the seat assigned to himself, and though nobody enjoys the privilege of changing his place, a timely visit to the hostess is not without its influence in securing the most agreeable one.

The festive board is gorgeously spread with vases of costly china, perfuming the air with the bright-hued plunder of the green-house and garden, which they contain—garlands of flowers, baskets of luscious fruits, and a profusion of tempting preserves, and fanciful confectionary, to delight the eye, while the other senses are gratifying themselves with the smoking and highly seasoned viands, carved by the servants at side-tables, and handed separately round the general board.

The company once seated, a stranger is attracted by the courteous custom which makes each person turn with a smiling countenance to his neighbor, and, bowing, wish him "einen guten appetit," for there is a good humored politeness in this social usage which inspires a kindly feeling towards those in whose society you are thrown—you meet together to while away a few jovial hours, to form acquaintances of strangers, or draw closer the bonds of friendship round acquaintances already made, and your intercourse commences with a friendly wish, responded by every lip, which seems to give you, even though strangers, some emotion in common, some desire, which, being mutual, assists in establishing that ease without which enjoyment may be assumed, but never really felt.

It would be in vain to attempt describing the order of courses, which vary from fifteen to twenty, and are principally remarkable for the present mode of serving pudding before meat; between each course, an interval, which would be long unshortened by the agreeable converse of those around, is permitted to intervene.

In the avowed land of melody it would appear useless to mention that the most exquisite songs and finest instrumental music form a delightful part of this, as of every festivity. A number of toasts are usually drunk, accompanied by speeches from their proposers; each glass, when filled, being raised and lightly touched to the one's nearest, on either side, is made to send forth a musical ringing sound, peculiarly merry and pleasant to the ear; and, so dexterously is this ceremony sometimes performed, that the simultaneously joined glasses, circling the table, seem to form symbolic links of the social chair that unites those who hold them, which, (for they generally drink claret,) in *lightness* and *rosiness* may be further compared to these emblematic fetters. If the health of one of the company, as an especial honor, is proposed, every glass is touched to his, and gentlemen seated at a distance, from the person toasted, ordinarily rise, and approach him, that their glasses may come in collision. The health of the host, and hostess, with an acknowledgment of their hospitality, is never omitted; and the beautiful or humorous sentiments expressed in these toasts are an unbounded source of entertainment. After a number of courses have been served, the host leaves his seat, and slowly making the tour of the table, pauses beside each guest, to whisper kind wishes, or make some civil inquiry, or lively jest, which soon spreads amongst the company; and I once saw a charming old gentleman, the snows of many a winter wreathing his brow, who, with a look of gratification in his mild eye, which bespoke the generous hospitality of his soul, was promenading round his convivial board, when he reached the chair of his still blooming wife, and she raised her good tempered face, (which had been smilingly turned towards her guests, like a sunbeam shedding light on all around,) feigned to be too occupied to stop, but suddenly, and playfully stooping, snatched a kiss from the lips so temptingly approached to his, with all the enthusiasm a young lover might have infused in the act; nor was this little incident, or *accident*, rather, considered as an evidence of ill-breeding, or made the subject of severe comment, as in any more form-loving land it inevitably would have been.

After the hundred and one courses have wearily *run their course*, if the family live in the good old-fashioned style, richly ornamented pipes, of a ludicrous length, are introduced, and generally not without making the *better acquaintance* of every gentleman present; who freely indulges in the luxury of sending forth fantastic wreaths of smoke, to circle the fair one by his side, without the remotest fear of a distasteful frown deepening on her brow: and she, if fatigued, or preferring a more poetic garland, may soon disappear, almost unperceived, amid the clouds of smoke which darken the air, and refresh herself with the perfume of the carefully tended garden, which is oftener sought than the boudoir or parlor. But, in general, the company rise together, and bowing to each other, or cordially grasping hands, conclude the ceremonies of the table by wishing the hearty "Gezauhute

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Malzeit," may your meal be blessed to you, which a foreigner, who has witnessed the abundant and varied repast of which they were pressed to partake, may well secretely imagine is needed to ensure its digestion. After a promenade in the garden, the company re-assemble in the parlor, and well may the politeness of an American lady be beguiled into the vulgarity of amazement, to see her German friends, quietly seating themselves, as composedly draw forth their needle-work, as though busily engaged beside their own little work-tables at home—the more elderly knit, the young embroider, and the needle is plied to the merry music of their tongues, for their employment assists rather than precludes conversation. A German lady cannot conceive the possibility of passing an easy and pleasurable hour with her fingers unoccupied, to so great an extent does she carry this industrious mania as to play Penelope even while receiving morning visitors, who, if they come to pass a few hours, are prepared to follow her example. I heard the naïve excuse of a young wife, who being questioned on this subject by a foreigner, laughingly replied—"We are weaving into substance again the smoke which our spendthrift husbands are puffing to the winds, lest their extravagance should ruin us—they waste, we save, so the balance is kept even."

The Germans are remarkably fond of the open air, and after dinner, coffee is served, sometimes at small tables in the garden, which often faces the street, sometimes in vine-covered bowers, in the graceful balcony, or even unsheltered on the open walk, when the house is pleasantly located on the ramparts, an open square, or in a wide street; the ladies, while sipping their coffee, do not relinquish their needles, taking a stitch ever and anon, to remind themselves of the comfortable assurance that they are not idle; nor have the surrounding gentlemen parted with their pipes, which bear them affectionate company, unobjected to by the ladies, for they all seem, with Halleck, to have discovered—

> "———The free
> And happy spirit that unseen reposes
> In the dim, shadowy clouds that hover o'er us,
> When smoking quietly—"

and to tolerate, even *hail* that spirit's presence. If the residence of the host is not distant from the public gardens, they frequently are sought by the company to listen to the delightful band of music ordinarily stationed there. On returning to the house tea is served, and the young people amuse themselves with games and dancing, the elderly continuing their employments; a light supper is handed round, and the party breaks up, rarely earlier, and seldom later than ten o'clock.

On leaving the house, it is customary for each person to present the servant, stationed at the street door, with a piece of money, equal to five or six shillings, and this "drink geld," as it is called, which is obtained in various ways from the guests of the master, is always carried to the mistress of the mansion, and kept by her until the end of the year, when it is distributed amongst all the domestics of the family, and often amounts to so considerable a sum, that a servant before making an engagement, regularly asks whether much company is received, that an estimate may be formed of the lucrativeness of the situation.

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The funeral obsequies of the Germans vary in the different cities of their dominion; and are generally marked by some slight, or striking, peculiarity. In Hamburg, full wigs of long, curling, flaxen hair, are usually worn by the pall-bearers and attendants at the funeral; in Bremen, where I had more frequent opportunity of witnessing the last ceremonies in honor of the dead, the coffin, exposed on an open hearse, is preceded by a long procession of hired attendants, clothed in the deepest mourning, wearing three-cornered hats, and flowing cloaks, fastened from shoulder to shoulder, and followed by a train of friends and relatives, sometimes with bared heads in respect to the departed.

The instant death claims its earthly victim, an attendant, in the above-mentioned costume, is dispatched, formally to announce the event to the connections, friends, and neighbors of the deceased; which custom has given rise to some ludicrous mistakes, when foreigners have been near residents of the house of mourning, as was evinced by a party of American gentlemen, who were disturbed in their evening conviviality by the sudden appearance of one of these sable-clad messengers, begging to inform them, in the name of a wealthy and beautiful lady of the neighborhood, that she had just become a widow. The wondering strangers, having often in their promenades paid homage to the loveliness of the unknown lady, cordially thanked the messenger, crossed his palm with silver for his trouble, or for good luck's sake, and bade him present their compliments to the afflicted lady; then congratulating themselves on the evidence of her preference, in thus speedily communicating her situation, commenced calculating how soon they might pay her their consolatory devoirs, and decided that the civility should be acknowledged without delay; but, happening to boast of their fortunate adventure to a friend, somewhat more *au fait* to the customs of the country, the extraordinary meaning they had given to an ordinary form, was, much to their disappointment, discovered.

The body of the deceased, for many days after the spirit has been disenthralled, is watched with all the care and tenderness which has kept vigil by the couch of the living, and remains unconsigned to its parent earth until dissolution has rudely banished the hope of revival which lingered round the cherished clay. In Vienna, and several other cities of Germany, an elegant building, conveniently arrayed, is especially devoted to the reception of the dead; thither, on soft litters, they are gently removed, placed in a comfortable bed and heated chamber, (in winter,) with a bell-rope attached to their hands, that should animation return, assistance might be instantly summoned; and thus, the mourners, clinging to a fragile hope, by long contemplation of their affliction, become familiarized with its presence, before they yield to the reluctant conviction of its reality—thus they rob the first bitter pangs of their poignancy, and, as

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Gelaleddin of the East, who, when the favorite slave of his idolatry expired in his arms, commanded her to be born to her sumptuous couch, still receive the attendance of her slaves, forbidding her death to be mentioned—inquired daily after her health, and regularly ordered her meals to be prepared and served—like him, they soothe their sorrow by blinding themselves awhile to the certainty of its cause..

A churchyard, is never in Germany, as so often with us, the shunned and deserted spot, the mere necessary receptacle of lifeless flesh, and crumbling bones, where nothing but the senseless marble, and as cold and meaningless inscription, in the words of Körner, says—"*Vergiss die treuen todten nicht.*"

In the beautiful calm of a summer's evening, the memory-wakening stillness of a moonlight night, seek the silent shades that shroud the unforgotten dead—with his forehead bowed to the flower-grown sod, who kneels in grieffull prayer? The wifeless father! his little ones clinging to his side, with their young hearts swelling as they hear who sleeps beneath, yet lives above, and learn at her grave, whose hand would have guided them to immortal happiness, the path by which they may rejoin her on high. A step further—the young widow bends over a shattered column,* as broken in heart, and with gentle hands, trains the ivy at its base to wind round that sculptured emblem, like her thoughts and affections entwine the perishing dust beneath. Still on—a limner's group of rosy children, checking their youthful merriment as they reach the sacred spot, are silently wreathing the tomb of their parents with fresh garlands, or planting new flowers amid the already blooming parterre which conceals, yet marks their graves. If one form reposes in that hallowed ground, whose memory has ceased to dwell in the hearts of those who "live to weep," your eye selects it with a glance—the straggling bushes of long neglected flowers seem struggling with the rank and choking weeds that overtop them—no wreath hangs, a graceful memorial, over the costly monument, or hides the rude stone—the path around is grassgrown, and untrodden by the foot of Memory and Love. In an Eden 'tis a desert spot, where beauty has withered as affection decayed.

There is a soothing influence, in the gentle care bestowed on the last resting-place of the dear ones who have faded from earth, which calms the wildness of grief, without tearing the memory of those it laments from our hearts. Schiller says truly—

"Die Klage sie wecket
Die Todten nicht auf."

And to mourn is indeed unavailing, but should *forgetfulness* be sought as the comforter of affliction, and consolation be found alone in the lethe which banishes the lost from our thoughts? Death, which proves—

"What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love,"

should rather be the test of how perfect and changeless is that affection, which cherishing the *soul*, not merely its mortal tenement, survives with that death-defying spirit for ever!

* A monument not unusual in the grave-yards of Germany.

Original.

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

BY A YOUNG BACHELOR.

"Those clouds which wait upon the sun's decline,
How varied are their shining forms."

They gather, and his glowing track pursue,
And as the splendid vision slowly fades,
How mellow'd is the radiance; while the hue
So gorgeous softens, as the twilight shades
Appear, and bring o'er all a silvery haze,
Which lingers 'till a dimness spreads around,
And darkness falls o'er earth and earthly ways,
And hush'd in silence, is each human sound.

The stars are faintly visible; a light,
A broader, bolder light—a sparkling gem,
Whose sheen bedecks the coronet of night,
The crowning brilliant in its diadem
Comes forth, and lesser orbs their gleamings hide,
Absorb'd in its far-spreading, potent ray,
Constrain'd howe'er unwilling to abide
The moment, 'till its brightness pass away.

Oh! peerless in thy quiet beauty! Thou
Dost visit earth, unconscious of thy power;
And thoughtful eyes are gazing on thee now,
And hearts upheaving 'neath thy sway, this hour.
While thought and feeling in kind words express,
Fond Friendship's claim, and Love's devoted truth,
Commingling spirits prove thy tenderness,
For thou art ruler now of Hope and Youth.

And lo! some straggling footsteps hither tend,
And phrases gently whisper'd greet the ear,
And voices in harmonious echoes blend,
In accents soul-expressive, low but clear.
The present is to them a shining path,
And o'er the future, Hope, her rainbow throws.
COMPANIONSHIP, the mental prism hath,
In whose revealings, life-like sunset glows. S.

Original.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

THE rose, that blooms in beauty now,
Must yield to blight;
The rainbow's richly tinted glow
Must fade from sight.

The brightest being in the crowd,
Of beauty rare;
Like lightning on the ebon cloud,
Is brief as fair.

All the fond things, that charm us most,
Will quickly fade;
As morning's radiant smile is lost,
In evening's shade.

Then seek, beyond the sapphire sky,
That blissful shore;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And change is o'er.

WM. G. HOWARD.

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Original.

TO FANCY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Come, Fancy, fair and radiant maid,
In robe of heaven's own hues arrayed;
Its folds with graceful beauty bound,
Within thy magic girdle's round,
Which, woven with divinest art,
Dreams, sweet and wild, possess the heart,
Whene'er to rapt, admiring gaze,
Its wondrous virtues it betrays.
Come, with thy unbound tresses flowing,
Lightly on the summer gale;—
Where'er thou rov'st, thy smile bestowing,
Music and flowers thy steps will hail.
The rose will glow with deeper blushes,
The rill that from the hill-side gushes,
Tufts of sweet wild-flowers o'er it bending,
As 'long its devious way 'tis wending,
Where falls the sun's unclouded beam,
With gems of every hue will gleam.
Far softer mists will hover o'er,
The distant mountains, bleak and hoar,
And my own humble, low-roofed home,
Will seem more fair than splendid dome.

Depart not thou 'till eve's dim hour,
Asserts thy deep, more thrilling power.
Thy dusky veil, oh, then let fall,
Around thee like a mourning pall
Through which thy brilliant robes will shed,
Light, such as gleams around the dead,
When funeral torches pierce the gloom,
That darkly broods amid the tomb,
While denser shades are gath'ring round,
Then will thy quick, half fearful ear,
Deem every wild and fitful sound,
The voice of spirit gliding near.

Then bear me to the haunted well,
Where airy forms as legends tell
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Possess the strange, mysterious power,
Whene'er thou deign'st to hover nigh,
To rise revealed to mortal eye.
And let me still be with thee when
Thou wanderest in the briery glen,
Where, half concealed by thicket's screen,
The murderer's cowering form is seen;
Where, o'er the limbs of yon scathed pine,
The ghostly moonbeams quivering shine,
And where, when pipes the night-blast shrill,
Slow swings the creaking gibbet still,
Its shadow waving to and fro,
O'er the dark mound that's raised below,
Where night-birds flap their gloomy wings,
And flower or verdure never springs.

—

When morn's dewy steps are seen on the hills,
And her own joyous spirit the wide earth fills;
When the wild, fitful sounds of the night-time are hushed,
And the air with a warm, purple brilliance is flushed,
Then, as o'er the bright wave, thou bendest thy ear,
Oh, grant that I still may be with thee to hear
The song from the Nereid's rosy shell,
Softly rise and float by with a liquid swell.

When cool o'er the deep the summer winds roam,
And playfully throw from the billows their foam,
And thou, from the brow of some shady rock bending,
To the calm, crystal depths of the waters art sending
The glance of thy dark and deep beaming eye,
To find where the treasures of ocean lie,
I would that I then might be there, and with thee
View the wonders deep locked in the heart of the sea.

Far down where the tempests of earth have no power,
And all is as calm as a soft twilight hour,
The light, it is said, in rich brilliancy falls,
O'er the jewel-paved floors of those fair coral halls,
Where the small, snowy feet of the sea-nymphs glance
Like the wings of white birds in the festal dance,
Their long, silky hair, sprinkled over with pearls,
Sweeping low, in a maze of bright golden curls.

There waters that gleam like the diamond, flow
O'er sands that are pure as the mountain snow,
And flowers of far rarer shape and hue,
Than ever were nursed by sunshine and dew,
Enwreathed with the emerald leaves of the vine,
Round pillars of porphyry fragrantly twine,
Or in rich and in radiant clusters enwove,
O'er the bright shelly roofs, luxuriantly rove.

But it is not the flowers and the gold that are there,
Nor the glistening gems so pure and so rare—
It is not the song from the Nereid's shell,
That floats o'er the waves with a liquid swell,
And dies on the shore with a murmuring close,
Like the breeze that expires on the breast of the rose—
Oh, no, these are not the things the most dear,
To the yearning heart and the listening ear.

One lock of the rich and the glossy hair
On the sailor-boy's brow who now sleeps there,
With a smile on his lips as if dreaming of home,
Whence in evil hour he was tempted to roam,
Would give to the lone, widowed mother's heart,
A holier joy than gold can impart,
Who fain by his side, in the caves of the deep,
The rest of the long, last sabbath would keep.

The pale, withered rose, to the cold bosom prest,
Of her who lies there in her last, dreamless rest—
The rose fondly cherished for his sake who gave,
Even when she sunk low in the wild gloomy wave,
To thy riven heart, lonely mourner, would be,
Far dearer than all the bright gems of the sea,
Strown round on the sand, which her pale brow presses,
And gleam like soft stars through her long raven tresses.

And those low, dreamy sounds that o'er the waves flit,
When the sky with its burning stars is lit,
That just meet the ear, and then die away,
Like the soft echoed notes of some far-away lay.
Oh, these to their hearts, in the calm evening hour,
Come gifted with solemn, and deep thrilling power,
Ev'n as a blest requiem, sung at the head
Of the young, the beloved, and the beautiful dead.

Thou grave of their fears, their hopes, and their loves,
When the form of the tempest in wrath o'er thee moves—
When the spirit of peace, like the dove's brooding wing,
To thy bosom repose and soft sunshine doth bring,
Or when the bright stars look down from above,
On thy slumbers at midnight with eyes full of love,
Unto them thou still ever, most holy will be,
Thou stormy, thou stern, calm and beautiful sea.

Still, Fancy, let the gift ye bring,
A dreamy spell round the mourner fling;
It will blunt the barb of sorrow's shaft,
Soft dreams, at night, to his pillow waft,
And oft 'round the poor man's humble hearth,
Awaken the smiles of innocent mirth.

Wolfsboro', N. H.

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Original.

THE FLOWER;

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"The mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should see them all again,
In the fields of light above."

BRIGHT beneath the eye of Heaven flourishes a fair and fertile garden, embellished with all that was varied and beautiful in nature. It was called the Garden of Life, and it was peopled with a multitude so mighty, that they could not be numbered. The Lord of the garden was an all-wise and all-powerful being, who guided and governed this countless host of mortals, and assigned to each their own particular duties and employments. All had a portion of the vast garden to cultivate; and every one had some plants entrusted to his keeping, which he was enjoined to nurture with attentive care. It frequently happened that each individual became so fondly attached to the beautiful flowers which he cultivated, that he forgot they were not his own, and cherished them with an absorbing and almost idolatrous affection. Then the Lord of the garden would take back the treasures which he had only lent for a season, and to which mortal love was clinging too fondly, and remove them to his own fair and far-off home, where they bloom for ever in unfading lovelines. It was a sad and bitter trial for mortals to resign their cherished flowers, and oftimes they murmured at the loss, and mourned despairingly over their bereavement.

It was thus with a young and gentle woman who dwelt in a portion of the garden called the Bower of Hymen. She there cultivated many flowers, but among all those entrusted to her keeping, none claimed so much of her untiring care and devoted love, as a little plant called Infancy. It was a fair but fragile blossom, requiring the utmost tenderness, and the fondest nurture, to bring it to perfection. One breath of neglect—one shadow of the cloud of unkindness—one moment's withdrawal of the sunlight of affection might have blighted its beauty, or endangered its existence for ever! But she who guarded it was faithful to her trust, and never, for an instant, did she neglect her duty to her precious charge. For many spring-times she had striven to rear plants similar to this; but ever some cruel blight had fallen upon, and destroyed her cherished favorites. Each time her heart was touched with indescribable sorrow, as she was called upon to resign her treasures; and to each succeeding one, her spirit clung with an affection deeper and fonder than that she had bestowed upon its predecessor. Many had perished; and now she hung over this last, loveliest, and only one, with a love which passes the power of words to describe. She watched it night and day with the deepest devotion; she guarded it from all hurtful influences, with the most unwearied care. Her smile of love was the first sunlight that broke over it at morning, and her words of endearment the last music that floated around it at eve. Even in the still watches of the midnight hour, when others were sleeping around her, she would bend over her budding treasure, and bedew it with the tears of irrepressible joy. Often would she raise her streaming eyes to the blue sky and beaming stars above, where she had been taught to believe the Lord of the garden held his abode, and breathe a fervent petition that he would in mercy spare the treasure he had so graciously bestowed.

For a season the gentle woman's prayer was granted, and all her devoted care rewarded. She saw her tender flowret growing in beauty, day by day, and giving promise of perfection. Then her bower was illumined by the presence of a radiant being, called the spirit of Hope, whose smile was like the sunlight of heaven, and whose voice had the ravishing sweetness of angel minstrelsy. Ever this beguiling spirit pointed to the opening beauties of the cherished flower, and whispered such sweet tales of its future loveliness, that she who claimed it for her own, felt her heart expand to more than mortal happiness. But, alas! this happiness might not continue. The Lord of the garden was displeased with the deep idolatry, the almost frantic worship bestowed upon the perishing flower of earth, and he resolved to take it home to himself. He sent to the bower a pale visitant, called Sickness, who touched the delicate blossom with a blighting hand. Then there was a sudden and sorrowful change—its freshness and bloom faded away—its fragile leaves drooped, and its slender stem bent under the power of disease. She who nurtured the plant, marked the change with an aching heart, and redoubled her vigilance and her care. She hung over the fading flower with looks of the deepest love—she raised its drooping head, and watered its parched leaves with her tears. She sent the most eloquent petitions, the most impassioned pleadings to the Lord of the garden, entreating him to spare her cherished treasure. She did all that mortal power could do, to save it, but it was of no avail. There came a solemn and shadowy being, called the "Reaper," and with a scythe which he carried in his skeleton hand, he cut down the tender plant, and bore it triumphantly away! And when the poor desolate mourner saw that the flower of her love had indeed perished, and passed away for ever, she resigned her soul to the burden of unutterable wo. She wept incessantly for her lost treasure; she neglected all her duties in the garden of life; she would not be comforted, but refused to listen to the voice of consolation, and she mourned with a bitterness that was endangering her existence.

When the Lord of the garden saw that the woman's reason was sinking beneath the stroke of affliction, he sent to her bower a ministering angel who had power to comfort. This was a being of pure and perfect loveliness, clad in snowy and spotless raiment, and wearing in every feature looks of holy love and kindness. This beautiful being was called the spirit of Religion, and with gentle words and winning accents, she soothed the troubled heart of the mourner. She directed her attention to the far-off sky, where countless stars appeared in their never-fading splendor, and pointing to one pure

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and placid, which shone with peculiar brilliancy, she said:

"Look, mourner, thy tender flower is transplanted from earth to Heaven—thy bud of promise has become a star which shall blossom, henceforth, in unfading loveliness. Rejoice that the storms of earth can reach it no more—rejoice that the many perils which threatened it in the garden of life, are all escaped, and that, in a clime where sunbeams never fade, and flowers never perish, thy own sweet plant will flourish ever more in endless beauty, and undying bloom!"

And thus the mourner's heart was comforted. No more she wept or murmured at her lot, but wandered over the garden of life with a tranquil and uncomplaining spirit. And even in after years, when the clouds of care gathered darkly over her, or the storms of sorrow rudely assailed, she had but to look up to the loved and lovely star, and bless the beacon whose serene and holy light guided her safely through all the tempests of life!

New-York, 1841.

Original.

THE WIND.

When Nature first from chaos sprung,
And robed herself in flower and tree,
Mysterious harpers—then begun
Your viewless minstrelsy.
Your lays were sung in Eden's bowers,
Throughout the long bright sunny hours;
Your varied notes were sent
To Heaven, for every wave-beat shore,
And cave, and grey rock nodding o'er
The lone lake's side and mountain hoar,
Was made your instrument.

That God who woke your solemn strain,
Still guides your stormy car;
We may not question whence ye came,
From what dark clime afar,
Hurling our air-hung orb around,
And sweeping heaven's broad starry bound,
In sunshine and in storm;
In winter's gloom and summer's day,
Wafting along their airy way,
The clouds, or 'neath the moon's pale ray,
Singing a descant lorn.

Where daring keel hath never ploughed,
Along the Arctic shore,
There peal your voices deep and loud,
Blent with the breaker's roar;
Where spring hath never come to dress
In flowers, that clime of loneliness,
Upon the icy strand;
Your organ notes sublime and bold,
Ye raise on nature's frost-work cold,
Stern ministers of winter old,
In that far northern land.

Your diapason low and sweet,
Lulls the young birds to rest
Upon the cypress boughs, where meet
The broad streams of the west;
Like music of a poet's dream,
Ye sweep o'er smooth savannahs green:
Your way o'er ocean's waves ye take,
Rousing the storm-god from his lair,
Wafting proud ships, in storm or fair,
Or mid bright islands sleeping there,
Æolian music wake.

Yet tell us, whence it is ye have
That strange mysterious spell?
Thrilling like voices from the grave,
With deep and boding knell,
Which to the ear of guilt doth come,
Telling of deeds of darkness done;
And in the mourner's heart,
Waking the memory of the dead,
Loved tones long hushed, gay visions shed
O'er other days, now dimmed and fled,
Which never may depart.

The ancient forest feels your power,
The deep your sway doth know,
The earthquake's voice, the cataract's roar,
The violets bending low.
The voyager doth hail the breeze,
That speeds his barque far o'er the seas,
To friends and home at last;
Pale superstition loves to hear,
Unearthly voices sad and drear,
And fancies spirits whispering near,
Upon the moaning blast.

On, on, for ever, still ye raise
Your measures sad or gay;
Empires, the pride of other days,
Have crumbled to decay;
No more ye fan the Magi's fire,
No more ye wake old Memmon's lyre,
Or on the Delphic height,
Sigh in the dim acacia grove,
Such strains as musing poets love,
When Eve, her dewy star above,
Hangs on the brow of night.

Ye have a lay for every mood,
Poured forth at morn and even;
In peopled bound or solitude,
The poetry of Heaven!
E'en now I hear the fitful breeze,
Stirring among the mountain trees,
And on the river shore;
Thus shall ye chant 'till he who spoke
Your chorus first, when nature woke,
And morning o'er creation broke,
Shall bid you sing no more.

JENETTTA H. WILLIAMS.

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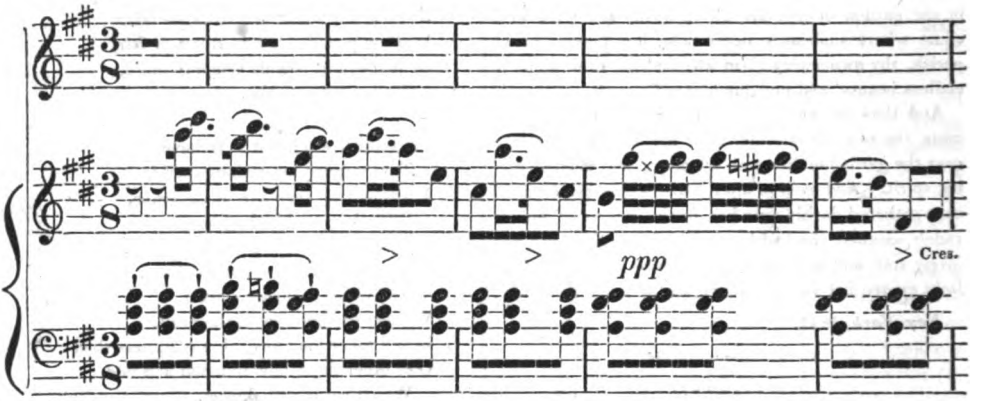
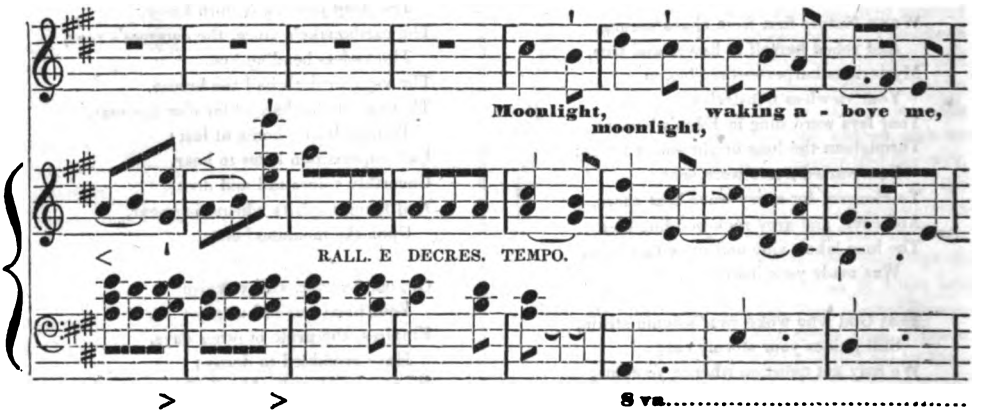
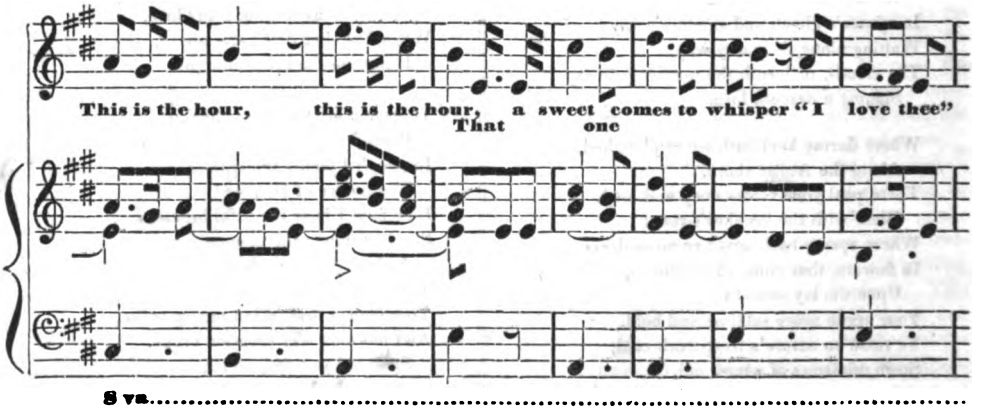
SONG OF THE MAY ROSE.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC BY J. A. WADE, ESQ.







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Here in my bow'r, Here in my bow'r! Moonlight, moonlight, bid him haste to me; Or the rude

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breeze, Or the rude breeze in his ni-ry flights, may venture to woo me 'Mid the dark

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trees, 'Mid the dark trees!

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SECOND VERSE.

Moonlight, moonlight, one of Earth's daughters,
With a wild lute, with a wild lute,
Last evening sang so sweet o'er the waters,
My bird was mute—my bird was mute!
Moonlight, moonlight, think'st thou he'd leave me
For one so pale? for one so pale?
Yet, dear moonlight, if he deceive me,
Tell not the tale, tell not the tale!

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LITERARY REVIEW.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE: *Family Library, No.* 132: *Harper & Brothers.*—We have here, for the first time in English, a compendium of the different foreign works which have been published upon this secluded and singular insular kingdom, a kingdom almost as unknown as that of China, and whose institutions, inhabitants, character, etc., are, in many respects, equal to those of the most intellectual and civilized governments existing. It is a valuable addition to this series of publication.

FACTS IN MESMERISM: *Harper & Brothers.*—The disciples of this singular science, if it may be termed one, will welcome this work most cordially. It is written by a scholar in the most extended sense of the word, and is treated in a sound and able manner. There is nothing approaching to quackery in its pages, but a narration of facts exemplified on some of the most intelligent individuals in Europe. The science of Mesmerism, better known by that of Animal Magnetism, is fast gaining ground in our own country, and if, as the author asserts and we are half inclined to believe him, that certain diseases have been and can be successfully combated and subdued by it, it is, at least, deserving of consideration.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA: *Harper & Brothers.*—This book is no favorite of ours. Like the author himself there is quackery in every page of it, and is apparently got up for the sake of emolument and the gratification of his vanity. It contains nothing instructive, original, or interesting, but mere notices of towns, roads, hotels, temperance meetings, and puffing of himself, all of which have been already descanted upon by every tourist and book-making traveller. The work is beautifully printed and illustrated by a likeness of "the lion himself," and altogether sent forth in a style of which neither the man or his matter is worthy.

THE VICTIM OF CHANCERY: *S. Colman.*—An excellent story and excellently told, elucidating the pernicious effects resulting from the arbitrary exercise of Chancery powers, rules, and practice, of several individuals on one side, and the cruelty, oppression and villany of lawyers and men of business on the other, at least, so say the prefatory remarks of the author. The characters are true to nature—the plot clear and convincing, calculated to prove the necessity of the passage of the bankrupt act, without which, all moral energy is paralyzed and the faithless individual is as safe and as respected as the honest and suffering creditor.

POPLAR GROVE, *by Esther Copley: D. Appleton & Co.*—Another charming volume from the pen of the accomplished authoress of Early Friendships. This is a valuable series of works for children, inculcating sound moral principles through the medium of interesting narratives, and showing the necessity of adhering rigidly to the doctrines of religion. Mrs. Copley in this line of publication is unrivalled, and promises fair to win for herself a reputation worthy of Hannah Moore or Mis Edgeworth. The work is beautifully executed, and will become an especial favorite among the juvenile members of society.

GUY FAWKES, *by William H. Ainsworth: Lea & Blanchard.* The materials out of which the author has constructed this romance are of a nature admirably suited to his peculiar style. They are gloomy, ferocious, and mysterious—exciting the reader's imagination and enchaining attention to the last. The religious character of the period in which the scene is placed, is well described, and the *dramatis personæ*, graphically delineated, especially those of Guy Fawkes, Garnet, and Viviana Radcliffe. Although in many cases, incidents and effects occur, which are improbable, yet, taking the work in its true acceptation of a romance, it is deserving of much commendation.

BARNABY RUDGE, NOS. XII AND XIII: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Two excellent numbers—abating nothing in interest. A better edition than this, need not be published.

HAPPINESS, *by J. A. James: D. Appleton & Co.*—A little book containing the grand secret where true happiness is only to be found. The author writes with great sincerity—he is one who has tried the subject and has tasted and handled and felt that which he presents. He has drank at the fountain of living waters, and now offers his friendly hand to guide you to the crystal stream, of which if you drink, you will thirst for no other, but in glad and grateful content say—"It is enough."

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE, *by D. Israeli: J. & H.G. Langley.* We have ever considered the author of these volumes as a literary benefactor, one, who in his own peculiar province has done more to advance the cause of letters than any other writer, by rescuing from oblivion and doing justice to the primitive sons of genius who laid the basis of English literature. "The Amenities" we regard superior to its brothers, "The Curiosities" and "The Miscellanies," inasmuch that there is more unity in its design, a greater depth of research, and as it were, a kind of history of the minds of authors as well as of their writings. Like whatever comes from the pen of this accomplished individual, it is remarkable for purity of style and interesting anecdote, and must become an especial favorite with all classes of readers.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.—*Carey & Hart.*—At length this work has been brought to a finish, and with all its aristocratical prejudices and anti-republican antipathies, we do not know of a better modern novel that has appeared for years. The characters are all true to nature, characters which are to be found in every day society, and which, in the hands of Mr. Warren, the reputed author, have found a competent painter. That mawkish affectation and cant about the dangerous principles it is calculated to disseminate, and which have all of a sudden sprung up among some reviewers, we cannot coincide with. The political creeds of England are of a very different character from those of America—what is there termed radicalism, would be here considered almost aristocracy, so that its dangerous influence among our countrymen need not in the least be apprehended. Such remarks are bug-bears only, to frighten children, while it is well known that the expressions and opinions of any writer can be easily misrepresented by reviewers, or in Shakspeare's words "The devil can cite scripture to suit his own purpose." It is an excellent novel, an honor to its author, and an ornament to the language in which it is written.

THE DEERSLAYER, *by J. F. Cooper: Lea & Blanchard.*—We are happy to meet Mr. Cooper once more in his proper sphere delighting and instructing by his beautiful delineations of the characters and scenery of his own "free land." The Deerslayer is an illustration of the youthful days of Leather Stocking, and is in admirable keeping with the other works which have preceded it, making altogether a complete series of American fiction, and worthy of standing by the side of "The Tales of My Landlord." Were we to particularize any character more to our taste than another, it would be that of Hetty, whose death is one of the most touching scenes ever penned by any writer. Her sister, Judith, is likewise a well-conceived and nobly sketched character, while Deerslayer, Hurry, Hutter, Wat-a-wah, and Chingachgook, are all touched with the pencil of a master. The interest of the tale is intense, and the *denouement* most affecting. We rejoice that Mr. Cooper has given this novel to the public, it is worth a thousand of such works as Mercedes of Castile, and goes far to retrieve the cast he had lost in popularity, while it shows that his genius is as fresh and fervent as ever.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.—Such an edition as the present one of this delightful story has been long wanting, and we therefore thank the publisher who has contributed so much to the pleasures of the reading public. It is from the translation of Helen Maria Williams, a name familiar to the English public in the latter end of last century, from her poetical productions. The work is printed on the finest paper, embellished with very beautiful wood-cuts and handsomely bound in cloth. A prettier or more appropriate gift for young persons we do not know of.

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THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The opening night of the present season was marked by the production of Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, a play containing some of the finest of his poetry, and some of his most meagre and uninteresting characters. However beautiful it is in the closet, it is in no way calculated for dramatic exhibition, for what to the reader appears the essence of the art, when brought before him on the stage, is totally destroyed by representation. How, in the name of fancy, can the little people of the fairy world, be personated by "human mortals," sprites that live in the "cowslip bell," quaff the pearly dew, and roam on wings lighter than the fibres of the gossamer, whose movements are so quick, that they, as that shrewd and knavish sprite Puck, says, "can put a girdle round the moon in forty minutes," how, in the name of fancy, we repeat, can they be personated by *bona fide* flesh and blood creatures. The only character of this ethereal race which has ever been effectively delineated on the stage, is that of Ariel; there is something tangible in his composition, if we may so express ourselves; he is a spirit that participates in the interest of the human beings about him. In his pursuits, and the missions he performs for Prospero, as "the minister of retribution," he stands before the spectator a creation of power. There is a body at all times about him—a substance, as it were; not so with Puck and his fairy companions; they are as motes in the sunbeams—the breath of flowers—light, evanescent, and invisible; therefore all attempts to depict them scenically, become, and ever must, ineffective This opinion we are borne out in by the remarks of an experienced critic which we here introduce as germain to the matter. "Poetry and the stage," says he, "do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them, in this instance, fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The *ideal* can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective; every thing there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes a passing reality. Where all is left to the imagination, (as is the case in reading,) every circumstance, near or remote, has an equal chance of being kept in mind, and tells according to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye, is not to be got rid of by explanation. Fancy cannot be embodied, any more than a simile can be painted; and it is as idle to attempt it, as to personate Wall or Moonshine." And so it was at the Park theatre. Every thing that scenic illustration could do towards presenting the creations of Shakspeare to the eye of the spectator, as near as human ingenuity could devise, was attempted, but in vain. "It dragged its slow length along" for one week, and then was withdrawn. To Mr. Barry, the stage manager, great praise is due for his noble effort to give to the play "a local habitation and a name," on the American stage, and although unsuccessful, yet we hope it will not prevent him from reviving many other of the pure productions of the drama, for which we are certain there is taste enough yet left among the theatrical community to sustain and encourage. Since the withdrawal of the Midsummer Night's Dream, several old comedies have been revived, and played most excellently. The Poor Gentleman—Wild Oats—Heir at Law, etc., that prince of comedians, Browne, supporting the principal characters. The versatility of this gentleman is, at this moment, unequalled by any actor living. His Ollapod, Rover, Acres, and Robert Macaire, testifying the fact, all of them displaying the highest genius. W. H. Williams we are glad to welcome to this theatre; he is a capital actor in the regular *role* of low comedy, and since his appearance, has had every opportunity to ingratiate himself into the good graces of his audiences.

BOWERY.—The principal attraction at this theatre, during the past month, has been the appearance of Mrs. Shaw, the best actress at this day on the American stage. The character chosen for her debût, was Fiora, in the play of Il Maledetto, a splendid creation of the lamented authoress, but not affording ample scope for the talents of the actress. The language is metaphorically beautiful, chaste and correct, but the spirit of passion and dramatic effect are obscured by a crowding of gorgeous ideas and poetry, so that the effect of the actress is, to a great extent, impaired; nevertheless, it is a magnificent play, and must take the first rank among American dramas. Throughout her performance of Fiora, Mrs. Shaw evinced the greatest characteristics of a histrionic artist, a knowledge of her author, with the full power to execute. In these two qualities lies the secret of the art, and without their combination, all acting is useless. The finest conception feebly executed, will fall pointless and ineffective, and a delineation of a character without a competent knowledge of the genius of the writer, will, to a certain extent, do the same; hence the secret of Mrs. Shaw's successful illustration of character, and her high dramatic reputation. As a tragedy actress, she is unrivalled; as a personator of genteel comedy, she is unequalled, and as a *domestic* artiste, she is pre-eminent. Who that has beheld her Agnes De Vere, but will bear evidence that a more heart-harrowing and natural personation was never witnessed; it is the very triumph of the art—tears and breathless silence are its awarded testimony, and as a perfect picture in the *domestic* drama, it has no compeer. Then her inimitable Constance, in the Love Chase, that buoyant and forward hoyden, every passage sparkling with point and repartee; who, to behold her in these two different characters, but will acknowledge that a greater contrast of genius was never found in one individual. When we have said this, it will be thought that commendation can go no farther; but we do go farther, and pronounce her superior to these characters in the highest of the histrionic art. Her Lady Macbeth, her Marianna, her Julia, Juliet, Constance, Cora, and her beautiful personation of the Ionian Prince, are second to no actress living. We were glad to behold full and fashionable audiences honoring her various representations, and if applause was a just criterion of the high estimation in which her talents were regarded, certain we are, that she received it to the utmost. At the conclusion of Il Maledetto, Mrs. Shaw was loudly called for, and thanked the audience nearly as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am so fatigued, that I have not the power to thank you, or, if I had, *words* would be inadequate to express my grateful feelings for this and the many favors I have received at your hands. I can only say that I truly and sincerely thank you, and hope that for the few nights I have to appear before you, I shall, on each representation, be greeted by your kind and smiling faces. I once again beg your acceptance of my sincere acknowledgments, and respectfully bid you adieu." Mr. Hamblin has also been giving the friends of the drama a taste of his quality, in some of his favorite characters. Any remarks that we might now offer, would be but a repetition of our former criticisms, in which we have already commented with pleasure, and awarded to him the meed of praise. Of the other ladies and gentlemen composing the company, we would especially particularize Mr. and Mrs. Hield, as performers of sound talent, valuable acquisitions to any establishment. Also a young and promising lady, Miss Clarke, who executes whatever is entrusted to her with correctness and taste; she is yet but very youthful, but in her we can descry the promise of future excellence.

CHATHAM.—Mr. Thorne continues in his career of success, omitting no opportunity to provide bountifully for the friends of his establishment. J. R. Scott, well known in the theatrical world, is at the head of the male department, and in many characters, may challenge competition with the best performers of the day. Mr. Thorne is equally good, while in the person of his lady he has a treasure of versatile talent, unequalled in this or any country.

OLYMPIC.—This pretty little theatre is once more open, and we are happy to record that success is attending Mr. Mitchell's exertions. One thing we rejoice to perceive—his retaining the old and favorite actors, it is a sure sign that he is a good as well as an able manager, and that matters work as smoothly behind as before the curtain.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

With the present number terminates our fifteenth volume, which we consider superior in its literary quality to any of its former *companions*—in proof of which we need only call the attention of our readers to its index, where a list of eminent names will be found to justify the assertion. From the liberal support which we receive from all quarters we might be contented to continue in our present course, but determined to lack nothing of our wonted energy, we have resolved to increase the beauty of the Companion, in adding to its pictorial department. In future, therefore, each number will contain two engravings, on steel, executed by the most eminent artists, from designs of the first masters. Arrangements have also been effected with new and popular writers whose contributions will hereafter grace our pages. That we have fulfilled all former promises, we think our readers will allow, and while we expect a continuance of their favors, we assure them that no expense, care or exertion will be neglected to sustain the high character of the "*Ladies' Companion.*"

Mrs. Maeder.—Agreeable to its announcement, the benefit of this worthy woman and excellent actress came off on the 28th. ultimo, and was honored by the presence of the *elite* of fashion and intellect of our city. The exertions of the various performers elicited the warmest applause, and the reception of the fair *beneficiare*, must have convinced her that her talents are yet green in the memory of her admirers. Long may she continue to be an ornament to her profession, as she is in her domestic relations. The address, written for the occasion by our lady-contributor, Mrs. A. S. Stephens, we have introduced into our editorial columns—it was beautifully delivered by Mrs. Maeder, and responded to with every expression of feeling and applause.

Long years have passed, since in my infant fame,
Like a young lark, with dew upon its breast,
I left my native land, and hopeful came
To seek a shelter in the glorious West.
The morning of my life was rich with gold;
The home I left, was full of gladsome light;
The future—what the future would unfold,
I little knew—for all to me was bright.
Like the gay butterfly, within its bower,
I dream'd of sunshine, not of clouds and shower.
Child-like in hope, and child-like in my fear,
A frolic thing, of careless mind and age,
I claim'd the stranger's welcome here—yes, here!
Beneath *that dome*, and on this *very stage*.
And I was welcome! Many a noble hand
Greeted "the infant" to your happy land.
This heart received your cheer with grateful thrill;
Its strings were touch'd, and have their music still.

The faces smiling on me then, were strange;
They are familiar now—but lo! the change!
You gentle girl, who sat, with modest eye,
Watching the mimic scenes go glancing by—
The rich blood glowing deeply in her cheek—
With pleasant wonder which she fear'd to speak—
With nobler mien is sitting yonder now;
Bright intellect is on her lofty brow.
Her thoughtful eye has deeper, sadder grown—
From her round cheek the damask, half, has flown;
And yet she has a beauty more refined,
No wonder now our scenic show beguiles;
The matron of that day, is grandma now—
Walks with a stately step, and turban'd brow—
Submits to glasses with reluctant grace,
And thinks the Theatre a shocking place.
The beaux that lavish'd blossoms at my feet—
That sported canes, and spoil'd their snowy gloves
With clapping hands—who sent me verses sweet
On perfumed paper, seal'd with hearts and doves,
Now turn away from Pickle's wildest prank,
And gravely talk about that Fiscal Bank.
In short, it is a melancholy thing,
But that Old Time has got a sweeping wing!
And though his footsteps may on blossoms fall,
The shadow of that wing has touch'd us all—
All! yes, it must be modestly confess'd,
That I am growing older with the rest;
And though you smile upon me as before,
I am the "*infant* prodigy" no more.
If that old familiar dome should never raise
Another echo to your generous praise;
Yet my full heart must bless the glorious past,
Though this bright hour of triumph were my last!
Still the rich glory of my first eclat,
Was not more dear than that soft word, "mamma,"
With which an infant group will rush to meet,
The first faint sound of my returning feet.
Fond, twining arms—eyes dancing in the light
Of their sweet infant gladness, will, to-night,
Combine to stir the fountains of my heart,
And free the tears I now forbid to start.

I said, in childhood, that I scarcely knew
A thought of grief—as blossoms drink the dew,
And feel the summer rain, I smiled away
The happy hours—careless, almost, as they.
But time has clouds for all, and I have felt
That golden rain can glitter but to melt—
That shadows follow sunshine, and that storms
May cloud the hearthstone which affection warms.
If, in my dawning womanhood, there came
Some wither'd leaves, amid the wreath of fame,
Which, on my infant head, was greenly bound—
If some few thorns amid the leaves were found—
A band of lovely women now have torn
From off the chaplet, perish'd leaf and thorn.
With dewy fingers, and with kindly grace,
Your hands have woven roses in their place,
And all the sorrow of that transient blight,
Your presence far o'erpays this happy night.

This hour is with a double blessing crown'd—
Public and private friends are all around.
Those who have struggled fearless through the gloom
Which shrouds the stage, as it were Shakspeare's tomb—
Who keep this temple with a courage bold,
As Spartan's guarded Marathon of old,
Have crowded to my help, a vet'ran few,
Full of warm feelings, generous and true.
Each came with noble warmth to act his part,
And wrote his name upon a grateful heart.

I'd tell the story of my woe and weal,
And strive to put in language all I feel;
But vain are simple words! Can they express
The force of gratitude in its excess?
I cannot speak my thanks! a gentle pride
Of sex and womanhood so close allied,
To all the grateful feelings swelling here,
Forbids all eloquence except a tear.
And even happy tears must be subdued—
They are the luxury of solitude.
Feelings are mute, and words lack eloquence,
Still must I say a deep and thrilling sense
Of all your kindness, holds my voice in thrall.
Ladies, I'm grateful! Friends, I thank you all.

Notice.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the *year* of the Ladies' Companion commences in *May* or *November*. All subscriptions *expire*, either with the *April* or *October* number. Persons receiving the *first* number of a *new volume*, are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon. It is the duty of every subscriber to give notice at the office, *personally*, *or by letter post-paid*, if he desire the work stopped, and not to permit it to be forwarded to his address for several months after the year has expired. No subscription can be transferred without the consent of the office, otherwise the person first subscribing, is held responsible.

New Music.—We have received two pieces of music from Atwill, of Broadway, one entitled "Oh! this Love," and the other, "Will Nobody Marry Me?" the words of both by G. P. Morris, and the music by Henry Russell. The latter song is the best of the two. The style in which they are published, reflects great credit on Mr. Atwill.

Fall Fashions.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of rich silk, skirt full, body tight, with long waist, with two rows of lace ascending from the waist over the shoulders; sleeves tight. Hat of chip or Leghorn, with drooping feathers. Hair plain.

Full Dress.—Fancy colored silk robe, skirt very full, and trimmed in front with lace and flowers—body peaked, and low in waist—low on the shoulder—full falling sleeves, looped up, and surmounted with lace, hair braided plainly, and ornamented fully with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of silk—skirt full, with one, two, or three flounces—body low. Hair plain—hat of silk, chip, or Leghorn. Sleeves tight at shoulders, full in the middle, and tight at wrist.

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